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OF

Zoistic Science, Intelligence, & Popular Anthropology,

EMBRACING

PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PSYCHOLOGY,

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PHILOSOPHY, THE LAWS OF HEALTH, AND SOCIOLOGY.

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A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

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THE COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW DECADE.

With this number HUMAN NATURE enters upon the eleventh volume. When the opening article of the first number was penned ten years ago, the writer felt that he occupied a position of perfect isolation. He was not sustained by an efficient staff of contributors, nor was he encouraged by an array of subscribers. The basis upon which it was attempted to study Man was so comprehensive and all-inclusive, that it stood alone, a friendless stranger, lost in the multitude of other forms of thought which knew it not. The spiritualistic organs, the phrenological magazines, all fell short of the programme which this new monthly sketched out for itself, and, without a friend to greet its appearance, it cast itself upon the tender mercies of a critical public. From that time the influence which a firm adherence to truth attracts has steadily increased till HUMAN NATURE is a recognised exponent of Anthropology in all parts of the world and is the respected organ of a distinct school of investigators.

Though based upon the most recent discoveries and least popular hypotheses in its views of Anthropology, this magazine has made more genuine progress than any of its contemporaries, and its views promise to become those of Anthropologists generally. It is not the organ of any society, nor does it enjoy fortuitous elements of success derivable from patronage or endowment, and yet it cannot be denied that it is the most popular of the periodicals devoted to the study of man, and represents the opinions of the largest number of thinkers. This is confessed by the press generally in the bald denials which are sometimes made to the facts we adduce—denials unsupported by fact or argument. A few weeks ago the *Saturday Review* said Spiritualism had not thrown any fresh light on questions connected with Human Physiology in relation to mediumship. If so, why mention the matter at all? Of what

use is it to fight a shadow—to deny that which has not been asserted? By its dogmatic expression of opinion, the *Saturday Review* acknowledges that the claim has been made that the investigation of mediumship has thrown new light on physiological questions, and it does not venture to show why the claim should not be maintained: it must therefore be regarded as established.

No phase of our ten years' labour is more encouraging than the array of talented writers that have come forward to aid in the objects which this magazine was established to promote. Our pages are not occupied with the contributions of professional writers who work for pay, but by the thoughts of truth-lovers who delight in doing what lies in their power to promote a knowledge of man and the progress of society. The fountain of living truth has been spontaneous and inexhaustible, showing that this magazine is a necessity of the age.

In commencing a New Series we have no fresh promises to make, but will, as hitherto, do the best we can to serve the high interests to which we have devoted our energies.

NOTES ON THE PRESENT CRISIS.

Part II.

By "M. A. (Oxon.)"

I have given an historical summary of the Slade case, and have said something of the tone and temper of the prosecution in the present instance. But it is to little purpose that Spiritualists view their present experience if they do not gather up the lessons that it teaches. The processes of education are very much the same, whether in the individual or the community. Man learns most from sad experience: the more sad the lesson, the more surely it is learned, and the more deeply imprinted. If the "burnt child does not dread the fire," then that child's future is easy to predict. It will turn out a foolish ne'er-do-well, always in scrapes, and unfit to shift for itself. Precisely the same rule applies to communities, and especially to such a body as this of ours. We are emphatically in need of discipline and education. We have hardly yet settled down after our rapid growth. The child born just thirty years ago, has increased in stature (if not in wisdom) at a very rapid rate. It has grown so fast that its education has been a little neglected. In the expressive phraseology of its native country, it has been "dragged up" rather promiscuously: and its phenomenal growth has absorbed all other considerations. The time has now come when those who have regarded it as an ugly monster which was born by one of nature's freaks only to die an

early death, begin to recognise their mistake. The ugly brat means to live: and beneath its ugliness the least sympathetic gaze detects a coherent purpose in its existence. It is the presentation of a principle inherent in man's nature, a principle which his wisdom has improved away until it is well nigh eliminated altogether, but which crops out again and again in spite of him—the principle of Spirit as opposed to Matter, of Soul acting and existing independently of the body which enshrines it. Long years of denial of aught but the properties of matter have landed the chief lights of modern science in pure Materialism. To them, therefore, this Spiritualism is a portent and a problem. It is a return to superstition: a survival of savagery: a blot on nineteenth-century intelligence. Laughed at, it laughs back: scorned, it gives back scorn for scorn. What is to be done with it?

The present prosecution supplies the answer of the materialist. Every engine that can be used will be brought to bear to crush: every blot and flaw will be picked out: every slip we make will be pounced upon: every scandalous story of imposture made the most of. We must be prepared to set our own house in order, if we would not have it very rudely done for us. That seems to be sure. We must be prepared to go in for a thorough cleaning. And, truth to tell, we want it. Though the hand that is prepared to scrub is not governed by maternal tenderness, the child is sadly in need of the discipline of soap and water. And to refuse to recognise that plain fact would augur very badly for the educational development of which I have been speaking.

Without going at length just now into the whole question at issue, it may be broadly said, without much fear of contradiction, that an observer who looks at the broad aspect of Spiritualism without any intimate knowledge of the subject, would see in it much to astonish, much to startle, much even to fill him with a certain vague alarm. To such an ignorant on-looker—and be it remembered that the outside public is and must be ignorant of the inner principles, the esoteric rationale of spiritual philosophy—the subject would present a curious picture. Let us assume that an intelligent student of man and manners in the present day desired to make himself acquainted with the working of the various factors that go to make the opinion of the age. He would have no difficulty in seeing that it is no common age, this in which we live. A diligent student of history, he would at once correlate the present epoch with those which have preceded some great revolution in the history of a people:—the same restless spirit of inquiry: the same cautious and repeated trying of old institutions and habits which are brought in their old age to show cause for their

very existence: the same spirit of rampant speculation: the same eager expectation of a something "which is to come." Everywhere and all around him he sees a process of disintegration, a destructive force that for the time obscures and paralyzes constructive energy; or which, at any rate, is more conspicuous in its action and more visible in its effects. In politics the air is heavy with impending struggle: the destroying angel of war is abroad, and over us we may almost hear the rustle of his wings. In the narrower fields of religion and science the same forces are at work. The world has outgrown the religion that sufficed its fathers. The story that they accepted with unquestioning faith is now called upon to stand the ruder test of reason, and the spiritual food that fed them is found unsatisfying for the more vigorous digestion of modern criticism. Bit by bit the old power has been slipping away from churches and creeds. By slow degrees man has emancipated himself from priestly control, and he now stands and looks fearlessly into the face of that which has long been used to frighten him, and the bogie is found to have lost its power. Religion to him means something more than anything that any system however venerable, any church however infallible, any creed by whatever penalties it is sought to be enforced, can furnish him with. It means a theosophy which does not run counter to the lines of human science; which tells him of his nature and destiny, of the place whence he came, and the life to which he goes; which puts before him a God that he can worship, an ideal to which the loftiest aspirations may reach up. He seeks no anthropomorphic conception; he demands precision only in the foundation whereon his faith may rest; content, if he can see but the tendency of life, to allow the tendencies to unfold themselves in progressive cycles of existence. First and foremost he needs to be satisfied of his spiritual existence after bodily death.

Our observer turns from this, the highest religious yearning, to the domain of science. What is the answer that comes from the realm of exact knowledge? Science knows nothing of Soul. Its scalpel cannot find it; its researches, in whatever way conducted, fail to discover it. Matter, and nothing but the properties of matter, is the result of its processes of investigation. Spirit, it says, is an invention of ignorance. Man, in his savage state of rude development, has always had a certain number of vague superstitions. One of them is that he has a soul, and will live after death. The wish is father to the thought. He would like to live, and so has framed the theory of disembodied existence; just as certain mediæval charlatans who feared death, fabricated the notion of an Elixir of Life which was to enable them to defy the last great enemy. Man has no Soul:

there is no Spirit: there is no God: nothing but the reign of Inflexible Law. Man pleases himself in his infancy with these notions, and thinks to propitiate the ideal he has erected by ceremonies which he calls Religion. All in vain; the rain falls on the evil and on the good: the most abandoned reprobate, equally with the greatest saint, is crushed if he fall from a precipice, or slain by the attack of pestilence. There is one law for all; and if virtue is the best policy, it is because it is most in harmony with the laws of man's being which his own investigations have discovered, and which it required no Divine Being to reveal.

This then, omitting all that does not show the progressive tendency of modern thought, all that survives yet among the unthinking and the easy-going, who will not be disturbed till their neighbour's house is on fire and they are half choked by the smoke,—this is the outlook that meets our observer. Old Theology losing its power: modern Nihilism at variance with it and with all forms of religious thought. And yet in the midst of it all, the best, the truest, the noblest minds yearning for some proof of the instinct which is not all dead, that they have in them the germs of a future life that death will not be able to destroy. Have then the ancients been all wrong? Have the noblest of mankind lived for a fallacy, and died for an idea? What more melancholy, dreary thought! Is the hope of endless progress a chimera? Is modern science surely right, and must the quality of infallibility be transferred from the Vactican to Burlington House?

In the midst of this train of thought our observer turns his attention to another phase of belief. Within the pale of orthodox theology, and even within the precincts of the Royal Society, he observes certain persons who do not entirely agree with either view yet presented to him. Some scientists not only tell him that man has a soul, but also that they have obtained scientific evidence of the fact. Some estimable and religious people assert that the friends whom death has riven from them, not only live in all the plenitude of sentient existence, but that they themselves have held communion with them; and that not once but often; not "perhaps," but "verily and in sober truth;" not seeing them "as in a glass, darkly," but openly and "face to face." Here then is the key to the mystery. If one, a hundred, a thousand of the race live again, then the law must probably be the same for all. Spirit is proven, and immortal life is something more than a speculation. No more tremendous proposition was ever put forward, and our observer will look into the evidence with attention. He finds that the believers in this creed are called Spiritualists, and in their numbers and character, in the startling strangeness of their beliefs, and in the scorn with which those tenets

are received by modern Pharisee and Scribe, he recognises a resemblance to another "sect which was everywhere spoken against," now nearly 2000 years ago, and which has survived to dominate the then fashionable belief. This does not surprise him. He is prepared to find new truth unfashionable. What does surprise him, as he becomes acquainted, in such manner as he best can, with the broad aspects of the subject, is the strange contradictions, the grotesque absurdities (as they seem to him), the trifling puerilities, the mixture of the holiest truths with the plainest fraud, that he fancies he detects all around him. Having obtained access to the only means of investigation open to him, he is at a loss to recognise in what he sees there any realisation of what he had hoped for. If he is fortunate, he will find ready evidence of the operation of a force unknown to him before, and of an intelligence very different from any that he has previously been acquainted with: but he will have some difficulty in correlating that intelligence with that of a departed human being, unless he is more than ordinarily fortunate.

Puzzled and bewildered, if not discouraged, he turns to the records printed from time to time, to the historical evidence and—unless he has the esoteric knowledge which, by the hypothesis, he cannot yet possess—he is more perplexed still. On the surface lie the most patent contradictions, what to him, in the light of his ideal, seem the most puerile follies. Shakespere returns to demonstrate his own imbecility: Bacon to talk bad English, and worse philosophy. Leaders of public thought in ages long past, saints and sages whose lofty philosophy and noble religious ideas are still a power among us, return to sanction the crudest speculations, or to give utterance to the most dangerous doctrines which have only to be believed and acted upon in order to revolutionise society, and turn the wheel of progress backwards. Side by side with this he finds perpetual records of alleged imposture, all too specious to his eye. The very persons with whom he comes in contact in his investigations are divergent in their opinions, and animated by motives as various. Some are merely curious, some strangely credulous, some jest, some scoff, some look for scientific proof of a pet theory, some seek to explode what seems to them an error or a fraud; few, very few, are the earnest seekers after truth, who strive with reverence and patient care to fathom the mystery that surrounds them.

All this perplexes him. Again I reiterate that he sees only what lies on the surface: he has not the inner knowledge which will enable him to brush away these perplexities, and harmonize these seeming contradictions. He is looking at the matter from without. And I, for one, do not wonder that such an observer, with the best intentions

and the most impartial mind, is bewildered and dismayed. If he has patience to pursue the investigation, he will work through all this scum and find his reward in time: but to most men this is impossible; from all it is asking too much, all the more that these surface difficulties, these absurdities and chicaneries, are no part of the subject, and should be resolutely purged away. Instead of presenting Spiritual Science in the most repulsive garb, it should be our aim to make it lovely and of good report. Instead of trivialities and absurdities, we should strive to set forth the grand truths it teaches in their most attractive aspect. Instead of permitting or tolerating what may wear even the appearance of fraud, whether the authors of that fraud be men or controlling spirits, we should set ourselves scrupulously to eliminate it by making the conditions of investigation such as to preclude its possibility. Instead of dragging spirit down to matter, we should try to raise ourselves to the plane of spirit, and to enter into relations with intelligences of moral consciousness and integrity who will teach us what we want to know. In short we must study the science of spirit, the laws of mediumship, the principles that govern intercourse between the world of spirit and the world of matter, the means by which we may avoid what we all agree, I hope, in deploring.

