

HUMAN NATURE :

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

JUNE, 1867.

"WONDER" IN RELATION TO SPIRITUALISM.*

BY ANDREW LEIGHTON.

NOTHING is more common in discussions upon the mysterious phenomena which have of late years occupied so much attention in Europe and America, and which may be popularly embraced under the general term "Spiritualism," than to hear the opinions of a certain class of observers attributed, not to a fair induction of the facts, but to the influence of large organs of Wonder or Marvellousness.

Now, whether the individuals in question always present the special development imputed to them or not, the attempt to account for their peculiar opinions upon this hypothesis is so frequent, and the coincidence between their opinions and the imputed organization appears to be (at least, amongst those who admit the truth of Phrenology,) so generally recognised, that I have thought it would be neither uninteresting nor un instructive to devote some consideration to the function and influence of the faculty implicated, and thus endeavour to determine whether, were the premises even all that is assumed, the conclusions drawn from them would necessarily follow.

The following definitions of this faculty, or rather, delineations of its functions and effects, are given by the leading Phrenologists, upon whose teaching it has come to be admitted to rank among the recognised and "established" mental functions of our nature:

"Dr Gall," says Mr George Combe, "observed that some individuals imagine themselves to be visited by apparitions of persons dead or absent; and he asks, How does it happen that men of considerable intellect often believe in the reality of ghosts

* This Essay was originally delivered to the Liverpool Hope Street Mutual Improvement Society some five or six years ago. It was subsequently given as a lecture to the Liverpool Phrenological Society; and is now printed *verbatim*, only slightly abridged.

and visions? Are they fools, or impostors? or is there a particular organization, which imposes, in this form, upon the human understanding? and how are such illusions to be explained?" [Mark the sceptical assumptions, and the matter-of-course way in which the whole question is begged!] "He then," continues Mr Combe, "enters into a historical sketch of the most remarkable instances of visions. Socrates spoke frequently and willingly to his disciples of a demon or spirit, which served him as a guide. Dr Gall remarks that he is quite aware of the common explanation, that Socrates referred only to the force and justness of his own understanding; but adds, that if he had not himself believed in a genius communicating with him, the opinion that he had one would have been lost in the twenty-three years during which Aristophanes made it the subject of ridicule, and his accusers would not have revived it as a charge against him." Reference is then made to the cases of Joan of Arc, Tasso, Swedenborg, Dr Jung Stilling, and others, in all of whom the organ is asserted to have been large. Gall was personally acquainted with Jung Stilling, whom he often saw with the late Grand Duke of Baden, and in whom the organs in question were largely developed. For the developments of the others, of course, there is no more than guess work, from busts and portraits, which may or may not be authentic, or, if authentic, accurate. The fact may be admitted in the case of Stilling, whom Gall personally knew. This distinguished man is described to have been in youth a tailor, "then a tutor, afterwards doctor in medicine, moralist, divine, journalist, illuminatus, and visionary. . . He firmly believed in apparitions, and wrote a book in exposition of this doctrine." . . "A gentleman, who moved in the best society in Paris, asked Dr Gall to examine his head. The Doctor's first remark was, 'You sometimes see visions, and believe in apparitions.' The gentleman started from his chair in astonishment, and said that he *had* frequent visions, but that never up to this moment had he spoken on the subject to any human being, through fear of being set down as absurdly credulous. Accordingly, from these and hundreds of other cases, Dr Gall concludes that it is at least one of the functions of the organ in question to cause its possessor to see and believe in apparitions.

Dr Spurzheim says, "There is still a sentiment which exerts a very great influence over religious conceptions, and which, in my opinion, contributes more than Veneration to religious faith. . . There are many disposed to believe in dreams, sorcery, magic, astrology, in the mystic influence of spirits and angels," &c., &c. "Some, also, are disposed to believe in spirits, and to see ghosts, demons, and phantoms. This sentiment gains credence to the true and also to the false prophet, aids superstition, but is also essential to faith, and refined religion. It is more or less

active, not only in different individuals, but also in whole nations. Its functions are often disordered, constituting one species of insanity. . . . The legislators of antiquity, aware of the great influence of this faculty, made frequent use of it to enforce and to confirm their laws. They spoke in the name of God, of angels, or of supernatural powers." He adds, "The existence of this feeling is certain. Its organ is situated anterior to Hope, and a great development of the convolutions on which it depends, enlarges and elevates the superior and lateral parts of the frontal bone. It is remarkably prominent in the heads of Socrates, Torquato Tasso, Dr Price. Jung Stilling, Wesley, &c. My observations on it are extremely numerous, and I consider it as established." (*Combe's System*, 5th ed., vol. I. p.p. 449-454.)

Mr Combe himself does not altogether concur in the views of Gall and Spurzheim respecting the primitive function of this faculty, but reduces it to the "love of the new," and adds, that "surprise and wonder are the pleasurable emotions which attend its activity, when excited by the presence of unknown objects." "According to this view," says he, "Wonder may aid genius by prompting to novelty in all the conceptions of the mind." And then, in his tendency to characterise anything approaching belief in the supernatural as superstitious, he intimates that "Kepler, Napier, Newton, and Davy, all of whom were fond of diving into abstruse and unexplored regions of science," and are presumed to have had this organ largely developed, "were inclined to be superstitious." Whilst, in short, Dr Spurzheim had, from the abundance of the facts pressing all in the direction he indicates, been determined formerly to designate this feeling by the name of "Supernaturality," adding that it is certain that it is *principally manifested by a belief in miraculous and supernatural circumstances*," Mr Combe does not recognise any such manifestations as the "legitimate function" of the faculty, but as altogether arising from its abnormal excitement. He adds, "The period when divine power manifested itself by extraordinary means was limited, and is long since past; and philosophy cannot recognise any object or event that occurs in the present day as miraculous or supernatural: a special faculty, therefore, for belief in such objects appears inadmissible. The fact, however, mentioned by Dr Spurzheim, that persons in whom this organ is large have a natural disposition to believe in the wonderful and miraculous is certain. . . . Still, however, this longing for the marvellous appears to be an abuse of the sentiment;" and he reiterates, "Philosophy does not recognise the 'supernatural' while it admits Wonder at new and extraordinary circumstances as a legitimate state of mind." (*Ibid.* pp. 460-461.)

The Fowlers, on the other hand, in their thousand-fold more numerous observations, confirm the original inferences of Gall

and Spurzheim; but, instead of implying, with Gall and Combe, that belief in spiritual existences, presages, &c., is a merely subjective state which has no counterpart in the objective facts and relations of the universe, they vindicate the somewhat timorous conclusions of Spurzheim, and boldly maintain the adaptation of this faculty to a spiritual state of existence, which, without any ifs or buts, they assume to be a reality. In harmony with their experience as phrenological investigators, they set aside the nomenclature of the elder phrenologists in this particular, and call the faculty "Spirituality." In general they are more popular and less precise than their predecessors, (if precision can be attributed to the early phrenological writers at all,) and I am far from trusting in the exactness of their definitions. But there is a general correctness in their analyses of the functions of the various organs, and in the present case they have at least the merit of bringing a large category of facts, which the others ignore or misinterpret, within the range of mental cognition as objective phenomena.

It will be observed that in this the American phrenologists do not trouble themselves with considerations about what is "natural," and what "supernatural." They boldly assume the existence of the spiritual as well as the material in the universe; and as we have faculties for cognising the one, so do they assert we have faculties for apprehending the other. This wholly gets rid of Mr Combe's difficulty as to "Philosophy not recognising the *supernatural*," though the difficulty itself could easily enough be overcome in a different way, and Mr Combe shown to be disputing about words rather than ideas. Suffice it, that the word *Nature* may be so expanded in its signification as to comprehend, not only all *phenomena*, but also all *causes*, or it may be restricted in meaning to a range synonymous with creation—even *sensible* creation. It is all a matter of definition. Those who use it in the limited sense, logically and necessarily apply the term "supernatural" to everything which transcends the meaning expressed or implied in their definition of nature. Those who use it in the universal sense simply deny themselves the compound word altogether; since Nature, by the express conditions of their own assumption, cannot be transcended, and nothing, therefore, can be correctly termed *supernatural*. In this sense, the supernatural being a nonentity, of course philosophy cannot recognise it. But it is evident that the *same things* may be considered by philosophers of both schools: to the one, spirits and spiritual things are "supernatural;" to the other, they are "natural;" and philosophy, I apprehend, must recognise both. Mr Combe dogmatizes in a somewhat narrow spirit, and is inconsistent with himself, when he lays down the law, that philosophy does not recognise the supernatural. At least, it must recognise the

spiritual, as, in fact, all philosophers, except an insignificant fraction, do.

But, to return from this digression, other phrenologists rather incline to the school of Gall and Combe; and as in this country the writings of Combe have formed the chief text-books of phrenology their influence on the productions of others has been marked. Accordingly, the general effect of the phrenological writings on the public mind, in so far as our present subject is concerned, has been to beget the notions that phrenology "exploded" apparitions, visions, and their related phenomena, and completely "accounted for them" by the supposition of abnormally excited perceptive organs under the influence of diseased, or simply "large," Wonder. In a recent discussion in the *Star and Dial* newspaper, this was the line of argument pursued by several of the writers; and in a still more recent discussion, in the *British Controversialist*, an author of some account in the philosophical world, Mr Charles Bray of Coventry, (author of the *Philosophy of Necessity*, and other works,) gives renewed currency to the same notion. His words are, "But the cause of these apparitions is no longer a mystery to the cerebral physiologist, and arises from the involuntary excitement of the intellectual organs, of which numberless illustrations are to be found in the *Phrenological Journal*."

We need not dwell on the inaccuracy of Mr Bray's phraseology. We know well enough what he means; which is, not that the cause of these apparitions arises from the involuntary excitement of the intellectual organs, but that such excitement is itself the cause of the apparitions.

Well, preparatory to writing this essay, though I had read all the papers in the *Phrenological Journal* as they appeared, and was therefore familiar enough with their general scope and tendency, I refreshed my memory by a re-perusal of the leading records and articles on the subject, as well as of several only indirectly related to it, to make sure that I did not misunderstand the "explanations" of the "cerebral physiologists" to whom "the cause of these apparitions was no longer a mystery;" and I must confess to no little astonishment that I could ever (as once was the case) have accepted these expositions as anything approaching to a complete "explanation" of the mystery. Mr Bray and others of his class have apparently remained in the same condition of mind as I was in when these phrenological explanations were given to the world: that is, with only hearsay knowledge of the facts attempted to be explained, or with only a knowledge of a very narrow range of pathological facts which the hypothesis really does cover; and so they continue in the innocent belief that these explanations were full and complete, and left nothing to be desired.

Yet it is strange that the question did not arise, supposing the cause of the apparitions did lie in "the involuntary excitement of the intellectual organs," *what* caused such involuntary excitement?

The merest starting of such a question would have shown that, at all events, the subject was far from having been exhausted. Suppose we had discovered that in some cases, as doubtless we should, the involuntary excitement in question arose from diseased conditions of the bodily organs which would yield to medical treatment, this would still have disposed of only *some* of the cases; and even in some of *them* it would not account for *all* the phenomena. But when we came to consider cases in which no bodily disorder could be detected; in which all the functions of the body, including the brain, were in perfect health, and even rhythmic harmony; in which there was simply a natural temperamental sensitiveness to influences which less exquisitely developed nervous systems could not appreciate; in which demonstrative proof was given of ability to discern objective phenomena, of the actual and not imaginary existence of which there could be no doubt, though they were not perceptible by the general mass of mankind; then, surely, possible, if not probable, causes, exterior to the organizations of the individuals, would have been suggested, which would at least have prevented repose in the merely physiological and subjective hypothesis. In addition to this, which we should find did not really cover a tithe of the facts, our observations would haply have branched out into classes of facts wholly distinct from the apparitional ones, whereby the inference would be sustained, that there was actual, external, invisible agencies, possessing intelligence, affection, and will, and claiming by demonstrative signs to be themselves the spirits of the so-called "dead," in which event a *prima facie* case would surely be made out in favour of the supposition, that since these agencies can thus demonstrate their presence by the manipulation of physical objects, they may also have power to impress persons in various ways, causing in some presages of impending evil or good, in others dreams, in others visions, in others apparitions, in others simply a consciousness of spiritual presence, in others this consciousness individualized into that of a particular person, between whom and the subject of this experience precise intellectual and affectional intercourse may take place. And thus, when a Socrates, a Tasso, a Swedenborg, an Oberlin, or other such gifted person arises, and out of a sound mind, in perfect health, with complete lucidity and thorough earnestness, and unquestionable integrity, asserts that he *sees* such presences, and knows them to be as real as any other external objects of his perceptions, we shall be capable of receiving the assurance as at least a possible

if not a probable truth, and be no longer prone at once to put the affirmation down as a proof of delusion, or a simple illustration of the "involuntary excitement of the intellectual organs."

Assuming, then, that the spiritual is *in* nature—that, in fact, what we call nature is itself both spiritual and material—we should certainly expect to find within ourselves adaptations to the one principle as well as to the other. Not only so, but inasmuch as we possess faculties which enable us to appreciate specialities—things and their properties—in the material world; in like manner it is to be expected that we shall possess powers which enable us to appreciate specialities—beings and their faculties—in the spiritual world: not only a general consciousness of spiritual existence, but a particular faculty or spiritual sense for the cognition of spiritual influences and beings. Accordingly, we have seen the first phrenologists point out Wonder, or Marvellousness, as the organ of this faculty, and the Fowlers have even given it the name of "Spirituality."

Accepting this to be a generic faculty of the human mind, it must be possessed more or less by all human beings. Those in whom it is highly developed, in quality as well as quantity, are natural seers, or "discerners of spirits" and spiritual things. Those in whom it is only in a rudimentary state are idiotic in this relation. In the mass of mankind the average development doubtless prevails in this as in all other faculties; and then it depends largely on the culture of the individual whether the natural strength of the faculty gets fair play. The unperverted human mind naturally believes in spiritual agencies. But where the education of individuals goes tacitly or openly upon the principle that nothing exists but that which is capable of being seen by the outward eye, and manipulated by the bodily hand, weighed and measured, or, if anything more there be, it is nothing but unconscious force, and that all else is "imaginary," it is evident that nothing like justice can be done to this faculty in them. Instead of being developed harmoniously with other powers, it is entirely overborne, and, in many cases, all but utterly shrivelled up for lack of nutriment. Hence the number of so-called educated men now going about amongst us real spiritual cripples, rendered artificially incapable of using this power, and altogether unconscious of the world of phenomena to which it stands related. Hence, also, let me add, the necessity for some startling proof addressed to their outward senses, of the existence of that which the entire theory of their education has denied, before they can give credence to even its possibility. The faculties which, through their predominant—almost exclusive—culture, have led them astray, must be made the instruments of their recovery; and herein is, at least, a plausible reason for the physical manifestations, to which refer-

ence has already been made. Once through these let us get a demonstration of "the existence of mind unconnected with organization"—at least *visible* organization—or what is understood by that term in this mundane sphere, and then we shall haply become open to the admission of evidence through other channels.

At this point of the discussion it seems appropriate to make a few remarks upon the allegation, with a reference to which I commenced—the allegation, namely, that believers in the spiritual cause of the manifestations alluded to, have either large or preternaturally excited organs of wonder, and that to either cause their belief is to be attributed, and not to a rational induction from calmly and closely observed facts.

Now, in the first place, those who make this assertion do not do so as a matter of observation on their part, for they have had no opportunity of verifying the developments of the persons implicated, but purely as a hypothesis which to them is *a priori* more credible than the counter-statement that the manifestations alleged actually took place before these individuals, and were observed by them, in a sober, unexcited state of mind, as actual matters of external fact. The readiness with which some persons assume and launch this hypothesis affords, in truth, a very simple and obvious reason why they are so prone to impute baseless fancies to others. They unconsciously measure the tendencies of other minds by the habits of their own; and, finding it much easier to suggest plausible suppositions than to encounter facts, they attempt to get rid of the difficulty by the facile imputation in question. Bring their hypothesis to the test of observation, however, and how stands the case? Messrs Fowler and Wells, perhaps the most accurate and extensive observers of cerebral developments living, declare, as the result of their innumerable examinations, that the persons called "Spiritualists" (in the modern use of that term) are, as a body, *not* distinguished for large developments of the organ in question, certainly not more so than the average of civilised human beings, while in great numbers this organ is found really moderate, in some small, and only here and there are individuals amongst them to be found who are possessed of highly marked developments of it. These gentlemen farther explain, that the spiritualists have, for the most part, been made such from *observation*, and not from natural proclivity to belief in marvels.

But now, what although we found that in *all* such individuals the organs of "Wonder" were largely developed? Would that be a proof of the mere subjectivity of their perceptions? of the non-reality of the apparent objects or facts? In the cases of *other* faculties do we reason in the same way? Do we adopt

the dictum of idiotcy, or even of mediocrity, with respect to the reliability of any of the other faculties? Do we say that the genius for colouring is under a delusion when he perceives delicate shades and distinctions and harmonies of colour, which to the ordinary man have no existence? Some persons cannot distinguish even gross shades of colour from one another, a blue from a green, a yellow from a scarlet, just as some cannot appreciate different tunes, but mistake "Home, Sweet Home" for "The Last Rose of Summer," and perceive no distinction between "Jenny Jones" and "Jump Jim Crow." Are we to say, therefore, that the exquisite relations of colours and tones, and their analogous harmonies and contrasts, have no existence in nature? Is it a fallacy to say that the vibrations which produce discord, and those which produce concord, are distinct objective facts, totally independent of the ability of the human mind to perceive them, and though in their most attenuated degrees, they are appreciated only by the highest organisations? Does genius *create* nature, or only interpret it? Have the objects which excite our sense of beauty, or of sublimity, no existence in nature, because some people, deficient in the related faculties, do not perceive them? Do we not see that in every faculty there are almost infinite degrees of perfection in development and temperament? and as the degrees advance, the range of the faculty advances? and where there is no disproportion, and no abnormal action discernible, do we not confide in the results in proportion to the greatness of the endowment?

