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DR. W. B. CARPENTER ON SPIRITUALISM.

By HUDSON TUTTLE.

DR. W. B. CARPENTER has written a book. Not that writing a book is a new thing for him; it is not. He has written a library of books on physiology, human and comparative: books good as compilations of what others have written, but singularly deficient in originality of thought. Dr. Carpenter writes not only M.D. after his name, which affix is of little honour, but LL.D., and F.R.S., and F.L.S., and F.G.S., and also Reg. W.L., and Cor. M.I.F., and A.P.S., &c., &c. Of course his opinions are worth something for these abbreviations, if nothing more. The last book of Dr. Carpenter is entitled "*Principles of Mental Philosophy*." As a compilation of facts, curious and otherwise, it is a readable production, but where the great Tyndall pauses overawed by the unknown, the mysterious realm into which finite cannot penetrate, Dr. Carpenter makes no pause, and acknowledges no mystery. The conversion of motion into the genius of a Newton, Laplace, Mozart, or a Landseer, presents not the least difficulty to his all-comprehensive intellect.

The book, as a whole, I do not propose to review. The pages devoted to Spiritualism are of more direct interest to the readers of this periodical. The author indicates not only the popular interest, but also the strong impression it has made on himself, by introducing it in a work designed as a scientific manual. It has been the custom to ignore it altogether. He has seen others grapple with it, and their failure makes it more urgent for him to step into the lists. He admits (p. 611) that "it is impossible to go into any kind of society, literary or scientific, lay, gentle or simple, without finding a large proportion of intelligent and truthful persons, such as would be regarded as trustworthy on all other subjects, who affirm that they have been themselves the actors in some or other of the performances in question, and

that however strange the phenomena may seem, they are nevertheless true." He finds all classes of believers, from the sceptical to the "*thorough going*," "who find nothing too hard for 'spiritual' agency, nothing improbable (much less impossible) in any of its reputed performances; who recognise in the wondrous revelations of a *clairvoyant* or *medium*, and in the dispersion of a tumour, in the communications of departed spirits with their surviving friends, and in the rotation of a table, in the induction of profound insensibility during a severe operation, and in the oscillation of a suspended button, in the subjugation of the actions of one individual to the will of another, and the flexure of a hazel twig, in everything, in short, great or small, which they cannot otherwise explain, the manifestations of some 'occult' power, to be ranked among the cosmical forces, but not to be identified with any one of those previously admitted; which is capable, not only of raising heavy tables from the ground, and keeping them suspended in the air, but of making musical instruments play without being touched by visible hands, and even of transporting living men and women through the air, and bringing them into apartments of which all the entrances had been securely closed." It is of great interest, says the author, "that from the first of these classes (sceptics) the transition should often be immediate and abrupt to the last."

It is not strange in the least, if after due investigation they find the facts in evidence overwhelming. Not so, says Dr. Carpenter. These individuals are constitutionally weak, and although they begin by "straining at gnats, they end by swallowing camels." For those who are "earnest seekers after truth," "and enter upon the inquiry with all the assistance that a knowledge of physiology and pathology, mental as well as bodily, can afford them," such men, for instance, as Dr. Carpenter, "*mesmerists and spiritualists, have ever shown a decided repugnance*." It would be difficult to make a more untruthful assertion. Did not Wallace and Varley and Crookes enter on the investigation with minds as thoroughly trained for accuracy of observation as earnest seekers after truth as Dr. Carpenter? Are they by organisation "strainers at gnats and swallows of camels"? They assuredly have "investigated," while Dr. Carpenter acknowledges that it has been his experience, and of "many of his friends," "that none of the marvellous phenomena which are related to them as of indubitable occurrence can be brought to recur in their presence." In short, he has seen nothing, knows nothing, except upon hearsay, and yet he attempts in a few pages to account for phenomena which have perplexed thinkers quite as profound, and been accepted by a "host" of "disciplined" minds!

His resources are ample, and he does not bother himself with details. Mr. Varley testifies to having seen a dining table rise from the floor in broad daylight without physical contact, and our author replies, it was only a case of self-deception. If the distinguished electrician is thus treated, the common investigator may understand what to expect. Spiritual phenomena arise from self-deception, fraud on the part of the medium, "dominance of one idea," "ideo-motor action," "unconscious cerebration" (whatever these terms may mean), hypnotism or mesmerism, in short, anything but what they claim. Wholly ignoring phenomena since transpiring, he accepts Faraday's experiments and conclusions as final. The table moves round under the influence of the "dominant idea." The hands of the circle move it by "ideo-motor action." That a table moves without contact of hands, as witnessed by Mr. Varley, he denies—a characteristic method of disposing of obnoxious facts. Professor Hare's experiments, similar to the more recent of Mr. Crookes, not only proved the fallacy of Faraday's conclusions, but the presence of a spiritual intelligence. This distinguished man who, through a long life of eighty years, laboured in the fields of physical science, the inventor of the oxyhydrogen blowpipe, a chemist of great attainments, an electrician delicate in manipulation, and cautious in conclusions, Dr. Carpenter dismisses with a sneer as "a chemist and physicist of *some* reputation," but completely deceived by a medium who read his mind by "his involuntary movements"! If "unconscious cerebration," "the dominant idea," "mesmerism," or "hypnotism" explains all mental phenomena, fraud and self-deception explains all the physical phenomena. The rappings, according to a quotation approved, "were made by the medium himself (it having been proved that the sounds can be produced by a movement in the foot, which shall not be perceptible to those who are watching it)." Mediums, like Charles Foster, learn the questions by watching the movements of "the top of the pen," and "the trick by which the red letters (on the arm) were produced was discovered by the inquiries of our medical friends."

Why have not these "medical friends" made their discovery public? Mr. Foster has been before the American public for years, and has never been detected. In another place (p. 689) Dr. Carpenter is not satisfied with this explanation, and finds the so-called miraculous "stigmatisation" a phenomenon precisely similar to the appearance of red letters on the arm, an illustration of his theory of "the dominant idea." Intense thought directed on the wounds of the crucified Jesus would tend to produce "the appearance of wounds upon the hands and feet, on the forehead and on the side," and thus furnishes "a definite

physiological *rationale* for what some persons accept as genuine miracles, and others repudiate as the tricks of imposture." If Dr. Carpenter really believes this explanation, we cannot see how he can consistently sneer at "swallowers of camels."

The book contains several pages of spirit communications to show their foolishness and exact accordance with the circle and questioner. He does not, however, detail the wonderful phenomena that occur in the presence of D. D. Home, the answering of sealed letters, the transmission of intelligence across wide spaces, the illumination of seers, the materialisation attested by Mr. Crookes, the crucial experiments of the latter, or the astonishing results of spirit-photography. The admirable "Defence" of Wallace, the "Report of the Dialectic Society," the essays of Crookes are to him unknown.

All these evidences are disposed of as fraud or self-deception; yet Mr. A. R. Wallace he is obliged to pronounce (p. 627, note) "a gentleman whose admirable researches as a Naturalist have justly gained for him a reputation of the highest order." To which may be added as justly, that he is the originator of the theory of EVOLUTION, which has made a greater revolution in the science of life than the discovery of the law of gravitation produced in astronomy, and whose keen insight leads the vanguard of science in its swift progress into the realm of causation. Yet of this Naturalist and others, he is ready to say:—"To persons trained in habits of 'scientific thought' the statement of a dozen persons, that a lady was transmitted through the air in a state of trance, and came down upon the table of a darkened room, the doors and windows of which were closed—or that Mr. Home in like condition floated out of the window of one room into that of another, at a height of seventy feet above the ground—seems a simple absurdity, to which no ordinary testimony would induce assent." Mr. Home is evidence in this case, and is not his testimony quite as competent as Dr. Carpenter's, although the latter arrogates to himself "scientific training"? And have we reason to suppose that the sneer cast at Varley or Wallace or Owen is true: "those whose previous training utterly incapacitates them for the appreciation of scientific truth,"—"the more inconsistent the asserted phenomena are with everyday experience, the more readily do they give their entire assent to them" (p. 396)—"entertaining, as the writer has been forced to do, an extremely low opinion of the logical powers of the great bulk of the upholders of the mesmeric and spiritualistic systems?"—(p. 627.)

Dr. Carpenter, with noteworthy ignorance, confounds Mesmerism and Spiritualism, a result, we presume, of his "scientific training."

When it was "proved" by Faraday that the hands of the circle moved the table, it is astonishing to Dr. Carpenter that spiritualists will continue to believe that spirits are the source of power. If they will prove, that such movement is independent of their own hands, "they will have made out a case" (p. 627). But Dr. C. denies the possibility of such truth, and the countless instances, when given, he at once ridicules as "ideo-motor action," "unconscious cerebration;" or, in plain English, as self-deception, by moving, as prompted by some "dominant idea," or thinking without knowing it! In this whirligig, he goes round and round, mistaking his giddiness for scientific wisdom.

When we consider that this work was not written in opposition, but on a subject not necessarily connected with it, the author's course is more remarkable.

The subject has made an overwhelming impression on his mind, and he cannot let it alone. He repeatedly drifts towards it, and never lets an occasion pass without throwing in a paragraph of sneering explanation. Thus he introduces the subject on pages 7, 115, 165, 293, 295-7, 301-2, 307, 326, 396, 524 606, 609, 625, more or less, at length. Placed in contiguity, these paragraphs form a mass of special pleading seldom equalled, and reveal the fact that Dr. Carpenter, whatever may be his "scientific training" in other departments, is notably ignorant of Spiritualism. Not the most remarkable feature of the work is its final chapter on "Mind and Will in Nature." After attempting to prove through 690 pages, that mind is only another expression of force, absolutely dependent on the physical body for its genesis and continuance,—if he does not thus clearly state his doctrine, this is its logical affirmation—he throws in this final chapter as a sop to religious prejudice. He contends that his theory does not affect the latter, but rather exalts our ideas of God! But does not Dr. Carpenter well know that religion is based on the belief in immortality as well as in the existence of a God? If man is simply a creation of physical matter, perishing at death, intellectual because a "cerebral hemisphere" is superimposed on his sensory ganglia,—if a few ounces, more or less of gray and fibrous nerve-matter, be all that distinguishes him from the lower order of animal life, life or death is all the same to him, and Dr. Carpenter's God, who is little more than a magnified Carpenter with personality obliterated, when He created man with his unfathomable possibilities, his hopes and infinite aspirations, with an intellect to achieve and a heart to enjoy, seemingly only that one may be blighted and the other may suffer, was guilty of a gigantic blunder in forcing this sham of humanity into the face of a fair creation.

Yet we are consoled by the thought that the *definitions* of the

physiologist are not *causes*, as Dr. Carpenter would lead us to believe. When he states as absolute (p. 125) that "impressions" [of the world] give rise to "sensations," and "sensations" to "ideas," and ideas to "emotions," and "intellectual operations," and all through the nervous system, we inquire, in our bewilderment, What more has been accomplished towards the solution of this vital problem, than making definitions take the place and office of causes? These terms have a learned sound, which conceals a fathomless abyss of utter ignorance. No physiologist can pronounce how an impression is received by a nerve-cell, or how exalted through "sensation" to "idea"; and the statement that the "*Principia*" of Newton, or the dramas of Shakspeare, are results of the rupture of a certain number of nerve-cells, is quite "unbelievable." What do these "impressions" act on? Must there not be an *Ego*, a *self*, to receive them? We are answered with surprising ease: Certainly; and this *Ego* is the resultant of preceding impressions made on the brain by the breaking down of nerve-cells continuously since the individual came into existence. And is there nothing behind the broken-down nerve-cells? Ah, yes; the *influence* of nerve-cells broken-down before! Now we get a gleam of light!

It is the old fable! The world on a tortoise and the tortoise on something else, and something else all the way down! Living nerve-cells to receive the impressions and transmit them to impressions of nerve-cells dead and gone! In all earnestness, with our highest "scientific training," when we say certain phenomena arise from "ideo-motor action," or "unconscious cerebration," do we advance one step towards their solution? What are these processes? How does the brain think, without knowing that it is thinking? "Ideo-motor action" may be "instinctive," but what is "instinctive"? Dr. Carpenter says in one place, "Ideo-motor action" is "instinct," and in another that "instinct" is "ideo-motor action"! Have we gained a step? Is anything known further than that certain intellectual phenomena accompany certain changes of nerve-tissue? And dare Dr. Carpenter or any other "trained" scientist declare that such changes are causes of the phenomena? In bygone time there was a system of scholasticism, explaining everything with *words*. Science is far removed—the antipodes of this method; yet many who boast of its "training" have fallen into what may be called scientific scholasticism, and mistake the flippant use of technical terms—truly what Victor Hugo would call scientific *argot*—for infallible demonstration.