These are the lessons which lie on the surface, and which the present crisis should bring home to us. We are not beyond learning them if only they are pointed out; and it is only by patient investigation and discussion that we can attain to knowledge of them. I am far from thinking that I can do much to put before those who do me the honour to read this article anything that can be new. I can at best but suggest what must have occurred to many minds before; perhaps, however, it may be serviceable to state it now, and it may, at least, lead to further suggestions from others. In this spirit, with a hearty desire to avoid dogmatism, and with a single wish for truth, I venture to throw out the following suggestions:—

In estimating the bearings of the subject we must have regard to our own world, to that with which we come into communion, and to the link that unites us to it. We must think, not only of ourselves as Spiritualists, but also of the outside world whom we often seek to influence, and who will meddle with us, whether we like it or not; and chiefly, we must try and understand the nature of mediumship and the conditions under which it is best exercised.

On these, the exoteric and esoteric views of Spiritualism, I propose to offer some plain reflections, tentative and imperfect, but, I hope, suggestive too. As to the necessity for facing all difficulties, there can be no doubt in any sane mind; if we do not, we shall surely

suffer for it. It has been said that a divine work cannot be brought to nought by man. It may be so. I do not know; but this I do know: that man, by his folly and wickedness, may materially injure its progress, may bring it into transient contempt, and may impede when he might foster and impel its progress. God works by instruments, and though it is said again that He sometimes chooses the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, I have yet to learn that folly is a good preparation for any form of work. I prefer to think, as most people who are not fanatics will, that we shall be better advised in preparing ourselves by the severest exercise of our highest powers to become "fellow-workers" with the messengers of the Supreme, who are to us the ministers of His will. In this spirit let us "set our house in order," and see how we stand.

Now the questions involved range themselves naturally into those which affect Spiritualists as such, and this is the esoteric view: those which concern us in our relation to the outside world, the exoteric view: and especially those which concern the medium, the link between the two worlds. I will sketch rapidly certain considerations which occur under these several heads.

I. *Esoteric questions affecting Spiritualists only.*

There are Spiritualists and Spiritualists. We are a great body and the body has many members, which fulfil widely divergent duties, and which are related to each other only so far as they are members of the same body. There is the largest freedom of thought among us in matters non-essential. No conclave has presumed to lay down for the acceptance of the faithful a creed to be subscribed to under penalties affixed. There is, indeed, a simple yet very sublime creed which those who have come into communion with the higher spirits have received; but none has sought to force on any of his brethren any dogmatic definition of faith. On the common platform of a belief in existence perpetuated after bodily death, and of the interference of the world of spirit with the world of matter under certain conditions, those who call themselves Spiritualists are content to meet. Their private fancies are (or ought to be) thrown aside, and they are banded together in defence of spiritual existence and spiritual communion. None has any right to graft his own ideas on those stocks, or to hold as of binding force the *dicta* of spirits which to his own mind are commended as reasonable or fair-seeming. The platform is broad and comprehensive.

Again, none prescribes to the individual Spiritualist what part of the wide field of investigation he should devote himself to explore. To one may be commended the religious aspect of the question: to another its scientific demonstration. One may long and seek for

communion with his own departed friends; another may try to search out the mysteries that beset the whole question of communion with the unseen world. One may experiment with a view to fathoming the powers of his own spirit; another to see if perchance all unembodied intelligence be indeed that of deceased humanity. There is room for all: and though he who covers the whole ground necessarily obtains a wider view than the minute investigator of a single point, still there is ample room for choice. In a science so new and yet so old, of such infinite ramifications, and of such far-reaching issues, none need fail to suit his individual fancies. The field is open to all.

Wide, then, as the field is, the comprehensive character of those who are generically called Spiritualists is not less wide. Men of every divergent cast of mind find themselves side by side: the one bond between them being a desire for truth, and a certain ability, which does not always belong to those who have not given their minds full play, to look it straight in the face and follow it when they have found it. Most of them have not found satisfaction in older forms of faith, and have come, in the course of their search after truth, to find rest within the pale of Spiritualism. Some have found in its evidences a confirmation of their belief in the "old, old story." Some see a possible union between Religion and Science. Some are simple souls who have come there to meet their friends whom they once thought dead. Some are in hot pursuit of a crotchet—unconscious cerebration, or what not. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ.* It is not necessary that they should subscribe to any declaration, or be bound by any fetters. Most of them, indeed, have emancipated themselves from rusty fetters of old and cramping creeds. The iron had eaten into their soul: and in their new-found liberty, they are little desirous to fetter themselves with fresh obligations.

Hence the organisation of Spiritualists is as elastic as may be. Indeed, to many, it has seemed that the whole question of organisation was open. In America, especially, attempts on the part of a certain number to organise on a narrow basis have been met with strong remonstrance from tried and more catholic-minded workers. I do not propose to say anything about the state of the question in England, save as much as is necessary to my argument, and that respects the future rather than the past. In days which seem (for the present, at any rate) to be over, we were left alone. For the future it looks as if we were to be made the subject of a number of raids. The ominous intelligence that Her Majesty's Government have lent the sanction of their countenance, and the use of the public purse, to the prosecution of Slade is a sign of the times which he who is wise will ponder. Success in one case will encourage other attempts, and we must lay

it to our account that we are to be harried. It seems then to the present writer a very needful thing, that we should consider at once and with all care the best means of resisting impending attacks. They will surely be made, and we must meet them. How? The experience of mankind is in favour of united action in the face of an enemy. Union is strength: discord means defeat. If an organised attack is to be resisted, an organised defence must be planned. That which in its raw state is a mere undisciplined mob becomes, by drilling and organisation, a regiment in which each man stands shoulder to shoulder with his comrade, deriving support from him, and communicating strength in return, presenting a united and unbroken front to the foe, and acting in obedience to the word of command. Does this apply to us? I feel bound to say, after patient thought and with some diffidence in the correctness of my conclusion, that *the principle does apply*. In times of peace, when no foe threatened, when we were safe from attack, there were arguments in favour of large liberty of action which seemed to me weighty. A great part of that weight is lost to them under the changed conditions in which we are now placed, and has been transferred to the opposite side. Though I am fully aware of the extreme difficulty of obtaining it, I cannot conceal from myself that in these days we need all the strength which careful and comprehensive organisation can give us.

Is that organisation possible? I do not say; but I do say that it is extremely desirable that the attention of every responsible person within the pale of Spiritualism should be given to the solution of the question. Let us present a compact and united front to the enemy. Mr. Howitt—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—has raised in the pages of the *Spiritual Magazine* the cry, "To your tents, O Israel," meaning, I presume, that all who accept a certain particular phase of belief should separate themselves from other Spiritualists who do not so believe, and should maintain a policy of isolation. I believe it will be an evil day for Spiritualism when such tactics shall prevail. I earnestly trust rather that differences will be merged in the common instinct of self-preservation, and that the solution of minor differences will be reserved for another and more convenient season.

(1.) This then is one point I want to press home on Spiritualists—*Unity of action, so far as that is possible and attainable.*

Furthermore it is a common cause of complaint among us that the communications received, so far as they are known to the outside world, are of an unsatisfactory nature. It is said that they are frequently trivial, contradictory, foolish (if not worse), and not such as to command respect from those who are little inclined to give it. I am anxious not to overstate the argument, and I must be under-

stood as putting the allegation of an opponent. Is it so? I am disposed to think it is. In very many cases it undoubtedly is the fact that the communications made in circles where a mixed company is gathered are not of a high or consistent character. Why is this? Because, as I understand the philosophy of spirit-intercourse, we do not provide the conditions under which satisfactory communion can take place. Our public circles are frequented by people led there by the most various motives. Curiosity, a desire to expose preconceived fallacy or fraud, the wish to wile away an idle hour,—such motives predominate. And this is so almost by the very nature of the case. Spiritualism attracts a good deal of public notice. Those who hear of it ask at once, "Where can I see anything of this for myself?" Entirely ignorant of the delicate conditions which beset the investigation, they are sent [to the nearest [public circle. The result is that any possibility of the evolution of phenomena or of the communication of information on satisfactory principles is entirely stopped. It would be impossible for me here to lay down any laws which should be observed in seeking communications from the world of spirit. I am not venturing to do more than throw out hints. But anyone who has intelligently investigated [this subject will realize the difficulty which I now point out. I shall have more to say on the question when I come to deal with the nature of mediumship: but meantime it may be said that before communion with the world of spirit can be had on satisfactory bases, it is necessary to revise the conditions on which it is usually sought to be obtained. The melancholy stories of imposture, too often charged on the medium when he is the unconscious instrument of spirits whom the circle have attracted, make this plain enough. It is high time that this should be seen to: and that we should learn that we have it in our power to raise ourselves, in this respect, to far higher results than any yet obtained. When we have purified our circles, when we have made it impossible for those who now gain access without question—the curious, the vicious, the scoffing, the uninformed—to get in without preparation, we shall have removed one great stumbling-block. We must diffuse knowledge of conditions, prevent the ingress of the enemy on our own side, and then we shall be in a position to commune with higher intelligences, and to preclude imposture and trick. Surely this is not impracticable. Surely it is most desirable.

(2.) This is my second point—*The purification of public circles.*

Other points suggest themselves, but I must deal only with the most salient, and that only by way of suggestion. Others may take up points which I have missed, or which do not come within my scope. I pass to the link that unites us to the world of spirit.

II. *The Medium, and the Nature of Mediumship.*

The medium is a mesmeric sensitive, and as such is amenable to every dominant influence brought to bear on him. He is the receptacle of the several positive influences of the circle. If there be present a positive mind filled with doubt, it reacts on the medium. If there be a scoffing, jeering spirit amongst those present, it cuts into him like a knife. If an over-clever person thinks he has detected, or suspected fraud, that suspicion bites into the medium and "the iron enters into his soul"—precious *rusty* iron it is too! If vice be present, it reacts on him. If fraud suggests itself, he feels it. He is the "wash-pot" into which the collective feelings and sentiments of the circle are collected. And more than this. He is the link between them and the spirits that their mental states attract. The communications are pretty sure to be the re-presentations of the mental state of the sitters: unless indeed a powerful controlling spirit is charged to protect and neutralize adverse influence. On the medium first of all devolves the effect of the conditions under which the sitting is held. If the minds be harmonious and the intentions pure, he is calm and passive and a fit vehicle for corresponding influences. If suspicion and evil tempers are predominant, he is influenced in corresponding ways. A mesmeric sensitive, he comes under the dominant influence, and too often re-presents the wishes and thoughts of those who surround him: or rather, becomes the unconscious vehicle for spirits who so act.

When will investigators learn this simple truth? A medium is a mesmeric sensitive controlled by spirits unembodied. These spirits are, in the vast majority of cases, attracted by the circle; and in order to elevate and purify our communications we must exercise supervision over those whom we admit to our circle. A medium should be dealt with in the same way as an astronomer would deal with one of his most delicate instruments. He should be isolated from the rude contact of others, seeing that he absorbs their influence, and becomes charged with their active thoughts. He should be protected from anything that can upset the delicate equilibrium which can alone make him a serviceable vehicle for communications. He should even be guarded from mixing with other people, seeing that each human being is surrounded with his own atmosphere, and that the medium, by virtue of his sensitiveness, readily enters into the sphere of those with whom he comes in contact. He should be isolated; kept from the possibility of being dominated by any earthly influence; trained in habits of temperance, sobriety, and chastity; placed outside of the range of vulgar temptation, and kept "unspotted from the world."

I think I hear the laugh that greets this statement. A medium

is a charlatan, an impostor, who produces one's grandmother for five shillings, a noxious and "elusive wild beast," to be crushed and trampled out! Yes. I am aware of it. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* It is for this reason that our circles are crowded with phenomena at best equivocal, too often apparently or really fraudulent. It is for this reason that we have such cause to blush for the puerilities and imbecilities, the frauds and tricks that are perpetually being brought to light. The most delicate of all conditions, the most obscure of all subjects, the most fugitive of all phenomena are dealt with on principles that may do for blasting rock or clearing virgin forests, but which defeat their object when applied to cases where precise knowledge and delicate care are the first requisites. The best results will always be obtained in harmonious family circles, where jealousy, mistrust, and the grosser passions find no place. It would seem as if these spiritual plagues take form and shape in some open circles: as if the mental obliquity of some of the sitters caused equivocal phenomena. This is a wide question. Before we can hope to obtain results at all commensurate with what is possible, we must learn somewhat of the nature of mediumship and of the conditions under which it may be profitably exercised.

(3.) This, then, is my third point. *Let us study the conditions under which the best results may be obtained from mediums.*

III. It remains to consider our attitude to the outside world—*the exoteric aspect.*

Here I will be brief. I should like to have as little to do with the outsiders as possible. I believe the energies of Spiritualists may be more profitably devoted to esoteric development than to touting for scientific recognition, or even to proselytizing in any form. I do not believe that we have any legitimate *locus standi* for scientific proselytizing at present. When we can get our phenomena produced under conditions which we have tabulated and laid down according to rule: when we can get them at *will*, we shall be in a very different case. Our best energies should be spent to achieve this. But seeing that outsiders *will* meddle with *us*, we must consider how we ought to deal with *them.*

As to the question of public circles, I have already indicated the line on which, as it seems to me, they ought to be conducted. It should be impossible for ignorant people to gain access to them and make a fiasco through their ignorance. The Lankesters should be kept out; they should be made to serve an apprenticeship before they can obtain admission.