If it be so in every other case, why alter our rule in this? Why adopt the standard of mediocrity as the true gauge, and discredit the validity of genius in the perception of things and beings spiritual? Analogy is altogether against the position assumed—as it seems to me thoughtlessly assumed—by the "cerebral physiologist." First of all, if there be a mental faculty which relates us to spiritual causes and phenomena, this very fact, instead of discrediting the existence of such beings and things and events, is the very strongest abstract proof that could be brought forward in favour of their existence. It is so in every other case. We believe in the external world itself, and all its special qualities, simply because we are so constituted as to be unable to disbelieve them, our internal faculties being so related to external objects as to involve belief in the integrity of their perceptions as a primary faith, any disruption of which would produce only confusion and absurdity. Nor does the fact that our perceptions are sometimes disordered in the least degree invalidate our faith in their general correctness, and in the actuality of the objects which excite them. Next, if the faculty be possessed at all, it would be contrary to all reason not to take the results of its highest endowment, other condi-

tions being equal, as more worthy of reliance in regard to the nature of the related objects, than those of its inferior degrees. Consequently, instead of the instances of large organs of wonder in Socrates, Tasso, Swedenborg, Oberlin, Napier, Newton, Kepler, Davy, Shakespeare, &c.—consider these grand names!—discrediting the conclusions of these great minds with respect to the spirit world, they should have precisely the opposite effect.

The reasoning of phrenologists on this subject has been in the highest degree inconsistent. In the case of every other faculty they take the dictum of the highest endowment as demonstrative of the related objects. Large organs of form give the most reliable reports of the configuration of things; as size does of their dimensions; weight, of their gravity; colour, of their hues; number, of their arithmetical relations; locality, of their relative position, and so on; and never would the phrenologist hesitate as to the relative authority to be attached to small and large organs in these primary perceptions. The same rule applies to all other faculties, except, apparently, this one of marvellousness! The genius for perceiving resemblances and differences, congruity and incongruity; for adapting means to ends, and seeing behind and before; in short, *all* the intellectual functions are admitted to be complete in proportion to the size and quality of the organs. Come into the region of feeling or affection, and here again the nature of the function is determined by observation of the organs which are *plus*, not those which are *minus*—except, indeed, by the negative demonstrations of the latter supporting the positive affirmations of the former.

It is a doctrine of phrenologists that the affective organs stand only mediately related to the objects which excite them, and whose existence they imply; thus, philoprogenitiveness, though it implies the existence of children, pets, and helpless objects, does not directly perceive them. As external objects, these beings are observed by the perceptive faculties of the intellect. The same may be said of adhesiveness and friends; combativeness and opponents; acquisitiveness and property, or things to be acquired; benevolence and objects of pity and human love; veneration and beings worthy of reverence, and so forth. But in all cases though the objects are perceived by the observing (intellectual) powers, and the emotions of the affective faculties are thereby aroused, yet the reflex action of the feelings upon the intellectual powers is such that the latter are impelled to *look* for the objects which excite and gratify the affections; and thus it happens that individuals in whom the relative affection is weak, or organ small (which is but another mode of expressing the same fact), will pass through the world, and seldom, if ever,

notice objects which to others more highly endowed with the feeling involved are rife enough, and are regarded with marked attention. To the former, these objects are as good as non-existent; and if to one the question were put, whether on any given occasion any of them were there, he would be unable to say, or he would probably add, "I think not; at all events I did not observe them." The callous and self-referring man is too much absorbed in his own affairs and feelings to regard the claims, or even, for the time, the existence of other beings, whether friends or simple fellow-creatures needing compassionate sympathy and aid. The benevolent, adhesive, philoprogenitive man, on the other hand, cannot walk the streets without the related objects of humanity, friends, and children, appealing to him on every side.

Let the two individuals supposed pass over precisely the same ground; the one, on being questioned what he observed, details the cases of distress which appealed to him, the helpless objects he met, the friends and joyous children whom he encountered; the other observed nothing of the sort, would possibly deny that objects of pity, friends, or children, were to be found where the former saw them; but, if his vanity and self-importance were as conspicuous as his humanity was defective (a not unfrequent case), he would probably report having met my lord Tom Noddy, and had a bow from him, or that "that fool Spatterdash" (a rival in *Vanity Fair*), "had passed him in his drag, thinking he was taking the shine out of everybody!"

The negative evidence of the one surely does not obliterate or even discredit the positive observations of the other?

Yet we shall meet with many implications that it really does, and not a few direct averments to the same effect—particularly when the faculty now under consideration is in question. In fact, the phrenological hypothesis which I am now combatting, is little else than an assumption of this kind. The general run of educated persons now-a-days neither see nor believe in ghosts; therefore ghosts do not exist, and those who assert the contrary, no matter on what evidence, are either the subjects of delusion, or only to be found among the ignorant and superstitious. Reversing the ordinary rules of judgment, the general negation overbears the particular affirmation, and because 95 persons have not seen a given phenomenon, or class of phenomena, the evidence of the other 5 in the 100, who have seen it, is to be ignored, discredited, or explained away. The argument, with judicial fairness, may be stated thus:—Because *all* do not see apparitions, and many *never* see them, and only some persons see them occasionally; and because all persons are more or less subject to illusions of the senses, and some through an undiscovered peculiarity are habitually subject to visions so-called, while others are so from ascertained cerebral disease,

generally traceable to the organs of wonder; therefore all apparitions are nothing more than spectral illusions, and have no existence beyond the brain which sees them.

Now, in the first place, because all do not see apparitions that is no reason for their non-existence, any more than that all cannot see certain colours, or hear certain sounds, is a reason for the non-existence of these colours and sounds. An intimate friend of mine has never heard the chirp of the cricket, or the songs of many birds, though she can readily distinguish much lower sounds. Were the majority of people so constituted, would it abolish the cricket's cheery note and the lark's thrilling melody as objective phenomena?

A much larger number of persons cannot appreciate the harmonies of sounds and colours; but that, again, is no reason for the non-existence of these harmonies—which, in their essence, appear to be nothing more objectively than determinate vibrations upon the senses of hearing and seeing.

A still larger proportion of persons,—in truth, so large a proportion as to constitute far and away the majority of human beings,—cannot see the aura from magnets, or the luminous emanations from other bodies; but that is no proof of the non-existence of these emanations or of that aura.

The demonstration of the objective existence of these phenomena, which above two-thirds of the human race hitherto experimented upon, even under the most favourable circumstances, cannot see, and probably not one in the hundred under unfavourable conditions could see, depends for its validity upon something else than number of observers. That the small proportion who see them actually do see them, and do not create them, may be proven in many ways. To all who would like to see the proof, I recommend the perusal of the works of Baron Reichenbach, the distinguished Viennese *savant*, discoverer of the od force, and other physical elements. And the fact of the disproportion of the seers and non-seers of the polar flames in magnets and crystals is peculiarly important in its bearing upon the present argument. If it be so in the one case without discrediting the actuality of the perceptions, or the reality of the external objects, why not equally so in the other? The argument founded upon numbers, therefore, falls to the ground, and gives no valid support to the cerebral hypothesis under discussion.

But singularly enough, the argument based upon disease is likewise, by the experiments of Baron Reichenbach, placed in a similar predicament. For disease in some of his patients quickened their perceptions, and enabled them to distinguish the light and its peculiarities, and this ability declined, and in some cases finally expired, as convalescence became re-estab-

lished. This, on reflection, is really not surprising. Who, that has any experience in the sick room does not know that this increase of faculty does take place in nervous diseases, both as regards hearing and seeing, and in some cases even the whole of the senses. The least noise is a disturbance to the sensitive ear, as the least light is to the sensitive eye. The objects perceived are not *created* by these organs, they are simply *recognised* by them, in their temporarily exalted condition, and cease to be recognised as the organs become blunter by restoration to health. Analogously, disease may so quicken the brain and nervous system generally as to render the patient sensible to subtle influences of other kinds, which in ordinary conditions pass entirely unnoticed. May not also the organ we are more particularly treating of, and its related system of nervous connections, become so exalted as to enable the individual even to *see spirits* and have real communion with them, without its following that these spirits are mere subjective creations, and not as real objects as were the sights and sounds of the sick room?

What, then, remains? The facts, that all persons are more or less subject to illusions of the senses, some habitually so, and others so from traceable disease.

Here again the conclusion is not necessarily contained in the premises.

That illusions may occasionally happen to us all is true; but we can generally discover the illusion, and if the senses lead us astray, they also bring us back again. By means of one sense, we often correct the fallacies of another. But the apparitions to be accounted for resist every effort of this kind. They do things which leave their mark behind them, and instead of one sense dissipating the fallacy of another it confirms its truth. This liability, therefore, properly goes for nothing, beyond suggesting circumspection and caution in coming to a conclusion.

Upon cases of habitual tendency to "illusion of the senses," I have a few words to say. Some cases are put into this category which I should assert do not belong to it. To put the cases to which I now refer into it, is, in fact, to beg the whole question—a vice the writers on "cerebral physiology" and phrenology have been very prone to. Such are the cases of the Socratic and Swedenborgian type, where no disease can be traced, and no *proof* of illusion given. But there are real cases of spectral illusions on record, which may be placed legitimately in this category, and of them a few remarks.

Mr Combe cites a case of this kind, in which a person, 38 years of age, in sound health, remarkably intelligent, and by no means liable to extravagance in sentiments or ideas, saw visions

of *natural* objects. On one occasion, he was in the streets of Glasgow, and saw a log of wood being carried along upon the usual kind of axle and large wheels. On getting home to his residence in the country, a vision of the same appeared before him in all its details, and seemingly as real as the original scene. On another occasion he had the vision of a *funeral* which he had seen previously. Mr Combe states that this person had wonder "decidedly large," and his perceptive organs were larger than his reflective. Mr C. refers his tendency to these illusions, to the influence of his "decidedly large" wonder, but he gives nothing to justify the inference. It appears to have escaped his notice, moreover, and certainly the notice of those who rely upon it and similar cases to support their notion of all apparitions of spirits being merely subjective spectra, that, although the visions which this person saw were actual illusions, their *prototypes were realities*. It may readily enough be conceded that *some* apparitions of spirits are merely spectral illusions as these were, but analogy requires that *their* prototypes should also be *realities*, and the legitimate conclusion, therefore, is not against, but in favour of, the actual existence of spirits, and the occasional appearance of ghosts. It is not claimed by the spiritualist that there are no illusions; he knows perfectly well the contrary; but it is claimed that *all* apparitions are not illusions. The Ancient Book says, "not every vision faileth," which at once asserts that some fail and some do not; exactly the position of the spiritualist in this argument.

A singularly happy illustration of the external reality of some apparitions is supplied by a phrenological combatant, who fails, as is not unusual, to see its application. In the Phrenological Journal, vol. v. p. 211, the case is recorded. It is that of a gentleman, himself an utter disbeliever, who had one night a vision of a deceased female friend. "When he shut his eyes or turned his head, he ceased to see the figure; by interposing his hand he could hide part of it, and it was shown like any mere material substance by the rays of the fire which fell upon and were reflected from it."

Had this been a merely subjective creation—a simple result of spontaneous cerebral excitement—it is clear that it would have turned when the observer turned; that the interposition of his hand would not have covered part of it, and that it would not have reflected the rays of the fire. Yet such was the dominating influence of a mere hypothesis in the mind of the writer of the article and in that of the subject of the narrative, that neither allowed these irreconcilable facts to affect their conclusion. Apparitions *are* merely spectral illusions; the reality of ghosts is simply an ancient superstition; the appearance of a spirit, purely an impossibility; evidence to the contrary was

totally needless, could not be appreciated, or even so much as entertained! And actually at this hour we are referred by writers on the same side to those very documents, as affording complete "explanations of the mystery!"

A reflection on the very interesting case now before us may be here interposed, though for the moment it suspends the main argument. Conceding the *possibility* of the continued existence of human beings in a spiritual state, and their continued affection for those they have left behind here, nothing surely would be more natural than that they should desire to communicate with those whom they love, and give them assurance of their existence and affection. Conceding also the *possibility*, that spirits might discover means of occasionally manifesting themselves so as to afford proof of their identity, what must be their feelings to find, after all difficulties have been surmounted, and they have succeeded in incorporating themselves for a time in physical elements sufficiently gross to become perceptible by the bodily sense of the friend whose affection and belief they wish to influence: what, I say, must be their feelings to find that all their trouble has gone for nought? that, though they succeeded in their earnest efforts, the avenue to the convictions of their friend is absolutely closed—shut up by a presumptuous hypothesis which determines the possibilities of the universe, and hermetically sealed against all access of reason or of faith? What, to find, as before now has often been the case, not merely themselves treated as phantoms of the brain, but their friend so absorbed by the notion of their non-reality that, instead of even dwelling with affectionate remembrances of their mundane life, which *might* be suggested, one would think, even by a phantasmal imagination of them, he, to prove their non-existence, shies an old shoe or a pillow at them, which passes through their ethereal organisation, and, of course, to his own satisfaction, at once dispels his vision and demonstrates his theory! Methinks they are not likely to trouble such persons again, unless their charity is more fully developed than this quality is in general amongst those they have left behind.

But to return to the main argument. Before dismissing the hypothesis of "involuntary cerebral excitement," not disease, permit me a word, in the form of a query or two. Can the supporters of this hypothesis tell what is "involuntary excitement"? Can they legitimately affirm that what is so-called *never* arises from the action of invisible intelligences upon our brains? Do they know *all* the causes that affect our cerebral organs? Are they *quite* sure that even spectral illusions, strictly so-called, may not sometimes have their cause in the action of invisible beings upon us? We know that the human spirit

while in the body can biologically cause such illusions in submissive subjects: why may it not have an analogous power when disembodied? Is it not far too premature, in the present state of our knowledge, to assert that the cause of such apparitions is to the cerebral physiologist "no longer a mystery"?

But now let us take the cases of ascertained cerebral disease, and see what are the legitimate inferences to be drawn from even them.

This has been considered the impregnable fortress of the cerebral physiologist. Has he not by the scalpel shown the diseased structure of the brain, and singular to say, in the very organs allocated to wonder, in persons who in life were afflicted by the apparition of spirits? Have there not been specialities in the spectres corresponding to diseased conditions observed in other organs? What better proof could we have that ghosts have no existence except in the abnormal excitement of this part of the brain? This conclusion has been held by these reasoners to amount almost to a Q. E. D., and their dogmatism has been proportionably intense.

Yet does not a little reflection make its fallacy apparent? Do we reason thus on the disease of any other organ? Ghosts of other things appear besides the ghosts of persons or spirits. Do we thence conclude that these other things do not exist at all? The ghosts of them may be illusions, but the things themselves are not thereby conjured out of existence. Diseased philoprogenitiveness in a mother may give rise to illusions or delusions about her children, but does it affect our belief of the children's actual existence, or the existence of children in general? The pathology of the various parts of the brain has afforded some of the most convincing proofs of the truth of phrenology, with respect to the functions of the parts involved, but not in any other case has it been taken to imply the non-existence of the related objects. In most other cases the fallacy would have been too grossly apparent. If, however, disease in the organ of wonder should always have for its concomitant belief in the reality of the spirits its abnormal activity excited the perceptive organs to conjure up, why should it be differently treated? Why should the general inference be, that such beings are non-existent altogether, rather than only that the special effects of the disease are illusory, while the existence of the world of spirits remains unaffected thereby? Would there be an organ in the brain whose abnormal action brings out this belief in its intensest form, giving rise even to spectral appearances of such beings, if spirits did not exist at all? For my part, the fact that this is an invariable result of the super-excitement of the organ, concurring as it does with the almost universal belief, expressed in the words of Milton, that

"Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth unseen,
Both when we wake and when we sleep,"

only affords me an additional reason for the validity of the general belief. It shows that the belief is "deep-seated in our mystic frame," and thereby affords the strongest abstract reason that can be given for its verity. Mr Combe mentions the case of a gentleman in Boston, Mass., in whom ideality, wonder, and hope were large, whose natural habit was to shut out the world and ordinary things, and realise the spiritual and eternal; he communed mentally with superior existences, and experienced their influence. He did not see visions, or believe in the actual presence of supernatural beings, but inferred that a state of being *must* exist to which these impressions are related. His inference was assuredly the natural and legitimate one; and, but for the influence which certain assumptions are seen to exert upon the human mind, one would be at a loss to conceive how any other inference could ever be entertained.

The support this argument derives from the negative results of deficiency of development is also remarkable. A case is mentioned in the Phren. Jour., vol. v, p. 430-31, of a man named James Bullus, of Hull, who had this organ of wonder so small, that it seemed actually "scooped out" on each side of the head. The singular fact in his case was, that he actually saw ghosts, but could not believe in them. On the hypothesis of the actuality of spirits, his nervous system was sufficiently developed to enable him to see their ethereal forms, but his wonder was so small that he could not credit the evidence of his senses. On the hypothesis that these spectra were mere cerebral creations, altogether illusory, his negative belief was simply accordant with the nature of things. We are not supplied with the means of judging of the nature of the apparitions this man saw, whether or not they presented any peculiarities such as the apparition of the lady did to the other gentleman already mentioned, *e. g.*, reflecting the rays of light, being shadowed by the hand, &c., and thereby giving approximate proof of their objectivity. But his inability to believe in the possibility of their actual existence is the notable point, and this concurs with the organic deficiency of wonder, of which it was very likely a result.

The question is, whether the tendency to belief in spiritual beings and things has any warrant in the external universe. My argument is, that this *being proved to be a general faculty of the human mind, having its organ in the brain*, there *must* in the constitution of the universe be external objects related to the internal faculty.

The argument to the contrary derived from exceptional cases, has been shown to be invalid. The weaker the faculties in *any*

relation, the less is seen and believed in that relation. The stronger the faculties, the more is seen and believed in their own relation. The faculties that are *plus*, in a state of health, if not disproportionately developed, give more reliable and certain indications of their related objects, than those which are *minus*.

The argument from pathological considerations, in the present case, has been shown not to invalidate the conclusions logically derivable from the normal action of the faculty, and likewise to afford no tenable ground for the hypothesis that all (so-called) spiritual appearances are merely subjective creations.

A host of external evidences could now be adduced in proof of the objective reality of the beings the existence of whom the normal function of this faculty implies, but this would lead us beyond the range of the subject of this too extended paper. Suffice it, that such evidences exist, proving by strict induction and overwhelming force the point at issue.

Thus, by both the *a priori* and the *a posteriori* methods, the intimations attributed to this faculty are vindicated. We may rely upon the native integrity of our mental constitution in this as in other relations; encourage the development of "wonder" in harmony with that of all other powers; and, in wise reliance on truthful and beneficent results, rest assured that, if amongst these results be a restoration in this scientific age of the primitive faith of mankind in a spirit-world, and in the reality of spiritual intercourse between it and this world, as I believe, a rounded completeness will be given to our philosophy, a richness and glory be added to our life, such as at present we are little capable of appreciating.

THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

By J. W. JACKSON, F.A.S.L.

Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology, as an Aid to the Historian,"
"Ecstasies of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

HERCULES AND THE HYDRA—APOLLO AND PYTHON—ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON—THE GREAT BATTLE OF GOOD AND EVIL—THE PRESENT SUPERSEDING THE PAST.

EVIL has been a sad stumbling-block to the philosophers, and scarcely less to the divines. Nor is this to be wondered at, for they have both contemplated it almost solely from the time-plane, and hence, of necessity, have seen it in its lower and unillumined side. They have endeavoured to discover in it an end, in place of regarding it as a means. It is not in rude ages nor among uncultured minds that we must expect the grand and consoling idea to dawn, of the necessary and inevitable

supremacy of good. It was a discovery of these latter times, that God reigns in the hells; nor is the doctrine indeed yet popular with any of the orthodox and established schools of theology. And yet the supremacy of God logically implies the predominance of the good and the true—but men have ever been slow to admit the conclusions of reason within the charmed circle of a traditional faith.

So long as we are immersed in a life of the senses, so surely shall we be surrounded, and in a sense overwhelmed, by evil. It is the unavoidable concomitant of a material existence, the shadow of the time-cloud, dark in proportion as it is dense. All incarnated creatures have to be perfected by suffering. They cannot escape it, nor would it be well for them if they could. To that end were they born—that they might be put into the fire and passed through the furnace. It is from their baptism of woe that the world's great champions have arisen in their gigantic strength to do battle with the monsters that once threatened to devour them. Suffering is the price of sanctity. All perfection has been purchased at a price and paid for in the agonies that preceded it. Even the Highest came to his martyrdom. Every spiritual throne rests upon a cross, and all crowns of glory are formed of thorns, transfigured in the roseate light of a resurrection morn. Let us fully understand it, everything has to be paid for. The law of compensation is absolute, and from its operation no order of being is or can be exempt.

Peace at any price has probably always had its advocates. There are feeble souls to whom conflict is an unutterable terror, and who fly from the rush of battle with a cowardly fear that overmasters all nobler and more chivalrous considerations. They would like chaos to be subdued without a fight, and think that hell can be *talked* into a surrender. In short, they want the victory without the cost at which alone it can be purchased. Practically they don't believe that God is the Lord of hosts. A war in heaven is to them the most improbable of events, the most mystical of traditions. They would like a sea without tides, and a world without storms. They cannot understand the necessity for earthquakes, or see the desirability of volcanoes. They want mountains without avalanches, and rivers without rapids. To them the eagle and the lion are defects in nature, and that too, none of the fairest. They would avert a crisis and abscond from a catastrophe. In reality, they want to postpone the evil day, and buy off the avenger—till to-morrow. "Give peace in *our* times," is the burden of their petitions, and the golden sentence of their litanies. Such men always abound in ages of expediency. They are the fungi that appear at the close of an epoch. They are the symptoms of corruption, and the precursors of decay. In such there is no

help. The championry of the universe has been formed of other metal, and cast in a different mould.

There need be no fear, the hero will always come when the stage is prepared for his reception. The world was never yet deserted of God. In this, too, as in minor matters, the demand evokes the supply. Corruption calls forth the reformer. Effeteness precedes regeneration. Death is only the door to life. It has been ever thus, and will be so to the end—till time is lost in eternity. It matters little by what name your champion be called, Osiris, Creeshna, Rama, Heri, Gautama, Hercules, or Apollo, if he be but the regenerator and the light-bringer, the architect of a faith, and the founder of an era. Such have never been wanting, and they never will. The God-sent are peculiar to no age or people, although, no doubt, the noblest have ever come to the highest, the prophet being suited to his commission, the angel being worthy of his message.

Every system is a moral day, that begins with the auroral blush of dawn, and ends with the crepusculum of advancing night. No work of man is for ever. All form is mortal, for it is finite. It is the mere folly of a sectary to suppose that a creed can be anything more than the protean vestment of a principle. The latter is eternal, but the former is temporal, and of necessity inherited the seeds of dissolution from its very birth. The doctrine of transmigration is of universal application. In a sense, it is the fundamental law of organised being; all whose individualities are souls clothed for a short sojourn in the weeds of mortality. The presentable is never the eternal—only the husk of it. The senses have never beheld anything but the caskets of the universe, fate jealously preserving all her jewels for the spiritual eye. There is a holy of holies in all temples, which only the high priesthood can prevail to enter. The veils of Isis can never be lifted by unworthy hands. The open secret is perfectly safe in the keeping of the Infinite.

And thus, then, it is that the vulgar of all times have ever regarded their own faith as the only true, and, of course, as the everlasting. That, with all its venerable traditions, and all its revered sanctities, it should only be a passing show, to be swallowed up at last in the all-devouring timeflood, is utterly beyond them. So they rest satisfied in their narrow finality—thinking that their limited horizon is the boundary of creation, their system the close of all possible dispensations. But it is not so, as the latter generations learn to their cost. The time comes when the once youthful and elastic has grown old and rigid, when the living organism of the past has sunk into the dead fossil of the present, when the fine gold has become dim, and the light has been turned into darkness. Then arises a dread necessity for the slaughter of the Hydra, the destruction of the

Python, and Hercules with his superhuman strength, and Apollo with his arrows of light are summoned to the rescue.

The conflict of the Present with the Past is unavoidable in a state of progression. It is a phenomenon that under some form is inevitably recurrent in human affairs. Systems follow each other like individuals in generational sequence—the older producing, and then giving place to the younger. The scheme of Providence is one vast concatenation, a chain of which every link depends on all which have preceded it. In a sense, it is no idle myth that Jupiter dethroned his father Saturn. Eventually the elder are always subdued by the younger gods. Jupiter, as we know, did not reign for ever, Olympus having long since succumbed to Calvary. The process of substitution is universal. The largest and longest cycle will some day have performed its entire revolution, when of necessity the epicycle begins. What was the Reformation, and what is this negative, critical, denying Protestantism, whereof we of these latter centuries of unbelief are so proud, but a slaying of the sevenheaded Hydra of Catholicism, a dethroning of the Jupiter Capitolinus, whose Vatican thunders once shook the thrones of emperors, but are now harmless as a child's rattle. And what was the *Novum Organum* of Francis of Verulam but a shaft of light from the bow of the young Apollo of Induction, which pierced the Aristotelian Python to the heart, and left him expiring in helpless agony after a resistless and unquestioned reign of a thousand years. Do not let us suppose that we must go to antiquity for these things. They are at our very doors, had we but eyes to behold them.

Let us here again repeat, that of all the seemings of time the semblance of death is the arch-deception. Nothing is destroyed. Absolute annihilation is the one grand impossibility which nature denies, reason disowns, and God forbids. From every grave there is a resurrection. Into every house of mourning and woe the angel of joy will some day enter with healing upon his wings. In very truth all death is a process of rebirth. Hercules does not crush the Hydra, nor Apollo pierce the Python, nor St George slay the Dragon, nor Michael the Archangel bind that old serpent the Devil, till the new truth, adapted to a future age, is fully revealed. And hence it is that the ecstatic seers of the olden time, with true inspiration, always represented it as a process of conquest, over which they sang their pæans of triumph. and bade the multitude rejoice as at a mighty victory. Could we see it aright, indeed it is the Apollo, it is the Michael, the binder of the Serpent, and the slayer of the Dragon, who is also the Christ, the arch-deliverer from error, the great redeemer from sin, ever doing battle with evil, and sometimes at fearful disadvantage, for a world's salvation.

A CONTRAST.

CHIEF FACTS OF POPULAR THEOLOGY, AND CENTRAL TRUTHS
OF THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

1.
Partiality of Divine Purposes. Universality of Divine Efflux.
2.
Occasional contravention of Natural by Spiritual Laws. Invariable subordination of Natural to Spiritual Laws.
3.
Providential Redemption. Universal Development and Progress.
4.
Incarnation of Deity in Christ. Incarnation of Deity in Human Nature.
5.
Plenary inspiration of a limited number of Jews. Partial and increasing inspiration accessible to all.
6.
Spiritual nourishment by Sacramental agency. Spiritual significance of Nature and Humanity.
7.
Obedience to the Laws of Church and State. Harmonious development of individuality in Body & Mind.
8.
Eternal suffering and torment of the many, and salvation of the few, after this life. Perpetual development and progressive blessedness of all.

S. E. B.

Who can describe him who is not to be apprehended by the senses : who is the best of all things ; the supreme soul self-existent ; who is devoid of all the distinguishing characteristics of complexion, caste, or the like ; and is exempt from birth, vicissitude, death, or decay ; who is always, and alone ; who exists everywhere, and in whom all things here exist ; and who is thence named Vasadeva ? He is Brahma, supreme, lord, eternal, unborn, imperishable, undecaying ; of one essence ; ever pure as free from defects.—*Vishnu Purana*.

Anger is the passion of fools ; it becometh not a wise man. By whom, it may be asked, is any one killed ? Every man reaps the consequences of his own acts. Anger, my son, is the destruction of all that man obtains by arduous exertions, of fame, and of devout austerities ; and prevents the attainment of Heaven or of emancipation. The chief sages always shun wrath. Be not, then, my child, subject to its influences. Let no more of these offending spirits of darkness be consumed. Mercy is the might of the righteous.—*Vishnu Purana*.

WHAT IS THE PHILOSOPHY OF DEATH?

(From "THE GREAT HARMONIA," by ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.)

EXPERIENCES OF DEATH.

DEATH is but the local or final development of a succession of specific changes in the corporeal organism of man. As the death of the *germ* is necessary to the birth or development of the *flower*; so is the *death* of man's physical body an indispensable precedent and indication of his spiritual *birth* or resurrection. That semi-unconscious slumber into which the soul and body mutually and irresistibly glide, when darkness pervades the earth, is typical of death. Sleep is but death undeveloped; or, in other words, sleep is the incipient manifestation of that thorough and delightful *change*, which is the glorious result of our present rudimental existence. Night and sleep correspond to physical death; but the brilliant day, and human wakefulness, correspond to spiritual birth and individual elevation.

There is every reason why man should rest, with regard to life and death, and be happy; for the Laws of Nature are unchangeable and complete in their operations. If we understand these laws, and obey them on the earth, it is positively certain that our *passage* from this sphere, and our *emergement* into the spirit-country, will be like rolling into the blissful depths of natural sleep, and awakening from it, to gaze upon, and to dwell in, a more congenial and harmonious world.

Here I am impressed to introduce a portion of a spiritual communication, which I was in a proper condition of mind to receive, in the city of Boston, on the 29th of May, 1849. The communicant was known, on the earth, as James Victor Wilson; whose name, and intense interest in the book, entitled "Nature's Divine Revelations," are mentioned in a note, which is prefixed to the fourteenth page of the Scribe's introduction to that volume. The circumstances which led to the communication from him, are strictly as follows: For several months previous to Friend Wilson's death, he was in the habit of visiting the room in which I examined and prescribed for the sick; and he was occasionally chosen as a witness to the lectures, which I was also, at that time, engaged in delivering. The profound interest with which the Revelations, and the phenomena which attended their development, inspired him, laid the foundation for a sweet and profitable acquaintance between us. We conversed frequently concerning the nature of death, and concerning that ineffable divinity which pervades the Spirit-Home. He sometimes feared that his identity, or personality, would be lost, at the period of death, by divine absorption—just as the ocean

drinks in the drop of water; and frequently he expressed a strong desire to be thrown into a mental condition, similar to the state in which I gave the above-mentioned lectures, to the end that he might entirely satisfy his own mind of those things which, above all else in the universe, he desired most to comprehend and believe. In reply to these desires of his spirit, I said: "It is well to be patient; for, in the present state of the world's social and intellectual progression, there are but few individuals who can, because of their constitutional qualifications, enter into the superior condition; and even if there were many such individuals, it would be exceedingly difficult to find the right operator—one who possesses within himself the proper physical and mental qualifications—capable of assisting the spirit in its efforts to attain that condition. What we cannot learn by studying the laws of nature, and her universal analogies or correspondences, we had better wait for patiently, either until our spiritual perceptions are *naturally* developed and unclouded, or until we actually become *residents* of the spiritual world."

Thus we walked and conversed together; and it was during one of these conversations that, prompted by his great desire for spiritual enlightenment, he requested me to promise that, should I die first, I would, if possible, subsequent to my death, visit him and communicate to him my experiences; and, with earnestness, he bound himself to do likewise, should he the earliest pass from earth.

A few weeks subsequent to the above interview, during an absence from home, I received a letter, from a friend, announcing his sudden and unexpected death, and stating that "he had been found dead in his bed."

According to our mutual promise, I daily and hourly expected to feel, behold, and converse with his spirit; but weeks and months passed by, and I received no thought or impression which was calculated to keep alive that fraternal intimacy, which had, previous to his death, subsisted between us. I was not to be disappointed, however, in my anticipations of further communion with him, even here; for, toward the last of December, 1847, as I was recovering from a short but severe illness, and while my mind was in a state of interior meditation, I did not see, but I suddenly felt his spiritual presence. He breathed into my spirit the following words: "Thou hast not been of late in that peculiar mental state, which is adapted to spiritual intercourse—thrice have I sought thee, but thy spirit was too much engaged, in the investigation of natural or terrestrial subjects, to have readily perceived, and communed with, me; and, even now, thou hast not sufficient physical strength to record what I would impart. But it is well to be patient;

for, when it is *good* and *useful* that I should converse with thee, we shall equally be prepared for the interview."

Weeks and months again rolled between this brief communication and the one I am about to relate, which, I feel impressed, will do much toward illuminating the enslaved intellect, not only of the diseased and the suffering, but also of the unhappy sceptic. And here it would, perhaps, be well to remark, for the satisfaction of the anxious and serious reader, that Friend Wilson's external appearance generally corresponded to his previous earthly exterior personality and amiable deportment—his spiritual form being intensely beautified, and somewhat smaller than the natural body, possessing exquisite symmetry, and harmonious or musical proportions; and his transparent habiliments represented an inter-blending of the character of a student and an instructor. I will now faithfully present to the reader his holy communication, as follows:—

"Truth respondeth to truth—love to love—and soul answereth to soul! I approach thee because thou art approachable—and, I teach thee, because thou didst first teach me.

"I am forced to exclaim: How truthful is Truth—how lovely is Love—how good is Goodness—how omnipotent is Will—how wise is Wisdom—how great is Greatness—how divine is Divinity—how universal is the Universe!

"The innumerable Empires of Worlds about me supply every pure desire with its proper and complete gratification.

"The elements, which flow between one planet, or world, and another, correspond to the bodies of water which divide, yet unite, countries and hemispheres on your earth.

"These planets are our various countries. On each the inhabitants are different, but only in degrees of growth. Their laws and customs differ; but the difference is always in accordance with their relative position in the infinite system of progressive development.

"There is no antagonism here, only a divine emulation; no absolute discord, only relative degrees of harmony.

"We travel to each other's country or planet, just as you travel to each other's village or city.

"Our Empire is vast—our Government is spiritual—our Law is love—and our obedience brings wisdom and happiness.

"Those individuals congregate, and journey together, who have similar or parallel attractions.

"Here, every one is conjugally conjoined—is married in spirit and in truth—or, every one *knows* where its proper and eternal associate resides! Our marriages are instantaneous. Behold the sun-beam kiss.

the flower—or, the sudden blending of kindred dewdrops, or the instantaneous commingling of the elements—and you behold the quickness and beauty of the celestial marriage. The symbol is perfect in picture, not in magnitude—because, our unions are sweet, pure, beautiful, and eternal!

“Anxiety is effaced from all properly-unfolded spirits. We know the truth, and we are free! It is not the quantity, but the *quality* of truth which makes us free.

“The universe seems *great* or *small* according to our inward growth. If any of *us*, or any of *you* (by which I mean *us*) have just as much truth as the spirit can comprehend, feel, and exhibit, in its daily walk and conversation, then its freedom is comparatively perfect.

“If a man has *too little truth* he is anxious—he is seeking; and if truth is all he desires, he finds it; but should he seek truth, not for truth’s sake, but for the sake of establishing an opinion or hypothesis, then is he discontented and internally unhappy. This perverted motive sometimes actuates the misdirected inhabitants of earth; but it never moves the residents of this celestial empire.

“The universe becomes greater and more sublime as we unfold—Infinity is as many times *more infinite* than you now suppose as there are *moments* in your eternal life.

“The Universe does not itself become more universal; nor does infinity become more infinite; but the expansion is in the progressed and improved spirit. The spirit of every individual is caused to grow into a higher and wider knowledge of material and spiritual things.

“One widespread and fatal error or misapprehension I behold in all the earth.—It is that man (with but few exceptions) knows not what Truth is; he knows not where to find it—how to estimate it—how to separate it. Thus, facts are locked together; and a *long chain of facts* is estimated as a principle of truth; while, in reality, Facts are only Things, and Truths are Principles.

“To the animalcule, a drop of water is a universe of life and activity. And, to man, the universe is *great, beautiful, divine, and magnificent*; or it is *small, chaotic, and unbeautiful*—just as he is individually organised, educated, and developed.

“Our desire is that all should tread the same path in the pursuit of truth; just as the child, the youth, the man, tread the same path in journeying toward maturity, neither manifesting discord, nor giving rise to inconsistencies.

“How beautiful is the way of truth, my brother; and, O, how we—how all are blessed!

“My departure from your earth and society was, to me, sudden and

unexpected—but it was fully known and anticipated by my *present* companions.

“While with you I was seeking—finding—exclaiming—writing—speaking—practising—and I was leaving old associations of every description. My spirit expanded under the warmth of your love, and grew enlightened under your revealments. The way to, and the geography of, the spirit-land were deeply impressed upon my understanding; and, on the evening previous to my departure, my soul was lifted up in holy contemplation and admiration of the spirit-home. Thought became too intense and elevated for the body. The sensorium was expanded, with action, to its utmost capacity; the blood rushed to, and from, my head with bewildering rapidity; my thoughts returned to me, and I retired to bed. But my spirit was attracted by an interior power—the attraction overcame me, and I felt the evidences of transformation.

“How thankful was I that my chamber was undisturbed! no excitement, no rush, was there to draw me back—I was thankful for this; for, had it been otherwise—had friends beseeched, and prayed, and wept for me, I should have had but one sensation—not sympathy, but pity! pity!

