

# HUMAN NATURE :

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## NOTES ON THE HISTORY AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

No. I.

THE history of medicine may be considered as divisible into three periods. The first, embracing about 3600 years, from the days of Adam down to the age of Hippocrates, of which the records are exceedingly scant, so that we strive in vain amid the bewilderments of the fabulous to join together the threads of a connected and reliable narrative. The second, extending from the age of Hippocrates to the revival of letters in the sixteenth century, includes some 2000 years, concerning which, though there are some occasional deficiencies, the records generally are ample and authentic. The third period occupies some 300 years, and brings the history down to the present day. It is by far the most important period, fruitful in discoveries and the marvellous developments of science, and our information happily is abundant and precise.

These periods are distinctly defined by great revolutions in medical practice, and we are not aware of any means by which the public can be more effectually enlightened respecting the real character of medicine, as at present in vogue among us, than by directing attention to the instructive history of the varied changes, innumerable fallacies, and destructive practices that have everywhere marked its progress. And here it is necessary to observe that the term "medicine," in its original acceptance, included every branch of the "healing art," and in its comprehensive sense, as now scientifically used, it embraces General Anatomy, Surgery, Physiology, Pathology, Therapeutics, and Hygiene. These departments of medicine are not based on mere hypothesis or theory, but on facts verified by matured experience, and on legitimate induction therefrom; hence they *alone* constitute "Medical Science" properly so-called.

But "Medicine" in its restricted and more popular sense exclusively implies the *use of drugs*, and therefore is best

described by the phrase "*Drug Medication*." In this sense, medicine never was a science, and has not now the faintest pretensions to be so honoured. Its practice never did and never could soar above the regions of experimental or confirmed quackery. Hence physicians, the "M.D.'s" of our day, and all practitioners who profess to combat disease and restore health by the administration of the deadly drugs and noxious compounds of the pharmaceutical-chemist and apothecary, can, in the light of reason and science, rank no higher than those superlative charlatans who thrive by vending "patent medicines," panaceas, and so forth—quacks, who trade upon the pitiable superstitions that still so largely prevail among the public respecting the value of drugs and their imputed virtues.

In fact the public at large know too little about Drug Medication, and the varied phases through which it has passed, and is perpetually passing. Far less faith would be credulously reposed in its pretensions were its history better understood; for its practice has invariably been changeable, never settled and definite. It has had no undoubted therapeutic truth to uphold and guide it. The truths of philosophy that were known thousands of years ago, or of anatomy, physiology, and hygiene, as taught by Hippocrates, Celsus, or Galen, have maintained an unvaried existence which time has only brought into clearer light, and rendered more indubitable. This is because scientific truth is absolute and imperishable—the same in all ages, and in all countries, and under all circumstances; while there is not a particle of truth on which Drug Medication can rest its therapeutic pretensions, or by which it can be justified and sustained. In it there is no certainty or truth but disease and death. The same deplorable experimentalism that has sacrificed more victims than war or famine is still continued, and all we yet know for certain is, that drug practice is as deadly, as much at enmity with human interests now, as a calamitous experience has demonstrated it to have been from the earliest ages.

Dr Hamilton boasts that "the history of medicine is, in fact, the history of the human species, uncontaminated by those civil discords and fearful atrocities, those crimes and disorders which blot the page of other histories, and stamp man, created in the image of his Maker, with the visage of a fiend and the heart of a brute." It is, he continues, "the history of peace and good will, of endless harmony and unceasing philanthropy. Instead of recording the desolations of war, and the growth of immorality—the deadly effects of human passions, and the bloody triumphs of senseless ambition—her province is to note the diminution of mortal suffering, and the only triumphs which she records are those obtained over sickness, death, and sorrow."\*

\* Dr Hamilton's History of Medicine. Vol. I. Preface

This is rather a fanciful picture, and whatever truth there is in it can only be held applicable to the scientific departments of medicine which we have referred to, for as an art it has ever been disreputably identified with Drug Medication in one form or other, and the essence of all drugging is imposture. The history of medicine, therefore, to be truthful must record the impostures its professors cherished, the debasing superstitions their practices perpetrated, and the artifices by which pretenders to curative skill and power have preyed in all ages on the credulous infirmities of human nature. Nor is this all. Account must also be taken of the extreme selfishness, bigotry, and fanaticism that have disgracefully distinguished drug-practitioners generally, in their intolerant resistance to new discoveries, and the enlightened development of scientific medicine. There was a consistency observed in always striving to crush independence of mind, to repress whatever innovation was calculated to disturb profitable gains, and oppose, as hostile to religion and detrimental to society, anything likely to interfere with their "vested interests" in the ascendancy of ignorance, though its manifest tendency was to serve mankind. This is the dark shading that truth throws on Dr Hamilton's fanciful picture, and the gloom that thus overshadows it is the gloom of deception and death.

"Many philosophers of reputation," remarks Cabanis, "have regarded medicine as a deceitful art, the empire of which was founded solely on credulity and weakness."\* Some very enlightened practitioners, he says, have countenanced this opinion, and undoubtedly they were right in so doing, as far as Drug Medication is concerned. Among the ancients we will see that medicine was mystified and degraded in practice by appeals to the supernatural, thus trading on the "credulity and weakness" of human nature, and in modern times—though to say so is the reverse of flattering to the intelligence of the public which is so admirably commended—we will find drug practice flourishing as successfully and profitably, by the unscrupulous use of means not more reputable. It is indeed a very humiliating reflection, warranted by every page of medical history, that instead of being cultivated as a science admirably calculated to comfort, improve, enlighten, elevate, and bless mankind, medicine, as generally practised, has been designed rather to retard progress, perpetuate ignorance and superstition, and become a venal instrument to enslave and degrade intellect by pandering to the "credulity and weakness" of its victims.

"It would be no easy task," observes Dr Pettigrew, "to assign the earliest age of quackery in medicine. It is, perhaps, coeval with the introduction of chemistry; but the first renowned quack

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\* Cabanis' *Revolutions of Medical Science*. Dr Henderson's edition, p. 10.

was Paracelsus. He boasted his power of making man immortal, yet he died in 1541 at the early age of 48 years.\* But surely Dr Pettigrew is in error; for, in so far as quackery in medical practice is identified with arrogant pretensions trading on ignorance and superstition, combined with the irrational treatment of disease, its origin assuredly dates from the earliest ages of which we have authentic record. Nearly 2000 years before Paracelsus demonstrated by his death the vanity of his immortal elixir, Menecrates of Syracuse flourished, whose presumption even Paracelsus did not exceed. He stipulated with his patients before undertaking their cases that, in the event of their recovery, they should attend him wherever he went. He had them decorated with the attributes of different deities, while he himself, attired in a purple robe, with a golden crown upon his head and a sceptre in his hand, personated Jupiter in the midst of them. He wrote to Philip of Macedon in this extravagant strain: "Menecrates Jupiter, to Philip, greeting. Thou reignest in Macedonia and I in Medicine. Thou givest death to those who are in good health: I restore life to the sick. Thy guard is composed of Macedonians: the Gods themselves constitute mine." To which Philip laconically replied, that he wished him the recovery of his senses. But soon after, hearing that Menecrates was in his vicinity, he invited him and his companions to an entertainment, where, elevated on rich and lofty couches before an altar covered with the first fruits of the harvest, they were regaled with perfumes and libations, while Philip and his other guests feasted on a substantial repast seated below. Stung by the cruel irony of the reproof, the crestfallen quack and his dupes slunk away.