And, in this aspect of the matter, it is well to note again what I have before said, that by no means sufficient care is given to perfect-

ing a few experiments which can be produced at any time and place for the investigation of those who "want to see something." It can be done, and with comparative ease; and nothing would do more to place our phenomena on a scientific basis than the painstaking attempt to perfect a few which can be produced under conditions which do not admit of doubt. I know that I shall be met with the rejoinder that Slade did that and (by the Nemesis of fate) stands now as the conspicuous example of exposure. I know, and most unjustly it is so. When knowledge has progressed even in a slight degree, the ignorance of a Lankester will be impossible. He will be educated out of himself. Only let the phenomena be produced in sufficient quantity, and under proper conditions for observation, and that cause of complaint will die of inanition. If public mediums, instead of producing a number of astounding phenomena in the dark, would devote their powers to evolving a very few simple experiments in the light, the whole aspect of the matter would be changed. I have said enough of this before. It is sufficient to add now that evidence of (1) a force not yet recognised by science, and (2) controlled by an intelligence outside of man is what we should aim at. For the rest let science come to us. We have no need to run helter-skelter to Burlington House, in order to enlighten those who do not wish to be enlightened, and who only misrepresent our endeavours. As Lord Melbourne was fond of saying, "Why can't you leave it alone?" We have enough to do without adding to our perplexities by trying to convince those who have not yet reached the plane of knowledge on which alone conviction is possible. The same energy and pains judiciously applied would enable us to command what we now ask as a favour. Let us perfect our science, and we may go down to the Royal Institution and compel attention—if that is desirable.

There is an aspect of the question which is yet untouched, and which can find no adequate treatment here. The religious aspect of Spiritualism is far too wide a subject to be treated of at the end of a long, and I fear, wearisome article. But I should ignore one of the most important views of my subject if I did not allude to it. It occupies the attention of outsiders very largely. They are constantly asking *Cui bono?* What is the intelligence? Why do we not get something valuable in the way of information? and so on. These are far-reaching questions, and I cannot enter into them now. But they may not be shirked. The question, What is the communicating intelligence? is a very serious one, and opens up some of the most abstruse points connected with the subject. The answers vary according to the knowledge and predilections of those

who reply. Ignorance, as represented by a majority of those who look cursorily at the matter, will put the intelligence down to something infra-human or diabolic. Serjeant Cox says, the intelligence is invariably that of the medium. He should know better: but he has a pet theory and his prepossessions are strong. Whatever it may be it surely is not that. But no more common phenomenon is observable than this. Men are brought in contact with the facts of Spiritualism; those facts are strange and new: they frame for themselves a rash hypothesis: and thenceforward everything must bend to that theory. They are weighted with an hypothesis which they would give a good deal to throw over; but their Frankenstein sticks to them. Dr. Carpenter is a fair instance in point, and he receives a richly merited castigation from Mr. Alfred R. Wallace in the *Daily News* of Dec. 8 and 19 in consequence. The *Spectator* of Dec. 9 shows up his weak points also. Serjeant Cox errs in the same way as Dr. Carpenter; and in so far his conclusions are both erroneous and mischievous, seeing that they mislead persons who know nothing of themselves, are too lazy to gain experience, and accept the statements of others without questioning. The mass of Spiritualists, again, are too ready to credit everything to the spirits of their departed friends, without taking pains to fathom the very difficult and abstruse questions involved.

But this is too serious a question to be opened now and here. Let it be considered: and let our endeavours be devoted to securing, so far as we can, relations with the highest grade of intelligence that we can reach. Spirits are of all types and classes, and very much depends on ourselves with regard to the communications which we elicit. Is it necessary at this stage of the investigation to insist on so plain a truth? Is it necessary to enforce the warning that that truth conveys? I am afraid it is. And most necessary to be learned is the lesson that it conveys.

I have said more than enough to indicate a few of the lessons that seem to me to press on Spiritualists now. I have perhaps said too much, and what I have said may be misconstrued. I hope not. At any rate I have said openly what is in my mind, and what I earnestly believe is of importance at the present crisis. In anything that I have said I desire to speak on my own responsibility and for myself alone. I may be mistaken in my views: but at any rate they are honestly put forward and with the sincerest motives. The questions on which I have touched are only tentatively handled. It would require a volume to deal with them as they deserve. But surely they are important: and however wrongly I may have treated them, however imperfectly I may have suggested them, they press for solution. If *we* do not

solve them, *they will be rudely solved for us.* Nothing but good can come from our dealing with them: nothing but mischief can come from our shelving them. I hope that nothing in the mode of their presentation will prevent Spiritualists from giving them their most careful consideration.

I commenced this article by saying that we had arrived at a crisis in the history of Spiritualism. I wish to strike the same note in concluding. I emphatically believe that we have reached a crisis when we shall be compelled to set our house in order and to face much hostile criticism and even persecution. If only the crisis produces its fair result, I at any rate shall hail it with a welcome. Times of persecution cannot be pleasant times: but they should be times of profit. They should be times when lessons are gathered up, and the lines of future progress are mapped out. With the experience of past ages to guide us, it is a day too late to hope that any form of truth worth having will make its way except through persecution and trial. If it were possible for any advanced form of truth to gain acceptance quietly, I should say at once that it was not the highest form of truth which the age was able to receive. Truth is always persecuted. There are always a number of persons who have a vested interest in the old, merely because it suits them; a number who do not want to take the trouble of facing new difficulties; many who turn uneasily in their bed, and ask for a little more slumber before they get up; many whose instincts are engaged on the side of the old and the established. Every new truth has had to win its way, by most righteous discipline, through persecution and obloquy to final acceptance and belief. This grand truth of spirit communion is no exception. How should it be? Is it not the noblest, mightiest fact that man can know? And being so, is it not to be expected that a materialistic age should receive it with contempt and scorn? Let it be so. Only be it ours to see that the scorn is not deserved, that we purify ourselves as those who herald a great truth should, and that we "give no occasion to the enemy of the Lord to blaspheme." If I have said anything here that can help to encourage men to hand on the torch of progressive truth, and to keep its flame pure, I shall not have spoken in vain.

DR. NITTINGER AND VACCINATION.

Some years ago, I travelled out of Italy to reach some Spa in the south of Germany, where I hoped to recruit a constitution that had been much impaired by residence in semi-tropical climates. The little kingdom of Wurtemberg is justly noted for its many places of

resort for health. I made a halt at Stuttgart, and later, drew out to Cannstadt, a really pleasant place for residence, on the River Neckar, as also a place coming into high repute as a Bäder-Anstalt, or watering-place.

It was necessary I should put myself under a physician, and I held, that by going to the top of the tree in the medical profession, I gave myself the best chance for recuperation, so far as medical science was concerned. The first to whom I turned was a man past middle life, one who had grown rich by his practice, and had been ennobled. Wealth and honours are usually regarded as sureties for professional eminence—even pre-eminence. Could we look a little closer, we might be more disposed to pronounce them, in very many instances, rather as the guerdon of luck, or as a joint result of push and palaver. The medical profession offers ample scope for the exercise and prevalence of those two last faculties. In this opinion, I am disposed to think, I shall be joined by every one who has a moderate amount of penetration, and who has taken the trouble to exert a measure of intelligent observation. If visits would have made me better, I had them. Could *bonhomie* and suave talk have brought health, then I should have recovered rapidly. But somehow or other, no betterness came; time was going on, the summer was nearly at an end, and still, I had no health to count on. I resolved on a change. I turned to another noted man. Four months later found me dragging on from day to day, and certainly the improvement was so doubtful, that the question often rose before my mind—Would I have strength to travel to England? And the keen anxiety experienced at the prospect of such an undertaking revealed to me that I was much weaker than when I had quitted Italy nine months before.

It was then, in the dead of winter, that I first learned of Dr. Nittinger. On my first visit to him, he made a diagnosis that convinced me he had an insight into the causes of the illness that was besetting me; and it was as his patient, recuperating daily under his guidance, that I had so much opportunity of conversing with himself, and of holding intercourse with a large number of people who were under his medical care, that I saw so much of his procedure in the management of disease, and learned so intimately the *status* of the man and his skill as a physician.

He is now a man probably sixty-five years of age, but he is more vigorous in constitution than many a man of this generation at forty. He is a Swabian by race and birth;—and the poet and dramatist Lessing, who was one, speaks of the Swabian as being of a rough rind but a rich kernel. Dr. Nittinger is not of the stuff of which courtiers are made; I do not think he would at any time of his

career have liked the post of *Hofrath*. Compromises are utterly alien to his quality of mind; subservient acquiescence, or suppression of conviction wholly impossible to him. The dare-devil liberty that is insured to the *Burschen* at German universities has never had the effect of impairing the earnestness of the German student. As a medical student young Nittinger took the highest honours at two of the universities of Germany, and afterwards repaired to Paris, where he further devoted considerable time to the studies of his chosen profession. Later, a prominent physician of Strasburg, who had to be absent for some months from his duties, entrusted his practice to him, being able to rely in his honour as well as his skill; and it was as a young doctor already enjoying a *renommée* that he began his professional career in Stuttgart, the capital of his native state of Wurtemberg. This, too, was at a time when the German Schools of Medicine were justly regarded as pre-eminent to those of any other country, and distinction consequently not easily won.

I hold the theory that a *true physician* cannot be *made* by any process of education, any more than a poet or a sculptor can be made. As we find in the church men holding spiritual offices who are far better fitted for geologists, or farmers, or stockbrokers, than to be entrusted with what is termed a "cure of souls," so, in the medical profession there is—unfortunately for communities—a preponderance of the practitioners who should be mechanics, or under-writers, or cotton-spinners, masons, or upholsterers. All these occupations are good,—we do not undervalue them,—on the contrary; but we say that the most satisfactory results are gained when the right men are following the right occupations. But, while an ordinary amount of general ability will enable a man to fill any one of an endless number of creditable vocations in life, and therein, not only gain his daily bread but attain to affluence,—outside of these, special aptitudes are as *indispensable* as is a special culture for efficiency and proficiency, in certain given professions and pursuits. And the office of the physician is one of these. It is not usually conceded that what is so frequently predicated of the poet—that he must be *born* a poet—might also be emphatically affirmed of a physician: that a physician, to be a true physician, must be a physician born. Of Dr. Nittinger it could be said with emphasis, that "he is a born physician." He has the fervid sympathies that bring him into close *rapport* with his patients, and gain possession of their confidence in himself. His intuition might be said to be unerring, and in a remarkable manner does it equip him to look through all those secrecies and concealments in which people are so prone to entrench themselves, and which so frequently baffle mere talent; and he will diagnose the person

before him with a comprehensiveness so searching and fearless, that in many cases his words are as a winnowing fan. He thus starts with his patients from a basis of severe truth. He tells the disease that is afflicting the subject, and he very often tells also the causes thereof, especially when he discerns that disease is the result of chronic or habitual injury *endured;* or if, on the other hand, of wrong *self-inflicted.* In the one case he will urge to self-defence, and with delicacy instruct and sustain in pursuing that; but in the other, he will unsparingly insist on self-discipline, and, if needs be, demand it as a condition of his attention to the case. This bringing of his patients to face up to facts—this requirement of them to deal with realities—this acknowledgment of the moral sense in them, has in it so much insistence, that there is with him no middle way and no escape from them. But the potency is great. A purpose so earnest and unbending, yet so unmistakably imbued with truth and kindness, is invincible. With a subtle power it quickens the consciousness of many a one who comes within its exercise, to discern more clearly personal obligation; the ordinary sluggishness of mind is disturbed; ethical feeling is roused; and even in the first interview, higher conditions are often established which furnish a leverage for the new course about to be entered upon. He appears, too, to gauge the individual physical state so accurately, and to select his remedies and adapt his treatment thereto with so much precision, that he looks for certain results at given times; and what is so noteworthy, that when there is any failure, it is almost always caused by some dereliction of the patient. This he quickly detects and unhesitatingly proclaims. In such case, he holds his wrath to be righteous, and manifests it with all the vehemence and ardour of a southerner and a Teuton. He maintains the attitude of authority to his patients at all times, but not offensively. He is not dictatorial; but on the other hand he has verily none of the traditional suave urbanity of the professional Leech; nor does he enter and quit a sick-room preserving a sapient silence. The interrogatories of his patients and those who have a right to inquire, he satisfies with indulgent kindness. One might say, instruction percolates from him. When he meets with enlightened curiosity, it seems to regale him, and he obviously craves for the intelligent co-operation of his patient, as well as of those entrusted with the care of the invalid. Self-consciousness certainly could not be imputed to him, he never seems afraid of his own dignity; but a large, fervid, benignant life is felt to abide in him and radiate from him.