“I remembered you—held your chart* of the geography of the spirit-home in my memory. You had gone before me—knew the pathway—understood the preparations that were necessary for the journey—I was thus making preparations, and the transition was interesting and delightful.

“My sensorium or cerebrum threw open its ten thousand hearts or cells, and the imprisoned spirit rushed, from the various members, into them,†—by *spirit* I mean *myself*.

“Now I was calm—silent—still—sleeping. My bed-chamber, the house, the physical world, all—all receded, and went into nothing.

“My body was on its back,—I was asleep, and yet I was not asleep; I was in the body, and yet it seemed that I was out of the body; I was in the world, and yet it appeared to me I was not in the world.

“Now my sleep deepened, and my consciousness of individuality was melted into an ocean of boundless ether. Joy unutterable came over me as I seemed to spread out like the divine breath upon the bosom of infinite life. I expanded in every direction—I was boundless—was infinite—was in being, and yet it seemed that I was nothing.

“Happiness, or rather *tranquillity*, was the last of my earthly recol-

* See discourses on the spiritual spheres—“Nature’s Divine Revelations,” page 647, et seque.

† The spirit escapes the organism by emanating through the anterior portions of the encephalon.

lections. My spirit seemed poured into the founts of elysium—I felt like the breath of heaven—and the angels seemed to inhale me, and thus I became unconscious.*

“Yea, how we—how all are blest!

“My individuality, thus seemingly purified, was restored. My new being was inhaling what appeared to me like the pure elements of other climes; it was so. My earthly body was beneath me. It was surrounded by friends and medical attendants—it was examined—and turned in various ways to call me back. I was then not more than two feet (according to the natural system of measurement) from them, over the head of the body, yet I was in eternity.

“Nothing which was done affected me. Several radiant beings were near me—they were my companions to the Spirit-Home.

“When the surrounding elements passed into my lungs, I felt, like an infant, filled with life; when my heart beat, and sent the milk-white ether through my new and perfect organisation, I felt ready to go with my companions!

“We passed from the earth-sphere through the opening at one of the poles; we met and observed several spirits on our way.

“My eyes permitted me to see thousands of miles, whereas on earth I could only see inches.

“We arrived where we were attracted, and I knew that we had reached the *Second Sphere*. Thus I recognised your teachings.

“The society of which I am a member is in numbers innumerable. We are mutually fond of travelling through the different societies and portions of the Spirit-Home.

“On earth I was fond of mathematics and kindred studies; my desire for these acquirements is now totally satiated. Spiritual affinities are my studies now; and, ere long, I will disclose what I have learned.”

Thus ended our brother's brief but highly interesting revelation. His concluding words refer to some future disclosures of spiritual things, which, when I receive them from him, shall be presented to the world.

I have yet another spiritual communication to record in this place, for the consolation of the mourner, and for the enlightening of the seeker after truth. It was imparted to me by an individual who lived on the earth several hundred years ago. Concerning his personal history and experience, I have derived no knowledge from the reading

* The sensations of blending with the ethereal elements of space were caused by the spirit suspending its consciousness of individuality during the period of transition.

of books. That which he communicated I will relate as faithfully as I can possibly translate his revelation into the English language; but I can find words for only a fragment of what he breathed into my soul; as nearly as I can phrase the majesty of his thoughts, he thus addressed me:—

“Prayest thou for knowledge concerning that sublime resurrection which mankind has misnamed death? Prayest thou for light upon a *process*, which has been, and is now, on the earth, robed in the darkest horrors and mysteries—bedecked with the funeral pall, and veiled by ignorance? Yea, thou mayest not reply—the earnest and truest desires of thy mind are very distinct, being well defined. Let thy spirit, therefore, withdraw from the various objects and influences of earth; and let it comprehend and faithfully record the sweet and silvery notes, which, through me and thee, may musically instruct the earth’s inhabitants concerning life and its diversified phenomena.

“Many centuries have rolled over the earth since I, as one among numerous inhabitants, lived and moved upon its surface. My thoughts and experience, while residing upon that planet, seem to me now like the shadows and outline of some unmeaning dream; my earth-life seems like a brief but an uneasy *night*, when contrasted with the perpetual and peaceful Day, which pervades the interior souls of those who dwell on the higher planes of the neighbouring sphere. Yet my experience, as I neared the termination of my residence on earth, was a perfect history of, and commentary upon, the influence of ignorance and mythology.

“Greece was my Country and my Idol; her inhabitants I loved as my children; and her beauteous institutions seemed to me like monuments of instruction and philosophy. But, as among children, there came discord there; the government of the country was divided into numerous Republics; and the people, looking with favour upon my temperament and attainments, placed me at the summit of their aspirations. Wherefore I became the governor, the instructor, and the law-giver, of the once-beloved and adored Athens. The laws framed by me for the Athenians were none other than the desires of my inmost understanding; but, instead of orally imparting to the multitude the instinctive promptings and silent meditations of my own spirit, I caused them to be executed upon parchment; and I confidently depended upon the most devoted of my more immediate companions, who were well versed in my laws and reasons, to instruct, and improve, and harmonise the people. But hereby I experienced a truth, which all mankind should forthwith learn, that those who are esteemed as Teachers and Legislators of the land must not be *first* presented with, or taught, new forms

or revelations of truth; for such minds, holding a temporary power over the people, will, in order to maintain their power and position, misrepresent and dethrone the medium or person through which the truth is unfolded to the world. Teach the People, not kings and governors; teach children, not strong adults, who feel immovable in their thoughts and philosophy. Had the people *known* me; had they but once contemplated the contents of my living nature; I would not have been so unexpectedly dethroned, nor banished from those scenes which were enshrined in my misdirected affections. But I was constrained to depart into the interior of my native country—there to deplore the past, and interrogate the future. This change in my life and habits, was the beginning of my uneasiness concerning the issue of that event which is called Death.

“Mythology, though begemmed with unnumbered diamonds of truth, had robed my spirit in darkness. I sought and invoked the gods to preside over me when death frowned upon and claimed me as its victim. Nothing discoursed more forcibly and fearfully concerning the dreadfulness of my metempsychosis than the long and still nights, which I endeavoured to illuminate and animate with constant wakefulness. But the words of the Judean shepherd sounded loud in my soul—‘Death is an everlasting sleep!’ Whether in the forests of the Isle of Salamis; whether consulting the habitations of the gods; or whether contemplating the deep murmuring music of the Grecian gulf—yea, everywhere, I heard the voice of the Judean shepherd saying—‘*Dark is the valley of the shadow of death*’—‘*Death is an everlasting sleep!*’

“Three years subsequent to my dethronement, I was made aware of approaching dissolution. In view of this final termination to my existence my spirit sank into the depths of melancholy, and was veiled in night. I was imperfectly aroused from this darkness when there streamed to me a recollection of the doctrine which supposed a *resurrection of the souls of the good* that die, to live on some fair and heavenly isle for ever. And this favoured spot of earth—the beautiful retreat I had oft chosen for my meditations—was known as Salamis; out of which was to be born again that fairer Isle, anticipated and named, by Plato, the ‘New Atlantis.’ At the request of my few but faithful friends, I dictated to be written upon parchment, that my ashes should be scattered upon the sea which so constantly embraced and moaned about the fertile but solitary shores of the Salamis Isle.

“Being prostrated with disease for several weeks, it was easy to mark the progress of those physical changes to the *final* change which is termed death. This final change came upon me as my spirit was audibly deploring the fate of my dearly-beloved country. The sun

had not yet disappeared in the west, when I was prompted to bid my friends farewell ; and the change, like slumber, crept over me.

“As my sleep deepened, the room I occupied, together with the objects and persons therein, gradually faded away. The more I strove to maintain a consciousness of things about me, the more unconscious I became ; until every avenue, which appeared to connect me with the outer world, was entirely and, as I thought, everlastingly closed. *Fear* and *desire* constituted the last links in the chain of life, lengthened to the end, which seemed about severing for ever. I *feared* lest the waves should not give up my scattered ashes, and waft them to the New Atlantis Isle ; and my *desire* was unto the gods, that their celestial presence should attend my death and revivify the divine power which animated my bodily frame. Immediately upon analysing these oppressive thoughts, I experienced a sudden rush of all the divine power (which dwelt in the hands and feet) into my encephalon or head. This was accompanied with a soft, tranquillising sensation that pervaded my entire nature, which peaceful calm was speedily followed by a state of total unconsciousness.

“How long I remained thus I could not tell ; but I experienced a full return of the consciousness of my personality. This restoration of life was accompanied with many new and sweet influences ; and my expanding thoughts caused me suddenly to feel that I could now understand more concerning the gods, and comprehend the nature of the soul's resurrection. A super-consciousness pervaded me ; and my spirit was endowed with immortal sensibilities. The instant I realised, or thought I realised, this truth, my breast freely inhaled the soft and silvery air ; my heart swelled with emotion, and beat the musical pulsations, which would naturally flow from an harmonious instrument. Inspired with these exalted sensations, and not realising my spirit's departure from the body which I had hitherto inhabited, I strove to open my eyes that I might again behold my friends, and relate to them the melody of my soul. I supposed that I should not die, and that I had but passed through a metamorphosis from illness and suffering to a renewed condition of life, which, endowing me with a superior power, would enable me to instruct and legislate for the Athenians.

“Gradually my senses opened, and, lo ! instead of seeing the external forms of my friends, *I beheld their interior life, and read their inmost thoughts*—I saw them deploring, in tears, the departure of some dearly-beloved one from their midst ; and directing my perceptions to where I saw them gaze, I beheld (in their thoughts) the body which I myself had worn ! I strove to tell them that that deserted tenement was

nothing, and that I possessed a body, and stood among them ; but, instantly, I saw that there could be no communication between us ; because they were living in one condition of being, and I in another ; they could converse only through the instrumentality of the material senses, and I could discourse only through the pure mediums of thought and desire. But I was too highly inspired with new and comprehensive conceptions, to bestow much desire upon my friends in their attendance beside the lifeless body, which lay before me. I internally knew that it would yet be well with them ; and this knowledge made me wholly passive concerning their feelings and destiny. Now my interior spiritual senses were soothingly closed ; and now my exalted sensibilities gathered themselves into friendly groups throughout my nature. In a few moments I passed into a calm and profound slumber.

“ I was aroused from this serene and partial state of unconsciousness, by experiencing a peculiar breathing sensation upon my face and head, whereupon my eyes opened, and I beheld in the scenes and forms before me, more concentrated love and friendship, more grandeur and magnificence, than thou canst understand ; thou couldst not comprehend, or record, what I saw. Shall I tell thee that I realised the divine resurrection, which the gods had promised the early inhabitants of earth ? Shall I tell thee that I stood upon the New Atlantis Isle ? Yea, I believed the gods were faithful ; and that the glorious *Republic* of immortal duration had arisen from out of the divine Salamis ! A pure, serene air constantly entered my breast ; my ear was entranced with the most liquid and silvery music, which seemed to float upon the atmosphere ; and my eyes contemplated a boundless and magnificent country. Anon, I was inspired or penetrated with a divinity of ineffable sweetness. And a thought came before me, and said :—‘ *Seek thou the things which draw thee most.*’ And, immediately, I was attracted to a group of friendly persons, whom I beheld conversing near me. What a thrill of unutterable joy ran through my now exalted nature, when among them I discovered and embraced *two of the dearest friends I ever knew in Athens !* This meeting, so unexpected and sweet, imparted to my soul more happiness than I had ever enjoyed on earth ; and, from that moment, I began to unfold in love and wisdom. It was only by perpetual development, I learned that the gods did not bring me thither ; and that the glorious country, of which I had become an inhabitant, was not, as I had supposed, the new-born republic of the isle of the sea—no ; I learned of my higher life, and progressed to understand that I lived in a tenfold more heavenly state than my earthly imaginings had dreamed of—because, each inferior faculty of my nature was drawn up into intimate conjunction with the True, the Good, and the Divine.

“Thou seest now what a simple and ennobling process it is to die; thou seest now that there is no ‘valley’ of fearful ‘shadows’ to pass through; and that ‘death’ is not ‘an everlasting sleep.’ But I must tell thee that *it is only the good who die sweetly; for the troublesome or troubled spirit is sometimes not quieted*, until after it has been, for a considerable length of time, removed from the earth, and until it has experienced the subduing and disciplining influences which pervade this divine habitation.

“The earth’s inhabitants will now see (even though they do not believe it) that to die is to be born again; and that, to die sweetly, they should think, act, and unfold, in harmonious order; for the flower must have blossomed, though in rude places, peacefully and purely, out of whose heart rich fragrance flows to heaven!”

In introducing the foregoing observations, and the several spiritual communications, I desire to be apprehended aright. My motive for presenting them to the reader is identical with that which animated Friend Wilson, and actuated the Athenian lawgiver; is is, to familiarize the human mind with the process of dying, and with the uniform phenomena and consequences which attend the event of death. To the spiritually enlightened, these revealments will possess great weight, and afford much consolation; but to the external intellect, to the materialist, they will appear like the methodical hallucinations of an excited sensorium. To the last-named class I would say, that I depend not upon these spiritual observations and interior communications for a demonstration of the *reality* of an immediate resurrection and ascension of the spiritual body at the period of physical dissolution. I acknowledge and recommend no *authorities* but Nature and Reason. Hence, for proofs of the Immortality of the soul, I involuntarily turn from the unsatisfactory teachings of men and books, to the principles of nature, and to the sanctionings of my highest reason.

It surely is not safe, nor is it reasonable even, to believe, as many minds do, that the human soul is immortal, and that its resurrection from the grave is inevitable, merely because it is asserted that Jesus was seen subsequent to his crucifixion and burial. Nor is it reasonable to base all our hope and faith, in the immortality of the soul, upon the mere speculations and teachings of any form of sectarianism; because the reasoning mind full readily perceives the unsoundness and fallibility of such evidences; and a cold, unhappy, involuntary scepticism will be the certain consequence. Those who believe in the authority of men and books, and base their teachings thereupon, should understand that they cannot satisfy those who believe in the authority of Nature and Reason.

I refer to another portion of the Encyclopædia for an examination of the evidences of the soul's immortality and eternal progression. But, in this connection, I will state three conclusions to which a deep and far-reaching investigation into the Use and universal *tendency* of Nature conducted me. And these conclusions lead legitimately to more sublime and desirable ones, which the reader's own intuition and principle of reason will discover. We are immortal, because—

- I. *Nature was made to develop the human body ;*
- II. *The human body was made to develop the human spirit ; and*
- III. *Every spirit is developed and organised sufficiently unlike any other spirit, or substance in the universe, to maintain its individuality throughout eternal spheres.*

Each human spirit *possesses within itself an eternal affinity of parts and powers ;* which affinity there exists nothing sufficiently superior in power and attraction, to disturb, disorganise, and annihilate. These are evidences with which the world is not familiar ; but they are plain and demonstrative ; and are destined to cause great happiness and elevation among men.

In conclusion, I desire to impress the reader that there is nothing to fear, but much to love, in a purely natural or non-accidental death. It is the fair stranger which conducts the immortal soul to more glorious scenes and harmonious societies. Let mankind never lament because of the mere departure of an individual from our earth ; for the change, though *cold* and *cheerless* to the material senses, is, to the interior vision, and, to the ascending spirit, bathed in auroral splendour ! To the enlightened mind “there is no more death ;” “nor sorrow, nor crying,” to those who live in constant conjunction with Eternal Truth.

Let tranquillity reign throughout the chambers of the dying ; but, when the body is cold, and when the immortal soul is gone, then calmly rejoice and sweetly sing, and be exceeding glad ; for, when a body dies on earth, a soul is born in heaven !

You may rest upon the strong foundations of truth ; may strive to live peacefully and purely on earth ; may enrich and adorn the inner spirit with gems of scientific and philosophic knowledge ; may wreath every thought with the sweet flowers of virtue ; may robe every impulse with the mantle of contentment ; for there is nothing lost by the putting off of mortality, and leaving the material and evanescent things of this world, to pursue life's journey amid immortal beauties in the Spirit-Land !

There are voices from the Spirit-Land which sound, to the inhabitants of earth, like the revelations of fancy ; but the time will come—it

is dawning on the world—when many men shall hear these voices and comprehend the mighty truths their tones impart. And then, when the hour of death arrives, the chamber of the departed will not resound with sighs and lamentations, but it will echo to the soothing strains of sweet and solemn music; and, there will be, not mournful and wordy prayers, and tearful discourses, but a quiet and holy passover.

THE IDEAL ATTAINED:

BEING THE STORY OF TWO STEADFAST SOULS, AND HOW THEY WON THEIR HAPPINESS
AND LOST IT NOT.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM,

AUTHOR OF "WOMAN AND HER ERA," "ELIZA WODSON," ETC.

"We had experience of a blissful state,
In which our powers of thought stood separate,
Each in its own high freedom held apart,
Yet both close folded in one loving heart;
So that we seemed, without conceit, to be
Both one, and two, in our identity."—MILNES.

—o—

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN next I became conscious, it was in such a scene and moment as I pray God I may never again have to participate. A great crash and shock, which made the ship reel and shiver like a strong man suddenly struck down—an unearthly, awful cry of human voices—an instantaneous rush of men's feet—and over all distinctly rose the terrible words from the officer of the deck, "Lay aft here and man the wheel, quick!"

"Ay ay, sir!" and as the men hurried to obey the order, the Tempest fetched a great lurch toward the larboard quarter, that threw me on my knees. The lamps and other light articles had been thrown from brackets and racks, and rolling about the floors or dashing into fragments around us, added to the sense of helplessness I felt for a single moment.

Mrs Farley was shrieking and calling on God and man for help, but I heard no sound from that room beyond, which contained so much.

I had but recovered my feet and laid my hand on my dressing-gown, when Colonel Anderson's voice reached me in these fearful words:

"The ship has been run into. Be on your feet as soon as possible, I will be here again in a moment."

How calmly she spoke. Mrs Farley heard, and then redoubled her

shrieks and cries, but there was yet no sound from Mrs Bromfield. I took my dressing-gown, and putting it on as I went, the saloon was dark as well as my room, found her just lighting a wax taper. I spoke her name and opened the door in the same breath.

"Oh, Miss Warren," she said, "how are my darlings to be saved? The horror is worse than the worst result of it can be. Look there," she added, speaking low, and with the slightest motion indicating Harry, who lay broad awake, with a face that, but for the light and intelligence of the eyes, would have been the fac-simile of death.