Some 400 years subsequently Thessalus appeared on the scene, and enjoyed a great reputation at Rome. In audacity and presumption he is represented as transcending any of his predecessors, while he equalled in ignorance the very worst of them. He assumed the title of "The Conqueror of the Physicians," which he had inscribed on a magnificent tomb he erected for himself in the Appian Way. Galen and Pliny represent the vanity and insolence of this quack as intolerable. He professed to make his pupils proficient in the whole art of medicine within six months, and no mountebank ever attracted more crowded audiences around him. Medical history presents a succession of such quacks; for "human credulity and weakness" is the same in all ages and countries, differing only in degree, and "where the carcass is, there will the vultures congregate."

With these preliminary observations we shall now proceed to

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\* Dr Pettigrew's Medical Superstitions, p. 2.

sketch the history of medicine, noting more particularly the leading incidents of its progress—the great end in view being to illustrate and bring home to the mind of every intelligent reader a conviction of the mischievous delusions, the deceptions, the unnatural and destructive practices of Drug Medication. On this point we shall furnish abundant and irresistible evidence.

The origin of medicine, like the origin of letters, is wrapt in impenetrable obscurity. Le Clerc and Schultze, the French and German historians of medicine, both agree in their speculative conjectures concerning its origin, and consider Adam to have been the first physician, surgeon, and accoucheur. They surmise that he derived his knowledge of the art direct from heaven, but the reasonableness of such a supposition is beset with insuperable difficulties. To Tubal Cain, on the faith of his being represented as “an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron” (Genesis iv. 22), has been ascribed the invention of surgical instruments. But “with the solitary exception of the surgical rite of circumcision,” observes Dr Hamilton, “history, whether sacred or profane, furnishes us with no information whatever respecting the progress of either medicine or surgery during the patriarchal ages.”\*

It is consistent with reason to assume that coeval with the existence of disease attempts were made to discover and apply remedies. According to Herodotus and Strabo, the Babylonians exposed their sick in public places, in order to learn from those who observed them, if they had been similarly afflicted, by what means they had been cured. But among all the nations of antiquity diseases were regarded as evidences of Divine displeasure, consequently cures were sought to be obtained by the employment of such means as were considered most likely to appease the anger and propitiate the favour of deities, so truly described by Pope as

“ Gods partial, changeful, profligate, unjust,  
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, and lust.”

The effect of this universal belief in the Divine origin of disease was, that the practice of medicine, if it did not originate with the priests, was very soon, in the early period of every nation, usurped and monopolised by them. The Hebrew priests, according to the Mosaical account, were also physicians. The Asclepiadæ, the priests of Æsculapius, were the first physicians of the Greeks, and the Druids those of the northern nations. This union of the characters of priest and physician which had such early origin, was continued for centuries after the Christian era, and exercised a most prejudicial influence on the progress

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\* History of Medicine, vol. i., p. 6.

of rational medicine. It caused evils, the effects of which are experienced even in our own day. "The terrors of the unseen overawing the ignorant, placed them at the mercy of those daring minds which, in every age, have assumed the office of interpreters of the will of the Demon, or of the behests of the benign Deity."\* For ages any cures that were effected, no matter by what means, were esteemed miracles, and the priest-physicians were regarded with awe and veneration as magicians who worked by supernatural agencies. Even the Egyptians, who were the most conspicuous among the ancients for wisdom and learning, and acquired great fame by the cultivation of arts and sciences, referred the origin of medicine to their demi-gods. In honour of Moses, it is said, that "he was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians" (Acts vii. 22); and in praise of the knowledge of Solomon we are told that "he excelled all the wisdom of Egypt" (1 Kings iv. 30).

The Egyptian thurgical system divided among thirty-six genii, inhabitants of the air, the guardianship of the different parts of the human body. Hence the priests monopolised the practice of medicine, as it was through them alone that such supernatural powers could be addressed and propitiated. Accordingly they devised a separate invocation and ceremonial for each genii, in order to obtain the cure of the particular portion of the body committed to their care. As long as diseases were believed to be signs of the vengeance or malevolence of beings superior to humanity, it was perhaps natural that those who professed to exercise a special influence over those beings, as priests and magicians did, should monopolise the practice of the medical art among the ignorant and superstitious nations. In the present age the "medicine-man" of the North American Indian, and the "obeah" doctor of the African, discharge the functions of the priest-physicians of antiquity.

It is supposed that the study of anatomy was first cultivated by the ancient Egyptians. Manetho, an Egyptian historian, is represented by Eusebius as stating that Athotis, a monarch whose reign is placed some centuries before the commencement of the Mosaic chronology, wrote several treatises on anatomy. But no reliance can be placed on this. It belongs altogether to the mythical portion of Egyptian history. There is, however, as we shall see, sufficient evidence to warrant the belief that in defiance of popular prejudices and priestly opposition, the study of anatomy received its first impulse from the superior minds that rendered the Alexandrian School famous.

It was from Egypt that the formularies which taught the use of herbs in medicine originally came, and those formularies were

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\* Dr Sedgewick Saunders, Hunterian Oration, 1867.

magical. Egypt, indeed, was early celebrated for its fertility in medicinal drugs. Homer, in the *Odyssey*, says—

“Where prolific Nile  
With various simples clothes the fatten'd soil.  
With wholesome herbage mixed, the direful bane  
Of vegetable venom taints the plain.  
From Pæon sprung, their patron god imparts  
To all the Pharian race his healing arts.”—*Pope*.

Pæon was a fabulous physician, reported to have cured the wounds which the Gods received during the Trojan war, but Isis, and her son Horus, or Apollo, were chiefly regarded among Egyptian divinities in association with medicine. Hence Ovid, referring to Apollo, says—

“Med'cine is mine, what herbs and simples grow  
In fields and forests, all their powers I know,  
And am the great physician called below.”—*Dryden*.

The Greeks were mainly indebted to the Egyptians for their medical mythology, on which they largely engrafted fables of their own. Æsculapius represented with them the great divinity of medicine, and temples were erected for his worship. He is reported to have been, with Hercules and Achilles, especially instructed in the medicinal use of plants and herbs, and also in surgical art by Chiron, who figures in Greek mythology as a Centaur. Æsculapius flourished about the period of the Trojan war, some 1184 B.C. He had two sons, Podalirius and Machaon, who commanded troops at the siege of Troy, and are represented by Homer as discharging also the duties of skilful surgeons. Menelaus having been wounded with an arrow by Pandarus, Machaon is hastily sent for.

“The heavy tidings grieved the godlike man ;  
Swift to his succour through the ranks he ran :  
The dauntless king yet standing firm he found,  
And all the chiefs in deep concern around.  
Where to the steely point the reed was join'd  
The shaft he drew, but left the head behind.  
Straight the broad belt with gay embroidery graced,  
He loosed, the corselet from his breast unbraced ;  
Then suck'd the blood, and sovereign balm infused,  
Which Chiron gave, and Æsculapius used.”—*Pope*.