We feel as we read that the author is disturbed by the new doctrine. It overthrows all the theories he has devoted his

life to promulgate. If there is an immortal spirit, intellect is *not* transmuted motion, and genius is *not* another form of animal heat. Ah, no! These darling theories do not reach quite down to the bottom of creation, and Dr. Carpenter has not reached through the fathomless abyss of God. Spiritualism, standing in opposition, must be cleared away. Not that he has investigated, for he says that he has not even witnessed a single phenomenon. It is not necessary for him to do so. He can evolve an exposition out of his internal consciousness. What would have been thought of him, had he attempted to write on physiology, if he first confessed he knew nothing of it? Verily he is a fine illustration of "a strainer at gnats and a swallower of camels," for the spiritual theory is a gnat compared with the patch-work of assertion he substitutes. Not a theory he brings forward but has been before the public for years, and been repeatedly exploded, and it only remained for Dr. Carpenter to match these together in such a curious manner to make them mutually contradict and destroy each other. It must be admitted that the moving of a table without the contact of hands, or as in Dr. Hare's experiments, with the hands touching the surface of water contained in a vessel resting on the table, for ever disposes of Faraday's theory and "ideo-motor action"; and the communication of intelligence unknown to those present sets at rest "unconscious cerebration." Well may this author remark in closing: "Every one who admits that 'there are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in our philosophy,' will be wise in maintaining a 'reserve of possibility,' as to the phenomena which are not altogether *opposed* to the laws of physics, or physiology, but rather *transcend* them." This is the only hopeful note sounded in his desolate pages, and from it we prophesy, if Dr. Carpenter will investigate "earnestly," and "truthfully," the phenomena of Spiritualism, as Messrs. Crookes and Wallace have done before him, he will belong to that class whom he regards as so interesting on account of the sudden leap they make from scepticism to unbounded credulity.

WASTE IN FOOD.

By FRANK PODMORE.

IT is a curious reflection that, in this age of scientific progress, the two studies which most bear on our vital interests are, of all, the least regarded by science. I mean, of course, theology and cookery. Indeed, so thoroughly has the latter study been neglected, that it can hardly be deemed worthy of the name of a science, which is the more remarkable seeing that, though many

philosophers are known to have denied the existence in them of a soul, not one has yet been found to disclaim, or even to forget, his possession of a stomach. It becomes still more curious if we note that in times past the development of cookery has coincided in a remarkable manner with that of theology. The monks of the middle ages were no less celebrated for the length of their devotions than for the luxuriousness of their dinners. It was at the Reformation, as Mr. Buckmaster tells us, that the soups and made dishes of France were ousted from this country by the somewhat monotonous but thoroughly national diet of roast beef and plum pudding. And, at the present time, scepticism has not more vehemently attacked the theological than the culinary creed of our forefathers.

Mr. Buckmaster, whom I have just mentioned—the professor of cookery at the Kensington Museum—is amongst the foremost of these sceptics of the kitchen. He deplores in no measured terms the modern senseless habit of providing a dinner sufficient not only for the friends we invite, but for those friends' relations, back even to the third generation. He satirises, also, the intense conservatism of the English people, as exhibited in sirloins of beef, legs of mutton, and the constantly-recurring indigestion of plum pudding. He regards with holy horror the awful profanities that are carried on in English kitchens under the sacred name of cookery. His indignation is all the more vehement because he lays the foundation of all morality in the dinner-table, and traces its decline to the changes brought about by the Reformation. More variety in our food, and that food less in quantity, are the reforms he wishes to establish; and, above all, to introduce a school of well-trained, scientific cookery in this country, to save our digestions from being ruined by mountainous loads of ill-dressed and ill-assorted food. In other words, he thinks that as science has been applied to the other necessities and conveniences of our daily life, so it should be to the products of the kitchen, in many respects the most important of all.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, one of the greatest authorities in science at the present time, has not allowed the question of diet to escape his all-observant eye. Though taking a slightly different view of the details of the case, he fully coincides with Mr. Buckmaster in the main point at issue. He discerns a tendency in the age more to deficient than excessive nutriment, and observes that, whilst under-feeding and over-feeding are both to be avoided, the former is more likely to prove injurious than the latter. But he essentially agrees with the South Kensington Professor in thinking that we should apply scientific methods to one of the most important subjects that falls within the domain of science. He points out as a singular fact that while many a

country esquire or ordinary gentleman could discuss with tolerable clearness the merits of Thorley's food for cattle, he has absolutely no knowledge of the most fitting diet for his own children. He knows whether hay or chopped straw is better for his beasts, but is utterly unable to decide on the relative merits of bread and butter and water gruel as food for his human dependants.

The late Charles Kingsley also notices with regret the scanty meals at present in vogue, especially with ladies. He ascribes the decreased stature of the modern Nausicaa to the strong tea and meagre bread and butter which forms so large an item in her diet. On the other hand, Carlyle tells us that we of the nineteenth century are little better than a set of animated digesters, and that our highest hopes lie in the attainment of a sufficiency of bread and bacon. To find a man's religion you have to go beyond the heart, and must penetrate inwards till you find it lying in deep slumber at the bottom of his stomach.

But these citations are enough, and more than enough, for my purpose; which is to show that I am not alone in thinking that attention to diet is by no means to be despised or reserved for the glutton and dyspeptic. I do not, however, purpose at this time to enter into the polemics of the subject, and discuss the vexed question of man's proper food. Accepting him for the present as omnivorous, I shall endeavour to show, not what he ought to eat, but merely some of the less-known organisms which he can or does eat. And in treating this subject I shall be compelled by want of space to leave out of sight altogether its historical aspect. Yet it would be interesting, were there time, to discuss the bill of fare which Sir Charles Lyell gives as that of our remote ancestors who lived in pile dwellings on the Swiss lakes. This most ancient larder included, according to this geologist, the bear, badger, marten, polecat, ermine, weasel, otter, wolf, fox, wild cat, hedgehog, squirrel, field mouse, beaver, frog, and freshwater tortoise, many or all of which animals were probably eaten by our hopeful sires. I may notice in passing that their diet was sufficiently various, at least in animal food, for from the list given above I have omitted all such animals as are commonly used now, such as the deer, two sorts of oxen, and swine, besides various fish, and no less than 18 kinds of birds. Vegetable remains are more difficult of preservation, so it is no easy task to determine what substitutes they had for bread, and the foreign farinacea that are now so extensively used: but they certainly had several different kinds of cereals, including two sorts of wheat, and a few fruits. They also appear to have eaten enormous quantities of beech and hazel nuts, judging from the copious remains found buried in the lakes at the site of their encampments.

There is at the present time, as all will admit, some considerable scarcity of food in England. Death by starvation is no longer so common now as heretofore, but there are plenty who complain that amongst the working classes there is a lack of food in sufficient quantity to maintain a thoroughly sound and vigorous frame. Emigration is still constantly going on to less densely populated countries, where wages will be higher, or at any rate, food cheaper. And as more corn land is yearly being turned into pasture land, which is not capable of affording support to nearly so many persons, this want is likely, if not remedied by other causes, to be still more severely felt a few years hence. And though this scarcity of food, slight at present, of course presses more on the poorer and less-educated classes, yet their very ignorance makes them less willing to try any novel and cheaper diet, for prejudice is always born of ignorance. This feeling is well shown in the obstinate and unaccountable dislike of the lower classes to try the tinned meat imported from Australia, cheap, wholesome, and even agreeable though it is. But there are other kinds of common and highly nutritious food which are even more persistently neglected. It is the object of this paper to point out the more important of these, for it must rest with us to overcome the prejudices of our weaker brethren by sacrificing our own, and setting them the example of accepting the wealth of wholesome and pleasant food, which is year by year offered to us in vain from our forests and fields.

I am not aware that we can utilise the mineral kingdom more effectually than we have already done in this respect. Water and salt are, as far as I know, the only inorganic products in use amongst us for food. The Chinese, in time of famine, and many African tribes, eat indeed a kind of yellow clay which is said to be very nutritious; and Chinese birds' nests, of which soup are made, are formed from a substance of somewhat similar nature collected by the bird on the shore. But not only has this earth not been found hitherto in England, but it is of animal origin, being composed of the fossil, or partly fossil, remains of certain microscopic animalculæ.

It may well be doubted if we are really justified in eating the flesh which the laws of our structure warn us that we should not eat; if we are right in disobeying the kindly instincts which forbid us to do hurt to the meanest thing that has life; if we are right in disregarding the voice of science, which tells us that though sires of angels we are yet sons of apes, and that the savage who devours his fellow man is but little removed from the modern English gentleman who makes a meal of his fellow creature. But at least, if we eat animal food, we might be more thorough and consistent. There is no reason, save popular pre-

judice, why we should not eat the flesh of horse or ass. It would no doubt be somewhat coarser than what we are accustomed to, but it would at least be cleaner and wholesomer than the flesh of swine. Frogs might also be utilised as they are in France.

Hedgehogs, as mentioned in the list above quoted, were eaten by our race in early times. At the present day they form a somewhat favourite article of food with Gipsies. Wrapped in clay, and baked in hot ashes, which is the manner in which they are usually prepared, they are, perhaps, capable of forming a savoury dish. However, as no other of the *Insectivora*, to which order the hedgehog belongs, is eaten in civilised countries, it is possible that it might not be agreeable to educated tastes. Still, for those who cannot otherwise get sufficient food, it might form a valuable addition to the dinner table.

Amongst marine animals, which are not commonly eaten, may be mentioned the sea-urchin or sea-hedgehog. Victor Hugo, I think, mentions this in his "Toilers of the Sea" as being a favourite dish of the Channel Islanders. It is, or was, eaten in some of the southern and western counties of England, especially in Cornwall and Devonshire. Yet though several species of it are common all round our coasts, I have never heard that it is at all a general article of diet amongst our fishermen. The more common form is in the shape of an extremely flattened sphere, about two inches in its largest and one inch in its smallest diameter. But of this bulk a considerable proportion must be uneatable; some of the inside, certainly, consists of shelly matter, which, of course, would have to be rejected, so that several would be required for a meal. Yet it must repay the trouble of collecting it, at least when it is tolerably plentiful, for it forms an item in the food of certain savages.

The flabby lumps of jelly which may be seen plentifully sprinkled over the rocks at low tide, and which are dignified by the name of sea anemones, do not offer a very inviting and substantial repast. Yet I have heard of one instance, and only one, in which they have been eaten. The experiment was made on a very large and leathery species, which often measures five inches across its expanded disc. Yet so little solidity have these animals that they must have shrunk to one-tenth of the size by the loss of a large portion of their virtue in the cooking. On a dish of these the naturalist, Mr. Gosse, and his wife regaled themselves. I think he says that they tasted of salt and water. The only tangible result gained was their being alive to tell the tale. It is quite conceivable these animals might be fattened up so as to yield a considerable amount of nutriment to the adventurous consumer.

But there are other animals which, though in themselves small and insignificant, are quite capable of forming the staple diet of a large portion of the community. And though, except at rare intervals for medicinal purposes, they are entirely neglected at the present day in England, they are extensively used on the Continent, and were in high repute amongst the Romans. Snails were esteemed a luxury, as indeed they are, by this people, and their feeding and nurture were objects of the greatest attention. They were kept in preserves, and fattened on new wine and meal till they grew to an enormous size. Under a system of careful selection and a fattening diet these creatures might have increased to three or four times the bulk that we see them now, or perhaps even more than this. Even in their present state two or three dozen would form a good meal for a hungry man. As the Romans paid great attention to the subject of food, and made dinner the principal object of their existence, we may conclude that snails, properly fattened and dressed, are capable of forming a very savoury dish.