Not an instant was lost during the utterance of these few whispered words. I was paralysed myself, but she had put on additional clothing, and taken a dark merino dress, in which she now stood, from one of her trunks, ready to address herself to the care of her children. Harry, you will remember, was dressed, and so, as she bent over him to take Philip up, she only kissed his eyelids, which closed a moment under her blanched lips, and said, "Trust mamma, dear Harry."

"But I saw father again just now, mamma dear," said the boy.

A cold dew broke over his mother's face at these words, but she stopped not a moment. "My flower, my jewel, my king," she said, lifting Philip from his sound sleep and bringing him forward to the sofa, where his garments lay, ready to be put on. "Would God you my darlings were past the terrors that are before us."

Philip rubbed his eyes and tossed his hair back, and, looking at me, and the strange light, and harkening a moment to the voice without, asked, "Are we dooin' ashore, mamma?"

"Yes, love, in a small boat. Does Philip hear the man letting it down into the water?" as the lusty "Yo, heave ho!" and the creaking of the blocks sounded in our ears.

This brought me out of my stupor; for though I had been conscious of everything she had done and said, I did not, till these warnings came, remember that I had anything to do but wait and go down with the ship to her deep and silent home. There had scarcely yet been to me a perceptible period of time since the first awful moment; but now I started to my room with a full sense of what I ought to try to do. Mrs Farley had got a light and was packing a trunk.

"Oh, Miss Warren," she groaned, "to think of all my trunks and clothes away down in the hold!"

"You had better think now of your soul and body," I replied, with some asperity, and passed on. I dressed myself; put a small box, containing some jewels and treasured mementoes, and that lock of Herbert's hair, which had been sent me in place of him, on what was to have been our wedding-day, into my bosom; and over all I threw a light grey

wrapper, which had hung on my wall since our last cold day, and then I was ready. My watch! should I take it? What matter whether it went down with the ship or me—for I had no hope. I had acted mechanically in all I had done. The things I had taken were related to my heart-life; as long as I could think, I should feel happier and stronger for having them near it.

I now returned to Mrs Bromfield's room, stopping a moment by the way, to silence, if possible, Mrs Farley's weak and irritating lamentations, and set her at work in some reasonable way; for she was sailing about in an elaborately wrought night-dress, packing her finery as carefully as if the *Tempest* lay beside the wharves of San Francisco. My words, however, had the contrary effect to silencing her.

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed, "oh Lord! and all my new dresses and shawls to be lost! Two thousand dollars' worth, Miss Warren, and every one as good as new. Oh my God, my poor soul! Have mercy on me!"

It was idle staying there. I could neither comfort nor help that spirit, so I passed on. When I entered Mrs Bromfield's room Phil sat on his mother's knee, folded close to her bosom, his head resting quietly there, while with the other arm over Harry's form she was gently stroking his cold forehead. They were all silent—a group such as *Life* seldom exhibits and the sublimest Art could never reproduce. Waiting thus, as it were, the trump of doom, we stood and sat. I was now entirely collected for any event. Perhaps my fears were somewhat excited, for I imagined the ship was settling astern, though we did not then know where she had been struck.

The "Yo, heave ho!" was yet sounding upon deck, and, at times, I thought I still heard another awful human call coming from farther off; and then I remembered the order of Mr Watkins, the first officer, for fresh hands to man the wheel. I now began to understand that the helmsmen (there were four when I had been on deck the last time in the evening) must have been disabled by the collision in some way, or—oh, inexpressible horror!—carried clear away in that wild sea. And theirs, then, were the terrible cries we had heard, and which I was sure the wind still bore to us at intervals.

I could not speak to Mrs Bromfield, on account of the children; for I saw that Phil was very quietly awaiting a comfortable landing, and that now the worst had come, she was getting the better of Harry's nervous excitement. The child was less rigid and deathly as she bent over and breathed upon him, and indeed I know not who could have resisted the inflow of that calm will, and clear, purposeful life, in such a moment.

There were steps hurrying down the companion-way, and by a glance of her eye she implored me to go out and meet the intelligence. It was Colonel Anderson.

"Is she ready?" were his first words.

"Quite ready," I replied, "for anything."

"God be praised. Captain Landon is of opinion that it will not be necessary to leave the ship till daylight. I do not know. The boats are all lowered, and we are getting water and provisions into them, but as we have no means of judging of the extent of the injury, except by the pumps, and the rush of water may increase instantly should a heavy sea make the breach larger, we must be ready to go at a moment's warning." And then he explained that the ship lost her course, or went about, or something of that sort, before fresh hands could be got to the wheels when the others were carried away.

"Oh, God's mercy!" I said; "then they were the cries of those poor creatures that I have heard."

"Yes, they were all carried away but one, who caught by the stern boat, and came in—from a quick grave, perhaps, to a slow one," he added. "God only knows."

"Can I see her?" he asked, after a moment, "and can that unfortunate little woman" (meaning Mrs Farley) "be quieted in any way?"

"I will let you know," I replied to his first question, and I soon returned from Mrs Bromfield's room, telling him that she was very anxious to see him.

I stopped a moment at Mrs Farley's door, and, heaven forgive me, I did deceive her a little—a very little; for it was true that I felt much relieved by what I had heard, and the horror was greatly mitigated, certainly, if we should not have to take to the boats in the darkness of night on that wild sea. When I told her this, in a half-dozen almost impatient words, the little soul dropped down upon her largest trunk, with revived hopes, I am sure, of being able to save all its precious contents yet.

"Oh, if it is daylight," she said, "that will be different."

"Quite," I replied, hurrying off, in my impatience, as well to be rid of her as to be in the presence of others.

When I entered the room whose occupant it seemed no longer necessary that Colonel Anderson or I should designate by her name, her cold, pallid hand was holding his convulsively, and her eyes, distended beyond even their ordinary size, were fixed upon his face.

"Tell me, dear sir, what we have to expect. Where are we, and what has really happened to us? Is there any hope for —" and her eyes fell upon her treasures without a further word.

"We have reason to suppose ourselves not very far from Rescue Island," he replied. "We were in its latitude to-day, and perhaps it is fortunate that we made westing enough, in that idle calm, to carry us near its longitude, though we have since run a good way to the eastward."

"And our injury?"

"We have been struck, apparently by a vessel of near our own size, and it is impossible to ascertain the extent of damage. You hear the pumps, and the water is gaining fearfully, as you perceive by the ship's settling astern, as she does. Still, Captain Landon thinks that we can stay by her till daylight at least—perhaps longer."

"But if not?"

"Then, the boats being lowered and stowed, we shall have to take our chances, my dear friend; and all that strong arms and willing hearts can do, the helpless may rely on. We have noble officers, a brave crew, I believe, generally, and I think you know the passengers well enough to need no assurance from me, that they will behave at least with the courage of men, if not always with their prudence."

"God bless you, Colonel Anderson. I need not say how much my life at this moment lies without my own proper self. But among the painful thoughts of this hour, not the least is that a life not belonging to me is exposed to this awful hazard through—my—"

"Through that divine power clothing you, which makes this a happy moment to me. To have a life to offer you—to have health and strength, which I never valued so highly as at this instant—to have endurance, which I have never yet found wanting, when the motive was only the preservation of my own life, or of some other scarcely as worthy—ought I not, with all this, to be a calm, if not a happy man, now? God forgive me if my state of mind borders almost too much on the latter condition; but I feel so strong, so capable to take all you precious ones, as it were, in the car of my will, and bear you to some safe spot of rest in these seas, that I cannot but be thankful to Him that I am here with you. Miss Warren, you are to be one of us," he said, turning to me. "Antonio has already been to me, to engage for the special care of Harry: and as he is a brave fellow, and could outswim a whale, I believe, I have promised, with your approval, Mrs Bromfield, to ask Captain Landon to attach him to our boat's crew."

"Would you like that, dearest?" said the mother, turning to her boy, who had heard all without uttering a word.

"Yes, mamma, but I am not to go from you, and Philip, and the Colonel, and Miss Warren, am I?"

"No, my precious, you shall sit with my arm around you, as now,

only—only if—if anything should happen again to us, good Antonio would help you better than I can. You see, dear, do you?”

“Yes, mamma. Can I get up and go out with you, Colonel Anderson?”

“Yes, my boy, for a minute,” he replied. “Have no fear,” he said, looking at the mother’s startled face, “I will not leave him.”

“What a blessing that Phil has fallen asleep,” I said, when they were gone.

“Yes, the darling, he knows nothing of the terror, and went to sleep, waiting for the boats to get ready to take us ashore.”

Mrs Farley met Colonel Anderson and Harry at the door. She came in, and Mrs Bromfield, laying Phil out of her arms, rose, and asking her to sit, said, “You will excuse me a moment, I hope. I am benumbed with my constrained position, and the chilling fear I have endured. I must go out for a little, as well for the motion as to see with my own eyes what I hope I may never have to look upon again.”

I followed her. Without, lights were burning on all the decks, from stem to stern of the nobleship, which drooped back in the water, as an eagle with suddenly fractured pinion would falter and sink from his empyrean flight. All was bustle and movement around us. Water-casks were being lowered away into the boats, with sacks of bread, hams, and cheese, and cases of stores; all the pumps were manned, and being worked with such a purpose as men show when struggling for life. Mr Garth, without coat or hat, was at the one nearest us, with Mr Pedes beside him; and poor pale Mr Wilkes stood by one of the tackles, to make fast to the articles that were to be sent down to the boats.

Colonel Anderson and Harry had just returned from the stern of the vessel, as Mrs Bromfield and I were re-entering the cabin.

“Now,” said the Colonel, “the boy is a hero; he knows all, and will not tremble any more. Take him in, madam, for I must go to my post yonder.”

In a few minutes Captain Landon entered, looking very pale, his grey hair dishevelled and drenched with spray of the salt sea, and the perspiration which exhaled copiously from his face, and stood in beads upon his forehead. He took Mrs Bromfield’s hand, and bowed to me and Mrs Farley.

“I should have come to you sooner, ladies,” he said, “but I knew Colonel Anderson would say all that I could. We might be much worse off than we are, though God knows it is bad enough. You are all ready, I see, and that is right; for, though I hope for some hours yet, we cannot tell how it may be; but while we wait, the wind is abating and the sea falling, which is much to be grateful for.”

"Have you a hope of ultimate escape?" asked Mrs Bromfield.

"A hope I certainly have, ma'am. Sailors are the last men to abandon that; and our case is not so desperate as it might be. We have good boats, and enough of them, with our small complement of passengers, not to have to crowd any; and if no rough weather comes across us for some days, which is less likely since this long blow, we shall make land safely, I think—though what will await us there, Heaven only knows. There have been terrible imprisonments on some of the uninhabited islands hereaway. But we will hope and work for the best. You, ma'am, had better prepare a trunk of clothing for yourself and the children, and you two ladies can, I think, take one between you."

"And am I to lose all my clothes, Captain?" asked Mrs Farley, piteously.

"Better than yourself, I think, madam," was his reply. "And make yourselves ready to go at a moment's warning, for I perceive she is taking in water very fast these last few minutes."

He was gone, and Mrs Bromfield, who had Harry's hand in her's, seated him on the sofa, and, opening her trunks, began to fill one with selected garments from the others, while Mrs Farley and I went about the same task for ourselves. And oh the lamentations of the little woman! and the difficulty of choosing, and the sorrow of leaving!

The twilight was well advanced when I closed the joint-stock trunk, and put the key in my pocket. Just as I was taking the last look about my room, with a heart saddened by many inexpressible thoughts and regrets for things I must leave to the hungry waters, I heard little Phil's voice in the saloon.

"Oh, mamma, how 'is ship do stand all 'e time up hill. What makes it?" and then, receiving no answer, "Mamma, I want to doe to Turnel Annerson."

"No, not now, Philip," said I, meeting him; "Colonel Anderson is getting ready to take us all ashore, and so we must wait." He was very docile in the expectation of this welcome event, and sat down in the saloon with me. Ching came and made preparations to lay some breakfast, which we assembled to at the last sound of the gong, for it was hardly over, Captain Landon and Colonel Anderson being absent, when the word went fore and aft, "To the boats! to the boats!" At the same moment the Colonel entered the cabin.

"Are you weddy, Turnel," asked Phil, "to doe ashore?"

"Yes, Philip, come with me now," he said, taking his cue from the child's words; and away he went, as gleeful as an escaped bird to the woodlands.

"Don't undeceive him, as you hope for heaven," said his mother; "Harry's silent suffering is all I can bear."

"I will not, dear madam; and I strongly hope that our experience will not either. The weather is becoming better every hour."

One by one, slowly, as it seemed to those who were waiting, we went over the ship's side. There were three large boats, and a small one. In ours, which was the largest, there were, beside ourselves, no other passengers but Colonel Anderson, the Captain and fourth mate, Antonio, Ching, and eight of the ablest seamen. Mr Watkins, the mate, had charge of another, in which was Mr Garth; and Messrs Pedes and Wilkes went with Mr Hepburn, the third mate. Each boat was furnished with its own supplies and implements, and all were directed to hold by each other as long as possible; and in any case to head west-south-west, and search, if they were separated from the others, for Rescue Island, whose latitude and longitude were given them.

Poor little Phil was sadly puzzled and vexed not to see the land; but we were too much weighed down by the fearful lot before us, and the exhausting emotions of the last four or five hours, to heed his many questions, as he was accustomed to have us.

The ship was deep in the water when we left her—so deep that I foolishly shuddered, going over her side, lest she should suddenly, in a moment, drop from under my feet. For I had but little idea of the awful spectacle of a great ship going into its grave of waters, as we saw it, after leaving her, while we yet lay upon the waves that were ready to rush over and bury her.

Oh! it was a fearful sight! The tall masts rocking so low in the surging seas, the black bulwarks alternately sinking into and vainly heaving up against them, the steady march of the deadly waters, up, and up, and up, every receding wave rioting in its fullest triumph over the conquered king—and then the fierce tongues, that, as it sinks, lap eagerly over the noble decks, where you have walked, chatted, read, rested, enjoyed and suffered—perhaps filled the circle of experiences—the agonized shiver of the masts, as their mad foes rush fiercely in, to seize and uproot them—and finally, the great swirl and audible groan with which the battle is given over, and the surrender made, are sickening to behold. I shudder now at the remembrance of what I describe so feebly.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUT upon the broad, awful ocean, whose good nature—the very smile of God—is our only trust—nothing visible but our little fleet, and a world of rolling waters and blue sky, thickly dotted with fleecy clouds,

whose friendly shadows fall gratefully upon our course. Some sails and spars had been provided, and the first two days were busily spent in rigging these ; but the sea being quiet, and the winds very light, our progress was chiefly made by rowing. Nevertheless, we parted from the small boat on the third night, and at the dawn of the fifth day we saw but one, a long way astern of us. This gave us some uneasiness, but we were reassured, as well for ourselves as for those whom the missing boat contained, that, as long as the weather continued smooth, we were as well without as with them ; that each had its own supplies, and only in case of accident would one be needed or able to serve another, and in that case, we were as likely to be hopelessly separated in a short time as we now were.

All this the Captain and Colonel Anderson told us more than once, yet to the last hour of that eventful voyage, I felt misgivings and heart-sinkings, after we were alone, that I should not have experienced had our weary eyes been blessed with the sight of any living things beside ourselves.

We bore the confinement and the tediousness wonderfully well. The first night, I think, no one slept a moment but the dear, quiet children, whose mother watched and tended them without a word or sigh expressive of weariness. Phil was now and then, during the day, passed along from our quarters in the stern, to the Colonel, amidships ; and Harry was sometimes permitted to go forward to the oarsmen, and sit or stand with those who were resting ; but his mother let go of him always with lingering reluctance, and received him again with silent ecstasy—both, in their peculiar degree, the result of his extraordinary mental condition on the gifts of Providence. Occasionally they had a game of dominoes, for their thoughtful mother had not forgotten in her terror the importance of sustaining their cheerfulness and courage. A large basket which she had under our seat contained some of their choicest resources, and along with other things, an illustrated “ Robinson Crusoe ” of Harry’s, and Phil’s copy of “ Mrs Easy’s Rhymes and Stories.” When these were for the time exhausted, Mrs Bromfield sat by the hour improvising stories to them—stories of sea and land—of fairies and men—of beasts, birds, and fishes ; to many of which older ears than theirs listened with eager pleasure, so exquisite were the imaginations, so rich and varied the childlike thought, often laden with another and higher and sadder significance than the young souls apprehended. I received many beautiful lessons in these effusions ; it was a lesson—perhaps the greatest of all—to see the mother thus self-forgetful ; putting aside fear, intense weariness, disgust—all the annoyances and shocks which her keen delicacy and deep refinement had to endure day

y day—and living wholly in the one sublime devotion that dethroned them all.

Mrs Farley never recovered the sight of the sinking ship with all her trunks on board, and sat and drooped through the days and nights, seeming, much of the time, indifferent to everything but her foods and drinks. Her poor little external being had withered up like a shallow stream when its fountainhead is cut off, as one sees so many hundreds of such women do in ordinary life, when misfortune deprives them of their dresses and shawls and embroideries.

Colonel Anderson, who was indefatigable as the wind or the sea, and as quiet and unobtrusive as they both were now, had fitted up, with ropes and some light bits of wood made fast to the sides of the boat, just forward of the part assigned to us, a curtain of sailcloth, so that, dropping that, we were to all practical purposes in an apartment of our own, though its dimensions were some thousands of miles in extent. His consideration and delicacy in all things were above praise, and then he was so entirely undemonstrative, doing every possible act of kindness, and refusing our fervent gratitude to himself by acknowledging it for the whole company.

No demonstration did he make, in these days, of his great love; scarcely by a stolen glance of compassionate tenderness at her weary face could I now and then detect that it still existed. And as for the object of it, she seemed to have risen to sublimer heights of life than ever. Neither complaining nor indifferent—thankful when served, and never omitting a service which her confinement and cares permitted her to offer to any—with a cheering or helpful word for all whenever she spoke—she sat before us, day after day, the grandest instance of self-abnegation I have ever seen. When she could no longer sustain the loss of sleep, she would commit the children, if awake, to Colonel Anderson and myself, or Antonio, and showing me her watch, would bid me wake her at a certain hour, if she did not wake herself; and when it came, she seemed to be quite ready for her arduous cares till its next return. No persuasion ever prevailed on her to rest in the hours of darkness. She watched then. How I wondered at her silent endurance, and admired even more than I wondered! But Mrs Bromfield was a healthy woman—healthy in all senses. Not only had she a well-developed, substantial body, but her organism was sound throughout, and kept so by faithful study of and adherence to the laws of health. Without thrusting her opinions or practices upon others, she was a full believer in the perfection to which God has ordained humanity, and she neglected no means by which it could be secured to herself and her children. Sickness had never pampered and nurtured selfish-

ness in her. She met life at all points with sound normal sensibilities. Thus, in the powers that flow from health and perfect equilibrium, her sufficiency seemed, with all her refinement and delicacy, equal to that of the firmest man among us.