In a subsequent encounter Machaon is himself wounded by Paris—

“The spouse of Helen dealing darts around,  
Had pierced Machaon with a distant wound.  
In his right shoulder the broad shaft appeared,  
And trembling Greece for her physician feared.”

Idomeneus then urges Nestor—

“Ascend my chariot, haste with speed away,  
And great Machaon to the ships convey.

A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,  
Is more than armies to the public weal."

Patroclus, sent by Achilles to see Machaon, meets "stern Eurypylus" badly wounded, and is entreated by him—

"To act a friendly part,  
Lead to my ships and draw this deadly dart;  
With lukewarm water wash the gore away,  
With healing balm the raging smart allay,  
Such as sage Chiron, sire of Pharmacy,  
Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.  
Of two famed surgeons, Podalirius stands  
This hour surrounded by the Trojan bands;  
And great Machaon, wounded in his tent,  
Now wants the succour which so oft he lent.

Patroclus cut the forky steel away.  
Then in his hands a bitter root he bruised,  
The wound he wash'd, the styptic juice infused.  
The closing flesh that instant ceased to glow,  
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow."

But without wandering further in the regions of romance, we may safely agree with Enfield, that these fabulous divinities had after all a human origin. "The history of those inventors of medicine," he observes, "is too obscure to afford any other conclusion than this simple fact, that there were, in the most remote period of the Egyptian history, celebrated men who devoted themselves to the benevolent office of healing diseases, and who were afterwards, by their grateful, but ignorant and superstitious countrymen, ranked among the gods."\* This observation is equally applicable to the medical divinities of all the nations of antiquity.

It is obvious, however, that at the period of the Trojan war, the practice of medicine was not, among the Greeks, exclusively confined to priests. Among the Hebrews also it would appear that physicians had become a separate order about two centuries later, for it is recorded of King Asa, who reigned some 900 B.C., that he consulted the physicians for a distemper in his feet, instead of confiding in the priests, as we understand the passage. "In his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians" (2 Chron. xviii. 12). The same separation seems to have taken place also among the Egyptians, but at what precise period it is impossible to determine. Herodotus, who flourished about 450 B.C., intimates that every physician confined his practice to one disease alone, so that every place was crowded with physicians, one class having the cure of the eye, another of the teeth, and another of occult diseases. This practice is clearly referable to their mythological system, which ascribed to differ-

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\* History of Philosophy. Book i.; Chap. 8.

ent genii the protection of the different parts of the human body, and our modern practice of devotion to "specialities" is somewhat analogous. As regards professional knowledge, however, these specialists are believed not to have been at all superior to their spiritual rivals, while both were lamentably deficient in anatomical knowledge and surgical skill. "But," observes Dr Hamilton, "their acquaintance with the simples of the vegetable kingdom appears to have been considerable, and their pharmaceutical knowledge to have extended to the more active properties of some of the most powerful articles of the modern *materia medica*." \*

It was reserved for the genius of Hippocrates to recast medicine in a new mould, and emancipate it largely from its pernicious alliance with priest-craft and sorcery. He was born in Cos, an island in the Ægean Sea, about 460 B.C., and died in the 99th or 109th year of his age, from the natural decay of his physical power, "free from all disorders of mind and body," and after death ignorance and superstition, which he did so much to combat, awarded him the same divine honours that were paid to Hercules.

He received the rudiments of his medical education in the temple of Æsculapius at Cos. These temples had become in a manner schools of medicine in the hands of priests, owing to a custom they had introduced that every patient who resorted to them should, on recovery, pay for having a representation of his disease, or an accurate model of the part affected, accompanied by a tablet describing the treatment for his relief, hung up in the temple of the divinity to whom he ascribed his restoration. Thus these temples, according to their fame, became the depositaries of the medical records, or practice of centuries, and it was out of this *rudis indigestaque moles* that Hippocrates, by his superior genius, indefatigable study and research, fashioned medicine into something like a rational system, and elevated its practice to the dignity of a profession.

He commenced by inculcating rational notions concerning the origin of disease. He exposed the folly and wickedness that ascribed diseases to other than natural causes, and, rejecting the supernatural altogether, laid the foundation of all that is really valuable in what is called "orthodox practice" even in the present day. He taught that no disease comes from the Gods, one more than another, each disease acknowledging its own natural and manifest cause. He rejected hypothetical reasoning in medicine, and endeavoured to digest its practice into systematic form on the basis of the most accurate knowledge he was able to attain of the structure of the human body and the nature

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\* History of Medicine, vol. i. p. 16,

of diseases. It is not certain that he ever attempted human anatomy, the probabilities are that he did not, but it is certain that he studied comparative anatomy, and brought the knowledge thus acquired to aid in his treatment of disease.

The great fundamental truth that pervaded his doctrine is, that the basis of all sound knowledge consists in the accurate observation of the actual phenomena of disease, and that correct generalisation of such phenomena should be the sole foundation of all our reasoning. Hence his description of particular diseases, after all the revolutions of customs and habits, both moral and physical during two thousand years and more, are still found to be correct representations of nature; while his indications of cure, and the treatment derived from them are, for the most part, rational and practicable—contrasting most creditably with the drug-empiricism so fashionable and popular in our day.

In the authentic writings of Hippocrates are to be found the first traces of what is properly called physiology, that is, an account of the functions and powers of the living body; and to him belongs the high merit of having first distinctly recognised the great preservative principle of nature—the *vis medicatrix naturæ*. All the phenomena of life and health he attributed to this fundamental principle, which he held to be sufficient, in itself, for the preservation of every living thing. It was his golden rule of practice to “wait on nature,” and, when interfering at all, to use the most simple and natural means available for assisting her operations.

Respecting the nature and cause of disease he was equally original, and, in a large degree, correct. The vitiated humours of the body, especially of the blood and bile, errors of diet, and air impurities he regarded as the most frequent causes of disease. To preserve health he recommended that the stomach should never be overloaded, nor exercise neglected, and he displayed remarkable sagacity and discernment in making Regimen a leading feature in his Therapeutics, and also bathing. His other remedial agents were almost exclusively of vegetable origin, for the preparations which depended on chemical processes, such as metallic salts and oxides, the strong acids with the spirituous compounds were then, happily for mankind, totally unknown.

When we reflect on the state of medical and general knowledge in the days of Hippocrates, his singular genius shines all the more brilliantly for the darkness which surrounded him. His serious errors of practice, purgatives and blood-letting, were wrong means to a right end, but he used them sparingly, as if doubtful of their efficacy—errors excusable in him, but not in those who, living two thousand years after him, remain blind to

the lessons of science and experience, and bigotedly follow a cruel, unnatural, and destructive practice.

If Hippocrates had done no more than dissociate the practice of medicine from the chicaneries of priestcraft, he would have merited renown from a grateful posterity. "From this moment," observes Salverte, "the priests ought to have renounced their pretensions to the healing art, but they were careful to prevent the science from being entirely divested of its heavenly and magical origin."\* Consequently, for more than a thousand years subsequently, the pernicious influences of this unnatural alliance retarded the development of medical knowledge, discouraged and actually prohibited its proper study, and bequeathed to the nineteenth century an inheritance of evils under which rational medicine is still struggling to obtain a recognised existence.