In some parts of the Continent they are still consumed in large numbers, but principally, I fancy, though certainly not exclusively, by the poorer classes. Sicily, Italy, Switzerland, and the North of France are the countries where they are most sought after. An article in the current number of *Chambers's Journal* gives an interesting account of the snail preserves in the Tyrol. There are large gardens or rather plots of land, intersected by ditches with covered gratings at their exits to prevent the escape of any of the inhabitants. The ground is covered with pine twigs and moss, and young children are employed in the summer and autumn months to collect the animals. These are then fed in the preserves, and on the approach of winter creep into the moss there to hibernate. On the return of spring they are hunted out and packed off for exportation. A single garden will export forty thousand in a favourable season.

In our own country they are eaten largely by gipsies, who show themselves as free from prejudice against the Mollusca as against the Insectivora. These people agree with the Swiss, that the best time for eating them is during the months of January, February, and March. They have also been used medicinally, and with most beneficial results. They are most invaluable in cases of consumption, and have repeatedly, if we may believe all that is said of them, been known to effect a complete cure. In one such case, the patient was himself perfectly unconscious of the means by which his recovery was being effected. Snail-broth was mixed with every dish that he partook of, and in the course of a few weeks he was restored to perfect health. But they might be used in England, as elsewhere, not only medi-

cinally, but as an ordinary article of diet. It was so once, as we gather from old cookery books. I can testify from personal experience, that it is an extremely rich food, and though the taste is somewhat peculiar, moderate and careful feeding would soon remove all that is disagreeable in it. My first experiment in testing these animals was made in company with several others. We found about two dozen of the large apple-snail, which I will describe more fully lower down. We prepared the animals according to a recipe given in an old cookery book of the seventeenth century, by one Robert May. As it is a peculiar specimen of its kind, I here give the recipe in full—

“TO STEW SNAILS.

“Being well scoured and cleansed, put to them some claret-wine and vinegar, a handful of capers, mace, pepper, grated bread, a little minced thyme, salt, and the yolks of two or three hard eggs, minced; let all these stew together till you think it be enough, then put in a good piece of butter, shaking it together, heat the dish and rub it with a clove of garlic, put them on fine sippets of French bread, pour on the snails, and some barberries or sliced lemon.”

I find in my account of the transaction drawn up at the time, that the flavour of the various spices and other strongly tasting ingredients had completely masked all the little flavour that the snails originally possessed, and that in eating them, we were only conscious of some slimy and gristly lumps passing down our throats; also, that many of those who partook, complained the next day of having passed a very restless night, which, with singular unanimity they ascribed to having taken too much strong tea at the time. I have since eaten the common garden snail, and the pretty variegated wood-snail, without any sauces, but cannot speak in high terms of their excellencies. The little flavour which I could discern in them was decidedly earthy. The apple-snail, which I first tasted, is a large species, about half as big again, or perhaps twice as big as the ordinary garden snail. It is of a cream colour, or a delicate yellowish brown, and the animal is a dirty-white, or grey. It is confined in its distribution to some half-dozen counties, and is then not very common. As, however, it is very much larger than the common species, and of a more delicate flavour, it would be quite worth while, if snails were to be extensively consumed in this country, to try and naturalise it in other parts of England. It is the proper edible snail, and is the same which is eaten in France and Switzerland. In the former country, however, they eat a great number of other species as well. It is also very closely related to the species

that the Romans used to eat, and, though not absolutely identical with it, might no doubt be fattened to a like extent, and in a less costly manner.

I will now turn to the vegetable kingdom. To this part of my subject, except in the case of funguses, I have given less attention, and am consequently prepared with fewer instances of neglect. But I have little doubt that numbers of our common plants and fruits might be eaten to our great advantage and enjoyment. Our ancestors as already mentioned seem to have consumed beechnuts in enormous quantities, and though in its wild condition, the fruit, except for a starving man, is not worth the labour of extracting it from the bark, by very little cultivation it might be made to increase enormously in bulk and nutritive properties. Acorns as found growing wild would certainly not repay in nutriment the labour of mastication and digestion, but would probably be as susceptible of improvement by cultivation and selection as most other wild fruits and flowers. Besides these, there are probably numerous kinds of vetch which would be used at certain stages of their growth for the dinner table. And of the composites, the order to which the dandelion, chicory, and daisy belong, some few are even now used medicinally, or as a food; and probably many more might be shown, on a more careful inquiry, to be serviceable in both these capacities. The tops of quite young nettles may be boiled and served up in the same way as cabbages, and are very pleasing to the taste. At this early age, of course the hairs and poison-glands, which cause such annoyance in the full-grown plant, are either not sufficiently developed at the top of the stem to exert any perceptible influence, or, as is the case with cabbages themselves, the noxious properties are all absorbed by the water in which they are boiled.

The leaves of young mangold wurzel, I have been informed by a gentleman who has himself repeatedly tried them, have all the flavour and delicacy of spinach. This would probably be the case with young turnips, swedes, and others of the same family.

But funguses of all vegetable products are most neglected in England. Of these there are no less than thirty-two kinds to be found in this country, which may be eaten in perfect safety. Many of these are extremely common, as common, indeed, as any of the harmful species. The objection urged against their use is, of course, that many kinds are extremely poisonous, and that those latter in many cases can with difficulty be distinguished from the esculent kinds. But this should make us only the more careful in the using, not lead us to reject them altogether. And the risk is not much greater than that involved in eating pork, which is liable to be infected with numerous

diseases difficult of detection, and some of which can be communicated to ourselves. Also in eating parsley or watercresses we are exposed to some danger from their liability to be mistaken for very similar species of a poisonous nature. And in order to refute this objection against the use of funguses, it is only necessary to prove our own striking inconsistency. At Rome, where there is a regular market for the sale of these products, and an inspector to reject the poisonous kinds from the basket of the salesman, the common mushroom is one of those thus branded as dangerous, and, along with many others of a more malignant type, is regularly thrown into the Tiber. Indeed a great deal of the prejudice against funguses in general may have arisen from the indiscriminate use of the common mushroom which varies its nature with its habitat, and is less wholesome in some soils than others. It is probably never quite free from danger when grown artificially and in the dark, as is so frequently the case. But the best answer to those who plead that poisonings would be very frequent if funguses were in general requisition for food, is afforded by the fact that in Italy and other countries where they are freely eaten, harm is very seldom found to result from their use.

But there are other considerations besides their piquancy which make funguses a highly desirable article of food. Chemical analysis has confirmed, what taste and smell had already discovered, that the composition of these organisms is closely akin to that of meat. They differ from all other members of the vegetable kingdom, and approximate to animal substances, in the enormous quantity of nitrogenised compounds that their structure contains. It is the presence of these compounds containing nitrogen which constitutes one of the chief differences between the flesh of animals and other articles of diet. Many of the funguses contain some of the identical compounds which are found in animal substances: notably a principle called osmazome, from which, it is stated, the gravy of meat derives its distinctive flavour. Their similarity to meat can also readily be detected by the taste: many of them mimicking in a strange manner the flavour of various other substances.

One tastes like a beef-steak, another like an omelet; this is savoury, that is sweet. Their smells are even more various not to mention the unpleasant ones which are only too numerous, we find that apricots and ratafias, onions, cinnamon, stale poultices, and fresh meat are all represented by the odour.

Many of them are very large, and some of the commonest species, such as the puff-ball and beef-steak fungus, which bears its nature in its name, are amongst the wholesomest and most nutritious. Many rules are given to enable consumers to

avoid the noxious species; but, of course, the safest rule is to distrust all kinds indiscriminately until we know them.

It is very much to be regretted that the English are not more generally acquainted with the immense quantities of pleasant food that we yearly squander by our foolish aversion to fungi. With properly qualified inspectors and a regularly organised market, danger would be reduced to a hardly appreciable minimum, and the benefit gained for all classes would be incalculable. The rich would be able to have greater variety in their diet, which is in itself a great advantage; the poor, who cannot afford meat, and can sometimes barely find bread sufficient, would have a bountiful store of agreeable and extremely nourishing food, and that only for the cost of the gathering.

Two centuries ago, if a pestilence laid waste our densely-packed metropolis, the people would lift up suppliant hands and wailing voices to appease the anger of the offended Deity. The teachers of to-day have shown us that the plague is sent on ignorance, and sloth, and foul, ill-ventilated dwellings in filthy streets, and that to avert the wrath of heaven we must make our streets broad and clean, our dwellings pure and light, and spend our sewage in fattening our lands, not breeding fever in our streets, or turning our rivers into cesspools. And once more the warning voice is raised to tell us that when our potatoes are blighted, and our wheat crops fail, the fault is yet our own if the people die. When food is so varied the failure of one supply should but make us more careful of those that remain. If food is plentiful, yet there is none to spare, and it is a disgrace to the land that year after year should see abundance of rich wholesome diet rotting in our forests without a hand to gather it. In time of famine we cry to heaven for mercy, and send our money to the sufferers, but go not out into wood and field to pluck with our own hands rich food for the starving people. This ought we to do, and not leave the other undone.

February, 1875.

If you have any excellency, do not vainly endeavour to display it; let it be called into action accidentally. It will infallibly be discovered, and much more to your advantage.

It is a mistake to imagine that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idleness, languid as she is, often masters them all; she indeed influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

In an active life is sown the seed of wisdom; but he who reflects not never reaps, has no harvests from it, but carries the burden of age without the wages of experience, nor knows himself old but from his infirmities, the parish register, and the contempt of mankind. And what has age if it has not esteem? It has nothing.

THE MARRIAGE BEFORE DEATH:

A TRAGEDY IN TWO SCENES.

By GEORGE BARLOW, *Author of "Under the Dawn," etc.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DIANA.

FRANCESCO—*Her Lover.*

CHORUS OF REPUBLICANS.

Argument.

DIANA and Francesco, two Republicans, are imprisoned by their opponents and condemned to death. They are thrown by chance or stratagem into the same cell in the prison on the night before their execution. Francesco, who is Diana's impassioned lover, implores on this last night, for a last blossom of sweet life, the bounty of her love. This, after much hesitation, grounded on the thought that to tarry for high angelic union entered into after death would be purer and better, she, trusting in heaven, gives him. And the pure, utter passion and joy of it go far towards making Francesco, previously an infidel, save as regards his dream of an ideal earthly Republic, a believer in life eternal and in God.

Crowned with this strange last joy, and nobly exultant, they pass the next morning towards their death—"Not as those that have no hope."

And round them their companions sing their last chorus, not without something of a grim envy:—though they too are content for the Republic's sake to die. For they pass not, as these pass, from a couch of sweet-smelling roses to the black bitter grave; the scent of the flowers of love's sweet immaculate night hangs not round them, only the weird white philosophic or patriotic hope, in the strength of which they walk towards death, not groaning, if not rejoicing—but such a memory of unutterable and endless fragrance caresses and strengthens, girds and crowns, delights and glorifies, these.

SCENE I.—IN A LARGE CELL IN THE PRISON.

Diana. And so we die to-morrow—oh, Francesco,

Why have they added torture to our love,
 And love to torture? why concealed us thus
 In one same prison, and with these same bands
 Confined us? we who should be gladly cleaving
 In some bright boat the bright and bounding waves.
 We are to die: they say so; die to-morrow.
 The fair Republic that we both do worship

Will be the richer by the blood of two
To-morrow ; lordlier by the martyrdom
Of two sad lovers, stricken side by side.
But why enclose us not in separate cells
For this last terrible and bitter night ?
Why heap upon the fuel of their rage
Fresh, hot, remorseless, glowing coals, that burn
The very inmost spirit ? yea, why disturb
My peaceful prayers and slumbers by the face
Of him I love so madly ? My Francesco,
What feelest thou ? Is it not bitterer yet
Than e'en the bitter knowledge of our death
To have to blend with this our cypress crown
Red roses of warm, living, breathing love ?
To have—just when we would fix thoughts on heaven,
Or, turning to thine own strong hopeless creed,
On rest that lasts for ever—at that point
When all the soul, thro' agony prolonged,
And awful wrestling with its inner self,
Is reaching some high fatalistic goal
Of snow-white resignation, calm and clear,
Just then, at that grand moment to be merged,
Yea, dashed, hurled, plunged within the resonant waves
Of earthly passion, foaming on the rocks
Of earthly iron cliffs we had left behind
For ever, and for ever, as we thought ?
Is this not hard—tho' sweet flowers glitter through
Its tangled wood of trouble—hard, as if
Some sacred snow-white statue of a god,
Spotless—superb, as if from Phidias' hand—
Lost suddenly its clear, triumphant calm,
Becoming human, and so less divine,
Flushed now with roseate breathing loveliness.
Bitter and painful as 'twould be for one
Who—climbing now, at last, the golden stairs
Of heaven, and halting on the topmost step,
With all the glorious plains of Paradise
Stretched wide before him—should be flung adown
Those high steps, on a sudden, by some hand
Remorseless, and for many an evil hour
Forced to re-tread the barren ways of earth.
Yea, hard as 'twas for dead, glad Lazarus,
E'en at the mandate of his Brother and Lord—
E'en for his sisters' and the people's sake—
Again to clothe himself in carnal robes,
And battle once more with the temporal wind ;
Yet, oh ! my love, Francesco ; it is sweet,
Sweet, passing sweet ! to see thee even here,
And even thus.