It is obvious that such a man could never be what is understood as a "fashionable doctor"—that he would have few fashionable

patients—for his aim is not to *keep* patients by treatment, but to use "treatment" to insure, if possible, healing—health. People who merely want to be treated—who want to be an object of interest and importance by having a medical man always about them—who would be sorry, in short, if they were healed and made well—such rarely continue the patients of Dr. Nittinger, or if they do, it is by abandoning their morbid feelings about themselves, rising out of their egotisms, striving for health, and preserving and using it wisely.

The enthusiasm with which he is endowed and his massive patience have fitted him not only to be a pains-taking and labour-loving student, but to advance in any investigation, and determine results with a rapidity that leaves the dead level of respectable talent far behind, and has often provoked the malignity and cavil of the cautious and prudential of the Faculty, who, as a class, can commit themselves at no time to any new acquisition of science, but habitually need the support of precedent and sanction of maxim in all they do.

Then, for the first time I heard the efficacy of vaccination impugned. From the beliefs around me, all my life, I had heard vaccination spoken of as a prophylactic against small-pox. Yet, while my arms to this day bear conspicuously the marks that the lancet and the lymph had effectively done their work in my babyhood—not the less, when about twelve years of age, I had a virulent attack of small-pox that covered my body, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, with huge pustules, and was accompanied with delirium. From being a delicate child suffering from frequently recurring illness, and who probably would never have reached the age of eighteen, after having had small-pox—and as I am now convinced, in consequence of having had small-pox—I gained better health, and although I have never been robust, like the rest of my family, I have ever since had a remarkable power of resisting disease, infection, or contagion. Having had in my own experience this contradiction of the protective worth of vaccination, I listened with intense interest and amazement to the disclosures made to me; and the conviction grew, that as it had been in my own case, so, under aggravations or ameliorations, was it in every other case, that vaccination was a loathsome corruption of the human body, and that too (as it is enforced) at the very beginnings of life; that verily it was no other than a hideous fallacy. I set myself at once diligently to become acquainted with the history and nature of so world-wide a practice, which had gathered to itself such authority as to have held the minds of all classes of all nations—especially those calling themselves enlightened—so long under the thrall of a delusion, more tyrannous than any fetish worship. And as years have gone on, in Italy, Germany, America, England, and Scot-

land, there have come before me unmistakably, the mournful consequences of this—as I must pronounce it—vast medical superstition.

But, also, have I found in all those countries numerous persons who are now keenly alive to the enforced and pernicious wrong of vaccination; and further, those too, who have been for a number of years resolutely assailing it by various effective methods. There are likewise medical men who have pronounced against it, and they are such as have for themselves gauged the stupendous evil. Among those who stand in the vanguard of this fearless band of honourable and skilled physicians, Dr. Nittinger is conspicuous. It will be about thirty years ago, since he first raised his protest against the practice. Doubt of the worth of vaccination did not come to him as a scientific question abstractly, but was forced upon him by certain of those unanswerable realities which actual life presents, and which, however long neglected, have at last to be dealt with.

A friend, on his death-bed, prayed Dr. Nittinger to guard over his young wife, and care for his unborn child, when he should be no more. The trust was accepted and sacredly kept. A vigorous, well-formed and well-made-up child came into the world; and the lonely widowed mother looked with joy on her infant son, and with hope on his future manhood. Nothing more reasonable. All had gone well, Dr. Nittinger was exultant—for German doctors, especially those of eminence, are not afraid nor ashamed of being demonstrative. The child was so buoyant, so full of fresh young life, that this exuberance was counted upon to bring him through the infant-trial of vaccination without fret or fever. "Es wird ein solches kind gar nicht rühren"—such a child will never know it—was what the kind doctor said to the mother. "We must put him out of harm, and then he has nothing to do but live and grow, und die mutter beseligen"—and render the mother supremely happy. So, did he encourage the young mother:—and the child was vaccinated. The following day the doctor called to see his infant charge; his quick perception detected derangement in the child, that surprised and disappointed him. Let the sequel be presented in few words. The child sickened, fevered, died, in about a week's time from the operation.

We do not speak here of the agonized grief of the mother. But, from this moment, there stood before the mind of this humane physician a problem touching life, that had to be solved; and he was not the man to put it aside and take his ease.

Was vaccination radically false and wrong, or, was it merely a sporadic case of failure that had at this time confronted him? The question was momentous, and he demanded an incontrovertible yea or nay. Nothing less would satisfy.

Without loss of time he began experiments. He had by him some of the lymph which he had injected into the child's arm, and which he had with so much care selected as being *healthy lymph*. He had in his study a canary-bird, a delicious singer. It was so tame he could handle it without frightening the timid little creature. It perched on his finger, and opened its bill as usual for a crumb; but this time, instead of the wholesome crumb, he dropped from the point of a quill a minute speck of the lymph on the tongue of the tiny songster. In an instant it fluttered as if in pain, and darted off. It sang no more. An hour after the radiant bird was dead. Dr. Nittinger looked on his little favourite with regret; but the conviction that a fatal wrong lurked somewhere, and was being practised everywhere, pressed more deeply on his mind.

Another trial: He would not use the same lymph; he procured another quantity. He took a favourite dog, a healthy animal some few years old, and with the lancet made an incision behind the fore-leg, depositing a sufficient quantity of the lymph. The dog grew sick the same night; in two days its limbs were so enfeebled it could not rise on its feet; two days more it was blind; a little later it died.

Another: There was a fine goat that was known in all the streets of Stuttgart for its beauty, its size, its strength, and its daring. He was the property of friends of Dr. Nittinger. There was a family of children. The goat had been their playmate, but the pranksomeness of the kid under the provocative fun of the boys had become dangerous mischief in the full-grown goat. He had gained the mastery, and he knew it and gloried in it. In assault, in leaping, in butting, he lorded his superiority over the youngsters with unflinching hardihood. The children were no longer safe, complaints against him were frequently brought by strangers. The parents were ill at ease, but how to dispose of a favourite now become dangerous? "You cannot do better than give him to me," said Dr. Nittinger, when his friends appealed to him. "Take him, and do what you like with him," said they in reply, and the gallant beast was consigned to Dr. Nittinger. He vaccinated the goat in the same manner as he had done the dog. The next morning the goat was angry and irritable and would let no one touch him; but two days later his hoofs seemed loose and he fell down when he tried to spring. The day following he could not get up, still he looked angry, like a fierce animal that had lost his liberty; but in a day or two his defiant look was gone, his eyes had become dry and weary, their fire was quenched, and his long white beard, like threads of glass, trailed on the ground. It was evident the animal felt *all ill*, and that his strength and bold nature were contending against it. He looked suspiciously, it seemed, as if wrongly dealt by,

that no chance was given him that he might find for himself through his own wild instincts some antidote or curative to the disorder that was afflicting him. In a few days more the brave beast died.

It is not to be supposed that such a man stopped here, or that he made his investigation in one direction merely.

He began a survey of the epidemic of small-pox. He collected the statistics of fifty years back connected with that disease: the countries where it had appeared, and those that had been exempt; the conditions of appearance or exemption at one time or another were particularised, and that survey was extended over all the countries of the globe; the climates of those countries at its appearance, or non-appearance,—the influences of temperature, tropical, temperate, dry, wet, cold, snow. He tabulated the exact temperature of night and day, every day of every month of every year, for that half century; the number of people attacked; the amount of mortality; the young, the adult; the male, the female; the vaccinated, the unvaccinated.

And those statistics he had spent so many long nights in collating and formulating, he farther preserved in coloured charts and diagrams, for which work he called in the assistance of a geometrical artist. These diagrams form a large portfolio of massive thinkness; and they display a precision and a multiform research, and a condensation of particulars and generalisations, implying a labour that only high conscientiousness and the ardour of a powerful genius could have sustained, amidst the exhausting duties of an extensive practice.

Twenty-five years ago Dr. Nittinger was able to get a bill brought into the Wurtemberg Parliament to investigate into the practice of vaccination. The bill was thrown out. What more likely, when all Germany requires by its laws that every child presented at its public schools, before admission, shall deposit certificates of birth, baptism, and vaccination. Members of Parliament are chosen for their politics, and are generally occupied with the interests that concern themselves; outside of these, they care not to be troubled. Besides, it enrages the general mind to have its beliefs questioned. It disturbs the ease and compels to the exertion of finding something else as a substitute for the prejudices and superstitions in which people have been reared, when these have been struck away. But Dr. Nittinger was nothing daunted. He had raised the howl of the medical men of Stuttgart against him; and all these years they have maintained their antagonism; but he has prosecuted unflinchingly his crusade against vaccination. Disputed and disowned as they may be, his methods and his mind have not the less exerted an influence on the procedure of medical men, which has benefited both themselves and the community where they practise. Through all that number of years his

efforts have never flagged. Again and again, bills have been brought into Parliament; they have been unsuccessful. Germany throughout has had a good deal on her hands—more, indeed, of a political nature these past twenty-five years than what she was used to before. But the dissatisfaction is becoming very wide-spread now, from the conviction that vaccination is injurious. The German of to-day has not the stamina in him of the old Teuton. The peasant soldiers rot like muck in the wars. Dr. Nittinger's time is at hand; he will carry his bill. He has written book after book on the subjects of vaccination and hygiene; not learned books for the Faculty, but books to instruct the people in things they ought to know of their own physiology and laws of health. These books were published at his own cost, and in many cases were not remunerative. Fully twenty years ago a body of French physicians entered on the same crusade against vaccination. They were distinguished members of some of the most learned societies of Paris. Dr. Nittinger became an associate. Bi-annual councils were convened when members from distant parts could assemble. One of those councils was held (I think) in the city of Bordeaux. On that occasion Dr. Nittinger was present. He offered then a prize for the best essay for or against vaccination. [I have in my possession the published reports of those transactions, but the volume is not at hand, so I write from memory; but as I present them, the main facts, I believe, are strictly correct, and they are presented more for the spirit of the effort than its exact terms.] The amount of this prize was a sum equal to about £200 of English money, and he deposited that sum in the hands of an attorney in Bordeaux, where it remained for a year. So little, would it seem, had the subject generally been investigated, that no essay meeting the conditions stipulated was sent in, and the money was returned to Dr. Nittinger.

I have become acquainted with a considerable number of medical men in different countries, and in every case where I have found physicians opposed to vaccination, I could discern they were men of mental power and original thought; patient students; humane men; in some instances men of high culture, and possessing what I would call, the vision of the soul—intuition. Indeed, I might say, they are such as of whom it could be affirmed—they are men amongst men.

E. V. I.

"Mediums usually are plastic-minded, kind-hearted, and passively good-natured; with laudable aspirations to be developed, to become spiritualised and to render acceptable service to their fellow-men."—*Mental Disorders: or, Diseases of the Brain and Nerves*, by ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

TRANSCENDENTALISM.

A Lecture by Theodore Parker.

[This lecture has just been issued by the Free Religious Association, Boston, with the announcement "Never before printed."]

PRELIMINARY NOTE.

Who were the "New England Transcendentalists," and what was the new wine that filled them so full of its enthusiasm, a generation ago? Ralph Waldo Emerson, George Ripley, Mr. Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker, and the rest,—many of our fathers can name their names, but it might be harder to answer the other question and tell what they believed. No one can tell that better than Theodore Parker himself, who was the *Paul* of the movement,—its doctrinal interpreter, its systematic theologian, its most ardent missionary. Much of him that would be welcomed by the world lies buried in the hieroglyphics of his manuscript, only readable by eyes that learned to love them in his life-time. This essay on Transcendentalism in contrast with Sensationalism, now for the first time printed, has been rescued from that burial, because it is so clear-cut an account of the two great rival Philosophies as viewed by the band of which he was the champion: a champion not blind to the dangers of his own nor to the good achieved by the opposite system, but so thorough-going in his loyalty that even Bishop Berkeley and Jonathan Edwards stand to him for arch-sensationalists.

Save a few slight amendments or omissions where some sentence is imperfect in the manuscript or past finding out, the lecture is printed as written in 1850, or thereabouts, with all the time-marks left in; the reference, for instance, to the politics then reigning at the North and South. As plain a time-mark, too, is the necessary estimate of the sensational philosophy by its earlier and barer, not its more recent and deepening statement. Probably a tract presenting the beliefs of this new school of Sensationalism will also be issued by the Free Religious Association.

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TRANSCENDENTALISM.

The will is father to the deed, but the thought and sentiment are father and mother of the will. Nothing seems more impotent than a thought, it has neither hands nor feet,—but nothing proves so powerful. The thought turns out a thing; its vice or virtue becomes manners, habits, laws, institutions; the abstraction becomes concrete; the most universal proposition is the most particular; and in the end it is the abstract thinker who is the most practical man and sets mills a-running and ships to sail.