To Hippocrates, however, the high honour is due of having effected the first great revolution in medical knowledge and practice. He is justly described as "that mighty father of medicine, whose name has obtained the veneration of more than twenty centuries, and whose authority commands respect even at the present day."† It is his glory that he placed the study of medicine on its only true and solid basis—nature. But his successors, not comprehending the spirit of his teaching, or abandoning themselves to the delusions of superstition and vanity, or the equally seductive suggestions of easy mercenary gains, deviated from his illustrious precepts, and scorning the patient investigation of the operations of nature, devoted themselves to the fabrication of puerile and fantastic theories which bewildered their own understandings, perpetuated popular credulities, and degraded the practice of medicine to the rankest charlatanism.

Thus the folly of mankind, since the age of Hippocrates, has been searching in vegetable, mineral, and animal substances for specifics and panaceas to effect purposes contrary to the laws of nature. The superstitions he so courageously combated concerning the supernatural origin of disease were actively encouraged by Christian priests, and the ignorant multitude ran after charms, spells, relics, and phylacters with as much confident credulity as their more pardonable Pagan ancestors did.

More marvellous still, despising the revelations of scientific inquiry, and overlooking and perverting the teachings of nature, the vile concoctions of the chemist's crucible and the apothecary's

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\* Dr Todd Thomson's Edition of Salverte's *Philosophy of Magic*, vol. ii., p. 103.

† Hamilton's *History of Medicine*, vol. i. p. 54.

art are even now greedily swallowed with a superstitious trust that would not be accorded to manna were it sent direct from heaven. And, as if to overwhelm with ridicule and contempt the pride of intellect that vaunts our modern civilisation, we issue Sanitary Commissions to inquire respecting sanative measures, which Hippocrates insisted on centuries before the Christian era!

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## THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

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

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"Ecstasies of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

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### APOLLO AND THE MUSES.

POETIC AND ARTISTIC INSPIRATION—THE NECESSITY FOR A GREAT IDEA.

EVERY man is more or less the product of his age. It is the mould in which he is cast. Its influences constitute his evocation. Its events provide his opportunities. We all see this in relation to men of action. Without a Roman republic in transition to empire there could have been no Cæsar; without an English civil war there would have been no Cromwell; and without a France in the spasm of Revolution how could we have had a Napoleon? But the same law holds good in relation to men of thought. Even the highest are but the spokesmen of their time, through whom its wants are made known, and its proclivities become vocal. Plato was simply the Hellenic mouthpiece of Aryan theosophy. It was not Luther that made the reformation, but the reformation that evoked Luther. Induction was coming quite independently of Bacon, who did but embody its principles in the *Novum Organum*. Without the Elizabethan age and its dramatic requirements, England would still have lacked her immortal Shakespeare. Apollo and the Muses are still necessities, though they are ignored by some, and spoken of under a new nomenclature by others.

The bigotry of religion has infected our spirit. We talk of inspiration as if it were the speciality of one book. We flatter ourselves that we have the roll-call of the prophets of God! We know when the Infinite ceased to speak to the sons of men! The fire has gone out on the altar, and the Shekinah has departed from between the cherubim—for ever! It is doubtful whether "the eclipse of faith" ever before attained to such a "blackness of darkness," whether spiritual death was in any other age or country so gloomily regnant among the children of "our Father

in heaven." There has no doubt been a certain amount of *theoretical* Atheism among a few exceptional individuals in former times and other lands, but here the thing is made practical, presentable, and authoritative, as an article of our creed, that the Deity will do no more, saving through the laws of matter and motion, to the end of the world! To this complexion has the faith of the wonder-working Nazarene come at last in the hands of his inductive and commercial disciples of Western Europe, who not only limit the possibilities of the future by the traditions of the past, but roundly declare that the latter, in their grander features, are no longer reproducible, and can never again occur.

It need scarcely be said that such a creed is simply indicative of the utterly defunct condition of the churches that entertain it. The soul of humanity rejects a doctrine so clearly the offspring of death and negation, where faith is reduced to the vanishing point, and the desperate experiment is openly made of maintaining an ecclesiastical organisation, on the minimum of belief compatible with nonextinction, through sheer inanition. And accordingly men do not hesitate to speak of the "inspiration" of the poet and the artist as a reality of the consciousness, and as an element without which no commanding position or enduring excellence in literature or art can possibly be attained.

Of all the creations of the human intellect, the Olympian mythology is undoubtedly the most beautiful. In simple grandeur and unadorned sublimity the Scandinavian may rival and perhaps excel it, but as a thing of beauty the Olympian creed stands alone in the experiences of man. Its legends are a never-failing subject for the finest poetry, which flows as freshly from the pen of Keats as from the lips of Homer. Its gods are at once the despair yet the inspiration of art; and having engaged the chisel of Phidias and Praxitiles, were reproduced with equal enthusiasm by the genius of Flaxman and Canova. As a creation of the most intellectually gifted people the world ever saw, it forms, indeed, a profound psychological and, we may say, anthropological study. Such are the thoughtforms in which a nation of poets and artists have seen fit to body forth their ideas of the superhuman, the celestial, and divine. After such a fashion did they conceive of heaven and its inhabitants. It need scarcely be said that it is simply the apotheosis of humanity; that Jupiter and Mars, Juno and Venus, are merely men and women elevated to the plane of divinity, and conducting, or rather misconducting, themselves accordingly. Their forms are unutterably beautiful, while their morals are incredibly depraved. They are the admiration of the studio, although they would be the contempt of the market-place. Such, then, is the Godhead of intellect—devoid of the purifying and exalting influence of the moral sentiments.

But of all the beautiful forms of the Olympian deities the radiant sun-god Apollo—the very incarnation of youthful manhood, crowned with light and draped in splendour—is immeasurably the finest embodiment of Grecian poetry, the fairest bequest of classic art. Even Scandinavian sublimity relaxes somewhat of its stern severity in the portraiture of “Balder the beautiful;” while Syrian sensuality becomes sublimated and almost spiritual in the translucent form of the peerless Adonais, the glorified lover of Venus (Nature), who dies at the autumnal and undergoes a resurrection at the vernal equinox, when the raintears of his weeping widow are converted into the sunny smiles of his blushing bride, and earth exchanges the sombre weeds of her wintry desolation for the floral splendour and fragrant incense of returning spring.

It is almost time that we should outgrow the dry, hard, cold, unsympathising, and therefore in reality unappreciative pedantry of old-fashioned scholarship in relation to heathen mythology. Let us clearly understand that every genuine belief, every veritable creed of any age or people, is a normal outgrowth of the human mind, and therefore as much a natural product as any of the vegetable or animal forms that engage the attention of men of science. To this had humanity attained at a certain time and on a given area. In this its highest aspirations were embodied. Here its sublimest conceptions were approximately realised. Thus did imagination disport itself in the untrammelled realm of the ideal. So did prophets reveal their visions of God and heaven, and in this fashion did saints believe as to the glory of angels and the malignity of devils, the blessedness of the saved and the tortures of the damned. MYTHOLOGY, as we so complacently term it—very mythical no doubt to us *now*, but very real to men *once*. Have we duly pondered the solemn truth that all which we now so seriously believe will in its turn grow equally mythical some day? What indeed is Dante, with his *Divina Comedia*, but a sublime bard, using the imagery of mediæval faith as the machinery of his poem? and what is to hinder modern faith being applied to a similar use when sufficiently matured? Nay, has not glorious John Milton already so employed it in his *Paradise Lost*, a work of such authority that the orthodox devil is, beyond question, but a popularised form of his sublime Satan adapted down to general use? Thus, then, are religions gradually transformed into mythologies, which in their turn are translated into poetry, and then embodied as the fairest conceptions of the highest art; the poet thus becoming the clearest exponent of the seer, and the painter emerging as the sublimest expounder of the prophet.