Francesco. Oh! sweet Diana mine.

Hush! hide thy voice and hide thy face within
 My bosom; 'tis alive, and warm enough
 To-night to shelter thee. Sweet! be not sad;
 Be not dismayed; be rather great of heart,
 And glad and most triumphant, for to-night
 Shall see our nuptials: not with orange-blossom,
 And fair young girls for bridesmaids, and the stout,
 True friends o' the bridegroom crowding round his path,
 But with the imminent shadow of foul death
 To hover over us, and deepen joy,
 Till it becomes a joy no marriage yet
 Has felt—a pleasure adequate for gods.
 Full many years have lovers to declare
 And to accomplish all their perfect love
 In general; we have but one single night,
 Therefore, to-night let radiant Love be crowned—
 Crowned, sweet Diana, with a wreath of flowers
 Sweet as thine own sweet lips and thy sweet self.
 See here—there is a small and tender plant,
 Thin, scanty, white-flowered—climbing o'er the sill
 Of this our prison window—let me wreath it
 With many kisses in thy dark rich hair!

[He approaches her.]

Diana. Nay, nay, my lord and lover, be not rash,

'Tis not the time for fooling—think of death.

Franc. Nay—rather 'tis the time for adding warmth

To all the fuel of love that yet remains.

Diana. Sweet, let the sorry embers have their will;

But as for us we'll light a flame in heaven.

Franc. Yea, lady, but the glittering match must first

Be struck on earth—I trust no fire of heaven.

Diana. The fire of heaven is an intenser flame

Than any scanty pallid passion of earth.

Franc. Try thou my lips, O lady—if they are cold,

Then sigh, and seek angelic lips in heaven.

Diana. Nay, loved one, 'tis thine own sweet lips I need;

But perfect-pure, angelic in their touch.

Franc. Angelic they will be when they touch thine:

Angelic and immortal, never else.

Diana. How can I yield to thee; for 'tis to dash

The goblet of pure love upon the ground?

Franc. Nay, 'tis to fill it with a glorious wine,

And then to quaff that draught in triumph high.

Diana. Rather to poison with an earthly drug

The pure ethereal nectar of our dream.

[He approaches nearer.]

- Franc.* How can I give thee up? If heaven is ours
'Twill be the brighter for Love's gift of flowers.
- Diana.* The flowers in heaven are sweet without our pains,
The songs of heaven are fair without Love's strains.
- Franc.* But fairer for the added voice of Love;
Let us, together chanting, pass above.
- Diana.* Together singing—but no earthly song;
Nay, darling, hinder not, for I was strong.
- Franc.* Strong, lady, only by forgetting me.
Now I am here, that bitter force must flee.
- Diana.* Nay, love, 'tis I remember things divine:
For life—through death I am altogether thine.
- Franc.* I have no faith in heaven—no perfect gleam
Of joys to come;—grant me this perfect dream.
- Diana.* If I should give thee this much-longed for flower,
Wilt thou believe in God—at this last hour?
- Franc.* I will believe in roses—and in thee;
No more can I foretell with certainty.
- Diana.* If thou art vouchsafed such high joy in this,
Wilt thou not trust the Lord for further bliss?
- Franc.* I will believe in thee and hope in heaven,
Which so superb a grace by death has given.
- Diana.* I know not clearly what may be my part:
I know but one thing; whither tends my heart.
- Franc.* Sweet, be not long considering—Death awaits
Our coming—just outside our Church's gates.
- Diana.* I have to dally with thee, for I know
That sometimes gifts of woman nurture woe.
- Franc.* There is but one woe—not to hold thee fast
As mine own bride—bride to the very last.
- Diana.* And what of death,—the lips of death are cold.
- Franc.* But thine are warm—oh blossom of my dream.
- Diana.* Our destiny is clear, our life is told.
- Franc.* Not finished yet—remains love's sunset-gleam.
- Diana.* Is that a gleam to light a man to death?
- Franc.* Yea! light enough to glorify the tomb.
- Diana.* Poor is it—feeble—but a woman's breath!
- Franc.* Rather the full flame of a woman's bloom.
- Diana.* Is that a fire whereto a man may trust?
- Franc.* Yea! all the treasures of his inmost soul.
- Diana.* Soon will it flicker—soon be as the dust!
- Franc.* Ne'er will it cease man's spirit to console.

[A pause : she changes her tone.]

Diana. Ah, love! Francesco, all the blossom white
And maidenly of my heart I give this night
Not keeping any sweet flower back from thee.

[Francesco reaches forward and embraces her.]

Franc. And I—I take it with a gladdened heart
That throbs with kingly triumph in each part
Like the full pulses of the storm-struck sea.

Diana. Be tender with me, I have none to aid me,
Be gentle now that thou hast all thy will.

Franc. Thou shalt not need a sister to upbraid me,
Our passion's wine no hasty hand shall spill.

Diana. Be glad that I will give thee all thou askest,
Not waiting heaven to give thee of my store ;

Franc. Sweet, in the light of some pure God thou baskest,
Dark death may not divide us evermore.

Diana. It cannot sever, unless God be wroth,
That I am not to keep my virgin oath,
Giving myself too soon, on earth, away :

Franc. Nay, lady, there are debts that love doth owe,
And which to be paid must be paid below ;
While yet we live, and yet 'tis called to-day.

Diana. Thou art my love !

Franc. Thou art my dove—

And my lady of dreams and of glory,

To-night is our bridal night,

To-night is our life's long story,

Our years of thought and delight—

To-night we must know each other,

Or never, never at all,

As lovers, as sister and brother,

In chains, and in love's soft thrall.

All thoughts that lovers are keeping

For future pleasures and days,

Through our brains to-night must be sweeping—

To-night all songs and lays

Must sound—for never—oh, sweet one,

Shall any to-morrow's kiss

Atone for an over-fleet one,

Complete an imperfect bliss—

To-morrow our bodies shall moulder

And perhaps our spirits too,

The thought makes whiter your shoulder,

More crimson your lips' sweet hue.

Yea, fairer thou art, my lady,

As a dying beautiful rose ;

Whose petals in grasses shady

The cold wind shakes as it blows.

Far fairer thou art and sweeter

For this one marvellous night,

Softer, whiter, completer,

More honey-like, bland, and bright ;

More pure and more smooth and delicious,

More ripe and rosy to kiss ;

For death with his glance suspicious,
Waiting to sever our bliss.
I love thee the more for the terror
That crowns our bridal with gloom,
Yea, further life were an error,
Seemly and fit is the tomb.
For a man when he kisses a maiden,
Sweet and pure as thou art,
Should die by pleasure o'erladen,
Stricken and pierced in the heart.
He should not live till to-morrow,
Having won one beautiful rose ;
He should not tarry for sorrow
To smite, as a shower of snows ;
He should not linger nor tarry,
Having kissed, having loved, having won ;
His pleasure and joy let him carry
Beyond the setting sun.
Yea, life would hinder and spoil it,
The new-found, beautiful grace,
Mar and finger and foil it,
Dim the bloom of the face
Of Love,—let lovers be wary
Of how they linger in life ;
True love is cautious and chary
Of bliss ; he carries a knife
To sever, and smite, and sunder
The passionate, glorious cords ;
He strikes in a peal of thunder,
As lightning are his shrill swords.
If love abounds, and is ample,
Let lovers watch and beware,
Lest his following fast foot trample,
His following swift hand tear ;
Lest all be over, or ever
The strains of joy were begun ;
And the kiss be completed never ;
And the first fair strands undone ;
And the pleasures tarnished and broken,
In the midst of a loud wild wail ;
Sweet whispers but half spoken,
Sweet faces suddenly pale,
Strong hands made suddenly weaker
Than wan waves under the dawn ;
And soft lips silent and meeker
Than death, when the veil is drawn
Across some dear face shrunk,
Where once was a rose so red ;
A flower that had eaten and drunken
To the full of the suns that are fled : —

But we, my lady, are safer
 Than this. We need not fear ;
 Our life's seal is but a wafer ;
 The swift destroyer is near,
 Who shall break the seal, and deliver
 Our spirits, if such there be :
 We need not quake nor shiver ;
 We cannot tremble and flee.
 Yea, soon we shall know for certain
 The wonder that lies beyond ;
 We shall peer behind the curtain
 With glances tender and fond,
 To see whether death be truly
 The last destroyer, or no :
 Whether life beginneth newly,—
 The river again to flow,—
 The water again to glimmer
 In sweet blue ripples,—the foam
 Again to sparkle and shimmer,—
 Fresh wandering feet to roam,—
 Fresh wondering eyes to wonder
 At new-found marvellous scenes,—
 Fresh skies to threaten and thunder,—
 Fresh buds to broider the greens,—
 Fresh roses, red, and a glory,
 To glitter along the ways,—
 Fresh May-bloom, fragrant and hoary,
 To brighten the spring with its blaze,—
 Fresh friends to talk and to ponder,—
 Fresh lovers to laugh and to kiss ;—
 Whether new joys wait for us yonder,
 Loved one, fervent as *this* !

We shall know whether this one pleasure
 Be surely, certainly, all ;
 Life's supreme meet measure :
 Whether the fruit must fall
 Being ripe now, perfect and rounded,
 Red and sweet as thy lips ;
 Whether once God's mercy abounded,
 Then that suffered eclipse.
 Or whether beyond the thunder,
 Beyond the stars and the waves ;
 Are yet new regions for wonder,
 Built above sins and graves.
 Whether yet beyond the roaring
 Of Death's white terrible foam,
 God waits preparing, out-pouring
 Life—providing a home,

A home for lovers and sinners,
 A home for patriots too—
 So that through death we are winners
 Of life, and of love made new.
 But I—I build not a minute
 Upon the uncertain hope
 That may have no truth in it—
 I face the axe or the rope
 With eyes as fearless and steady
 As those of the martyr who
 Holds life but a stream or an eddy
 Of heaven's broad seas of blue.
 I go to my fate quite fearless
 For, lady, have I not thee,
 Superb—so noble and peerless,
 A blossom of purity—
 Yea, have I not thee to guide me
 Towards heaven, thro' death's cold stream,
 To help and cheer, and to chide me
 If I quail tho' it be in a dream—
 Have I not this perfect marriage
 As a red red rose to wear—
 A scaffold for bridal carriage,
 But—the fairest bride of the fair.
 The fairest flower of flowers,
 The loveliest gift of days,
 The choicest guerdon of hours,
 Surely I can but praise.
 Praise fate, praise heaven who grants me
 Just at the point of death
 A flower whose bloom enchants me,
 A blossom of so sweet breath
 That all the swords and the trouble
 Darken, and disappear—
 Death's waves are smooth, not a bubble
 Breaks, tho' death be near.
 All is peace, and a shining,
 Glad, fair road to the stars;
 Or to a rest unrepining
 That no black enemy mars—
 All is peace—O flower
 This thou hast brought to me,
 Hope in the last wild hour,
 Joy in extremity.
 If not faith, yet a glimmer
 Of sweet glad faith in God;
 My pathway had been dimmer,
 No star had flashed on the sod,
 If thou, O woman, O blossom,
 Had'st not so tenderly saved,

By the balm of a snow-white bosom,
 By the banner of joy thou hast waved:
 By gifts so perfect and ample
 That all my heart is a flame
 Too large for death to trample,
 Too bright for the sword to shame.