A change of ideas made all the difference between Catholic and Protestant, monarchical and democratic. You see that all things are first an idea in the mind, then a fact out of the mind. The architect, the farmer, the railroad-calculator, the founder of empires, has his

temple, his farm, his railroad, or his empire, in his head as an idea before it is a fact in the world. As the thought is, the thing becomes. Every idea bears fruit after its kind,—the good, good; the bad, bad. Some few hundred years ago John Huss, Luther, Lord Bacon, Descartes said, We will not be ruled by authority in the church or the school, but by common sense and reason. That was nothing but an idea; but out of it has come the Protestant Reformation, the English Revolution; the American Revolution, the French Revolution, the cycle of Revolutions that fill up the year 1848. Yes: all the learned societies of Europe, all the Protestant churches, all the liberal governments, — of Holland, England, France, Germany, America,—have come of that idea. The old fellows in Galileo's time would not look through his telescope lest it should destory the authorised theory of vision: they knew what they were about. So have all the old fellows known ever since who refuse to look through a new telescope, or even at it, but only talk against it. Once the Egyptian sculptors copied men into stone with their feet joined and their hands fixed to their sides. The copy indicated the immutableness of things in Egypt, where a mummy was the type of a man. A Greek sculptor separated the feet, as in life, illegally taking a live man for his type. The sculptor lost his head, for the government saw a revolution of the empire in this departure from the authorised type of man. Such is the power of ideas. The first question to ask of a civilised nation is, How do they think? what is their philosophy?

Now it is the design of Philosophy to explain the phenomena of the universe by showing their order, connection, cause, law, use, and meaning. These phenomena are of two kinds or forms, as they belong to the material world—facts of observation; and as they belong to the spiritual world—facts of consciousness: facts without, and facts within. From these two forms of phenomena or facts there come two grand divisions of Philosophy: the philosophy of outward things,—Physics; the philosophy of inward things,—Metaphysics.

In the material world, to us, there are only facts. Man carries something thither, to wit, ideas. Thus the world has quite a different look; for he finds the facts without have a certain relation to the ideas within. The world is one thing to Newton's dog Diamond, quite another to Newton himself. The dog saw only the facts and some of their uses: the philosopher saw therein the reflected image of his own ideas,—saw order, connection, cause, law, and meaning, as well as use.

Now in the pursuit of Philosophy there are two methods which may be followed, namely, the Deductive and the Inductive.

I. By the Deductive the philosopher takes a certain maxim or

principle, assumes it as a fact, and therefrom deduces certain other maxims or principles as conclusions, as facts. But in the conclusions there must be nothing which is not in the primary fact; else the conclusion does not conclude. All pure science is of this character, Geometry, Algebra, Arithmetic. 1 and 1 are 2 is a maxim, let us suppose: 1000 and 1000 make 2000 is one deduction from it; 25 multiplied by 25 equal 625, another deduction. Thus the philosopher must be certain of the fact he starts from, of the method he goes by, and the conclusion he stops at is made sure of beforehand.

The difficulty is that the philosopher often *assumes* his first fact, takes a fancy for a fact; then, though the method be right, the conclusion is wrong. For instance: Aristotle assumed this proposition,—the matter of the sun is incorruptible; thence he deduced this fact, that the sun does not change, that its light and heat are constant quantities. The conclusion did not agree with observation, the theory with the facts. His first fact was not proved, could not be, was disproved. But when Galileo looked at the sun with a telescope he saw spots on the sun, movable spots. Aristotle's first fact turned out a fancy, so all conclusion from it. The Koran is written by the infallible inspiration of God, the Pope is infallible, the King can do no wrong, the people are always right,—these are assumptions. If taken as truths, you see the conclusions which may be deduced therefrom,—which have been. There is in God somewhat not wholly good, is an assumption which lies at the bottom of a good deal of theology, whence conclusions quite obvious are logically deduced,—1, Manicheism, God and the Devil; 2, God and an Evil never to be overcome. God is absolute Good is another assumption from which the opposite deductions are to be made. The method of deduction is of the greatest value, and cannot be dispensed with.

II. By the Inductive method the philosopher takes facts, puts them together after a certain order, seen in Nature or devised in his own mind, and tries to find a more comprehensive fact common to many facts, *i.e.*, what is called a *law*, which applies to many facts, and so is a general law, or to all facts, and so is a universal law. In the deductive method you pass from a universal fact to a particular fact; in the inductive, from the particular to the general. In the deductive process there is nothing in the conclusion which was not first in the premises; by the inductive something new is added at every step. The philosopher is sifting in his own conjecture or thought in order to get at a general idea which takes in all the particular facts in the case and explains them. When this general idea and the facts correspond the induction is correct. But it is as easy to arrive at a false conclusion by the inductive process as to assume a false maxim

from which to make deductions. A physician's apprentice once visited his master's patient and found him dead, and reported the case accordingly. "What killed him?" said the old doctor. "He died of eating a horse." "Eating a horse!" expostulated the man of experience: "impossible! how do you know that?" "He did," said the inductive son of Æsculapius, "for I saw the saddle and bridle under the bed." Another, but a grown-up doctor, once gave a sick blacksmith a certain medicine: he recovered. "*Post hoc, ergo propter hoc*," said the doctor, and tried the same drug on the next sick man, who was a shoemaker. The shoemaker died, and the doctor wrote down his induction: "This drug will cure all sick blacksmiths, but kill all sick shoemakers. (Rule for phosphorus.)"

The inductive method is also indispensable in all the sciences which depend on observation or experiment. The process of induction is as follows:—After a number of facts is collected, the philosopher looks for some one fact common to all and explanatory thereof. To obtain this he assumes a fact as a law, and applies it to the facts before him. This is an *hypothesis*. If it correspond to the facts, the hypothesis is true. Two great forms of error are noticeable in the history of Philosophy: 1, the assumption of false maxims, whence deductions are to be made,—the assumption of no-fact for a fact; 2, the making of false inductions from actual facts. In the first, a falsehood is assumed, and then falsehood deduced from it; in the second, from a truth falsehood is induced, and this new falsehood is taken as the basis whence other falsehoods are deduced.

Pythagoras declared the sun was the centre of the planets which revolved about it; that was an hypothesis,—guess-work, and no more. He could not compare the hypothesis with facts, so his hypothesis could not be proved or disproved. But long afterwards others made the comparison and confirmed the hypothesis. Kepler wished to find out what ratio the time of a planet's revolution bears to its distance from the sun. He formed an hypothesis,—"The time is proportionable to the distance." No, that did not agree with the facts. "To the square of the distance?" No. "To the cube of the distance?" No. "The square of the time to the cube of the distance?" This he found to be the case, and so he established his celebrated law,—Kepler's third law. But he examined only a few planets: how should he know the law was *universal?* He could not learn that by induction. That would only follow from this postulate, "The action of Nature is always uniform," which is not an induction, nor a deduction, but an assumption. The inductive method alone never establishes a universal law, for it cannot transcend the particular facts in the hands of the philosopher. The axioms of mathematics are not learned by inductions.

but assumed outright as self-evident. "Kepler's third law is universal of all bodies moving about a centre,"—now there are three processes by which that conclusion is arrived at:—1. The process of *induction*, by which the law is proved general and to apply to all the cases investigated. 2. A process of *deduction* from the doctrine or axiom, that the action of Nature is always uniform. 3. That maxim is obtained by a previous process of *assumption* from some source or another.

Such is the problem of Philosophy, to explain the facts of the Universe; such the two departments of Philosophy, Physics, and Metaphysics; such the two methods of inquiry, Deductive and Inductive; such are the two forms of error,—the assumption of a false fact as the starting-point of deduction, the induction of a false fact by the inductive process. Now these methods are of use in each department of Philosophy, indispensable in each, in Physics and in Metaphysics.

This is the problem of Metaphysics,—to explain the facts of Human Consciousness. In Metaphysics there are and have long been two schools of philosophers. The first is the Sensational school. Its most important metaphysical doctrine is this: There is nothing in the intellect which was not first in the senses. Here "intellect" means the whole intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious consciousness of man. The philosophers of this school claim to have reached this conclusion legitimately by the inductive method. It was at first an hypothesis; but after analyzing the facts of consciousness, interrogating all the ideas and sentiments and sensations of man, they say the hypothesis is proved by the most careful induction. They appeal to it as a principle, as a maxim, from which other things are deduced. They say that experience by one or more of the senses is the ultimate appeal in Philosophy: all that I know is of sensational origin; the senses are the windows which let in all the light I have; the senses afford a *sensation*. I reflect upon this, and by reflection transform a sensation into an *idea*. An idea, therefore, is a transformed sensation.

A school of Metaphysics soon becomes a school in Physics, in Politics, Ethics, Religion. The Sensational school has been long enough in existence to assert itself in each of the four great forms of human action. Let us see what it amounts to.

I. In Physics. 1. It does not afford us a certainty of the existence of the outward world. The Sensationalist believes it, not on account of his Sensational philosophy, but in spite of it; not by his philosophy, but by his common sense: he does not philosophically know it. While I am awake the senses give me various sensations, and I refer

the sensations to an object out of me, and so perceive its existence. But while I am asleep the senses give me various sensations, and for the time I refer the sensations to an object out of me, and so perceive its existence,—but when I awake it seems a dream. Now, if the senses deceive me in sleep, why not when awake? How can I *know* philosophically the existence of the material world? With only the Sensational philosophy I cannot! I can only *know* the facts of consciousness. I cannot pass from ideas to things, from Psychology to Ontology. Indeed there is no Ontology, and I am certain only of my own consciousness. Bishop Berkeley, a thorough Sensationalist, comes up with the inductive method in his hand, and annihilates the outward material world, annihilates mankind, leaves me nothing but my own consciousness, and no consciousness of any certainty there. Dr. Priestly, a thorough Sensationalist, comes up with the same inductive method in his hand, and annihilates the spiritual world, annihilates the soul. Berkeley, with illogical charity, left me the soul as an existence, but stripped me of matter: I was certain I had a soul, not at all sure of my body. Priestly, as illogically, left me the body as an existence, but stripped me of the soul. Both of these gentlemen I see were entirely in the right, if their general maxim be granted; and so, between the two, I am left pretty much without soul or sense! Soul and body are philosophically hurled out of existence!

2. From its hypothetical world Sensationalism proceeds to the laws of matter; but it cannot logically get beyond its facts. Newton says, "Gravitation prevails,—its power diminishing as the square of the distance increases between two bodies, so far as I have seen." "Is it so where you have not seen?" Newton don't know; he cannot pass from a general law to a universal law. As the existence of the world is hypothetical, so the universality of laws of the world is only hypothetical universality. The Jesuits who edited the "Principia" were wise men when they published them as an hypothesis.

The Sensational philosophy has prevailed chiefly in England; that is the home of its ablest representatives,—Bacon, Locke. See the effect. England turns her attention to sciences that depend chiefly on observation, on experiment,—Botany, Chemistry, the descriptive part of Astronomy, Zoology, Geology. England makes observations on the tides, on variations of the magnetic needle, on the stars; fits out exploring expeditions; learns the facts; looks after the sources of the Nile, the Niger; hunts up the North Pole; tests the strength of iron, wood, gunpowder; makes improvements in all the arts, in mechanics. But in Metaphysics she does nothing; in the higher departments of Physics—making comprehensive generalisations—she does little. Even in Mathematics, after Newton, for a hundred years

England fell behind the rest of Europe. She is great at experiment, little at pure thinking.

The Sensational philosophy has no idea of Cause, except that of empirical connection in time and place; no idea of Substance, only of body, or form of Substance; no Ontology, but Phenomenology. It refers all questions—say of the planets about the sun—to an outward force: when they were made, God, standing outside, gave them a push and set them a-going; or else their motion is the result of a fortuitous concourse of atoms, a blind fate. Neither conclusion is a philosophical conclusion, each an hypothesis. Its Physics are mere materialism; hence it delights in the atomistic theory of Nature and repels the dynamic theory of matter. The Sensationalist's Physics appear well in a celebrated book, "The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." The book has many valuable things in it, but the philosophy of its Physics is an unavoidable result of Sensationalism. There is nothing but materialism in his world. All is material, effects material, causes material, his God material,—not surpassing the physical universe, but co-extensive therewith. In Zoology life is the result of organisation, but is an immanent life. In Anthropology the mind is the result of organisation, but is an immanent mind; in Theology God is the result of organisation, but is an immanent God. Life does not *transcend* organisation, nor does mind, nor God. All is matter.

II. In Politics. Sensationalism knows nothing of absolute right, absolute justice: only of historical right, historical justice. "There is nothing in the intellect which was not first in the senses." The senses by which we learn of justice and right are hearing and seeing. Do I reflect, and so get a righter right and juster justice than I have seen or heard of, it does me no good, for "nothing is in the intellect which was not in the senses." Thus absolute justice is only a whim, a no-thing, a dream. Men that talk of absolute justice, absolute right, are visionary men.