But most people think that all this has now ceased for ever. As the churches no longer believe in a living God, so the world

has ceased to believe in the life of humanity. Tell an average cotton-lord that in spite of the whirr of his machinery and the smoke of his long chimney, the fairies will once more dance in the moonlight on the green sward of Lancashire, and see how he will receive the startling intelligence. With what ineffable disdain will the good man turn from such ærial nonsense to the substantial realities of his ledger and the consolatory revelations of his balance-sheet! But let us not be too severe upon the cotton-lords, as if they were the only offenders in this matter. Poor fellows! they have only inherited the ultimates of a dead faith and a mechanical philosophy. Tell an ordinary physician that healing can still be effected by the laying on of hands, or inform a respectable *savant* that there is a force which can suspend gravitation, and you will soon be made conscious of the extent to which faith in the unseen has departed from the souls of men. But still more, tell an orthodox divine that the gift of prophecy is perennial, and that "vision" is still extant among the experiences of living men, and you will obtain a yet farther insight into the hopelessly moribund condition, not merely of the "Philistines" but the "Levites," and will begin to understand how far the shadow of the eclipse has fallen, not merely on the world but the sanctuary, involving even the holy of holies in at least the darkness of its penumbra.

But to all this heathen mythology was diametrically opposed. Its streams had their Naiads, and its woods their Dryads. Its exchanges were temples to Mercury, and its hospitals were the fanes of Æsculapius. The soldier went forth under Mars, and the sailor offered sacrifices to Neptune. There was no place without its presiding deity, and no profession without its divine patron. What wonder, then, that poetry and art had their Apollo and the Muses. And how beautifully appropriate that the God of Light, "the Angel of the Sun," should have been chosen as the representative and impersonation of bardic and artistic inspiration. Even in this grovelling age of utilitarian materialism we can still speak in traditional phraseology of "light and knowledge," as if in some dim way we perceived a connection between them. Nay, we still prevail to talk occasionally, in enfeebled symbolism, of "casting a light on the subject." But what is all this compared with the avowed recognition of inspiration in our literary and artistic efforts as the source of their excellence, the reverent admission of interior illumination from an indwelling divinity speaking through the tuneful voice of the bard, working through the cunning hand of the artist, and so gradually evolving poem and statue as a temporal expression of the divine ideas of rhythmic harmony and perfectly proportioned beauty, existing from everlasting in the mind of the Infinite.

And has this beautiful creed of classic heathenism perished for ever? Is "lifeless mechanism" to be our only definition of the universe, and "unalterable law" our only conception of God to the end of time? Have we in very truth hopelessly lost all perception of the soul of things? Has our scientific knowledge utterly destroyed our spiritual insight? The response to these queries will of course depend on the oracles we consult. You cannot expect the priests of the past, or the lords of the present, to believe in the prophets of the future. In a sense it is the business of the latter to make good their own predictions, and this they will do whenever the spirit of the age becomes favourable to the finer intuitions and more idealistic impersonations of poetic genius. It is not, perhaps, too much to say that one Shakespeare would suffice to recast and restore the entire fairy mythology of mediæval Europe. But even without the aid of such a masterspirit, these things grow imperceptibly yet irresistibly under the fostering influences and sustaining inspiration of a spiritual era. Poets may finish, but peasants begin them. They are told in the cottage and the nursery before they are sung by the bard or embodied by the artist. These beautiful creations of the infancy of humanity have perished for a season, like the flowers of summer beneath the blasts of winter. But we need have no fear. The surely, if slowly, revolving horologe of destiny is gradually telling out the days of darkness and death, and will again usher in the dawning light and budding beauty of the spring. Cycle and epicycle are as sure in the moral as the return of the seasons in the physical sphere. Faith is indestructible. Belief is perennial. Mythology is rooted in humanity, and its beautiful blossoms and mellow fruits, that so richly adorned Ygdrasil in the past, will yet again hang in brighter beauty and riper glory upon its deathless branches in the advancing spring and impending autumn of the future.

And, in the meantime, while holding Apollo and the Muses as very properly mythical, we find that in despite of scientific discoveries and the truths of political economy, wherein, beyond question, we excel all previous ages, that we nevertheless lack some great inspirations to which they were not such utter strangers. With all the enormous wealth concentrated in our great cities, and expended in almost reckless profusion upon their public and private buildings, we find ourselves utterly unable to originate a new style of architecture. Our highest effort in this direction consists in a bald imitation of the Gothic for our churches, and the Classic for our halls, but too happy if even thus we succeed in the production of an edifice barely endurable by a man of taste. It is the same in literature where respectable mediocrity produces no epic, and undoubted talent fails to furnish a single drama of surpassing excellence. And the reason

why with such superabundance of appliance we are nevertheless subject to such mortifying failures, is that the spirit of the age is utilitarian rather than æsthetic, and thus we lack the inspiration requisite for great achievements in literature and art. Yes, let us confess it, Apollo and the Muses are not very favourable to us in this matter. It is our vocation to construct viaducts and lay down railways, not to carve statues and erect cathedrals. We prefer the *utile* to the *dulce*. We are obviously the pioneers of a better age, the roadmakers to a nobler time; that spiritual age, in which, with a regenerated faith, humanity will be enabled to provide a befitting temple for its habitation, and when the God of poetry and art, under whatever name he may be invoked, will once more smile as of old upon his devoted worshippers.

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## 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.

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### CHAPTER XIX.

THE tide was coming in, and its first advancing waves lapsed and died in soft music far out there on the brown sand, where it was scarcely distinguishable, by the faint light, from the waters it fronted. There were peculiar influences in the air, in the sea, on the earth, and in the tinted heavens, on that glorious evening—strong, uplifting influences, which took hold upon us, and made our silence as well as our speech expressive of enlargement and emancipation—of superiority to the external. We were raised as by a beneficent and potent hand, above the thralldom of circumstance.

"Only to live in an hour like this," said Colonel Anderson, "is blessing sufficient for the present time—is it not? One cannot look in the face of the Father and ask for more."