Diana. And I am content, O love,
 That this fair joy should be;
 God's gift it is from above—
 God's sweet gift given through me.
 As yet thou see'st alone
 The humble minister—me;
 Not God on his great gold throne,
 No bright futurity.
 But be thou sure that God—
 The great fair Lord and King,
 Lord of the earth's bright sod,
 Who broodeth with bright gold wing
 Above each glimmering place
 Like a glittering faint fair star,—
 Will show thee his grand pure face
 Ere thy spirit has wandered far
 Beyond the river of death.
 Like a pure rich fire he may come,
 In the wind's clear outpoured breath,
 In a rose's red rich bloom,
 In my own risen voice
 Perhaps—or another's tone;
 I know not;—thou shalt rejoice
 In the pleasure of God, my own.
 Thou shalt find the Lord of Hosts,
 That his glory is no sick dream
 Nor his ministers faint sad ghosts,
 Nor his heaven a mere stray gleam;
 Thou shalt find it sweetly true;
 Thou shalt step within the gates
 Health and life to renew:
 For the holy Lord God waits,
 Francesco, yearning for thee,
 Francesco—longing to bring
 Thy spirit in purity
 Within the courts of the King.
 I hold that our love is nought—
 An adulterous woman I,
 Had my heart a foul thing brought,
 A passion fated to die—
 I hold no love of avail
 That lives not ever within
 God's holiest temple's veil,
 Made pure from each taint of sin—

Pure as the Christ is pure,
Too strong for death to hold,
Able a life to secure,
And a love that turns not cold.
Thou art strong to die for the sake
Of the fair Republic—think—
Thou art willing to walk to the stake,
Of a fiery death to drink,
For truth and for thine own soul,
Without the help of a creed;
*To reach such a sweet high goal,
On Calvary Christ did bleed.*
Yea, God then suffered to win
For himself, for a pure white bride
The whole earth gathered in
To his gathering heart, to his side.
Not for a nation he
Did suffer death on the Cross,
But for every shore of a sea,
For all peoples,—without the loss
Of a single straggling one—
That he might claim in the end
Each lover of truth for a son,
Each warrior-soul for a friend.
So he set an example high,
Not dreading the cold foul death,
Not flinching really to die,
And be utterly void of breath;
No pictured death was his,
No faint similitude,
But a death as real as this,
That to-morrow, with anguish rude,
Shall try and test our hearts,
Whether we can endure or no
Hot agony's piercing darts,
Dissolution's icy throe.
God has tried it first;
He felt the hunger and pain,
The wild sick spasm of thirst,
The hot mad throbs in the brain.
The road we tread he has trod,
And the path is dim no more,
For the lamp of the passion of God
Was there as a flame of yore.
So doubt not, lover sweet!
That our death is but as a dream,
From which we shall wake to meet,
Having crossed the sad, cold stream.

[She kisses him tenderly, and gives him a red rose from her bosom.]

- Diana.* This rose I give thee : they have spared it to me ;
 Upon thy breast to-morrow let it shine.
Franc. It is as fire from heaven to renew me,
 Since, choicest rose of roses, thou art mine.
Diana. Now, let us part a season ; all I told thee
 I will without fail, ere the morrow, do.
Franc. Yea, sweet ! for one sweet night I shall enfold thee
 In passion's arms : give love one sweet long view.
Diana. Keep thou the rose ; the living rose, soon dying,
 Is not for thee till strikes the midnight bell.
Franc. Till strikes that hour, forlorn, I shall be sighing ;
 When strikes that hour, tho' doomed, it shall be well.
Diana. Remember : 'tis for Heaven's sake that I love thee.
Franc. Remember : 'tis for thy sake that I burn.
Diana. Remember : 'tis my trust that this may move thee.
Franc. Remember : 'tis thro' thee that death I spurn.

SCENE II.—ON THE WAY TO EXECUTION.

A large company of Republicans marching along : Diana and Francesco
 in their midst.

They all sing.

- Chorus.* We are passing along to our agony red ;
 We are doomed, we are stricken, made one with the dead.
Diana. Yet a hope doth remain.
Chorus. For the people we die ; for the people we go
 Towards the swords that are sharpened, the faggots that glow.
Franc. But we heed not the pain.
Chorus. There are two that have drunk of a pleasure so deep,
 That they heed not the time—they are sunk in a sleep.
Diana. We see clearer than ye.
Chorus. A lover has played with the loose sweet hair
 Of his lady so long, that he heeds not the snare.
Franc. 'Tis no trap set for me.
Chorus. When love can make strong twain souls with his song,
 And annihilate death by the bloom of the breath
 Of woman ; there's hope, in spite of the rope,
 And chance of reward in the track of the sword,
 And pleasure to gain in the pathway of pain,
 And a clamour of lyres in the midst of the fires—
Franc. And loveliest flowers in these last hours,
 Rich roses in bloom round the sides of the tomb,
 And a glory to save in the mouth of the grave—
Diana. And a God to befriend at the uttermost end
 And to raise from the dead—'tis to life we are led—
 But a passing breath is the wind of our death ;
 The sun of our day shall abide alway,
 So be of good cheer—deliverance is near—
 Our Republic to save we pass to the grave.
 Francesco remember—thou hast thy rose ?

Franc. On my bosom a peerless blossom it glows.
Diana. Dost thou fear? I fear not—I think not at least.
Franc. Nay, lady! my vision on thee I can feast.
Diana. And I feast my vision on God most high;
Franc. And I upon thee—it is sweet to die;
Diana. Yea, sweet—for God and my lover are nigh;
Franc. Calm lady and clear is the glance of thine eye;
Diana. It is fixed upon God—it is firm and sure,
 I feel that our passion and pleasure were pure,
 I know that a love so intense must endure—
 Sweet heart—Good-bye!

SHAKERISM.

By DAVID BROWN.

PRIOR to 1871, I presume the English public had very little knowledge of Shakerism as it exists in America. However, during that year, Elder F. W. Evans, of Mount Lebanon, came over to England on a missionary tour and went through the principal cities and towns lecturing on Shakerism. As my own mind had been inclined to communistic views for some years, and feeling desirous of taking a step in that direction, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity of hearing him, and, therefore, went to Grosvenor Street, Manchester, where he lectured on the above subject in the Temperance Hall. As might have been expected, he did not fail to set it forth in the most glowing colours, as being that for which the world had been a long time in preparing, and was now in some measure ready to receive. He said that the secret of the success of the Shakers was owing to the religious element amongst them; for whereas Robert Owen's social system had proved a failure, because of them all wanting to be masters, consequently, rule and order could not be maintained; while on the other hand, owing to the religious element among the Shakers, every one seemed to know his or her own sphere of action, and so order was the rule, and they worked together in harmony. He also stated that while every other community in America had been a failure, the Shakers alone had been a success. But this was a wrong statement. There are the German Rabbites in Pennsylvania who have acquired immense wealth. There are also the Free Lovers at Oneida Creek, and others who have been very prosperous, and are established on a better basis in many respects than the Shakers. If Elder F. W. Evans had stated that there had been a falling off among the Shakers, and that he had come over to England to replenish their numbers, he would have come nearer the truth, but he knew better than that. However, as

my mind had been pre-disposed, and believing that community efforts were a step in the right direction, I finally concluded to go and join the society. Consequently I set sail from Liverpool the following year, on the 18th July, and landed in New York on the 28th, after which I proceeded to my destination at Mount Lebanon, which is about 130 miles from New York. I was met with a very kind reception, and so far as appearances were concerned it seemed everything that was desirable. However, I had not been there more than two weeks before I saw that it was far from being what it was represented to be, but as I was there I thought I would give it a trial, and if it proved a failure I could only leave after all. After I had been there seventeen months I was thoroughly satisfied of the Shaker life, and accordingly left the society on the 10th of January, 1874, and returned to England on the 22nd of November the same year. As the subject of Shakerism had never been brought before the public in its every-day life, and as it has been so much misrepresented, I feel it incumbent on me to write what I know about that people, and to represent the subject in its true light, so that others may not be misled. Many are saying to the present day, Lo! here is Christ; and lo! there. The adversaries of error and superstition will still compass sea and land to make proselytes; but the injunction is, go not after them; by their fruits ye shall know them.

When a person first visits Mount Lebanon, and sees the large gardens and orchards, and the extensive tracts of lands extending for miles in every direction,—when he enters the houses and there sees the cleanliness, the order, and the neatness, and the air of quietness which reigns about the place—it is natural for him to think that there is surely here a place of rest from the clamour, strife, and contention of the outside world. Such were my thoughts, but as it did not come up to anything like the ideal I had formed of a community life, I think it necessary to present the subject in as clear a light as possible.

In the first place, it must be understood that the Shaker community, according to their definition, is a religious community. As regards their religion, they have no creed, neither do they believe in the plenary inspiration of the Bible, but only in some portions of it, and seldom use it in any of their meetings. They believe in the duality of Deity: that Jesus Christ was the first man in the new spiritual creation of the Shaker order, representing the masculine in Deity; and that Ann Lee was the first woman in the new creation representing the feminine in Deity,—both of them being baptised with the Christ spirit from the seventh or resurrection heaven. Hence the elder and the elderess of the ministry (which stands at the head

of the societies) represent the same office, and the elder and elderess of each family, in a more subordinate degree, being considered as God's vicegerents, or representatives. They have also a confessional, so that all who join the society are expected to confess every known sin of which they have been guilty, the males to the elder, and the females to the elderess; after which they receive instructions adapted to their state. Shortly after a person has joined the society, he soon propounds to himself the question as to what is right and what is wrong. In the light of the Shakers' gospel, it is considered a sin to speak against the laws of the institution to any brother or sister, and they aim at placing all persons in such a position that they shall not be too intimate with each other, so that the elders may gain their confidence and thus know everything that is said and done. The first Sabbath I was there, it being in the month of August, and very hot, and the bedroom feeling very offensive where I was sitting—for they have no sitting-rooms—I thought I would go into the garden for a change, but I had not been there five minutes, before one of the brethren came and told me very politely that it was contrary to order for the brethren to go into the garden on the Sabbath day; this, I confess, rather startled me, but, without making any remark I quietly followed him into the house wondering what the next breach would be. However, I was not long in suspense, for shortly after, while reading an essay on manual labour, by John Scott, I was told that this also was contrary to order, and that the brethren should confine their reading to the Scriptures and the Shakers' works for Sabbath reading. I then asked for a printed copy of the rules, so that I might know what to do and what to avoid; but no copy could be found, and the reason is obvious; for I apprehend that if there were printed copies of the rules hung up in the various rooms they would almost frighten away every person that went. No! no! the discipline of a Shaker's life is brought down upon every person gradually as they are able to bear it, until they are sufficiently grafted into the vine and then of course they are all right. After a person has joined the society, he is told by the elder—sooner or later—that he must submit himself as a little child, and willingly receive instruction from the elders in Spiritual things, just as a little child receives instruction from its parents in natural things. This he is told must be done as unto the Lord and not unto men. They believe that every elder's position is of divine appointment, so that in confessing to him they are in reality confessing to the Lord, the elders being God's witnesses. They also believe that the elders are gifted with divine wisdom to impart to them in all their states of spiritual travail.

The condition on the part of the brethren and sisters is unshaken confidence in the order, and an implicit obedience to its demands. It signifies very little what a person's knowledge may have been in the outside world, for when he goes there, he must appear as if he knew nothing,—that is, knowledge apart from his daily avocation—but must commence the Spiritual creation as a little child. Those words of Jesus to his disciples,—"Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven"—are often quoted by the elder, and not without meaning either, but the worst of it is they are never anything else but children.

There are from sixty to seventy persons in the north family where I was living, a considerable number of them ranging from fifty up to eighty years of age. Still they are all children, the elder being the father, and the elderess the mother; but it is in direct opposition to the teachings of Jesus, for he said call no man your father, for one is your Father which is in heaven, and all ye are brethren. The nature of the spiritual creation, into which they are called, implies in the first place a dying to all natural relationships. They must have no father or mother, sister or brother, according to the flesh, but after the spirit. They must also take up a full cross against the world with all its allurements, and the flesh with all its tendencies to the generative life, and live a life of purity and self-denial, seeking each other's temporal and spiritual good, which is in the highest degree commendable; but having cut themselves off from the world they are by no means ever to think of returning thither again, for should any person think of leaving them, whatever their motive might be, still the fact itself of leaving would be considered a fall from grace and eventuate in the loss of the soul.