In politics Sensationalism knows nothing of ideas, only of facts; "the only lamp by which its feet are guided is the lamp of experience." All its facts are truths of observation, not of necessity. "There is no right but might," is the political philosophy of Sensationalism. It may be the might of a king, of an aristocracy, of a democracy, the might of passions, the might of intellect, the might of muscle,—it has a right to what it will. It appeals always to human history, not human nature. Now human history shows what has been, not what should be or will be. To reason about war it looks not to the natural justice, only to the cost and present consequences. To reason about free trade or protection, it looks not to the natural justice or right of

mankind, but only to the present expediency of the thing. Political expediency is the only right or justice it knows in its politics. So it always looks back, and says "it worked well at Barcelona or Venice," or "did not work well." It loves to cite precedents out of history, not laws out of Nature. It claims a thing not as a human right, but as an historical privilege received by Magna Charta or the Constitution; as if a right were more of a right because time-honoured and written on parchment; or less, because just claimed and for the first time and by a single man. The Sensationalist has no confidence in ideas, so asks for facts to hold on to and to guide him in his blindness. Said a Governor in America, "The right of suffrage is universal." "How can that be," said a Sensationalist, "when the Constitution of the State declares that certain persons shall not vote?" He knew no rights before they became constitutional, no rights but vested rights,—perhaps none but "*in*vested."

The Sensationalists in politics divide into two parties, each with the doctrine that in politics "Might makes Right." One party favours the despotism of the few,—is an oligarchy; or of the one,—is a monarchy. Hence the doctrine is, "The king can do no wrong." All power is his; he may delegate it to the people as a privilege; it is not theirs by right, by nature, and his as a trust. He has a right to make any laws he will, not merely any just laws. The people must pay passive obedience to the king, he has eminent domain over them. The celebrated Thomas Hobbes is the best representative of this party, and has one great merit,—of telling what he thought.

The other party favours of the despotism of the many,—is a democracy. The doctrine is, "The people can do no wrong." The majority of the people have the right to make any laws they will, not merely any just laws, and the minority must obey, right or wrong. You must not censure the measures of the majority, you afford "aid and comfort to the enemy." The State has absolute domain over the citizen, the majority over the minority; this holds good of the voters, and of any political party in the nation. For the majority has power of its own right, for its own behoof; not in trust, and for the good of all and each! The aim of Sensational politics is the greatest good of the greatest number; this may be obtained by sacrificing the greatest good of the lesser number,—by sacrificing any *individual*,—or sacrificing *absolute good*. In No-man's-land, this party prevails: the dark-haired men, over forty million,—the red-haired, only three million five hundred thousand,—the dark-haired enslave the red-haired for the greatest good of the greatest number. But in a hundred years the red-haired men are most numerous, and turn round and enslave the black-haired.

Thomas Paine is a good representative of this party; so is Murat, Robespierre, the author of the "Système de la Nature." In the old French Revolution you see the legitimate consequence of this doctrine, that might makes right, that there is no absolute justice, in the violence, the murder, the wholesale assassination. The nation did to masses, and in the name of democracy, what all kings had done to the nation and in the name of monarchy,—sought the greatest good of the controlling power at the sacrifice of an opponent. It is the same maxim which in cold blood hangs a single culprit, enslaves three million negroes, and butchers thousands of men, as in the September massacres. The Sensational philosophy established the theory that might makes right,—and the mad passions of a solitary despot, or a million-headed mob, made it a fact. Often the two parties unite by a compromise, and then it consults not the greatest good of its king alone, as in a brutal, pure monarchy; not of the greatest number, as in a pure and brutal democracy; but the greatest good of a class,—the nobility and gentry in England, the landed proprietors and rich burghers in Switzerland, the slaveholders in South Carolina. Voltaire is a good representative of this type of Sensational politics, not to come nearer home. In peaceful times England shares the defect of the Sensational school in politics. Her legislation is empirical; great ideas do not run through her laws; she loves a precedent better than a principle; appeals to an accidental fact of human history, not an essential fact of human nature which is prophetic. Hence legislative politics is not a great science which puts the facts of human consciousness into a State, making natural justice common law: nothing but a poor dealing with precedents, a sort of national housekeeping, and not very thrifty housekeeping. In our own nation you see another example of the same,—result of the same Sensational philosophy. There is no right, says Mr. Calhoun, but might; the white man has that, so the black man is his political prey. And Mr. Polk tells us that Vermont, under the Constitution, has the same right to establish slavery as Georgia to abolish it.

III. In Ethics. Ethics are the morals of the individual; politics of the mass. The Sensationalist knows no first truths in morals; the source of maxims in morals is experience; in experience there is no absolute Right. Absolute Justice, absolute Right, were never in the senses, so not in the intellect; only whimsies, words in the mouth. The will is not free, but wholly conditioned, in bondage; character made always for you, not by you. The intellect is a smooth table; the moral power a smooth table; and experience writes there what she will, and what she writes is law of morality. Morality is expediency, nothing more; nothing is good of itself, right of itself, just of

itself,—but only because it produces agreeable consequences, which are agreeable sensations. Dr. Paley is a good example of the Sensational moralist. I ask him "What is right, just?" He says, "There are no such things; they are the names to stand for what works well in the long run."—"How shall I know what to do in a matter of morals? by referring to a moral sense?"—"Not at all: only by common sense, by observation, by experience, by learning what works well in the long run; by human history, not human nature. To make a complete code of morals by Sensationalism you must take the history of mankind, and find what has worked well, and follow that *because* it worked well."—"But human history only tells what has been and worked well, not what is right. I want what is right!" He answers, "It is pretty much the same thing."—"But suppose the first men endowed with faculties perfectly developed, would they know what to do?"—"Not at all. Instinct would tell the beast antecedent to experience, but man has no moral instinct, must learn only by actual trial."—"Well," say I, "let alone that matter, let us come to details. What is honesty?" "It is the best policy."—"Why must I tell the truth, keep my word, be chaste, temperate?"—"For the sake of the reward, the respect of your fellows, the happiness of a long life and Heaven at last. On the whole God pays well for virtue; though slow pay, He is sure."—"But suppose the devil paid better pay?"—"Then serve him, for the end is not the service, but the pay. Virtue, and by virtue I mean all moral excellence, is not a good in itself, but good as producing some other good."—"Why should I be virtuous?" "*For the sake of the reward.*" "But vice has its rewards, they are present and not future, immediate and certain, not merely contingent and mediate. I should think them greater than the reward of virtue." Then vice to you is virtue, for it *pays best.* The Sensational philosophy knows no conscience to sound in the man's ears the stern word, *Thou oughtest so to do, come what will come!*

In politics might makes right, so in morals. Success is the touchstone; the might of obtaining the reward, the right of doing the deed. Bentham represents makes the Sensational morals of politics; Paley of ethics. Both are Epicureans. The Sensationalist and the Epicurean agree in this,—Enjoyment is the touchstone of virtue and determines what is good, what bad, what indifferent: this is the generic agreement. Heathen Epicurus spoke only of enjoyment in this life; Christian Archdeacon Paley—and a very *arch*deacon—spoke of enjoyment also in the next: this is the specific difference. In either case virtue ceases to be virtue, for it is only a bargain.

There is a school of Sensationalists who turn off and say, "Oh, you cannot answer the moral questions and tell what is right, just,

fair, good. We must settle that by Revelation." That, of course, only adjourns the question and puts the decision on men who received the Revelation or God who made it. They do not meet the philosopher's question: they assume that the difference between right and wrong is not knowable by human faculties, and, if there be any difference between right and wrong, there is no faculty in man which naturally loves right and abhors wrong, still less any faculty which can find out what *is* right, what wrong. So all moral questions are to be decided by authority, because somebody said so; not by reference to facts of consciousness, but to phenomena of history. Of course the moral law is not a law which is of me, rules in me and by me; only one *put on* me, which rules *over me!* Can any lofty virtue grow out of this theory? any heroism? Verily not. Regulus did not ask a reward for his virtue; if so, he made but a bargain, and who would honour him more than a desperate trader who made a good speculation? There is something in man which scoffs at expediency; which will do right, justice, truth, though Hell itself should gape and bid him hold his peace; the morality which *anticipates* history, loves the right for itself. Of this Epicurus knew nothing, Paley nothing, Bentham nothing, Sensationalism nothing. Sensationalism takes its standard of political virtue from the House of Commons; of right from the Constitution and common law; of commercial virtue from the Board of Brokers at their best, and the old Bankrupt Law; of virtue in general from the most comfortable classes of society, from human history, not human nature; and knows nothing more. The virtue of a Regulus, of a Socrates, of a Christ, it knows not.

See the practical effect of this. A young man goes into trade. Experience meets him with the Sensationalist morals in its hand, and says, "*Caveat emptor*"—Let the buyer look to it, not you: you must be righteous, young man, but not righteous overmuch; you must tell the truth to all who have the right to ask you, and when and where they have a right to ask you,—otherwise you may lie. The mistake is not in lying, or deceit; but in lying and deceiving to your own disadvantage. You must not set up a private conscience of your own in your trade, you will lose the confidence of respectable people. You must have a code of morals which works well and produces agreeable sensations in the long run. To learn the true morals of business you must not ask conscience, that is a whim and very unphilsophical. You must ask, How did Mr. Smith make his money? He cheated, and so did Mr. Brown and Mr. Jones, and they cheat all round. Then you must do the same, only be careful not to cheat so as to "hurt your usefulness" and "injure your reputation."

Shall I show the practical effects of this, not on very young men, in politics? It would hurt men's feelings, and I have no time for that.

(To be continued.)

PHRENOLOGICAL DELINEATION OF MR. J. SIMMONS.

The gentleman whose delineation follows, is well known among the friends of Spiritualism in London, as the partner or secretary of Dr. Slade, the celebrated American spirit-medium. Our object in placing his organic peculiarities before our readers is to indicate instructive lessons which may be derived from the proper combination of workers in the Cause of Spiritualism. It is well known that mediums as a class are highly nervous in temperament, easily influenced, and therefore needing protection and guidance. This can alone be derived from a temperament of an opposite description, which peculiarities Mr. Simmons supplies in an eminent degree.

The usual notion entertained by Englishmen of the American would not find a realisation in the gentleman under notice. In many respects he resembles the typical Englishman—full-chested, rather inclined to be stout, quiet, and undemonstrative in manner. Mr. Simmons is of middle height, broad and powerful in build, and fine in quality. The vital system is capacious and healthy, and so well balanced by the other parts as to indicate general good health, and evenness of character. The head is developed to a great height over the ears, which imparts a moral fixedness to the solid characteristics derived from the physiological conditions.

It will possibly cause the reader to smile when he is informed that the subject of our remarks was born in Jerusalem on Christmas Day. The fact, however, bears this explanation: Mr. Simmons was born on the 25th of December at Jerusalem, a township in Yates Co., Western New York. With the particulars of his life we need not interest ourselves further than they have a bearing on Spiritualism, of which subject Mr. Simmons has been an investigator upwards of twenty-five years. During that time he has had the best possible opportunities of becoming acquainted with the wonderous peculiarities of mediumship in all its manifold forms. It cannot be supposed that he derived this knowledge from the services of strangers or of paid mediums. When his home at Ipsilanti became the Mecca of Spiritualism in that section of the State of Michegan, there were no professional mediums available. The Movement was then quite young, and pushing out its ramifications in every direction, and in all countries. Investigators in those days did not send for a medium, and settle the

matter at one seance. They scarcely knew what the matter was which they were called on to scrutinise, and hence haste could not possibly form an element in their proceedings. These earnest men and women sat down at their own firesides and found out for themselves that mediums existed, and that the phenomena were realities.

Such was the school in which Mr. Simmons obtained his first lessons in these phenomena. All his acquirements were of solid knowledge, industriously and patiently gained. The process of mediumship was witnessed and scrutinised from its incipient development, and, when the medium was as ignorant of what was expected as the sitters. We hesitate not to say that investigators of this class are the best Spiritualists and the most competent judges of the qualifications of mediums. Such men are not in a hurry in arriving at conclusions, nor will they on any account decide without good reasons for so doing.

We regard the association of such a gentleman with Dr. Slade as the strongest evidence in favour of the thorough genuineness and reliability of that medium. When Mr. Simmons first knew him, Dr. Slade was engaged in an extensive practice as a clairvoyant physician. All who know aught of this kind of work are aware that it is utterly impossible for the physician to attend to his profession and the other duties dependent thereon. He has to keep himself in a fit condition for the exercise of the clairvoyant power, and cannot speak with inquirers, receive patients, answer correspondents, write out diagnoses, and forward medicines. It was under these circumstances that Mr. Simmons first became allied with Dr. Slade about eleven years ago, and he has remained with him ever since.

Every medium should have just such another coadjutor. Nothing is so prejudicial to the health, comfort, and powers of a medium as interviewing a number of people and answering their queries. The professional medium should simply require to sit with his visitors and have no more to do with them. Mediums are not in all cases men of business : tact and business matters are not only distasteful to them, but can rarely be engaged in with success. There is also a psychological condition or surrounding which is indispensable to the medium for his harmony of character, health, and maintenance of power. The nervous system of the medium is related to that of all who come in contact with him or live in his sphere. The importance, then, of judicious and congenial associates will at once be apparent. These duties seem to be performed in a superior manner by Mr. Simmons to Dr. Slade, and the success of the mediumship of the latter gentleman no doubt depends much on the protecting care and influence of his friend and secretary.