Yet I sometimes saw those strong arms, imperceptibly to any but myself, linger near her in some little office of common kindness, as if they would so gladly and tenderly enfold her to a rest commensurate with her exertions—a triumphant testimony to her withal utter womanhood. Strong in mental and physical life—individual, fearless, and aspiring to nothing else than the highest ideal that Life, History, Poetry, or Art could offer her, she was, withal, fully and truly and sweetly a Woman. I forgave all her superiority for her feminineness, all her grace and elegance for her nobleness, all her power for her tenderness.

At noon, on the eighth day, Captain Landon communicated to us the joyful news that we had made the latitude of the island, and that if it were correctly laid down on the charts, we had but about seventy or eighty miles of departure to run. At these tidings, a shout of joy and thankfulness went up from the men, which was echoed by us all. And we had deep cause to be thankful. Eight days in an open boat on the broad ocean—the precious jewel of life contained so in an egg-shell—tossed by no rough sea—assailed by no rude wind—pelted by no merciless storm—only the fierce torrid sunshine in the cloudless days smiting us too steadily, and making necessary the shade of our frail shifting awnings—truly what more in our condition could mercy and love have done for us?

THE VACCINATION HUMBUG.

WE have much pleasure in recording the following history of the absurd and injurious practice of vaccination:—

A deputation waited on the Lord President of the Council, on the 5th March, 1867, and presented the following memorial praying for a Commission of inquiry into the hygienic value of vaccination, and the policy of making State grants or payments from the poor rates for its support, and suggesting, that pending such enquiry, the Compulsory Vaccination Acts should be suspended. The deputation was introduced by Mr Barrow, M.P., and consisted of Mr Briscoe, M.P., Mr C. Surtees, M.P., Mr Richard B. Gibbs (Hon. Sec. to the Anti-Compulsory Vaccination League), Dr Epps, Dr Charles T. Pearce, Dr Caplin, Dr Spencer T. Hall, Mr J. Skelton, MR.C.S., Captain C. N. Tucker, &c..

To his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, Lord President of Her Majesty's Privy Council.

The humble memorial of the Anti-Compulsory Vaccination League, Sheweth,—That small-pox was an epidemic in this country previous to the introduction of inoculation, at uncertain intervals, the mortality from time to time varying from 3 to 130 per 1000 of the number attacked.

That the practice of inoculation with the small-pox was introduced into this country from Turkey in the year 1722.

That an hospital for patients suffering from small-pox, and for propagating the same disease by inoculation was established in London in the year 1746.

That after much controversy, the College of Physicians in London adopted inoculation in 1754, and “considered it highly beneficial to mankind.”

That small-pox was kept constantly alive by means of inoculation, which for a lengthened period of time continued to provide new centres of contagion, and the mortality became very large, notwithstanding an improved mode of treatment.

That in 1798 the belief in the utility of inoculation with small-pox was greatly lessened, at which time Dr Jenner published his observations on cow-pox, having vaccinated for the first time May 14, 1796.

That Dr Jenner petitioned Parliament for a reward for his discovery in 1802, and affirmed his belief that “the annihilation of the small-pox . . . must be the final result of the practice of vaccination.” In the same year the House of Commons voted him £10,000. But many eminent members of the faculty thought the action of Parliament too precipitate.

That in 1803 the Royal Jennerian Society was formed, and a belief was cherished that small-pox was about to be exterminated.

That in 1807 the Royal College of Physicians reported that “the security derived from vaccination, if not absolutely perfect, is as nearly so as can perhaps be expected from any human discovery.”

That in the same year the House of Commons, in Committee of Supply, voted an additional grant of £20,000 to Dr Jenner, the motion of Mr Shaw Lefevre to take more time to consider the report of the College of Physicians being rejected, and the grant passed by 60 to 47.

That the National Vaccine Establishment was founded in 1808-9, and supported by an annual grant from the public purse and the privilege of free post. The reports issued annually from 1810 to 1860 vary considerably in the degree of confidence in which the suppression of small-pox is predicted.

That in 1833 a Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the utility of the Vaccine Establishment, reported that “the Committee are led to believe that the prejudices against vaccination are greatly on the decrease throughout the country, and that the authority of the Managing Board is not necessary to enable vaccination to withstand these prejudices.”

That in 1840 inoculation for the small-pox was forbidden by Act of Parliament, and in that and the following year, Boards of Guardians were empowered to provide for the cost of vaccinating parishioners out of the poor-rates.

That in 1853 an Act to extend and make compulsory the practice of vaccination was passed, notwithstanding the promise of the Government that inquiry should precede any further legislation on the subject, and the energetic protest of a large number of intelligent members of the faculty.

That in 1856 the Medical Officer of the Privy Council, addressing members of the medical profession, and referring to objections to the course of legislation urged during the previous session of Parliament, thus wrote : " The President of the Board of Health intends forthwith, on the meeting of Parliament, to move the House of Commons for a select committee on the entire subject ; which committee, if appointed, would no doubt receive whatever evidence can be adduced as to the hygienic value of vaccination, and as to the validity of any medical objections alleged against its further encouragement by the State."

That in 1857 a bill was introduced by private members to repeal the Act of 1853, but not passed.

That measures to amend and extend the Act of 1853 was subsequently passed.

That in 1863 the law enforcing vaccination was extended to Scotland and Ireland.

That large sums of public money are annually spent in the support of vaccination, so that by the operation of these and other measures, the continuance of such practice has now become a large vested interest.

That, as a consequence, during the last session of Parliament, a bill to provide cumulative penalties for neglect of vaccination, and to empower certain officials to order re-vaccination at their pleasure, with several other oppressive provisions, was introduced into the House of Commons, but eventually withdrawn.

That a large number of petitions have been from time to time presented to Parliament against Compulsory Vaccination, and many from parents who alleged that they had lost children by death through the operation, and wished to give evidence respecting their cases ; but these petitions have not been made public.

That before an impartial tribunal your memorialists are prepared to prove that there is a large and increasing scepticism as to the utility of vaccination in the country, justified by the fact that for some years past the proportion of vaccinated patients, when small-pox prevails, is 75, and 80 per cent.

That Dr Jenner's theory that the single cicatrix left by the pustule was an indication that the person was protected against small-pox for life has been given up on all sides, and re-vaccination every seven, five, or three years is recommended, and that there should be not less than eight well-formed pustules.

That past promises of investigation have been disregarded ; and an operation of doubtful efficacy has been forced on those persons who

have conscientious objections to it, a mode of proceeding calculated to lessen the reverence which should be entertained for just laws.

Your memorialists therefore humbly pray that your Grace will have the goodness to advise her Majesty to be pleased to issue a Royal Commission for the purpose of thoroughly and impartially investigating all the facts bearing on a question of such grave importance to her Majesty's formerly free people.

And your memorialists will ever pray, &c.

RICHD. R. GIBBS, HON. SECY., &c.

The Duke of Buckingham said he quite thought that with the difference of opinion which existed on the subject of vaccination, and having in view the yet imperfect arrangements in the country for enforcing the law, any modification of it must require the careful consideration of the House of Commons. He was himself not adverse to the object they had in view, but he should not like to commit his colleagues to any opinion without having first communicated with them.

To overthrow this huge piece of physiological absurdity and medical tyranny, an Anti-Compulsory Vaccination League has been formed—Office 1 South Place, Finsbury, London, E.C., where the Honorary Secretary will be glad to receive contributions and communications. The foregoing petition and other documents are printed in tract form. We recommend our readers to procure full supplies, and scatter them abroad on every fitting occasion. It is time that all free-minded and truth-loving men should assume the offensive towards a mad system of tyrannical quackery that would compel us to have our bodies and that of our tender babes mutilated with sharp instruments, and the most disgusting diseases infused into their blood. In reference to the above deputation, Dr Smedley, of Matlock Bank Hydropathic Establishment, writes:—

“Dear Sir,—I would very gladly go to London with the deputation to the Duke of Buckingham, on the subject of vaccination, but I dare not leave home twenty-four hours; I have not been out of call of this establishment for many years, except on one occasion, two days, and then I was telegraphed for. We have always so many critical cases in. We can give the most decided testimony to the mischief of vaccination. I believe we have hundreds of cases here, from being poisoned with vaccination, I deem incurable. One member of a family dating syphilitic symptoms from the time of vaccination, when all the other members of the family have been clear. These cases in children and youth cannot have been from any other infection.

“We strongly advise parents to go to prison, rather than submit to have their helpless offspring inoculated with scrofula, syphilis, and mania.

“Anything I can do in the way of memorial, I will gladly do. For many years here, and at our Free Hospitals, we have had an average of 2000 patients annually.

“R. B. Gibbs, Esq.,

1 South Place, Finsbury, E.C.”

RELIGION.

INSCRIBED TO THE RITUALISTS.

O, Nature, monitress divine! I bow
 In adoration to the God of love,
 And praise him for the wealth thou dost bestow.
 I gaze on vernal fields; on hills of snow;
 On changing skies; on sunshine; shadows dun;
 On the great Ocean as its waters flow;
 And praise-inspired, to the All-Perfect One,
 My soul uplifts her longing eyes—and lo!
 Religion lives for me apart from sin and show.

O, not alone in temples reared of stone;
 In Ritualistic codes or cramping creeds;
 In pedant lore; O, not in these alone
 Is sweet Religion found; but in the deeds
 That spring within the soul from Love's pure seeds.
 The God who made the Christian made the Turk;
 His voice in singing streams and thunder-tones;
 In still small whispers heard in field and kirk,
 Inspires mankind with Love, Religion's sacred work.

The hills are prophets—preachers of the Word
 That fell from God's own lips ere man was born.
 The listening flowers, by gentlest zephyrs stirred,
 Breathe inspiration from the roseate morn,
 And prayer and praise from lips untaught to scorn,
 Ascend like incense from the verdurous sod.
 How peaceful, pure, the orisons upborne,
 Of Nature's hallowed worshippers, to God,
 Compared with man's when kneeling 'neath the bigot's rod!

Wherever man is true, his inner thought
 Finds fullest utterance; Religion hence
 Is more to him than creeds with errors fraught.
 The tongue obedient to the heart speaks sense,
 And God is worshipped free from mere pretence.
 In field, in closet, or in costly fane,
 Wherever man may pray, he can dispense
 With forms or rites his soul may hold as vain,
 And feel the blessed power of sweet Religion's reign.

J. H. POWELL.

6 Sidney Terrace, Grove Road, Victoria Park, E.

A LETTER FROM ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

THE following letter has been handed to us for publication by the receiver, who thinks many will be pleased to read it besides himself. It has been expected for several years, and is thankfully welcomed now it has come to hand. No name is so highly respected by those who constitute the backbone of the progressive movement in Great Britain than that of the expanded and genial-souled writer, who is only imperfectly known and

understood by many half-developed Spiritualists. We take this opportunity of informing our friends in America that *Human Nature* and the *Spiritual Magazine* are supplied regularly by Warren Chase, at the New York office of the *Banner of Light*. This arrangement will save our American friends the great expense of postage which direct transmission would incur. The prayer of our elder brother is being daily answered in the matter of support, in the shape of contributions and subscriptions coming in for our magazine. It bids fair to exceed the most cherished anticipations of its projectors. Thanks to many good angels and kind friends.

Orange, New Jersey, 30th April, 1867.

To my Brother much esteemed, James Burns, London, England.

This day I have read your No. I. *Human Nature*, and my heart opens to welcome you, and to congratulate you, and to pray that the spiritually-minded and truly progressive of every land may feel the genial magnetism of your magazine, and hasten to yield you abundant support. Your plan is comprehensive and your building should correspond. But material for building can not come out of your own resources; others, the true and talented and heaven-seeking around you, the *real* men and the *real* women, should aid you in the superstructure; and thus your educational effort would bring forth an hundredfold of good and truth for humanity.

Allow me to admire the truly fraternal spirit of love your pages emit—and not less the freedom from all sectarian bias—the unbounded liberty of reason, intuition, and conscience inculcated. In this you strike the key note to which the future of human progress is to breathe its music. The powers of darkness cannot withstand the powers of light. Error vanishes before the sunshine of truth. Hold up the divine standard of universal liberty, in Church as in State, in individual as in aggregate human life, and although you may not have many friends “the world will be the better for it.”

I have long felt acquainted with you, my friend, and with others in England, and have often wished we might meet and mingle fraternally, and work side by side in the divine life.

Your several letters have been thankfully received; but I have hitherto left all my correspondence to my brother-in-law, Mr C. M. Plumb; but now since our *Herald* of progress is no more, but is resurrected in such better efforts as your magazine and the *Republic* of Chicago, and in the equally important labours of other journals on both sides of the Atlantic, I am disposed to attend personally to the letters addressed to me—that is, if I am not absolutely prevented by absence and work on behalf of the Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Mrs Davis accompanies me on a missionary tour through New England for this purpose, and we depart to-morrow, to be absent several weeks, possibly months; and we hope to establish a large number of Summer Land Lyceums before our return. (But all letters addressed to our home, Orange, N. J., will be duly forwarded to us.) These educational institutions are multiplying in America. It is now estimated that at least 12,000 children of Spiritualists are in these Lyceums every Sunday, and this within the short period of four years. Already gentlemen of wealth and education are making arrangements to construct public halls and erect colleges on the co-operative principles inculcated by the Lyceum system. I notice in your magazine that the Progressive Spiritualists of Nottingham have established a Children's Lyceum. We all rejoice in this item of hope for the little ones. I suppose this is the first school of the kind in England. Is it so? We carry the stars and stripes in our marches and public exhibitions.

In England it will be loyal to carry the colours of the country, for it is right for the Children's Lyceum to be faithful to every Government that will permit it to perform its legitimate functions, and thus to carry the flag established by such Government. The Queen would be most happy could she witness a full blossomed Children's Progressive Lyceum, all the groups full of members from three to twenty years of age, twelve lady leaders and twelve officers, each wearing a colour indicative of position in the Lyceum and of advancement in the more interior scale of spiritual development, the whole blended in interest and in religious feeling like a family of love and wisdom, all singing the songs of progress, or mingling their voices musically in silver-chain recitations, taking the wing movement to music, or marching like a procession of angels carrying the flag of the country under which it is organised. Yes, the noble Queen would love the Lyceum. I hope, my friend, that the progressive and independent people of England will not long delay the introduction of this Summer Land style of developing the bodies and spirits of their darling little ones.

Please send the magazine of *Human Nature* to my address. On my return you shall soon receive the subscription, and I trust others will join me in sending to you.

I have steadily read the *Spiritual Magazine*, and think it a finely and prudently conducted publication, but lacking the power and the freedom which "the whole truth" imparts to its possessor; although, as a purely and strictly *Spiritualistic* journal, it is quite up to the required standard; and I hope the few gentlemen who have so freely written for it and financially sustained it will soon find relief and encouragement from others. They deserve the greatest credit, and will eventually receive the warmest gratitude of all Spiritualists everywhere.

Mrs Davis joins me in cordial greetings to our sister, your wife, and to the little folks of the household of Burns. May your heart never grow lukewarm in the cause of universal human advancement, and may your hands be upheld and strengthened by your brethren in both Europe and America.—Truly your friend,

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

REVIEW.

SIX MONTHS' EXPERIENCE AT HOME OF SPIRIT COMMUNION, with Replies to Questions, Solutions of Doubts and Difficulties, and Definite Directions for Enquirers. By a Truth Seeker. Price Sixpence. London: Job Caudwell, 335 Strand.

THERE are two classes of persons—shall we call them intellectual cowards—who dare not approach a new subject. The first party are deterred from taking action by the shadow of the imaginary bugbear called "superstition," while the second group are intimidated by the flighty phantom, "fanaticism." The victims of superstition are restrained from progress by low and groveling fears as to what it will lead to, and suspicions respecting their own safety or that of their hobbies. Curious, though they are the playthings of superstitious fancy, they are also incorrigible sceptics; and having no abiding faith in the moral government of God or the stability of the nature of things, they are easily made to fear the vampire that drains them of their intellectual prowess. The fanatical party are enthusiastic and extreme in their denunciations of "fanaticism" and excited imaginary impulses. They think they know everything, and if any form of knowledge or number of facts subtend beyond the limited horizon of their capacity or experience, they are ready to denounce it with the greatest vehemence and dogmatism. They are afraid to believe the testimony of their own senses, and yet they are

most offensively scientific and matter-of-fact—caging the mind like a dog-beleaguered flock of sheep into the narrow compass of the perceptive faculties. These two classes of minds treat Spiritualism, or any new series of facts, in strict accordance with their peculiar idiosyncrasies. The superstitious or fanatical vein manifests itself in all the varieties of form—orthodox, heterodox, conservative, radical, hyper-spiritual, sub-material, and nondescript. Each of these forms of mental disease or incompetency have their own morbid modes of treating all blessings to which their mental appetites have not been accustomed. They are both in the rear of the line of progress, and feast only upon the scraps of the banquet. How different is the position of the Truth Seeker; his soul is conscious of its undeveloped and necessitous state, and his inner being anxiously exhorts its external instrumentalities to supply it with all possible means of knowledge and development. This special type of mind displays itself beautifully in the pamphlet which now lies before us. There is a child-like candour and simplicity of motive manifested in every page, with which there is intimately blended an intuitive perception of truths and principles. The author has been the recipient of a series of experiences, and without being ashamed of the fact, or displaying any indications that he has cause to be ashamed, he honestly and straightforwardly relates his narrative and draws such conclusions from it as his reason warrants. The entire tractate is amply described in the title. The facts are lucid and instructive, as to the nature and mode of spirit intercourse; and the questions—"How can these things be?"—"But is it not possible that some curious law may be at work which, while quite excluding spirit agency, would, if understood, show that all the phenomena are unconsciously produced by those who sit?"—"But is it right for us to look into these hidden things?"—"But how is it that the possibility of spirit communion has only just been discovered?"—"But how is it that so few know anything about it or believe anything concerning it?"—"But what good is likely to be answered by it?"—"But how can we suppose that God permits immortal spirits to leave heaven to come to manifest themselves in this way on earth?"—"But will the happy in heaven want to return here to manifest themselves thus?"—"But these facts, if facts they be, will change all our ideas of heaven and hell?"—"But if the spirits of the departed are near us they must be sharers in our misery?"—"But it seems an unworthy and degrading thing for spirits to manifest themselves in the way described as producing physical and material phenomena?"—"But why do not the spirits come to all?—why this need of 'mediums'?"—"But why do they not tell us something we do not know?" &c., are answered in a pleasing, clear, and respectful manner, adapted to the mental position of the many religious inquirers after the facts, principles, and influences of Spiritualism. The pamphlet concludes with "directions for those who wish to seek." As a whole, it is a valuable acquisition to the popular literature of Spiritualism, and will soon become a great favourite with those who are actuated with a desire to instruct mankind in this new branch of knowledge.