As it regards their spiritual travail to which I have referred, this is, or should be, the all-important subject, and with many of them it is, for it tends to the formation of a character which, in many respects, the people of the outside world would do well to imitate. Many of the sisters have attained to a very high degree of spirituality, and one has only to be in their presence to feel their sphere. Of course there are not those counteracting influences which exist outside, and it all goes to show what favourable surroundings can do, and will do, providing they are only on a proper basis. However, to promote their spiritual growth, they have many devotional meetings.

On Saturday evening, which is the preparation for the Sabbath, the retiring bell rings at ten minutes to eight, when they all sit in silence in their respective rooms about ten minutes, and they are expected to turn their thoughts inward and pray for a blessing upon the meeting. During this time also the

elder generally receives the subject, or what they call the gift of the meeting. At eight o'clock the second bell rings, after which they meet in the hall and march in single file to the meeting room, where they stand in rows, the brethren opposite the sisters. The meeting commences by singing a hymn, after which the elder makes a few remarks, and is followed up by the elderess. The scope of their remarks generally has reference to the work of God in the Shaker order, exhorting the brethren and sisters to be faithful to their high and holy calling, to prize the privileges and blessings of communistic life; also repentance, faith, mortification of the flesh, and obedience to the order are always prominent themes in their discourses. After the singing and speaking they commence marching round the room with their hands rising and falling, and keeping time to the singing, which is done by about ten or a dozen of the brethren and sisters who stand in the centre of the room forming a circle. After they have sung two or three songs they stand still with their faces turned towards the centre of the room, and occasion is given for any of the company to speak a few words. This, in some respects, resembles a Methodist experience meeting, which at times is very profitable. After the speaking they again march round the room singing, dancing, and speaking alternately till the close of the meeting, which generally lasts about an hour.

I may here observe that they never pray extempore in any of their meetings; still they are constantly admonished by the elder to cultivate a spirit of prayer, and to be humble and obedient to the order. According to Mosheim, the historian, when the early Christians assembled for worship each member exercised his own special gift, but among the Shakers the elders alone, as a rule, receive the gift of the meeting, and if any brother receives a gift which does not altogether accord with the elder's, and imparts it to the meeting, he is taken to task by the elder. This I know by experience, so that the meetings are nothing to what they would be providing there was a free inspiration and every one had ample scope.

On Sunday mornings they have another meeting similar to the one on Saturday night, which is called a labouring meeting. In the summer season they conduct them in the large meeting house, when hundreds of the wealthier classes of the Americans who visit the springs attend, mostly out of curiosity, I suppose, to see their peculiar manner of worship. In the afternoon there is a singing meeting, and in the evening there is a prayer meeting. At this meeting they each take a chair and form a large circle round the room, the brethren forming one half and the sisters the other, sitting all the time. This meeting commences with a few remarks from the elder, after which they are at liberty

to speak or pitch a song as they feel moved. It is very common for them to go on bended knees to the elder and implore his blessing. At first I thought I never saw anything more popish; still I have often been moved at the deep feeling which has been manifested at these meetings, for, with tears in their eyes and prostrated both in body and mind, they will fall on the floor sobbing and crying as if their hearts would break, whereupon the elders bless them and encourage them to be faithful in the cause they have espoused.

On Monday evenings they have a reading meeting at a quarter past seven, but at this meeting all the papers and books which are read are on the elder's table where he and one of the brethren preside, so that no brother or sister has any choice whatever as to what shall be read, but simply sit and hear what the elder has got to dole out. During the meeting all the sisters are busy either sewing or knitting, and some of the brethren are engaged in light work, so that the meeting is both for working and reading.

On Tuesday evenings they have another labouring meeting, and on Wednesday evenings they have what they call a union meeting, which is held in the various rooms they occupy, numbering about ten or a dozen of both sexes. This meeting is for social conversation, the brethren sitting opposite the sisters. The meeting always continues an hour. Thursday and Friday evenings are for practising singing, so that, as a rule, every night in the week is occupied, if they are not prevented in consequence of late work, and this all the year round without any variation. This is what makes it so monotonous. Such a thing as a lecture on a scientific subject is never thought of, and would be utterly discarded.

THEIR EMPLOYMENT.

The first of April is a notable day in the Northern States, as all the farmers engage their hired hands for the season, the Shaker inclusive. About this time the elder invariably reminds the brethren of the forthcoming season, and of the various duties which will be imposed upon them, hoping they will be fully prepared for the work, and that they will be prompt to rise in the morning, at half-past four, when the bell rings, and prompt at their business, so that there will not be any waiting, and no time lost. He hopes also that they will be careful to maintain the unity of the spirit, and endeavour to bear and forbear with each other, and constantly to realise in their own minds the importance of the work they are called to. Hence the motto is—"Be wide-awake; every man at his post; all hands to work; and hearts to God." Having performed the morning duties, such as

milking the cows, cleaning the stables, and getting the horses ready for the day's work, which generally lasts over an hour, they go to breakfast at six o'clock, after which the brethren always present themselves upon the upper landing leading to the dining-room, where they are singled out by the elders and deacons, and every one has his day's work allotted him. The first job in the spring is sawing and splitting wood, which they burn instead of coal. This wood is conveyed from the distant woods during the winter months, when the weather will permit, and laid in large piles along the road side, so that a stranger passing through the village would almost wonder what they are going to do with the wood they have got. This wood is conveyed to a circular saw, which is turned by a water wheel, after which it is removed to the different store-rooms, where it is stowed away to be used the following year. This job lasts about four or five weeks. After the wood is finished, the brethren go into the gardens and fields to manure the land, also ploughing, harrowing, and raking, after which they sow the different kinds of seeds—of which they raise a considerable quantity for sale—namely, onions, beets, cucumbers, spinach, tomatoes, &c. They grow almost everything which is in season. By the time the sowing and planting is done, they commence hoeing, and this continues till harvest. As the summer advances, the hay harvest comes on, and this lasts about five weeks, as they have such a large quantity of land to mow. They generally work till sundown at night, as there is so much work to be done. Then there is rye and wheat, and other kinds of grain, also fruit gathering. They have more than a thousand apple trees, and pear and cherry trees in proportion. The first year I was there we gathered over three thousand bushels of apples, which took us about five weeks, after which we were about five weeks more in trimming the trees, and before we had finished we were arrested in our progress by the snow storms, which came in the middle of November, in consequence of which we were obliged to turn inside for the winter.

It should be observed here that during the summer months, when the brethren are working inside, that a considerable portion of the work has to be done with hired hands, as the Shakers could by no means do it all themselves. It must also be borne in mind that there is a wide distinction made between the hired men and the Shakers, so great indeed, that they are not allowed to work or converse with each other, and if it should happen, which it does sometimes, during harvest that it is very difficult to keep them separated, and one of the brethren should be seen speaking with a Gentile, they would set it down at once that he was again lusting after the flesh pots of Egypt, so that they always aim at keeping them at as great a distance as possible for fear of

the contagion. During the winter months the brethren are mostly employed in making brooms, and in the seed department. They have also a cider press, and make a considerable quantity of cider. They make their own soap, and other kinds of work which it would be tedious to enumerate. The sisters are employed indoors, both winter and summer, in weaving and making mats. They also make a considerable number of hearth rugs, and weave carpeting; some of them are employed as tailoresses to make the men's clothes. At the other families, a little higher up the village, they make extracts from herbs, and have a factory for making chairs, and so they have different employments at the different families. In every case the object appears to be that which will fetch a good market price. The deacons are very shrewd, and well posted in business matters, and are engaged most of their time in going about the country transacting business. Now, for the Shakers to be consistent with their profession, they ought not to have any dealings at all with the outside world, but live on their own produce; but this is very far from being the case, and whatever they may profess, still it is quite clear that, from beginning to end, it is more a question of dollars and cents than anything else. There is also another feature in connection with their daily employment worthy of notice. The elder often exhorts the brethren and sisters to cultivate the gift of silence during their daily toil, telling them it was quite common for the early believers to work for days together and very few words would be spoken, their minds being so wrapt up in the meditative and contemplative. In thinking over this subject I could see there was some truth in it, for we must all admit that the tongue is an unruly member, and that we are apt to give expression to words which are not altogether profitable; hence the injunction is, let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth but such as shall minister to the edifying of the brethren. By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned. Still I have reason to believe that it was not altogether because of its spiritual signification that this was enjoined, but because if there was no conversation there would be more work done than otherwise. However, for an illustration, suppose the brethren should cultivate this gift, and all be working together in the field, and still not a word spoken; suppose also that a stranger should happen to pass by and see them all busily engaged, and still not a word spoken, I think he would almost come to the conclusion that they were criminals who had broken the laws of their country, and therefore durst not speak. No, no, with all due deference to meditation and contemplation, which are very good in their place, and cannot be dispensed

with, still we must not give up the use of the tongue, and if it is unruly we must cultivate it and reduce it to order, and then conversation becomes agreeable and instructive. It is that in which we can all take a part, and all receive a benefit.

Somehow or other Elder F. W. Evans has only got one string to his instrument, and upon this he is continually playing. We will take another illustration. It is a very cold day, and some half dozen of the brethren are engaged in work outside, which must needs be done, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. In the course of the day, Elder F. W. Evans greets them with his presence, and the probability is, that in less than two minutes he will be telling them how the early believers were exposed to, not only cold, but hunger, and a great many privations which don't enter into the catalogue at all, now-a-days. I remember on one of these occasions, after he had been going on at some length, saying, that instead of being overcome by the elements we should rather strive to overcome the elements, and thus be strong, bold, and courageous. I ventured to say that I admitted in a great measure the truth of what he said, still, I insisted that we should have intellectual culture combined with it, and also that the various appliances of means we had at our disposal in lessening manual labour gave us a decided advantage over those who had to break up the fallow ground for us, and that though it was hard and laborious in the past, still that was no argument that it should continue to be so, so long as we had the remedy in our hands; but he did not coincide with these views at all. He seemed to think that instead of the way being easier in consequence of past labours, it should be more difficult, and, that instead of less crosses there should be more crosses, and there are others of the Shakers who maintain these views. The same spirit that prompted the early Christians to retire from the world into desert places, and cut themselves with knives and lances, and mortify their bodies in various ways, thereby believing they would be more acceptable to God,—that same spirit, though modified, enters very largely into Shakerism at the present day, and permeates it from end to side. If the Shakers, out of their abundance, would assist some of the noble institutions outside which have every claim upon humanity, instead of hoarding up their money in the public banks, they would make themselves both known and felt, but it is contrary to their religion to do anything of the kind. It is true they say they are friendly towards all reforms, temperance reforms, political reforms, social reforms, and religious reforms, but they will not so much as help them with one of their fingers. I guess this is a cross they would not like to take up; the idea with them is, that it is not for them to go down into the world,

but that it is the world that must go to them. Suppose the angels should say the same, that it was not for them to come down, but it was for us to go up. If this were the case, I am afraid some of us would never go at all. No, we need the helping hand, the kind word, and the sympathising heart, and if the Shakers have no charity to extend beyond their own party, it is quite clear, that whatever they may profess, still it is not the religion of Jesus, whom they claim as their founder.

They all work, from the oldest to the youngest, so that there are no drones among them. I was informed that it had been said formerly that when they attained to threescore and ten they might retire from active life, but this has never been carried out, and such a word as superannuation does not appear to exist in their vocabulary. There were some half-dozen brethren and sisters in the north family—where I was living—who had passed their threescore and ten, and some of them had got up to eighty, still they all worked. It is probable there may be some exceptions in some of the other families, for some of them live to nearly a hundred years; but if they don't work it is because they cannot. I mention this fact to show the one-sidedness of their development; and that, throughout all their lives, it is the same thing, day in and day out. From Monday morning till Saturday night, from January to December, with only one day's holiday in the year, it is one constant round of daily toil; so that working hard all day, and learning spiritual songs and attending devotional meetings at night, comprehend for the most part, the whole of a Shaker's life. There was a funeral of one of the sisters while I was there, but, on the day of the interment, we worked till half-past nine, after which we had scarcely time to change our clothes before the bell rang for the funeral service, and after the corpse was laid in the grave, we got our dinners and resumed our work again as usual.