It is pleasing to be able to point to Mr. Simmons as a gentleman of high moral character and exalted characteristics. It would be impossible for such a man to be associated with that which is hollow in pretension or nefarious in design. From what we have been able to learn since the following delineation was made some time ago, Mr. Simmons bears out the character which is indicated by his phrenological developments.

DELINEATION.

You are a man of great dignity of character and self-governing power; are come from a good parental stock; your ancestors have been healthy, long-lived, moral, and endowed with much individual influence; and you inherit in a strong degree these characteristics. You have organic capability more particularly than mere brain power. Temperamentally you are even and well balanced—you are solid, and can maintain your equilibrium. You do not gather your success from the abundance of effort you make, so much as from the well directed manner in which you conduct your business. You are not remarkable for your restless activity, desire to acquire, and for antagonistic peculiarities; these are in your case negative more than positive. You have an inexhaustible store of force, proceeding from your healthy and well-balanced physiology, and that sustains you without requiring the excessive use of the organs in the base of the brain; as a consequence, your animal powers are more under your control, and at the disposal of your moral faculties, than they are your master, and used for selfish purposes. Your brain has two culminating points: the part most prominently developed is the back portion of the coronal region, extending from the centre of the parietal bone on both sides—the organs of firmness, conscientiousness, and cautiousness, within this region, are almost excessively developed; you are remarkably positive in your moral principles, though you may appear mild and somewhat undecided in the manner of carrying them out.

People do not know the real strength of your character till they come within the exercise of its more interior qualities. You will never move from that which you consider to be honourable, and although you may, in your social position, have many vicissitudes in life, yet morally you ought to be found adhering to the same course of action with regard to your personal motives. Conscientiousness is well sustained by cautiousness, and your sense of character and personal dignity complete the combination which renders you extremely safe and wary in all your proceedings, defending your position more by principles of honesty and honour than by selfish subterfuges. You are remarkably independent-minded, and it is painful to you to put yourself under obligation to others. You are cool and self-reliant,

and yet with all you have great ease of manner and ability to conciliate others without departing from your own individual position. You are open and candid when you have any reason to express yourself, but you are shy and careful not to speak till you see that you can do so with propriety. The other prevailing region of the brain is the anterior lobe which is quite harmoniously developed. You have excellent ability for gaining knowledge and becoming posted in all that relates to the work of the intellect. You cannot help but be well informed, you gather knowledge so readily.

Your brain is much more susceptible than your external actions indicate. The nervous system is fine in quality, and the operations of the brain are subtle and incessant. You have studied much in your life, and made good use of your opportunities—your intellectual organs, and moral qualities making great demand upon you to acquire and determine as to that which is true. You have an excellent eye for estimating the quantity, quality, and uses of material objects, and in this respect you make an excellent merchant or buyer of goods on a large scale; you could do this better than sell. You have considerable imagination and fair development of the intuitional faculties. There is much of the feminine represented in this department of your nature; you are almost as domestic as a woman, and have great sympathy with women, with home, and all the social relations. You have a spirit of domestic combination which constitutes the essential elements of a family or of a township. You are largely developed in veneration, and considerably so in the inspirational faculties, giving you an enlarged conception of those conditions of existence transcending human experience, and softening the self-reliant qualities of your mind by a respectful consideration of the position of others and due humility towards universal principles.

You have quite an adaptive mind, can place yourself *en rapport* with various peoples and different conditions of life. You can enjoy oratory, acting, and artistic effects and embellishments. There is much more latent capacity in these respects, than there is ability to manifest. You would be better for more hope; the influence of cautiousness almost obstructs your view of the future sometimes, while your defective combativeness does not aid you much. Were it not for your abiding fixedness in moral principles and unfailing self-reliant sustaining powers, this defect (hope) would be less favourable to your happiness than it is. You are almost too much overshadowed by that strick disciplinarian feeling which comes from firmness and conscientiousness, and you do not afford yourself much license or freedom from moral restraint. You are fitted for the position of overseer, director, or referee; you have powerful organising

qualities and are a corner-stone in the social fabric. You would make a good magistrate, arbitrator, local dignitary, or representative to the legislature or candidate for senatorial honours. You have great ability to preside, regulate, and cause coherency in those enterprises with which you are connected. J. BURNS.

Nov. 17, 1876.

THE RECORD OF A YEAR'S PROGRESS.*

Our weekly contemporary the *Medium* has just completed its seventh annual volume, the ninth since its commencement in the monthly form. If the progressive appearance of this periodical may be taken as a safe indication of the development of Spiritualism we have much to be grateful for. The last volume is the most bulky and profusely illustrated of the series, and yet in weekly numbers it only cost 4s. 5d., a marvel of management truly, which could under any circumstances supply so much valuable printed matter at the cost. The loss has been considerable, which has been partly made up by Institution Week collection; but this year the paper has been advanced in price to three-halfpence, which must be regarded as somewhat of a retrograde movement. It was found that the increased circulation at one penny did not to any extent make up for the loss incurred in reducing the price, though, taken on the whole, the sacrifice was of much importance to the Cause. It would have been a genuine mark of progressive energy if the Spiritualists could have sustained their organ at the popular price.

The volume opens with editorial articles calling on Spiritualists to avoid that "Crisis" of which our distinguished contributor "M.A. (Oxon.)" so eloquently writes this month. It is evident that the source whence the ideas in the *Medium* were obtained was fully conversant with the course of approaching events twelve months ago. The warning against promiscuous circles, and the admission of improper sitters to the presence of mediums was forcibly and clearly dwelt upon. But what are words? mere sounds to many; and hence they must be supplemented by experience, which has in the instance before us been of a kind sufficiently bitter to arrest that respectful attention which words were inadequate to command.

The early portion of the volume before us devotes considerable space to reports of seances by Mrs. Kimball, the burden of whose mission was an echo of the editorial warnings which ushered in the year. This lady, an entire stranger, was introduced by Mr. William Fishbough, of New York, one of the oldest students of the modern science,—the "scribe" who took down from the entranced lips of

* The *Medium and Daybreak*, a weekly journal devoted to the History, Phenomena, Philosophy, and Teachings of Spiritualism. Vol. VII., for the year 1876, 828 pages, cloth 15s. To purchasers of HUMAN NATURE for this month, 8s. 6d. per rail, carriage extra. It is too large to go by post.

Andrew Jackson Davis "Nature's Divine Revelations," and who was also the contributor of "The Planchette Mystery" in our last volume. This gentleman's cordial recommendation was credited in full, and at their first introduction Mrs. Burns obtained from and gave tests to the stranger which established her claim to genuine mediumship. Her guides desired to work for Spiritualism without money and without price. The rooms of the Spiritual Institution were freely granted. Sixteen "receptions" were given, the results of which are reported and contain much suggestive matter. Mrs. Kimball was a good psychometric reader and could detail character and spiritual surroundings quite truthfully, but the burden of her mission was to woo Spiritualists away from the grosser forms of mediumship and bring them into closer sympathy with the spiritual directors of the Movement, whom she designated the "Star Circle" of spirits. The logic of her appeals portended evil to the Movement unless her warnings were attended to. She predicted her own decadence—said her mission would extend over three months: and strange to say, though she desired to give public seances, her lucidity left her and her vital power declined, so that she retired into that obscurity whence she emerged at the beginning of the year.

The next feature that arrests the reader's attention are the speeches of Mr. Burns, chiefly delivered in Doughty Hall, or at the Quarterly Conferences of the Lancashire Committee. The burden of all of these deliverances is to the effect that more Spirituality and a clearer perception of principle are needed in the Movement. Higher ground must be taken, or that which is already occupied will be lost. Mr. Morse's guides took up the strain, and in their able discourse on the "Physiology of Spiritualism," valuable truths are forcibly presented. Last year's *Medium* is peculiarly rich in phenomena, and of a higher order that is usually recorded. With the advent of Dr. Slade at midsummer, came a wave of influence which seems to have found expression through all mediums. Materialisations became more general and satisfactory, particularly those of Miss Wood, Mr. Eglinton, and the Pettys. Dr. Monck's mediumship, as described by Mr. W. P. Adshead, of Belper, and Mr. J. Clapham, of Keighley, stands out in the front rank of modern facts; and, strange to say, these demonstrations in the light, which were supposed to be potent to convince all, became the ground of supreme dissatisfaction and of legal prosecution.

There is something so palpable about phenomena in the light that they must have great power either to convince or to convict, just as circumstances may favour, or the prejudices and motives of the sitters may decide. As to what occurs in the light, prosecutors can swear in a positive manner: hence the cases now pending. While the phenomena were less demonstrable, it was difficult to find grounds on which to explain away their existence by the bold charge of trickery detected. These phenomena in the light are at present in a state of transition. Soon we may expect them to gain power, and become supplemented by additional manifestations against which the charges now so prominent can be of no avail.

The field of battle does not appear to be as to whether the medium has cheated, but rather if genuine mediumship be not an offence "under the Act." This point has been so well discussed elsewhere that we need not do more than notice it here.

Of the forms of mediumship recorded during the year, "cases of healing" are prominent and encouraging. A few years ago there was but little of this beneficent form of mediumship exercised. The reports show that it is now quite frequent, which is evidence of goodness inherent in the controlling power. Spirit-photography has also produced many valuable tests through the practice of Mr. Hudson. The exhibition of spirit-photography and other phenomena at the last anniversary of Spiritualism was a novel and convincing array of facts.

Organisation has been attempted in various forms and districts with variable results. Spiritualists have not yet accepted the truth that individual effort to enlighten the neighbour is the best organisation. There may be noisy movements, expensive operations, much going and coming, and public display; and yet no one may be the wiser for it all—no new fact demonstrated, no individual improved.

The Spiritual Institution has, as usual, been the centre of organic effort, in that it has been fertile in giving all willing workers something to do. The *Medium* has been placed into the hands of many thousands of fresh readers, who, though they may not permanently attach themselves to the Movement, know more of it than if the paper mentioned had never come before their notice. The recent prosecutions have stirred up a keen spirit of inquiry among the outside public which has rendered distribution numbers of the *Medium* of more interest to the public that in times past.

Of new publications but few have appeared during the year, and these have been chiefly noticed as they came out. The prevailing commotion in the ranks of Spiritualism has brought the circulation of literature to a standstill, and very much interfered with the supply of resources for the prosecution of the work. The sums collected for the defence of mediums, testimonials, &c., has been over £3000, while only about a sixth part of the amount has been granted to the real work of Spiritualism.

The volume before us is supplied with a very complete index, a cursory glance at which must impress the reader with the value of the work which has been done in 1876, and the amount of effort which has been expended thereon. Looking over the names of persons engaged and places in which work has been done, it is observed that Spiritualism is in active operation in many parts of the country, and that not a few missionaries are steadily engaged in the work.

This is a new movement, and mishaps and difficulties are to be expected. Though now in the midst of the most harassing opposition that has been brought to bear on the Movement, its friends have much to be thankful for that it has reached that stage in which it is "man enough" to challenge the forces now arrayed against it.

Reviews.

"The Spiritual Body." An Essay in Prose and Verse. By John Charles Earle, B.A. Longman and Co.

To the readers of this magazine the belief that there is a "spiritual body" within the natural body, and that whatsoever is predicated concerning corporeal resurrection can have reference only to the former, will be pretty much in the nature of a truism. To those, however, who have given less attention to this subject, or who have not had the experiences of these things "which many prophets and kings have desired to see and have not seen," enjoyed by us, or many of us, the case is very different. It is to such persons, and starting from their own point of view, that this work addresses itself. Its author is favourably known to the public from some volumes of very elegant and classic sonnets—a style of composition much more easy to write, than to write correctly.

These poems, though full of taste and refinement of feeling, and dwelling in the mind very agreeably from those qualities, had not prepared us to anticipate from the writer so solid a piece of work as the Prose-Essay which occupies the greater portion of this volume; but power and tenderness are more closely allied in the human mind mind than we may at first sight be disposed to imagine.

Mr. Earle is a Roman Catholic and, as we should judge, a faithful and loyal member of that persuasion; but he is a man of a thoughtful and independent mind, and it is these two characteristics that give a value to this book. It is an argument purely intellectual, to demonstrate the absurdity of the doctrine, very generally held by his church —and humiliating as it may be to say so—by the great majority of the reformed churches likewise, that the physical body, which is the external clothing of the spirit of man, is designed for and capable of resurrection.

Mr. Earle reminds us, with Dr. Thomas Brown, "that as for these walls of flesh, it is nothing but an elemental composition, and a fabric that must fall to ashes," and he, too, argues, in the spirit of the same learned physician who said that "we are all what we abhor, anthropophagi and cannibals, devourers not only of men but of ourselves, for all this mass of flesh which we behold came in at our mouths, and that this frame we look upon has been upon our trenchers;" that it is all converted and convertible, that all men are made up out of the remains of other men, and that all humanity is in fact homogeneous and as incapable of being recomposed at the last day—whatever that may signify—as on any other day.