"One desires no more," she replied; "because all that God can give is for the moment ours. The capable soul escapes its limitations, and draws so near to him, that its emotions and intuitions are the direct echoes of his voice. The visible and the Invisible meet, and our spirits, touched as with fire from the altar of that high union, bow down in spontaneous worship of both. The electric chords of harmony which bind the universe are swept by hands of the Unseen, and vibrate from soul to soul, whereby each is, for the time, made part of the Highest. The mourner cannot mourn now, for we know there is no loss—no death—but only transfer to fuller life. The yearning soul prays and becomes wise for all future time. We ask for the beloved and gone, and we are told that the trees and the grasses, the clouds and the waters, alike embody the form we have lost. Already is it resolving into all shapes of life. A few months, and it shall float in the lily of the Ganges, wave in the cedars of Lebanon, or make green this barren isle of refuge. It shall pass, by the everworking law of life, through growth and decay; it shall rage in the angry ocean, or gayly deck the couch of the setting sun; it shall bloom in the luxuriance of tropical climes, or beautify the fair gardens and fields of our more temperate lands;—but so, as the ages lapse, shall it pass from kingdom to kingdom; and I accept joyfully and lovingly the forms which may contain it, because so hath the Wisest and Best appointed—that life shall perpetuate itself in change. Beyond this, I only crave that the sweet spirit that blessed me here shall be itself; that it shall grow in identity as well as in power and love, and that on whatever planes of life we may hereafter meet or part, my child shall still be my child. And can one question that the Love and Wisdom which have created order throughout all the inferior kingdoms, will extend them to the highest and holiest relations of the future world? Can we question that what the universal soul demands with ceaseless yearning, for its vanished idols, will be granted to it?"

"Doubtless, to perpetuate is a lesser act than to create," said I, after a silence of some moments. "We are here, and we find ourselves so related to other beings that nothing but their own and our immortality can satisfy us. If we have not that, the larger and nobler the life is—the more heroic and worthy in all human senses—the greater its failure in this. If there is not a future, the martyrs have been fools, and the wisest and best souls have been treated as children who are cheated into taking some nauseous drug by a promised reward which can never be enjoyed."

"And without individuality in the future," said Mrs Bromfield; "for that is the highest we can receive. I ask but that God will make me to be for ever myself, with such wisdom and love as he has shown in my creation, endowment, and relations to him, and to the world without

me. What more can he do for me than thus to give me to myself, with light to see my way?"

"And power to choose it," said Colonel Anderson. "That is part of the gift, I think. I cannot be myself as from God, without a certain freedom, which must also come from him. But do you, then, reject the received belief as to the future life?" he continued.

"Which of them?" she asked.

"That of the most enlightened and developed portion of our race—the Christian."

"I certainly reject the dogmas that are taught in the name of Christianity. Between me and the God who made me I can see nothing but an open pathway, which I shall travel slowly or rapidly along, as my power—otherwise, all the conditions that help or hinder me—will permit. What I do not gain here, I shall hereafter, in that progress; but my individuality must remain to me intact, or no gain or loss here can affect me there."

"Your opinions are somewhat new to me," he replied; "I have not for many years been where *ideas* form any material part of the religious teaching; and I have only heard the echo, in journals and private letters, of the daring analysis which you Americans seem, by your unsettled, restless natures, specially fitted to push on. But may I be pardoned a question or two?"

"Certainly, if they call only for my personal opinions," said Eleanore. "I know no system, and am attached to no party. Perhaps in my own belief would even be found inconsistencies, if it were fully sifted through the web of testimony; but I entertain it as a religious, hopeful, trusting, human soul—not as a controversialist. I hold it, not for defence, but for growth, my dear friend; and so I hope you will not expect logic where you will find only earnestness, or theology where you will find only love, reason, and faith."

"The last," he said, "are what I should particularly wish to find; for, outcast as I have so long been, I have heard enough, first and last, of theological statement and dispute, not to desire them now, and least of all from you. It is your own thought I ask for. You admit the universal presence of sin, doubtless?"

"Yes."

"And its origin in Eden?"

"No. I believe nothing so trivial and arbitrary of the Being whom I adore as supreme. I view God as the One, Loving, and Just, and man as his creation; and the relation between them as being to-day what he intended it should be—unchanged from his original purpose by any single man or woman."

"Did God, then, make man to sin?"

"If he did, would not that be better than making him with an opposite purpose, and having to sit down at the very beginning defeated? But I believe that man was made the last of long series of steps in the material creation; that in his own being were the latent elements of the highest he can attain to in the flesh or spirit; and that our whole existence is a career of development of those powers, sin being their unbalanced and discordant action."

"Are we, then, freed from moral responsibility?"

"My dear friend, put aside the theological lens, and look at man as a normal being, sustaining a normal relation to God and the external world, and you will, I hope, see a higher and purer and more invariable law of responsibility than that arbitrary one, which represents our beloved Father as dealing with us on the same terms that a fallible and passionate human parent would. Our responsibility for sin is as inflexible and inescapable as any law of God. It is the relation of cause and effect, which is never broken."

"Then God's dealing with us is never punitive?"

"I think it is never so in the human or common sense of that term. It is, nevertheless, punitive in a strict sense, because all wrong inevitably punishes itself in the most lamentable and mournful way—in stifling and choking the glorious power that would grow in us from right willing and doing. And in this sense there is no pity so profound and Godlike as that we feel over the sinner—the self-abusive soul that gropes noisily along in error or degradation, unconscious that it is buried in midnight darkness or wrapped in chilling mists, where the pure sunlight of love and truth can never warm and cheer it."

"And do such souls, holding their evil way down to the grave, go on through eternity as they have through time?" he asked.

"Oh! do not impeach the love of our Father by such a suggestion," she answered, reverently. "Have you ever seen a man so wicked and cruel, that, at all times and for every moment of threescore and ten years, he would deliberately hold in torment even his personal enemy—him only who had conceived and done him harm? Have you ever met a perverted human spirit so perverted as that? You will answer No, I am sure. Then how can we attribute to our God such an inconceivable cruelty and tyranny? I believe there is but one law of progress, and that is progress towards good."

"But it is often palpably reversed among those who surround us," said Colonel Anderson.

"True," answered Eleanore; "but we judge all sin from its outward and material effects. There are many wrong-doers, I have no doubt,

who attain true spiritual growth while we are concluding their ruin and utter condemnation. The history of the illustrious shows us many Pauls and Bunyans, and we know not how many humbler souls are born into purer life by the keen, consuming repentance which follows their transgressions. Then, too, we may consider that our earth-life is but a flash of morning light ushering in the long day of being. And though we may perversely turn our faces from it through all the years, yet it is not darkness because we do so. The light is here for every human eye and soul, and it still exists in undiminished fulness and glory, though some refuse for a time to see it. By-and-by it will touch them with gladness, for relations are changeable, but creations remain—until they are replaced by higher, but never by lower ones. I believe not only that death is no termination to us, but that it ushers us into a future which is strictly and inevitably consequent upon our present life. There the sensualist, cut off from his accustomed and cherished pleasures, will find, in the wretchedness of his lot, a necessity to seek other enjoyments; there the malignant and hating will be deprived of much of the power they have possessed here to gratify their exaggerated passions; there the selfish and mean will find no possessions to covet, and no advantage to be gained by baseness; there the ignorant and darkened souls will see a little more clearly than through the curtain of the flesh; and there the merciful, the wise, the pure, and the loving, will find abundant occupation for the powers they have developed here. That is a rude, poor sketch of my heaven, dear friends, and it will not much matter what articles of faith we adopt, if only we *adopt* them, and do Godlike work from Godlike motives and aspirations; we shall reach it some day."