It is true when Elder F. W. Evans was in Manchester in 1871, he told the people that the Shakers did not believe in waiting for their heaven till they went into the next life, but that they had got it in this. Hence he quoted the words of Jesus, that the man who forsook father and mother, sister and brother, houses and lands, should have a hundred-fold in this life, and then applied them to the Shakers as a proof of the statement. However, the way they enjoy their heaven is in the manner I have described, and it is very rare for any of them to go outside the Shaker grounds except on special business, as it is contrary to order. Now, one would naturally imagine that after having devoted three or fourscore years of active life in building up the walls of Zion that they ought to have the remaining few at their own disposal, and thus have more leisure

o turn their thoughts to those more spiritual subjects which make life so rich, so sweet, and so enjoyable; but no, they must work and work on to the last, and some of them carry with them the stamp of Shakerism into the second life, and then it is with difficulty even there that they get rid of its consequences.

(To be continued.)

THE INFLUENCE OF MIND UPON BODY.

THE following aphorisms from various authors relate to this subject:—

A strong imagination creates what it imagines.

The closer we realise that which we desire, the more apt are we to become what we desire.

When the attention is arrested for a long time on some interior organ, it produces heat there, and modifies the state of that organ, so that new sensations are produced.

That soul cannot be stamped with the heavenly image which cannot be perfected by the exercise of its own will and reason.

What wonder, man being at the head of creation, that he should possess the power to make himself that which seems good to himself! And this is done by educating his soul in force and obedience to his will.

Mind will some day overcome matter.

INSTANCES.

We are told that Cæsar once cured himself of epilepsy by his own self-will.

A lady, subject to attacks of nervous headache, finds the next morning that some patches of her hair are white, as if powdered with starch. The change is effected in a night, and in a few days after the hairs gradually recover their dark, brown colour.

There is an instance of a Hindoo rebel, tried for his life, whose hair became white in the course of the day. There are dozens of such facts well authenticated.

Dr. Carson relates that the son of a farmer, 12 years of age, in perfect health, was seized with a fit of screaming in his sleep, which awoke the entire family. On inquiring the cause of his alarm, he exclaimed that two men were dragging him out of the house to murder him. With considerable difficulty he was calmed and convinced that he laboured under a delusion. On the following day his hair began to fall off in great quantities, and at the end of a fortnight it had disappeared from the entire head—even the eyebrows and eyelashes. He continues still in this state, though a period of seven years has elapsed. He has a few scattered woolly hairs in the place of whiskers, which is all that is to be seen over his body.

Mr. Crosse, the electrician, was bitten by a cat which was hydrophobic, and died the same day. Three months after he had received

the wound, he felt great pain in his arm, with extreme thirst. When about to drink, a strong spasm shot across his throat, and he was convinced he was attacked with hydrophobia. He then resolved to defy the attack by exertion of every effort of mind. Accordingly he took up his gun, though his arm ached terribly, and walked the whole afternoon, exerting at every step he took a strong mental effort against the disease. When he returned he felt better, and could take water as usual. In three days he recovered, the pain leaving him entirely.

A young lady of 16, of hysterical temperament, had for many months one foot twisted at right angles with the other. Various surgeons attempted the cure ineffectually. She then *willed* to use her foot. Being invited to a ball, she went and danced, the limb recovering its right position.

The many well-attested cures by mesmerism may be attributed to the power of the will of the mesmeriser.

In hypochondriasis it has been noticed that there are strong grounds for believing that the concentration of attention upon a particular function, not merely interferes with its exercise, but disturbs the physical condition and leads to a degeneration of the tissue of the organ with which it is connected by capillary congestion or evolution of nerve force.

In nightmare, the terror of an inevitable danger has been known to leave permanent marks upon the body.

A woman without three of the lesser fingers on one hand, and three extremely imperfect on the other, with a mark round the stumps and next finger as if it had a cut across it, says she was born thus; and that when her mother was about six months advanced with her, her father had a dream that he saw some fingers appearing above ground in a certain place, and that he dug and found a murdered woman. This he told his wife, and sometime afterwards, as they had occasion to pass the place, she cried in a fit of horror, "Oh, the fingers!" and fell ill for some days afterwards.

There is an instance of a woman who, seeing her daughter violently beaten, was seized with great terror, and suddenly became affected with gangrenous erysipelas of the right breast.

A lady of exceedingly sensitive and impressible nature, on occasion of a gentleman visiting the house, observed a sore upon his cheek, and experienced an uncomfortable sensation during his stay. Two days after a similar sore appeared on her own cheek.

A lady, observing a child whom she was fond of, coming through an iron gate, feared that it would close upon him and crush his ankle, and that it would be impossible for her to be quick enough to arrest the danger. She found that she could not stir on account of the intense pain which seized her own ankle, which quickly became red and inflamed. The next day the whole foot was affected, and she was for some time helplessly confined to her bed. The boy was not hurt.

Another lady, who was watching her little child at play, saw a

heavy window sash fall down upon its hand, cutting off three of its fingers. She was so overcome at the sight as to be rendered unable to move to its assistance. A surgeon was speedily obtained, who, having dressed the wounds, turned himself to the mother, whom he found seated, moaning and complaining of pain in her hand. On examination, three fingers corresponding to those injured in the child were discovered to be swollen and inflamed, although they had ailed nothing prior to the accident. For twenty-four hours incisions were made into them, and pus was evacuated. Sloughs were afterwards discharged, and the wounds ultimately healed.

There is an instance of a lady whose mouth and lips became immensely swollen from seeing a child pass the sharp end of a knife between its lips though without cutting them.

A young woman witnessed the lancing of an abscess in the axilla. She not only experienced immediate pain in that region, but it was followed by inflammation and swelling.

A Cossack having pursued a Frenchman into a court a conflict ensued, in which the Frenchman was wounded. A person who was in this court and could not get away, was so dreadfully frightened that when he reached home there broke out on his body the very wounds that the Cossack had inflicted on his enemy.

In the year 1777, a lad of 14 fainted on witnessing an execution on the wheel, and suffered violent pain. He had blue spots on the parts of the body corresponding to those which the wheel had made on the criminal.

A law student witnessing the excision of a small tumour from the ear, felt at the same time an acute pain in his own ear, which forced him to cry with anguish.

Stigmatisation is the term applied to the supposed miraculous impression which appears spontaneously on certain devotees of the stigmata, or marks of the wounds, which Jesus suffered in his crucifixion. These may be supposed to arise from staring continuously at crucifixes or paintings with intense abstraction and passion. They confirm not only the wounds on the hands and feet, and that in the side, but also those impressed by the crown of thorns and by scourging. Some authentic instances are given in *Chambers's Encyclopædia*. About sixty instances are on record. Many of the cases are of females. A late instance is that of the Estatica of Caldaro witnessed by Lord Shaftesbury and Professor Gorres. Several cases are mentioned of men who, without the visible stigmata, experienced at intervals the painful sensation by which they are accompanied.

These cases have a parallel in several moslem saints who bear the marks of the wounds which Mohammed received at Tayif.

The influence of the mother's mind over the fœtus may be considered as additional proof of this mental power.

Sufficient has been said to prove the power of mind over body. There are, besides, some well-attested feats by Hindoo and Thibetian jugglers, which might be added, but which are too astounding to be credited without further investigation.

The power of the will and the emotions, the limits of which cannot in our imperfect state of knowledge be defined, may probably be educated and intensified in us so as to become of practical use. Too often we see its pernicious effects; it is for man to turn it to beneficial account. Man's nature is (or should be) divine; here is his divine power:—What may he not become with such a mighty faculty at his disposal whose special mission seems to be the exaltation of his own nature? Something seems to whisper—Here is the cure of disease, the renewal of youth, the development of beauty, the persistence of life.

J. M.

THE PLANCHETTE MYSTERY.

By WM. FISHBOUGH.

THE RATIONAL DIFFICULTY.

I. The difficulties, as they appear to me, are of a threefold character—*Rational, Moral, and Religious*. I begin with the first, the Rational Difficulty. And for a point to start from, let me ask, Is it true, as generally held, that when a man becomes disencumbered of the clogs and hindrances of the flesh, and passes into the spirit-world—especially into the realms of the just—his intellect becomes more clear and comprehensive?

P. That is true, as a general rule.

I. How is it, then, that in returning to communicate with us mortals, the alleged spirits of men who were great and wise while living on the earth, almost uniformly appear to have *degenerated* as to their mental faculties, being seldom, if ever, able to produce anything above mediocrity? And why is it that the speaking and writing purporting to come from spirits, are so generally in the bad grammar, bad spelling, and other distinctive peculiarities of the style of the medium, and so often express precisely what the medium knows, imagines, or surmises, and nothing more?

P. That your questions have a certain degree of pertinence, I must admit; but in making this estimate of the intelligence purporting to come from the spiritual world, have you not ignored some things which candour should have compelled you to take into the account? Think for a moment.

I. Well, perhaps I ought to have made an exception in your own favour. Your communication with me thus far has, I must admit, been characterised by a remarkable breadth and depth of intelligence, as well as ingenuity of argument.

P. And what, too, of the style and merits of the communications purporting to come from spirits to other persons and through other channels—are they not, as an almost universal rule, decidedly superior to anything the medium could produce unaided by the influence, whatever it may be, which acts upon him?

I. Perhaps they are; indeed, I must admit I have known many instances of alleged spirit-communications which, though evidently stamped with some of the characteristics of the medium, were quite

above the normal capacity of the latter; yet in themselves considered, they were generally beneath the capacity of the *living man* from whose disembodied spirit they purported to come.

P. By just so much, then, as the production given through a medium is elevated above the medium's normal capacity, is the influence which acts upon him to be credited with the character of that production. Please make a note of this point gained. And now for the question why these communications should be tinged with the characteristics of the medium at all; and why spirits cannot, as a general rule, communicate to mortals their own normal intelligence, freely and without obstruction, as man communicates with man, or spirit with spirit. But that we may be enabled to make this mystery more clear, we had better attend first to another question which I see you have in your mind—the question as to the potential agent used by spirits in making communications.

THE MEDIUM—THE DOCTRINE OF SPHERES.

I. That is what we are anxious to understand; electricity, magnetism, odyllic force, or whatever you may know or believe it to be—give us all the light you can on the subject.

P. Properly speaking, neither of these, or neither without important qualifications. Preparatory to the true explanation, I will lay the foundation of a new thought in your mind by asking, Do you know of any body or organism in nature—unless, indeed, it be a *dead* body—which has not something answering to an atmosphere?

I. It has been said by some astronomers that the moon has no atmosphere; though others, again, have expressed the opinion that she has, indeed, an atmosphere, but a very rare one.

P. Precisely so; and as might have been expected from the rarity of her atmosphere, she has the smallest amount of cosmic life of any planetary body in the solar system—only enough to admit of the smallest development of vegetable and animal forms. Still, every sun, planet, or other cosmic body in space is generally, and every regularly constituted form connected with that body is specifically, surrounded, and also pervaded, by its own peculiar and characteristic atmosphere; and to this universal rule, minerals, plants, animals, man, and in their own degree even the disembodied men whom you call “spirits,” form no exception.

I. Do you mean to say that man and spirits, and also the lower living forms, are surrounded by a sphere of air or wind like the atmosphere of the earth, but yet no part of that atmosphere?

P. The atmospheres of other bodies than planets are not air or wind, but in their substances are so different from what you know as the atmospheres of planets as not to have anything specifically in common with them. The specific atmospheres of flowers, and when excited by friction, those also of some metals, and even of stone crystals, are often perceptible to the sense of smell, and are in that way distinguishable not only from the atmosphere of the

earth, but also from the atmospheres of each other. But properly speaking, the psychic *aura* surrounding man and spirits should no longer be called an atmosphere, that is, an *atom-sphere* or sphere of atoms, but simply a "sphere"; for it is not atomic, that is, material, in its constitution, but is a spiritual substance, and as such extends indefinitely into space, or rather has only an indirect relation to space at all. Nor is the atmosphere, as popularly understood, the only enveloping sphere of the earth, for beyond and pervading it, and pervading also even all solid bodies, is a sublime interplanetary substance called "ether," the vehicle of light, and next approach to spiritual substance; while all bodies, solid, liquid, and gaseous, are also pervaded by electricity.

I. All that is interesting, but the subject is new to me, and I would like to have some further illustration. Can you cite me some familiar fact to prove that man is actually surrounded and pervaded by a sphere such as you describe?