He shows that spirit implies organism and form, and that common sense and revelation, sensibly read, are in this matter at one.

Mr. Earle's arguments will, as we have said, present little that is new to the readers of this magazine, but to the great mass of his co-religionists they will be of infinite value, because they contain in them spirit and life, because they invite them to emancipate themselves from a degrading superstition, and because they do so in language that is scholarly and argumentative, cautious and moderate, submissive to authority without being subservient to it. It is a very hopeful and comforting sign, that the members of the Roman Catholic Church are beginning to arise from slumber, and to claim their part in that freedom wherewith they, in common with all Christian believers, claim that Christ has made them free.

Of the poems by which the subject is sought to be illustrated and enforced, it is only necessary to say that they are animated by the same tender and refined spirit which have characterised Mr. Earle's former poetical productions, and the varied argumentative intelligence which distinguishes his Prose-Essay.

"A Critical Essay on Critics and Criticism," forming a Supplement to the "Philosophy of Laughter and Smiling." By G. Vasey. London: J. Burns. Price 3s.

Many would imagine that only a bold man, somewhat reckless and eccentric it may be, would dare to write a philosophical treatise against the popular adage, "Laugh and grow fat," and, having done so, he would be so fiercely assailed by sarcastic critics as to be glad to hide himself for the future in obscurity. Mr. Vasey is not a man of this sort, for after a short year he appears before the public again with a book "in which the author's theory on the subject of Laughter is still more fully developed," congratulating himself on the success of his previous volume, replying to his critics, and in a general way presenting an Essay on the Art of Criticism, marked by pleasing evidences of honesty, independence, and intelligence. Laughter has long been regarded, even by its advocates, as indicative of the development of the man, and whether or not we might be prepared to endorse all Mr. Vasey's theories regarding it, we are ready to admit that his work is full of wholesome advice and thoughtful observation. The little work before us is even more important, and shows that the author is not a man with a hobby, but evinces a depth of learning, and breadth of literary culture, which might put to shame the greater number of professional writers. He divides the "Educated" into six classes: clergymen, medical men, lawyers and legistators, poets and rhymers, fiction writers, critics or reviewers. Each of these classes he further divides into four *genera* each; the proportions being as an average, 1, 2, 6, 20, in each *genus*. Of critics he has most to say, and illustrates his views with a classification of those who have reviewed his book, in

which he meets in an able manner the objections raised against his opinions. Of the class in general he says :—

Of thorough self-reliance and undaunted probity there are only a few —a very few—who are above the temptation of bribery under *any* form of disguise, and who are honest enough to be independent. We estimate 1 in 50 of the Reviewing Fraternity to belong to this remarkable class.

The following is a brief arrangement of Literary Critics into three *genera*, according to their moral and intellectual attributes.

The *First* genus consists of those who possess adequate information on the subjects which they are called upon to examine, combined with accurate discrimination and sound judgment; moreover they are entirely independent of current prejudices, and have taken the exact measure of popular fallacies. Only such are capable of arriving at correct conclusions and of giving reliable verdicts.

The *Second* genus comprises those who possess, to a limited extent, several of the above-mentioned qualifications, but who, not being expert in drawing inferences, and being still shackled with old standard fallacies, are quite satisfied with cursory examinations, and deliver their judgments pretty much in harmony with the prevailing modes of thought.

The *Third* genus is decidedly most prolific, consisting of those who— with scanty intelligence and less judgment, accompanied by unlimited vanity and self-conceit—are carried away by their own perverted feelings, endorsed by the customs, manners, and habits of vulgar every-day life.

Being ourselves engaged in the discussion of "tabooed topics," we have suffered much from the injustice of critics, and can endorse Mr. Vasey's concluding remarks on the requisite qualifications of a reviewer :—

Literary Criticism, in a great majority of cases, is made up of the most vague assertions, having no better foundation than the prevailing opinions, prejudices, and conventionalisms of ignorant and unreflecting communities. The Ordinary Critic of the present day scarcely transcends the vulgar crowd, either in intellect or morals. Perhaps he may have elbowed himself through his first form, but he holds no prize medals.

There was a time when Critics merited the character of sound reasoners and impartial judges; but now (whether by the perversions of self-interest, or at the instigations of worse feelings) the name of Critic has become a bye-word rather than a compliment.

> "A critic was of old a glorious name
> Whose sanction handed merit up to fame;
> Beauties as well as faults he brought to view;
> His judgment great and great his candour too.
> No servile rules drew sickly taste aside;
> Secure he walked, for Nature was his guide.
> But now—O strange reverse!—our Critics bawl
> In praise of candour with a heart of gall:
> Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
> They lurk enshrouded in the veil of night;
> Safe from detection, seize th' unwary prey,
> And stab, like bravoes, all who come that way."
>
> CHURCHILL.

Let it, however, be distinctly understood, that we do not attach these characteristics to *all* Critics, even of the present day. There are pro-

fessional Critics of every conceivable description, from the highly intelligent, noble, and independent, down to the ignorant, mean, and mercenary.

During the last twenty or thirty years, the *cacoëthes scribendi* has been increasing in an accelerating ratio, and has now become so universal, that the race of so-named Critics positively swarms. They are as common as Hansom's Patent Safety Cabs. The proprietors of Quarterlies, Monthlies, and Weeklies, have only to whistle, or beckon significantly with their indexial digit, to secure and utilize the services of as many obsequious and pliant critics as they may think proper,—how sordid soever the duties they may be required to perform.

These hackney Critics blow hot and cold just as they are commanded or as they may be biassed. Very many, indeed, are well known to be influenced by the *quid pro quo* inducement of their interested employers.

Apropos of this nefarious influence, we stop the press to insert the following extract from No. 1 of a new weekly periodical which has just appeared, entitled "The Public Leader," and which bids fair to take a position in the front rank of its class:—

"One word on the literary staff whose services we have secured. An important feature of our journal will be the review of publications whose importance, either from their subject-matter or their distinguished style, may merit public notice. *We have seen reviews of Works in the journals so laudatory that we have been tempted to invest in their purchase—*

"'And found, instead of solid cash,
A mass of worthless, useless trash.'

"*We have ascertained how, when, and where interest has been at work to obtain a favourable notice. From such deception our readers may feel themselves secure.*"

In this mighty metropolis, where so much periodical literature abounds, there are not more than four or five independent and truth-speaking Weeklies, and certainly not so many Dailies of that high stamp. This fact accounts for the puerility of judgment and the lack of discrimination exhibited by Critics employed on the Second and Third Class Literary Journals, which constitute nine-tenths of those extant.

On looking over the Literary Notices in either the Daily or Weekly Periodicals, we cannot fail to remark that the most trashy and frivolous productions receive a much greater share of the Ordinary Critic's attention than do those of real merit and utility; and the Reviews devoted to them occupy a very much greater amount of space than that allotted to works of the highest degree of excellence. Without the least exaggeration, we may assert—*ten times as much* both of attention and space.

In the performance of his functions, a Reviewer is virtually the Lord Chancellor of the Court of Literature, Science and Art. He should never disgrace his Chancellorship by descending to the *ex parte* pleadings of a pettifogging advocate.

An honest and competent Reviewer will never disfigure his paper by mere opinions. His statements will be based on facts and immutable principles, and all his decisions will be clinched by inexorable logic.

The requisite qualifications of a first-class Reviewer are not instilled by Nature, nor are they of easy attainment. Longinus truly remarks—"To pass a right judgment upon compositions is the effect of long experience and the last improvement of study and observation."

"The History of the Pianoforte." By Edgar Brinsmead. Illustrated. Sixteenth Thousand. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. Price 1s.

This little work will be read with interest by all cultivated minds. It gives a vast amount of information in a pleasing form on perhaps the most

popular and delightful of all subjects. The history of Music is first commented on, but we need not state that its origin extends too far back into the past to be arrived at. The scriptural Jubal and the Egyptians furnish the first examples of the art mentioned in this work. The Greeks and Romans follow, leading down to the origin of the gamut of Guido. The chapter which follows on "Stringed Instruments of the Ancients" is illustrated, and introduces the third chapter on instruments of the pianoforte kind. This section contains many interesting anecdotes derived from modern history. The remainder of the work is devoted to the development of the pianoforte properly so called. The diagrams of the mechanism from the first rude model to the latest patent are very interesting and should be understood by all who own or use that noble instrument. The construction of the instrument is fully described. Hints are given for selecting, using, and tuning it, and occasional defects are pointed out and means of repairing them explained. The appendix occupies several pages, with a list of patents, which shows what an amount of brain-work has been bestowed on the perfection of an instrument which, though little more than a hundred years old, is now to be found everywhere, even in the cottages of the people. We are not surprised that this entertaining work has passed through so many editions.

AUTUMN.

Summer is dead: and the autumn winds weeping
Wail mid the leaves which but lately were green,
And tell how the year is with feeble steps creeping
To join with the numberless years that have been.
When the sunshine was warm, and the birds softly singing,
Ye dreamed not of cold, or the sky's chilling mien;
Ye saw not how swiftly the glad hours were winging,
Ye heard but sweet voices with happiness ringing.

Summer is dead; and the year's hopes are dying,
The hopes that were bright when the spring-tide was young,
When you each came with eagerness forth to life's trying,
With a tread that was firm, and a heart that was strong,
And what can ye bring as the cause of life's failing?
Was the daylight too dim, and the darkness too long?
Were the storm-waves too wild for the ship's steady sailing?
Was the helmsman unnerved by the winds and their wailing?

Summer is dead: aye, but spring-tide is coming,
And the leaves that are yellow, and brittle, and dead,
Will appear once again when the flowers are blooming,
And the boughs shall wave green once more over your head.
Will the hopes then revive that are now swiftly waning?
Will the life come again that is now nearly sped?
Shall we hear once again the world's mirth and complaining,
Ah, that must be left for death's certain explaining!

CHARLES A. CLOSE.

SWEDENBORG.—A correspondent writes:—In an article on Swedenborg in last month's number, Mr. Podmore did not notice that the great Seer taught the idea of the innate divinity of all men, but through theological bias himself failed to perceive that the "innermost" or divine principle would ultimately advance to perfection all so-called "lost souls." The following quotations show that Swedenborg was as advanced, as far as his inspirations are concerned, a hundred years ago as modern mediums are now:—"There is an Inmost or Supreme Degree, and an Inmost Supreme Somewhat into which the divine of the Lord first or proximately flows, and from which it arranges all other interior things which succeed according to the degrees of order, with the angel or man. This 'Inmost' or Supreme Principle may be called the Lord's entrance to angels and men, and also His especially dwelling-place in them. By virtue of this Inmost or Supreme Principle, man is man, and is distinct from brute animals which do not possess it; and hence it is that man is capable, as to all the interiors of his rational and natural minds, of being elevated by the Lord to Himself," &c. Again, "Man has, in common with angels, that his interiors, like theirs, are formed after the image of heaven." These passages are from "Heaven and Hell," and many others of a similar nature may be found in the same work. The Swedenborgian sect holds that the Innermost in man, or the Divine Essence, can be corrupted, and this corruption, in cases where it has occurred, will last for ever. Spiritualists, on the contrary, contend that all evil is owing to some undevelopment merely in the spiritual body, through which the spirit must report itself, and that in Hades, as all that is external is put off, the spirit will gain better expression, and gradually unfold the faculties or organs through which it must act. Swedenborg himself now teaches the latter view through the mediumship of A. J. Davis.

VACCINATION AND SMALL-POX—CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Dr. Pearce has shown, in his work and before a Parliamentary Committee, that the more we vaccinate, the more small-pox crops up after. Vaccination and small-pox stand in the relation of cause and effect, and bear a corresponding ratio the one to the other. But this is not all, for Nature varies her forms of elimination of this one accumulated pus matter in the system according to the season and other conditions, which medical men recognise as "a change in the type" of the disease. Thus it is that in one year or season we may have an epidemic of measles, in another that of whooping-cough, influenza, scarlatina, typhus, &c., &c.; but these are all one and the same thing, only in varied form,—the multiplication of the white corpuscle in the blood, which has been inserted by Vaccination or otherwise; and Nature, in her never-ending efforts at expulsion, puts on these varied forms for eliminating this same white corpuscle. The white corpuscle is the death-force in man and all animals, in whatever shape it comports itself in the kaleidoscopic temperament or idiosyncrasy of the human race—whether in the shape of simple fermentation, acetification, or putrefaction, and the infinity of stages consequent upon the process of decomposition. Disease in man originates from his attempting to exist upon things as food, &c., which have not in them intrinsically the requisite proportion of bottled up sun's heat in the natural state, from which all the physical force of organic nature is derived. The Hindoo in his most unhealthy, hot climate exists chiefly on rice, which is composed almost entirely of carbon; and yet with all his unhealthy surroundings in the shape of dust, filthy stagnant water, and deficient sanitary arrangements, he is totally free from organic diseases, small-pox, &c., and lives consequently to a far greater age than we do with all our boasted civilisation and sanitary science.—From "Vaccination Brought Home to the People," by MISS CHANDOS LEIGH HUNT.

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