"God grant it!" ejaculated the Colonel, earnestly. "You are rising to go, and indeed it is time; but I could wish for another hour on this theme."

"I fear we shall have more of them here than we shall wish to occupy thus, Colonel Anderson," was her reply; "but in any case, enough, probably, to enable us to discuss these matters as fully as you may wish. How calm is the ocean! and what a majestic reign is yonder golden cross holding in the still blue deeps of the air! O that we were at sea, with the hope that would then be before us!"

"But how sacred, dear friend, with all our impatience of its limits, will this little isle be to us evermore!" said I.

"Yes," said Colonel Anderson, "not only for what we shall leave here, but for what we shall—some of us, at least—take away from it: higher hopes, clearer purposes, and larger views. How many wasted years I can look back upon!"

"I know not what years your memory may be stored with, and therefore speak not to your individual experience," said Mrs Bromfield; "but I think no year is mis-spent that carries us a year further into true man or womanhood; that records accession of strength, a fuller completeness of character, growth in true ideas—whether drawn from the forest, the jungle, or the ocean—a truer perception of the Divine, and a more merciful, loving relation to the human. If we had ever a clear standard of character before us, and by steady approaches neared that through all experiences, the fret and toil of life would fall away beneath us, as the desolate raging of that sea is stilled to-night below the tranquil moon and everlasting stars."

#### CHAPTER XX.

WE had walked past the tent, and were near to the graves. Colonel Anderson led us, as with a purpose, to them. "I knew, my dear friend," he said, "that you were strong enough to come here to-night without pain, and see what Antonio, with a little help from me and the carpenter, has done."

And there we stood before a very neat slab of brown stone, erected at Harry's head. It must have been of the softest, certainly, for by the light of the rising moon and the aid of my fingers, I read this inscription, in well-shaped letters:—

"H. B.

OBIT APRIL —, 185—.

Ætat 7 years."

"Poor Antonio!" she said, and turned away, stepping slowly up the slope, towards the signal-staff.

I knew her tears were flowing, and I took Colonel Anderson's arm, and led him away to the other side of the hillock, that we might leave her alone for a little space. We were but a few yards away, separated by the little height, and were walking silently along on the noiseless sand, when I heard her voice.

We both turned instantly, and hurried towards her, alarmed. "I thought she was stronger," said my companion, "or I should not have brought her here."

"And the next words we heard, as we rose to the top and looked out to sea, in the direction of her hand, were: "A ship! A ship!"

I thought she had been mistaken, for I could see nothing; and Colonel Anderson looked very steadily a full minute before he confirmed her words. "Where?" I asked of her, for he was already gone to the tents.

"There! very far away it looks, but I see it distinctly in the moon-

light; and we shall hail it, Miss Warren," she said, in a tone of quiet assurance that both surprised and gladdened me. "It must have been shown me," she continued. "I was not looking for it. I think I could not see it now except it *had* been shown me. I was leaning against the staff, looking down on the surf here, close in shore, when it seemed to be said to me, in a voiceless speech, 'There is a ship which will come to you;' and I knew where to look for it when I raised my eyes, though they were dim with tears. We shall go now, dear Anna."

What irrepressible joy I felt! I was so light, that I could have risen and danced, with the sudden elasticity of my spirit. There was a noise and rush from the tents—a shouting and hurrying—a calling for fire and guns; and on they all came—all but good, patient Antonio, who had been left early in the evening to watch Phil. It was now past midnight, and when Mrs Bromfield and I hurried to the tent, there sat the creature, looking like a wild deer caught and hopelessly fettered.

"Go, Antonio," said Eleanore; "go, and make all the noise you can; and when she answers, come and tell us."

He was off like the swift wind. There was already a fire kindled on the summit of the elevation; there had been two gun-shots, and tremendous shouts following each; then a long silence and breathless listening for a returning signal. But none came.

"Once more, boys!" we heard Mr Watkins say, in his hearty tones; "all together, now!" and there was another peal, closing simultaneously with another gun-fire; then silence again: and slowly and heavily there came, at last, over the water, the boom of a cannon. I heard that, and I remember feeling a sinking and darkness come over me after it, and nothing more till I saw dear Eleanore's smiling face above mine, and found my hair lying wet upon cheeks and throat.

"Dear, foolish child," she said, when I opened my eyes; "why did you faint? I told you the ship would be hailed; and only that joy seldom kills the strong in soul, I should have been frightened—you have been so long gone."

"Well, here I am now," I said, raising myself on her arm; "and the shock of gladness is past. Kiss me, dear friend, for I am weak-hearted to-night, and must have some of your strength, or I shall make a fool of myself at last, and cry, I do believe." And in spite of her caresses and kind words, the tears did force their way from my eyes.

"Do not check them," she said; "there will be sturdier cheeks than these soft ones wet to-night. But I am not in the mood for tears. Tears of men and women must flow, I think, from unmixed emotions,

such as yours, which is one of simple and unclouded joy. I do not feel that, and my tears will be more likely to spring when I lift my foot for the last time from this consecrated bit of earth."

Colonel Anderson came—as pale as either of us, and more breathless. "She has answered us," he said, "and beyond a doubt, will come in. Mr Watkins is launching and manning his boat, and will go outside the reef to speak her."

"You have no anxiety about her coming, have you?" said Mrs Bromfield, approaching him where he sat, looking very white.

"I cannot deny that I have a little," he replied; "some seamen are savages in their nature—brute instead of human; but he answered us so promptly, that I cannot really fear he will behave ill now."

"You are all too much moved, my dear friends," said Mrs Bromfield. "Here has Miss Warren actually fainted, and but that your manhood would scorn the imputation of such weakness, I should say you look as like that as possible yourself."

He turned his eyes upon her, and his lips moved, but no sound came forth.

"Bring me some water, Miss Warren, quickly!" and she received his drooping head in her arms, and lifted the dampened hair from his bloodless brow. "What can ail you all to-night, to be going on in this way?" she said, bathing his temples, while she ordered me to prepare some *ignatia*. "Here is our famous lion-hunter," she continued, blushing, as his eyes opened and looked into hers, from her shoulder, where his head rested; and then she added, mercilessly: "Take a spoonful of that medicine, Miss Warren, yourself, and bring the rest to me, for this *patient*!"

"Say the sauciest words you like to, madam," he said, raising himself up with difficulty. "I admit that a man deserves the worst a woman's wit can invent, when he so far gives up his self-control as to faint in her presence. If I had hastened away——"

"You would have hurt me so much, that I fear I should never, never have forgiven you, my dear friend," said Eleanore, quickly; "whereas you, with all your magnanimity, will at once forgive my unfeeling words—will you not?" and she offered him her hand, with large, glistening eyes fixed on his.

He took it, and raised it to his lips in silence.

"That," she said, "is a piece of a world's politeness which may mean much or little. Is there no way in which I can win back what I lost by those idle words? I would not have you think me unfeeling for the world. I am not so; but it is one of the vices of my tongue, rather than my heart, that I seem to be at times; and I did wish," she

added with a daring frankness in her face and eyes, as well as her speech, "to bury the idea of position in sound."