P. I can only say that you are at times conscious of the fact yourself, as all persons are who are possessed of an ordinary degree of psychic sensitiveness. Does not even the silent presence of certain persons, though entire strangers, affect you with an uncomfortable sense of repulsion, perhaps embarrassing your thoughts and speech, while in the presence of others you at once feel perfectly free, easy, at home, and experience even a marked and mysterious sense of congeniality?

I. That is so; I have often noticed it, but never could account for it.

P. Further than this, have you not at times when free from external disturbances, with the mind in a reverie of loose thoughts, noticed the abrupt intrusion of the thought of a person altogether out of the line of your previous meditations, and then observed that the same person would come bodily into your presence very shortly afterward?

I. I have, frequently; the same phenomenon appears to have been noticed by others, and is so common an occurrence as to have given rise to the well-known slang proverb, "Speak of the devil and he will always appear."

P. Just so; but still further: Have you not personally known of instances, or been credibly informed of them, in which mutually sympathising friends of highly sensitive organisations were mysteriously and correctly impressed with each other's general conditions, even when long distances apart, and without any external communication?

I. I have heard and read of many such cases, but could have scarcely believed them had I not had some experience of the kind myself, which I certainly have had.

P. There must, then, be here some medium of communication; that medium is evidently not anything cognisable to either of the five outer senses. What, then, can it be but the co-related spheres of the two persons, which I have already told you are not atomic—

not material but spiritual, and as such have little relation to space?

I. That idea, if true, looks to me to be of some importance, and I would like you, if you can, to show me clearly what relation these "spheres," as you call them, have to the spiritual nature of man.

P. Consider, then, the primal meaning of the word "spirit": it is derived from the Latin *spiritus*, the basic meaning of which is *breath, wind, air*—nearly the same idea that you attach to the word "atmosphere." So the Greek word *pneuma*, also translated "spirit," means precisely the same thing. The same meaning is likewise attached to the Hebrew word *ruach*, also sometimes translated "spirit." Now, carrying out this use of terms, the wind, air, or atmosphere of the earth (including the ether, electricity, and other imponderable elements) is the spirit of the earth;* the atmosphere of any other body, great or small, is the spirit of that man; the sphere of a disembodied man or soul is the spirit of that man or soul; and so the Infinite and Eternal Sphere of the Deity which pervades and controls all creations both in the spiritual and natural universe, is the Spirit of Deity, which in the Bible is called the Holy Spirit.

I. Well, those ideas seem singularly consistent with themselves, to say the least, however novel they may appear. But now another point: you have said that atmospheres or spheres surround and pervade all bodies, unless, indeed, they be *dead* bodies—attributing, as I understand you, a kind of *cosmic* life to plants, and a mineral life to minerals, as well as a vegetable and animal life respectively to vegetables and animals; do you mean by that to intimate that the sphere is the *effect* or the *cause* of the living body?

P. Of each living material form, the sphere, or at least *some* sphere was the cause. Matter, considered simply by itself, is dead, and can only live by the influx of a surrounding sphere or spirit. It may be said, at the last synthesis, that the *general* sphere even of each microscopic monad that is in process of becoming vitalised, as well as of the great nebulous mass that is to form a universe, is the Spirit of the Infinite Deity, which is present with atoms in the degree of atoms, as well as with worlds in the degree of worlds. This Spirit, as it embodies itself in matter, becomes segregated, finited, and individualised, and forms a specific soul, spirit, or sphere by itself, now no longer deific, but always of a nature necessarily corresponding to the peculiar form and condition of the matter in which it becomes embodied. Life, therefore, is not the result of organisation, but organisation is the result of life, which latter is eternal, never having had a beginning, and never to have an end. Some of your scientific men have recently discovered what they have been pleased to term "the physical basis of life," in a microscopic and faintly vital substance called *protoplasm*, which forms the material foundation of all organic structures, both in the vegetable and animal kingdoms. They have not yet, however, discovered

* Query: Have we here the *spiritus mundi* of the old philosophers?

the source from which the life found in this substance comes—which would be plain to them if they understood the doctrine of spheres and influx as I have here given it.

I. I thank you for this profoundly suggestive thought, even should it prove to be no more than a thought. But please now show us what bearing all this has upon the question more particularly before us—the question as to the medium and process through which this little board is moved, the tables are tipped, people are entranced and made to speak and write, and all these modern wonders are produced—also how and why it is that the alleged spirit-communications are commonly tinctured, more or less, with the peculiar characteristics of the human agents through whom they are given?

P. You now have some idea of the doctrine of spheres; you will, however, understand that the spheres of created beings, owing to a unity of origin, are universally co-related, and, under proper conditions, can act and re-act upon each other. You have before had some true notion of the law of *rapport*, which means relation or correspondence. You will understand, further, that there can be no action between any two things or beings in any department of creation except as they are in *rapport* or correspondence with each other, and that the action can go no farther than the *rapport* or correspondence extends. Now, two spirits can always, when it is in divine order, readily communicate with each other, because they can always bring themselves into direct *rapport* at some one or more points. Though matter is widely discreet from spirit, in that the one is dead and the other is alive, yet there is a certain correspondence between the two, and between the degrees of one and the degrees of the other; and according to this correspondence, relation, or *rapport*, spirit may act upon matter. Thus your spirit, in all its degrees and faculties, is in the closest *rapport* with all the degrees of matter composing your body, and for this reason alone it is able to move it as it does, which it will no longer be able to do when that *rapport* is destroyed by what you call death. Through your body it is *en rapport* with, and is able to act upon, surrounding matter. If, then, you are in a susceptible condition, a spirit can only get into *rapport* with your spirit, and through it with your body, and control its motions, or even suspend your own proper action and external consciousness by entrancement, but if you are at the same time *en rapport* with this little board, it can, through contact of your hands, get into *rapport* with that, and move it without any conscious or volitional agency on your part. Furthermore, under certain favourable conditions, a spirit may, through your sphere and body combined, come into *rapport* even with the spheres of the ultimate particles of material bodies near you, and thence with the particles and the whole bodies themselves, and may thus, even without contact of your hands, move them or make sounds upon them, as has often been witnessed. Its action, however, as before said, ceases where

the *rapport* ceases; and if communications from really intelligent spirits have sometimes been defective as to the quality of the intelligence manifested, it is because there has been found nothing in the medium which could be brought into *rapport* or correspondence with the more elevated ideas of the spirit. The spirit, too, in frequent instances, is unable to prevent its energising influences from being diverted by the re-active power of the medium, into the channels of the imperfect types of thought and expression that are established in his mind, and it is for this simple reason that the communication is, as you say, often tinctured with the peculiarities of the medium, and even sometimes is nothing more than a reproduction of the mental states of the latter, perhaps greatly intensified.

I. If this theory, so far seemingly very plausible, is really the correct one, it ought to go one step farther, and explain the many disorderly unintelligible rappings, thumpings, throwing of stones, hurling of furniture, etc., which often have occurred in the presence of particular persons, or at particular places.*

P. Those are manifestations which, when not the designed work of evil spirits, have their proximate source in the dream-region which lies between the natural and spiritual worlds.

I. Pray tell us what you mean by the dream-region that lies between the two worlds?

P. There are sometimes conditions in which the body is profoundly asleep, with no perturbations of the nervous system caused by previous mental and physical exercise. In this state the mind may still be perfectly awake, and independently, consciously, and even intensely active. When thus conditioned, it may be, and often is, among spirits in the spiritual world, though from the nature of the case it is seldom able to bring back into the bodily state any reminiscences of the scenes of that world. The dream state, properly speaking, is not this, but a state intermediate between this and the normal, wakeful state of the bodily senses, and is a state of broken, confused, irrational, inconsistent, and irresponsible thoughts, emotions, and apparent actions—the whole arising from confusedly intermixed bodily and spiritual states and influences. The potential spheres of spirits who desire to make manifestations to the natural world sometimes become commingled, designedly or otherwise, with the spheres of persons in the body who, in consequence of certain nervous or psychic disorders, are more or less in this dream-region even when the body is so far awake as to be *en rapport* with external things; and in such cases, whatever manifestations may arise from the spiritual potencies with which such persons are surcharged, will of necessity be beyond the control, or possibly even beyond the cognisance, of any governing spirit, and will be irrational, inconsistent, and sometimes very annoying, or even destructive, according to the types of the dreamy

* See an article entitled "*A Remarkable Case of Physical Phenomena*," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1868.

mentality of the medium. If you will think for a moment, you will remember that the kind of manifestations referred to are never known to occur except in the presence of persons in a semi-somnambule or highly hysterical state, or labouring under some analogous nervous disorders; and the persons are often of a low organisation, and very ignorant.

(To be continued.)

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

By CORA L. V. TAPPAN.

As when, upon some calm and crystal lake,
A pebble dropt, doth undulations make,
Circle creating circle evermore—
Until the motion thrills the vernal shore;
So, when a thought pulsates from any soul,
Upward and outward do the circles roll,
Until they fill the golden stranded sea,
Which God pervades and moves eternally.

Like sweet vibrations of harmonic sound,
Rising in spiral waves—above—around—
Filling the charmed list'ning atmosphere
With quickened globules, pearly, white, and clear;
So doth a sound of joy or woe awake
Tremblings and echoes, till each soul doth take
Some part of sorrow or of bliss to bear,
And every spirit doth its portion share.

Like exhalations of the golden morn,
Those incarnations which the world adorn,
When the full splendours of the rising Sun
Leap o'er the world, blending all hues in one;
So doth the light from the eternal soul
The highest and the lowest hearts control,
Ray upon ray, infused with His great love,
And binding all unto His soul above.

Or, as a Sun doth ever firmly hold,
In orbits traced by stars of shining gold,
The planets—binding them with chains so bright,
Until remotest worlds thrill with its light,
Nor could one star fall from its shining sphere
Without destruction's presence far and near:
So are the ties which bind you, each and all—
If one is lost, the *whole* must surely fall.

No soul so dark but Love will light it still,
And none so bright but sympathy doth thrill;
Even within the highest realms above,
Earth's woes are felt, and blossom into love.
Mystic and subtle is the hidden chain,
If ye but heed your brother's joy or pain,
Lo, ye shall find the golden links which bind
Even the humblest to the Master Mind

As do the charming petals of the rose
 Beneath the Sun-God's eye—blushing—disclose,
 One after one, the hidden charms concealed,
 Until all wealth of beauty is revealed ;
 So, when the quick'ning eye of sympathy
 Doth touch the heart of true humanity,
 Lo, one by one, the beauties of the soul,
 Their wealth and splendour silently unroll.

Down, down, with shining raiment, sweep the throng
 Of angels, seraphs, with their joyous song ;
 Nor prison cell—nor dungeon—do they fear,
 But breathe o'er each a smile and word of cheer,
 Upbearing all the tears, and groans, and sighs,
 To change their woes to joys amid the skies,
 As darkest clouds, when touched by Heaven's light,
 Become resplendent with the rainbow bright.

Forever onward—up the shining way—
 Toward the regions of eternal day,
 The multitudes of weary pilgrims throng,
 With angel voices calling—sweet and strong—
 “Come! come!” while those beneath, tortured with pain,
 Struggle and strive for aye those heights to gain ;
 And evermore the thorny path thus trod,
 Leads from earth's darkness to the love of God.

O, worlds and suns, and countless rolling spheres,
 Ye move and pulsate with the changeless years,
 Responsive to the breath of Nature's power,
 Which forms a burning sun or opes a flower,
 And trembling souls upon the verge of time
 Hear but the echoes of anthems sublime ;
 But still, a power o'er every mind doth move,
 It is the all controlling breath of Love.

“WITHOUT HASTE, WITHOUT REST.

RESTLESS, panting, struggling brother,
 Whither hastenest so fast ?
 This life done, hast thou no other ?
 Is this hour, then, thy last ?

Hark! around thee angels whisper :
 Hasten not to snatch the prize,
 Nor deem here thy work-time ended :
 In eternity it lies.

Seek not in the Past thy guidance,
 Nor the living 'mid the dead ;
 Gaze on through the golden Future,
 To the stars uplift thy head.

Weary brother, rest thee never,
 Strong in labour, strong in pain ;
 For the work thou hast Forever—
 But the Infinite to gain.

FRANK PODMORE.

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