The friends of Mr L. N. Fowler, the celebrated lecturer on phrenology and physiology, will be pleased to learn that there has just been published a cast from a sculptured bust of Mr Fowler, for which he recently sat in Edinburgh. It is about half the size of life, and, as a work of art, is a spirited production. As a phrenological and physiological likeness, however, it is rather conventional. The physiognomy is the best part of it, yet the expression is rather forced and "got up." The way in which the shoulders and breast are represented gives a very false idea of Mr Fowler's physiology, and of the harmony between body and brain. We would also be inclined to question the correctness of some of the phrenological features. Those who are not critics will like it all the better for these "pretty" little effects.

THE LONDON CONVENTION.

RESPECTING this event, which is looked forward to with much interest by many Friends of Progress in town and country, we have received a voluminous and suggestive document, occupying a large double sheet of paper. We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with the following extracts:—

To the Progressive Spiritualists and those interested in the "Progressive History and Approaching Destiny of the Race."

The call for the third Convention has just been issued by our Brother and indefatigable Secretary, Dr M'Leod, to which I crave your attention and response, in order that the best arrangements may be made.

I would urge all our friends who can make it convenient to be in London on the Sunday before the Convention, to meet for Special Services, as Lectures, Sermons, or Devotional Exercises; those who feel the importance of such an opportunity, and are willing to take part in the duties of the day, should report themselves without delay, that the friends in London, who are looking forward to this Convention with so much hope and pleasure, may arrange for such places as are at their command.

I also suggest that the business for the Convention should be arranged, as far as practicable, on Monday, by the Secretary and Delegates, who will submit the same to the General Meeting.

I am encouraged by many of our best friends to think that this will be a Convention of no ordinary character; in the world of Mind there is great activity, men and women of the highest talent and clearest perception in the different ranks of society are earnestly investigating the claims of Spiritualism, and its practical application to human improvement.

It having been intimated to me that the call should be general, and that no Spiritualist or Friend of Progress should feel that the invitation did not extend to him or her, I trust no Spiritualist will feel (who reads it) that they are excluded; indeed, we encourage all to come who realise a nearness of the Spirit World, that they may unite with us in extending the knowledge that that world aids us in the unfoldment of health, comfort, wisdom, and happiness.

As Progressive Spiritualists, it is our duty to encourage all who are investigating the "Hidden Power," that they may soon know the just and righteous Laws in the Constitution of the Spiritual Universe, and that as all men are progressive Human Spirits, so may all expect to attain or "advance to power, wisdom, goodness, justice, unity, and truth."

As Friends of Progress let us aim at a more charitable judgment of men and their actions in earth life; "as no man liveth and sinneth not," so let us try and judge, but a "Righteous Judgment," not hastily or harshly, as all in turn need encouragement, and not censure or reproach.

Holding as we do that we are all children of a common Parent, who holds the lowest as well as the highest developed of His children in His loving embrace, and provides impartially for all their wants, so let us remember that there is no just ground for Jealousy, no need for War, no reasons for aiming a Weapon at any Brother's Heart; but the highest reasons why we should keep ourselves on the Mountains, while we seek to draw others from the Valleys.

Every lover of Humanity, into whose hands this may find its way, may consider this call is to him or her; the good of every sect and party, come! those who have creeds and those who have none, but desire truth and newness of life, come! come one and all, rich and poor, leave behind all our little differences for a few days, and let us reason together in all soberness on any subject that may be brought before us.

There will be a great amount of experience from different parts of the country, yea, different parts of the world, of an interesting nature. Many

interesting letters and suggestions have reached me respecting what should be done, and what should not be done at the Third Convention. I give two on the following pages, showing that our friends mean work in different ways. Since our last meeting Brother Green, of Marsh House, has spent a few months in the United States of America, and conversed with the most eminent men and women in that country; he will have much to say that will be useful and instructive, and I trust the Convention will be prepared to hear his report with that consideration which his devotion to Spiritualism demands.

We shall feel the absence as distinctly as ever we felt the presence of our dear Brother and Sister Spear, their genial, loving, yea, Heavenly influence, will not be there to soothe down irritation and harmonise conflicting thought, as on former occasions; in the absence of such goodness, intelligence, and experience, let us aim to know more and live better, to give light and liberty, even life to the world, our great purpose, and may Wisdom fan the spark of Spiritualism in England into a terrible flame, that will consume all contention and inharmony, and enable the sons and daughters of troubled and distracted humanity to arise—come forth to life, purified, elevated, and happy.—Yours faithfully,

JOHN HODGE.

Hume Terrace, Eastbourn, Darlington, April 22nd, 1867.

. For the comfort and convenience of the friends from a distance, the Circles in London with whom the Secretary is immediately associated have tendered their kindest offices in procuring Lodgings near the Convention Rooms; those contemplating being present should write at once, and avoid disappointment and trouble at the last hour.

PREAMBLE AND THE SPIRITUAL CONSTITUTION OF THE PROGRESSIVE
SPIRITUAL PEOPLE.

Whereas Aforetime, and amongst other Peoples of Spiritualists, in this Mortal Stage of existence, much evil [Oppression, and consequent Suffering, and even Slaughter of Human Creatures by their fellow-men,] has been given rise to, and has been perpetrated, on account of two principal and Fatal Errors, namely, First, *The Adoption and Practice of the Principle of Dominion in Spiritual Churches and in Communion with the Invisible.*—And Secondly, *The Adoption and Practice of a joint Spiritual and Temporal Order and Power of Execution, in the absence of Criminality, over the Spirits or Souls and the Bodies of Mankind:* therefore, we, the Progressive Spiritual People in Convention Assembled in the British Metropolis, June, 1867, do deliberately and emphatically denounce, and in the following Constitution most unreservedly eschew, the said Fatal Errors,—fatal alike to True Religion and Spiritual Progress, and to Temporal Prosperity, Plenty, Peace, and Harmony.

SPIRITUAL CONSTITUTION.—THE PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALIST PEOPLE.

Declaration.—1. We the Third Convention of Progressive Spiritualists declare, that the Progressive Spiritualist People consists of Persons who have realised Spiritual Communion with the invisible Order or world of Beings, and who are endeavouring to live consistently with such a solemn and exalted attainment. 2. That such Persons are joined in the spirit of Truth, and they are thus really and worthily recorded members, and we deliberately declare that no further recording or bond of Membership is either necessary or desirable,—excepting simply a *voluntary* enrolment of name and address for the purpose of Spiritual notices. 3. That the Spiritualist People exist as Self-regulated individuals, or as Circles, in any or in every latitude and longitude under Heaven, or in Mortal existence, holding

larger meetings of Delegates or of members, and also Meetings with the Public, when and wherever they may choose to do so.

Business.—This Convention, in the Spirit doth now nominate a Spiritual Committee consisting of three Persons, to act by Circular, etc., in order to reach the entire of the Spiritual People, and to receive all correspondence from the same, and this Convention proposes,—1st. That the Committee *divide itself* into functions of labour,—as President, Secretary, and Treasurer: and that the said Committee shall bear all its own expenses, to which end it may solicit voluntary Contributions. The Committee to keep a record of its business, and report the same to the ensuing Convention. 2nd. That the Committee shall act on all matter sent out to, and on all matter received from, every quarter: and all matter sent out should be in unity of the Committee, and all said matter should be in harmony with the Spiritual freedom of the Progressive Spiritual People Individually. 3rd. That a General Convention of the People, or of their Delegates, be held; but that the holding of said Convention shall be a matter of agreement of the People in all parts of the Earth where they exist: which agreement shall be gathered or collated by the Committee, who, after doing so, shall call a Delegate Meeting of members from the immediate surrounding Circles; which Delegate Meeting shall sit as jury, to pass upon the Committee's decision to call a General Convention of the Nations: and to pass upon other matters relative to, or to be brought before, the said Convention. 4th. That the first Convention thus called and held, shall be called, The First Convention of the Progressive Spiritual People.

Spoken through Edwin H. Green, on behalf of the Invisible Guides of the approaching Convention, in presence of Thos. Etchells, Dungeon House, Huddersfield, and Miss Macleod, Member of the "Double Circle," on April 20th, 1867.

To John Hodge, President of the British Association of Progressive Spiritualists, the Invisibles send greeting.

(*Extracts.*)—"It is also desirable that the many representatives from the country should give their London friends an opportunity of fraternising, by having Social Meetings on the previous Sunday or Monday. This amalgamation of influences will conduce to the cultivation of a spirit of harmony and unity of desire amongst those who will assemble together, to discuss the best means of propagating the beautiful and harmonious truths received from the inner life. We pray the great Father that each thought and desire of every individual member may be, that the Holy Spirit of truth may descend upon them and baptize them with wisdom to do and say that which will most benefit themselves and their race. Thus you will be enabled to gratify and receive strength from many persons, and the Convention will prove a means of more extended usefulness than can otherwise be obtained. We will endeavour to assist the promoters of this truly philanthropic movement by passing through the various mediums such communications as may best serve to promote the truest interests of the Convention. We have heard your call, and we send you these thoughts in answer to your desires, ever bearing in mind that we *but suggest*, and desire to act in harmony with your own highest intentions for the spread of the gospel of truth, and the mental, religious, and political freedom of every man and woman who inhabits this planet."

Marsh House, Brotherton, Yorkshire.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PROGRAMME.

Sunday, June 9th—The Double Circle (Huddersfield) will be glad to meet the friends of progress at such place as may be thought best, either for Service, Meeting, or Conversation.

- Monday, 10th—By the President's desire will meet friends, with the Secretary, Dr M'Leod, to arrange the Meetings of Convention—Papers to be read—*Reporter for Convention—Publishing Committee.*
- Tuesday, 11th—President's Inaugural Address—Address (if possible) by Spirit Control—*Secretary's and Treasurer's Report*—Reports from Circles and Societies—Progress made during last year—Propaganda—What can be done?—Committee to prepare Resolutions for moving on Propaganda.
- Wednesday, 12th—Report of Committee on Propaganda.—Papers to read.
- Thursday, 13th—Papers continued—Choice of Offices for next year—President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Committee of three.
- Friday, 14th—Papers continued (if any)—Address of the Convention to the Governments of the World—Address of the Convention to the Men of Science—Address of the Convention to the People of every faith.

We hope the suggestions presented here and in last issue will enable the friends who intend visiting London to have their minds prepared on the most desirable points for discussion. Large numbers have signified their intention of being present. We hope the suggestion will not be lost sight of to close the Convention with a Social Meeting for the purpose of fraternal introductions and intercourse.

The Secretary's address is—Dr M'LEOD, Bedford Hall, Chemies Street, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.C., at which Hall the Convention will take place.

REPORTS OF PROGRESS.

DEATH *versus* IMMORTALITY.

ON a recent Sunday evening a lecture was delivered in the Secularist School Room, Huddersfield, by Mr Slater, from Bury, upon "Immortality, what evidence have we?" The lecturer admitted that, with one or two exceptions, all nations, savage and civilised, believed that life was continued after the dissolution of the human body—that life was a separate and distinct power or principle which could exist independently of *this body*. He repeated the evidence adduced by the religious world, and contrasted the Scriptural statements with the modern deductions of science, as we understand it; and then endeavoured to show that the idea could only have arisen from "ignorance of law,"—as we never saw or heard of "life" without "body," and as soon as the muscle or nerve-cord was severed, the organs thus cut off invariably ceased to be excited, and life in them *stopped*. He argued that chemistry, and all known sciences, taught that this matter was governed by fixed and rational principles—that the human body was nothing more or less than a beautiful chemical machine, which must be attended to in this life, and this alone; and the only way for man was to live a life of usefulness while he had the chance, and should there be any discoveries made which would prove a future state we should be ready for it. He desired any lady or gentleman who had evidences of a future life to come forward and state them, as all truth was good, and truth was what the Secularist wanted.

Mr Thos. Etchells, the Spiritualist, came forward, and said he was quite aware that the Rationalists of France had gone deeply into the mysteries of nature, but found no destruction—no annihilation. The Materialists of the world had divided and sub-divided matter more infinitesimally than the Spiritualist required to prepare it to form his spiritual home above and around us. The Secularist gloried in not having found a particle which he

could annihilate or destroy. And yet our Brother here had to-night declared, with the same breath that he had said there could be no annihilation, that the very power, the very force by which we *know that matter exists*—the very power by which we know anything—is annihilated, lost for ever when this body has done its work! What a contradiction! That the matter should exist for ever, and the higher power, by which we know it, should be annihilated, *lost for ever*. If we examine the organisation of any living thing from the animalcule up to ourselves, we shall find the real moving cause ever out of our sight, ever beyond our powers of investigation. I know you will tell me that without muscle there can be no strength, that without the nerve-cord there can be no sensation; and, consequently, muscle must be strength, and nerve-cord sensation and thought. But let us, my friend, look again: let us only make another move into the beyond, and we shall see that this nerve is but the pipe, the tube through which passes a force or power which uses the muscle, which uses the nerve-cord—which passes through them just as this gas passes through this black iron pipe. And would you, I ask, dare, in this enlightened age, tell me that this heavy material thing was the real light, simply because it happens to be the medium through which passes this beautiful and yet *invisible power, gas*? And so it is with muscular strength, SENSATION, LIFE. Do you want natural objects in proof of this? I can only give you one to-night, which will point the way how to collect for yourselves. I went into my garden and dug up several dead-looking black grubs. I placed them under a glass, and watched them for weeks. They lived, they moved, they grew older and more wrinkled, and it was evident that death must soon come; and sure enough, one morning I was one short. No; not one short, for I had the shell—the body, but where was the soul, *the real body*. I had not long to look. It had left that old, worn out case, and was where? in heaven, to be sure; flying over that ground which the day before it could but even crawl about. Its friends left behind were waiting the same process of change, but not death, for it had now received a higher body, with which it could fly about and rejoice and call its fellows below to come up and rejoice with it. But they heard it not, they heeded it not, but groaned and writhed until they burst their old shells, and shook off the chains which bound them. Mr Etchells then referred to the chemical argument, and traced the progress of matter from the gaseous state in which our globe once existed to the many forms of life it now presents, and argued that if there was only chemical action, there could be nothing but chemical products, and no such thing as life, sensation, and intelligence. He claimed that the unseen *cause* was the reality, and that tangible phenomena were only effects.

Mr Slater thanked Mr Etchells for the candid and scientific manner in which the reasons for his belief in immortality had been laid before the audience, and that such discussions were the best way of spending the Sunday, and would be the means of filling the now almost empty churches and chapels. He still maintained that life was not a principle. He once saw an eminent lecturer point to the brain, and say, "This is the mind," in which opinion he heartily concurred. He considered the nerve the mind, and not the mere agent or channel for something to pass through. He asked what would have become of the butterfly if the grubs had got crushed? If the body had been destroyed the angel would have been lost.

Mr Etchells replied that though the pipe was crushed the gas yet existed. The invisible cause might be transferred, but could not be annihilated. He referred to the report of a lecture in the *Intellectual Observer* in which it was shown that the velocity of the nerve force was very slow indeed compared to what had been supposed, being not more than nine feet per second—hence the transmission of pleasure or pain can be stopped

in its course before reaching the brain—temperature having a great deal to do with the speed. This may be contrasted with the speed of light, which is about 192,000 miles per second, whilst that of electricity is *much more*, proving that the nerve force is *not* electricity. Mr Etchells adduced other illustrations, which may be found in the report of his paper read before the Newcastle Convention. He stated that man's body changed with age; but if he was a mere chemical combination, such progressive changes could not take place, as man, like a fire, would keep burning as long as fuel was added, without variety of phenomena. He added:—You will ask the Spiritualist to show you a spirit. Can you show me a pound of gravity? You can only demonstrate its existence by experiment; then, we say, experiment for yourselves; “work out your own salvation.” If it be difficult to experiment with weight or gravity, can it be less to experiment with the still finer and more occult forces? There are fifteen pounds to the square inch, about and upon us, yet we cannot see one particle of the matter which produces the weight. Is it out of place to suppose that as we have found millions of life in water, we may yet find millions in liquid air? I assert that we have found them, and what we have done you can under similar circumstances.

Mr Slater and the audience expressed their appreciation of Mr Etchells' kindness in bringing forward his scientific, logical, and kindly arguments.

GLASGOW ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

A social meeting of this Association, concluding a most successful session, was held in the Trades' Hall Dining Rooms, Glasgow, on Tuesday, 7th May. Mr William Burns occupied the chair, and, after tea, delivered an able address, in the course of which he reviewed the work of the past session, congratulated the members on the success which had attended their past efforts for the advancement of the cause in Glasgow, and encouraged them to still greater exertions for the future, prophesying in return a yet more glorious harvest. Mr Burns concluded his eloquent appeals by ably rendering the following song, composed by himself for the occasion:—

Why should the tiny joys of youth,
That wither and decay,
In mem'ry rise to dim the joys
Of life's maturer day?
Come let us forward cast our eyes
To where those beauties shine,
Whose spotless ray can ne'er decay,
Like joys of “Auld Langsyne.”

The joys of youth are but, in truth,
An idle, vain display;
We look behind to where they shin'd,
But tell me where are they?
Come let us, &c.

The heart that sighs for faded joys,
In sorrow's path shall stray;
A purer bliss they'll aye possess
Who tread life's upward way.
Come let us, &c.

Come let us join in friendly cheer.
Let hearts and hands combine,

That friendships may have ties sincere,
And love our joys entwine.

Come let us, &c.

And as the life maturer grows,
Earth's joys let us decline,
And follow hope's celestial star,
To bliss that's more divine.

Come let us, &c.

Let virtue's seal protect our weal,
Nor let us e're repine;
Hope points before to joys in store
Unknown to "Auld Langsyne."

Come let us, &c.

Addresses were likewise delivered by Mr Andrew Glendinning, of Port-Glasgow, on "Spirit Photography," detailing his own experiences connected with the subject; and by Mr Robert Harper, President of the Birmingham Association of Spiritualists, who gave an exceedingly interesting account of the manifestations which occurred at the Birmingham Circle, from which it was evident considerable progress had been made by the brethren in that quarter. He also threw out some valuable hints as to the future management of our association, and commended co-operation between the different societies of Spiritualists in this country. As indicating a step in this direction we may mention that papers read at the Birmingham and Glasgow Societies are being exchanged and re-read, each to the members of the other society. Mr James Nicholson followed, on "The Law of Spiritual Affinity;" and Mr James Brown, on "Our Future." Two original songs by Mr James Nicholson, entitled "Oor Wee Kate," and "Imph-m," abounding in quaint humour were sung with much taste by Mr Murdoch, and an original poem by Mr James Brown, "The Summer Land," (which we hope to present in an early number,) was read by Mr Cross. Other songs contributed likewise to the harmony of the meeting. Votes of thanks to the chairman and Mr Harper concluded the proceedings.

[The above official report by Mr Cross, secretary, has been supplemented by several private accounts which describe with much enthusiasm the earnest, enjoyable, and highly instructive nature of this meeting, which presents to the mind one of the most important "manifestations" of Spiritualism.]

GLASGOW CURATIVE MESMERIC ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Business Meeting and Soiree of this Association was held on the evening of 16th May, in the Trades' Hall Dining Rooms, about 100 members and friends being present. After tea, the President, J. W. Jackson, Esq., who occupied the chair, congratulated the Association on the success which had attended their efforts for the propagation of mesmerism as a curative agent. It was a task which required a considerable amount of moral courage, and no little hard work to carry it out; but he thought the day was fast approaching when public opinion would be changed to such an extent as to render their duties less arduous. The public mind had been somewhat modified in Glasgow, he thought, during the past six years, through the unostentatious self-denying efforts of their members. He referred with pleasure to the fact that Dr Hunt, the president of the Anthropological Society of London, had intimated that in future mesmerism and phrenology would be placed on an equal footing with the other branches of anthropological science, and that papers on these subjects might be read at

their meetings or appear in their magazine. The chairman thought this a significant fact, when the character of the men composing the Anthropological Society was looked at, and it contrasted favourably with the conduct of the Social Science Congress, British Association, and such like *fashionable* societies, who would not allow these subjects to be discussed at all. He strongly urged the necessity of union among the members, for their own benefit and that of the public.

Mr Cyrus Gracie, the Secretary, then read the committee's report for the year, which showed that the Association was still fulfilling the object of its founders,—several public lectures having been delivered, classes taught, and many cures effected. They were much in need of funds, to enable them to deliver public lectures, which were found useful in inducing strangers to join the practical instruction classes. Mr P. Melville, M.A., after moving the adoption of the report, made some remarks on the importance of working men having some special study for their leisure hours, and strongly recommended mesmerism, as capable of evoking all the finer sympathies of their nature, and as at once eminently useful to themselves and their neighbours. Mr Wm. Anderson addressed the ladies and strangers present on the subject of mesmerism, explaining what mesmerists generally thought as to the nature of the agent, its mode of application, and the extent of its usefulness. Mr J. W. Weir strongly urged the importance of mesmerism being made a domestic remedial agency, in which capacity he thought it shone to great advantage, enabling parents to nip in the bud the first symptoms of disease in their children. He illustrated his remarks by several cheering instances of its power for good in his own family. Betwixt the addresses, some excellent singing and reciting helped to enliven the proceedings, which were altogether of a very happy character.

NOTTINGHAM.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists are very active, and are making considerable progress. They had a grand meeting on Good Friday, at which eight mediums were entranced, and conveyed much instruction, and displayed some interesting phenomena. A cleverly-written report has been sent us, which would occupy several pages. Want of space alone prevents us from giving the greater portion of it.

The following excerpt is cheering testimony as to the progress of spiritualism:—"The very teachers in the public schools think it their duty to take up their cudgels against spiritualism. A friend of mine, a *quasi* spiritualist, and a student at a normal school, writes me that the rector in one of his lectures bade them beware of the modern spiritualistic quackery and its quacks! Little did he know that he had a spiritualist in his class—the best scholar in it, for he stood first at last examination!"

BEDFORD HALL, LONDON.—On the evening of May 1st, a goodly number of the friends of Spiritualism in the metropolis responded to the invitation of Dr M'Leod, and formed a very pleasant tea party. After refreshment, Joseph Wilmshurst, Esq., M.D., presided at the social entertainment. Dr M'Leod made sundry speeches, and otherwise busied himself in providing for the comfort and entertainment of his guests. The Misses Legg sang several songs with accompaniments on the pianoforte. Dr M'Leod also sang, and a medium was entranced and made a speech rather more vigorous than pleasing in style, and there was some difficulty in bringing him to the normal state again, the control being a rather excitable one. Several mediums exhibited spirit drawings. Mrs Marshall, of London, and Mr Champernowne, of Kingston, were in attendance, and before the meeting closed it was estimated that there were 200 persons present. There seemed to be a spirit of harmony and brotherhood pervading the whole assembly, and much satisfaction was apparent in the countenances of those present.

LIVERPOOL PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At a recent meeting of this Society, Dr Burrows delivered an address on "Phrenology: does it necessarily lead to Infidelity and Atheism." Dr Hitchman occupied the chair, and gave a long address on science, as related to God and things divine. The utterances reported are a curious mixture of fact and assumption, without any definite appreciation of the premises. He neither defines science nor religion; and in seeking to harmonize them, consequently finds a limit to his endeavours. He says:—

"Science tears down as mercilessly, as vehemently, the very stronghold of direct superstition, uproots sacerdotal magic, shatters your priestly idols however egregiously pagan, admits not boundless polytheism, clears off choking and offensive nuisances, sends in the free refreshing air of heaven, and, with confidence in the immutable laws of God, gives to men legitimate freedom of thought, proclaims the virtue of immortal truth, and nerves the mind to embrace it. But the study of science, with all its solidity, purity, strength, harmony—with all its universality, dignity, and grandeur—cannot give knowledge of a *deathless* soul. It teaches not of free-will, conscience, right—supersedes not all study of the human mind and the phenomena of its action—furnishes no religious sentiment that will endure the inexorable touchstone of experimental analysis—evokes no sterling right love, and equally right hatred—is powerless adequately to investigate spiritual laws or spiritual being, and can neither cover our bony fabric with flesh nor fill it with life."

Dr Hitchman's acquaintance with science has not taught him the relations of free-will, conscience, right, or spiritual being, because he has not investigated in the right direction. Physical science teaches physical truths, or the organic conditions under which these sentiments and spiritual being are manifested in man; metaphysical science teaches their essential nature; and psychology, or spiritual science, reveals the conditions of spiritual being, and the laws that govern it, apart from the rudimental organisation, or after that has been laid aside. "Science supersedes not all study." No; science is "all study," as far as the discovery of facts is concerned. "Science furnishes no religious sentiment that will," &c. Certainly science "furnishes nothing" but facts and conditions respecting that which already exists. Science is not a creator, but a demonstrator.

The word science is a wonderful bugbear to some of our "scientific" men. They invest it with a potency or impotency according to the whim of the moment. The word science merely signifies knowledge, and the knowledge of any class of conditions constitutes the science thereof; and they must be as adequate in one direction as in another. If the Doctor meant that the intellect could not supply the place of the moral and spiritual sentiments in ministering to the needs of the soul, then he was right, but why did he not say so? We cannot see the wisdom of introducing rhetorical display and unfraternal declamation into the transactions of a scientific society, as Dr Hitchman has done on this occasion. He cites the "methods of psychological science" as "dealing with the gratuitous statements of modern infidelity;" he also speaks of the "murmurs of infidelity." The Doctor occupies a similar position to the "infidel's" when he deals with a class of facts with which he is not conversant, or in the consideration of which his prejudices may obstruct his mind,—as when he doubts the power, and limits the function of science in respect to the subjects referred to in the above quotation. As a scientific man he ought to observe that "infidelity" depends upon conditions over which the individual has no absolute control. The following argument comprises the gist of the Doctor's philosophy:—

"It is said that mind depends for its existence solely upon cerebral matter, involving, of course, the supposition that when the material combination ceases to act the mind at once perishes. On the contrary, there is another primary element which does not, in any sense, result from matter, and which from its very nature, as well as from the constitution of cerebral matter itself, I venture to affirm, it would be physically impossible for it to do so. The murmurs of infidelity represent the pericipient element of all cerebral organisation to be extended, and therefore material,

whereas, I think it may be proved with mathematical precision, that this element is altogether unextended, and consequently immaterial; as completely unextended, in point of fact, as an idea is. If you prick the optic nerve with a pin, you produce no pain. What then? Light and colour. If you prick the auditory nerve, you again produce no pain. What then? A sound. A flash of light, therefore, is a sensation, a colour is a sensation, a sound is a sensation. If you were standing in the midst of a beautiful green field, some twenty or an hundred acres in extent, the green colour reflected within the axis of your mental vision would not be anything *material* within the optic nerves of your brain. And why not? Simply because it is physically impossible for the greater to be contained within the less. The percipient of our nature, therefore, which is competent to deal with any extent, however vast, must be, itself, I submit, independent of all extent. This is as unequivocally true as the most certain element in analytical trigonometry. The human body itself—the house we live in, of which a skull, like this, forms the roof—is not the percipient which perceives things—it is, I say, not that something immaterial, which a spirit is understood to be; and over and above the consideration that the fact is one of consciousness, we have the most perfect mathematical demonstration, which is the most incontestable proof we can possibly have of anything in the whole realm of physical science, that as the human brain consists of phenomena only, which elements preclude the possibility of its *thinking*—and mark, the same irrefragable method of reasoning applies, with equal force, to every other portion of extended matter—you will learn, at once, that nothing material can, in the very nature of things, be the percipient element, which is, therefore, unextended and immaterial, of absolute necessity, something wholly independent, and irrespective of all size and all form. We are just as sure of this as we are that there is anything for us to perceive. Sorrow, for instance, is as unextended as a mathematical point, which, as you know, has neither height nor depth, length, breadth, or thickness, and yet has position; so is knowledge, however great; so is an idea of any kind. Yet who doubts that all these are very positive and very real things, except he who never had any of them in his composition, as much so, in fact, as are bodies which have the measurement of a pint, or a pound, connected with them? And as the human percipient is not, and cannot be, one of its own sensations merely, I unhesitatingly affirm that it is physically impossible for it to be extended—in a word, material. So plain, so striking are the proofs of mind's independence of cerebral *matter*, its phosphoric acid, osmazome, water, salts, albumen, and sulphur. It is exterior even in the case of the geometrical bee, for assuredly the cerebral organisation of that insect does not *per se* constitute it the incomparable geometrician, a brain made of water, little else. Depend upon it there is something *older*, higher, over-ruling; yes, a part of that almighty power which guides as Lord of Life. We have arrived, as it were, on the border-land of body and soul. The structure of the nervous system presents us with a perfect reflex of psychical relations, mental processes corresponding with the nervous activity of psychical cells, whose external functions are really *mind becoming visible*. We are now enabled to say with confidence, *here* the physical ends, and *there* the psychical begins."

These statements and reasonings supply food for thought, and grounds for direct denial. What "infidel" ever assumed that, because the mind could observe a landscape forty miles in extent, the brain or "percipient" was of the same magnitude? The Doctor also strangely mistakes the *effect* for the *cause*. He cannot measure a "sorrow" nor an "observation:" therefore he assumes the "percipient element" to be independent of matter or extent. On this logical hinge his whole argument turns. But, unfortunately, the "sorrow" and the "observation" are not the "percipient element," but the result of such an element in combination with external conditions. They are phenomena; the effect, not the cause: hence his argument is valueless. In fact, he "proves" that the "percipient element" is merely "phenomena," and thus plays the whole game into the hands of the "modern infidels." We are left quite in the dark as to what he means by saying, "so striking are the proofs of the mind's independence of cerebral matter," &c., and in stating that the mind of the bee is independent of its cephalic ganglion. As no "proofs" nor indications of fact are given, we may charitably take the whole matter as "gratuitous statements."

We have now examined the whole of the Doctor's speech, and have found it to be incoherent. Therefore we are at a loss to know either what he desires to teach or overthrow. We would simply ask our Liverpool friends,

what good can such a display serve in the interests of phrenological science? From parenthetical sentences of "loud applause" contained in the report, the speech seems to have been immensely appreciated; but for what? Can any of the hearers reproduce the thoughts or explain their meaning? Possibly their exultation arose from the double fact that they had a veritable doctor in the chair and another to deliver an address. Such proceedings before a society of amateur phrenologists are like the fables of the two-headed giants that wicked nurses are in the habit of terrifying children with. If our phrenological societies mean to succeed, let them study like men; and when they elevate some one to their presidency, see that he knows a little more than themselves. There is great room for widening the curriculum of such societies, by teaching human nature on a wider scale than by feeling for bumps. We may add, that all observation teaches, that wherever there is mental phenomena there is an organ adequate to the manifestation of them. The very term "percipient element" admits that something perceives; and the investigations of the psychologist and spiritualist confirm the fact, that *man in all stages of existence is an organised being*, though the elementary composition of such organism may differ very much in the different spheres of existence. Organism is the exponent of mind. All mental acts are consciousnesses or sensations, whether arising from the prick of a pin, a flash of light, an object, a sorrow, or a love. These sensations are conveyed to the mind by means of the organism. Mind and organism are distinct, yet inseparable. Dr Hitchman, in proving that mind is not organism, proves it to be nothing! In our present state of knowledge we more modestly say we do not know what it is. We simply perceive its existence, and record and classify its manifestations. The effort to make the superstructure of science depend upon a "higher over-ruling" supernatural something is the shortest method of bringing the whole fabric to the ground, and necessitates the existence of those quizzing rogues, the "modern infidels." Dr Burrows' lecture seems to have been in keeping with the vague character of the introductory speech. We see no reason why phrenologists should exhibit so much nervousness as to the consequences of their teachings. If their deductions are founded on science, and do not comport with what is called "religion," it must be all the worse for the religion, and the sooner the whole is investigated the better.

The subjects of fatality and responsibility are left untouched by these apologists. They are so firmly attached to foregone conclusions that their limited tether will not allow them to go beyond the form of their educational prejudices. The Liverpool Society seems to be doing some work. Mr Bridges has a monthly class meeting at his house; and on alternate fortnights there is an ordinary meeting of the society in the Lecture Hall, Brown's Buildings. The address of the secretary is—Mr Frazer, 75 Tithebarn Street, Liverpool.

A STUDY FOR PHRENOLOGISTS.

THE CAST OF MR GALE.

IN ignorance of the principles of phrenology, the fashionable belief is that a better medium for studying character is afforded by physiognomy. The fallacy of this belief is seen in the fact that the flexible countenance expresses mainly the fleeting emotions, and not the general tenour of the mind.

"What a very nice person is Mr —; he is so affable and so gentle, aye, and so very courteous." "Well, I don't know how you can say so; I am sure I never saw any one look so morose and disdainful in all my lifetime." Such conversation is of frequent occurrence, for which unscientific physiognomical notions are accountable.

It happens, too, that most persons pride themselves in their skill in judging of faces; yet if this bust of Mr Gale was represented as having been cast from some vile malefactor (say robber and assassin), perhaps not one in a thousand of these judges would doubt it; and probably nine-tenths of that number would (as is usual upon such occasions) exclaim, "What a bad man," "He looks it in the face," etc. So much, then, for popular physiognomy, for Mr Gale is neither a robber nor assassin, but a philanthropist. Complacency and kindness are the leading features of his character.

Mr Gale possesses also a wonderful inventive genius, originating in a faculty, the existence of which is indicated in no part of the face. But if we employ phrenology, we find an ample combination of inventive elements, even equal to the discovery of his non-explosive gunpowder process, which is said to afford an absolute specific against all the evils of fire, water, friction, or deterioration, to which gunpowder has been hitherto subject. "With the adoption of Mr Gale's plan all the necessities for costly magazines would disappear, and so also those huge spaces of waste land which are obliged to be kept free around those perilous storehouses, on which farmers may not venture to cultivate nor architects to build. In the matter of transport alone this new method of making powder would effect a saving of £5 10s per ton." (See the *Times*, June 22, 1866.)

Mr Gale has employed this same faculty in constructing a gun to supersede revolvers, which, in the *Evening Star*, May 31, 1866, is commented upon as follows:—"We have recently seen an invention which, we believe, will go far to revolutionise the whole system of modern firearms. The inventor is Mr James Gale, whose system of rendering gunpowder non-explosive has lately been before the country, and has, we may say, been accepted by the Government as a most valuable invention," etc.

"Armed with such weapons," says the *Standard*, May 16, 1866, "a single regiment of infantry would literally and absolutely pour forth a veritable storm of bullets; for assuming such a regiment 800 strong, it could certainly throw 48,000 bullets in the face of its enemy in a single minute of time," etc.

To accomplish such inventions as these the aid of large perceptive faculties is required; physiognomy would be at fault in such a case as this, whilst phrenology not only shows that he possesses these powers, but that in a high degree, as seen by his protruding brow. The organ of Firmness, a faculty indispensable where perseverance and application are required, is very strongly marked, as is also that of Benevolence, which has cost Mr Gale the founding of Plymouth Institution for the Blind.

Lavater, relating his experience, says—"I have the happiness to be acquainted with some of the greatest men in Germany, Switzerland, &c., and I can upon my honour assert that, of all the men of genius with whom I am acquainted, there is not one who does not express the degree of intelligence and powers of mind he possesses in the features of his countenance, and particularly in the form of his head." Here, then, it is admitted by the best authority upon the subject that the form of the head has most to do with character. No doubt the success of Lavater's practice was entirely owing to his having taken into account the head. Had he disconnected the head from the face, he would have found in the latter only what would denote strength and weakness of mind, malignity, pride, contempt, resignation, sorrow, and a few other emotions, some of which might have existed only in the imagination of the observer.

What is most curious with regard to Mr Gale is that he is blind, and has been so for fifteen years, and that during this period he has made the above discoveries. This fact may tend to disturb many metaphysical speculations. A blind musician, poet, or theorist seems possible, but not so a blind mechanician, and as such probably Mr Gale stands unprecedented. Altogether the cast of Mr Gale is quite a study.