"In other words," he replied, now thoroughly himself again, "you wished I should remain as I had been, for the moment, unconscious of my resting-place?"

"Frankly, yes."

"Then believe that I am entirely so."

"It is enough," she said, and loosed her hand, which he still retained. "I offered you a remedy for faintness, but I have no doubt that a glass of this wine would be of more service;" and she produced the bottle from which some had been poured for herself, and afterward for Mrs Farley. "I am sorry it was broached some days ago for a less worthy person"—meaning herself—"but it may have some virtue yet."

He drank the cup she offered him, and then, rising, said: "Come, let us go out, and see what our prospect is."

It was now half-past two, and the moon as good, the sailors said, as daylight, for boarding the ship. We walked with the Colonel up to the Signal, and there he loaded and discharged Mr Garth's rifle again. The sound went rolling over the still water, and after it had almost died away in the soft distant airs, an answering shot came.

"We are sure of him, now," said he. "He is nearer than he was, and must be standing very close to the wind." As yet I could scarcely see any change in the appearance of our welcome visitor. The white spot was a little more visible, but it seemed hardly distinguishable from a cloud floating low on the water. While we were gazing anxiously toward rather than upon her, we heard the shout, "There she goes," which announced that the boat was afloat, and very shortly the dip of the oars, a sweeter music to us than Paganini or Ole Bull ever discoursed. Mrs Bromfield and I now repaired to the tent "to pack"—not a formidable business, certainly, and one wherein we had respect rather to time-honoured usage than necessity. Poor little Harry's things as they came in hand! alas, they were few enough; but the pain they cost, how dreadful that was. How the hope and excitement of the hour faded from her face, before those dumb witnesses—little gowns, and shirts, and trousers, with the name Harry written on some noticeable outside part, and one dark warm suit that had been kept for colder latitudes when we should reach them.

Tell me of any agony bitterer than that of a mother in such an hour. Tell me of heroism greater than that which firmly closes and clasps this suffering heart against expression. Yet I was glad to see the still tears fall, thick and fast, among the sacred garments as they were laid away. She had come now to the simple emotion of grief, and it was wholesome she should weep.

*TIDINGS FROM THE INNER LIFE.*

## NEW SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

*To the Editor of Human Nature.*

SIR,—We have had within the last few weeks, some very remarkable manifestations of spiritual power and presence, and I will render the account of what occurred as briefly as the recording of a series of truly characteristic phenomena will permit. The medium present at each of the seances was Mr D. D. HOME.

The first group of the manifestations—I use the term “group” to mark the characteristic difference of the phenomena on each occasion—occurred at a friend’s house at Great Malvern. The party present had only incidentally met, and owing to a prohibition being laid upon Mr Home, by his medical man, against trying his strength, no seance was attempted. I name this as characteristic. Spiritual presence, however, soon made itself heard, by raps in different parts of the room, and the movement of the furniture told of the presence of the invisibles. The library in which the party had met communicated with the hall, and the door having been left half open, a broad stream of light from the burners of the gas lamp lit up the room. At the suggestion of one of the party, the candles were removed. The rapping which had till then been heard in different parts of the room, suddenly made a pause, and then the unusual phenomenon of the appearance of spirit forms manifested itself. The opening of the half-closed door was suddenly darkened by an invisible agency, the room becoming pitch dark. Then the wall opposite became illumined, the library being now lit up by a luminous element, for it cannot be described otherwise. Between those present and the opposite and now illumined wall two spirit forms were seen, their shadowy outline on the wall well-defined. The forms moved too and fro, and they made an effort to speak. The articulation, however, was too imperfect to permit of the meaning of the words being understood. The darkening which had obscured the half-closed door was then removed, and the broad light from the hall lamp reappeared looking quite dim in comparison with the luminous brilliancy of the light that had passed away. Again the room became darkened, then illumined, and a colossal head and shoulders appeared to rise from the floor, visible only by the shadow it cast upon the illumined wall. What added to the interest, was the apparent darkening and lighting up of the room at will, and that repeatedly, the library door remaining half open all the while. The time occupied by these phenomena was perhaps five to ten minutes, the manifestations terminating quite abruptly.

The second group of phenomena was manifested at the house of a well-known literary gentleman, and in the presence of several other witnesses, and whose names are equally well-known.

In this instance the gentleman at whose house friends had met, anxious again to witness spiritual manifestations, asked Mr Home to allow a seance to be held; but this, the prohibition of his medical man

compelled him to refuse. Despite however of his reluctance to concede to the wishes of his friends, the invisibles soon gave signs of their presence by raps on and *inside* the piano in the adjoining room, followed by raps all over the room, on the floor, window, ceiling, mantelpiece, &c. Unable to resist these demonstrations, a seance was arranged, and the party seated itself round a small kettle-drum octagon table covered with velvet, the legs being screwed into the top, and then we awaited the result. After a short pause raps were heard on the table, which was tilted and raised straight up in the air, next rolled into the lap of Mrs —, then into the lap of Mr H. ; after which it was placed on Mr H.'s foot, and balanced to and fro whilst in that position; it finally turned itself upside down. Raps were then heard, and a sentence spelt out, to the effect, that *this* was the present condition of spiritualism, that it would soon be otherwise. The table was then seized by an invisible power, and again set on its legs. Mr Home had in the meantime risen from his chair, impelled he said to do so, and was walking to and fro. Then followed the extraordinary phenomenon of the lengthening out and shortening of the medium's body; a phenomenon not unknown to those who have followed this inquiry, but nevertheless very remarkable, and equally unaccountable. Mr Home said he felt as if his hair was being pulled, but without causing pain; on the contrary he described the sensation as pleasant. At his request one of those present held his feet, his body becoming elongated whilst thus held, to the height of seven feet—the time occupied in this elongation being about one minute. Between Mr Home's waist-band and waistcoat the clothing separated a span of the hand wide, showing distinctly that his body had become stretched. Those present now grouped round Mr Home to satisfy themselves as to the reality of what they saw; the interest in the phenomenon being increased by the repetition of the lengthening and shortening. The act of elongating and drawing in appeared to take place almost at will; for, strange to say, Mr Home alternately shrank into the size of a boy, and then again lengthened out to quite seven feet. Every means was resorted to by those present to test the truth of this extraordinary manifestation; the phenomenon was so inconceivable and strange, that all felt it needed more than ordinary proof to convince them that no self-deception was deluding them into belief of an absurdity. These manifestations lasted for quite seven minutes.

On Mr Home resuming his seat, raps were heard in different parts of the room. The octagon kettle-drum table was again seized by an invisible power, raised straight up into the air and placed inverted upon the head of Mr Home. It is necessary to name that Mr Home remained perfectly motionless whilst the table was being held and balanced on his head. Words were again spelt out, significant of the meaning of this droll procedure, such as "*It is hard to bear, but it is a crown.*" The table was then replaced in the centre of the circle, and again raised straight up over the heads of those present, and carried to the farther end of the room. Mr H. then said he felt something hard touching his hand, and that the palm of his hand had been opened by an invisible power. On examining what it was that had touched him, it was found to be the leg of the octagon table, which, it now appeared, had been

screwed off, and placed in Mr H.'s hand. Sentences were then spelt out, "Truth is strength,"—"We will give you strength when you most need it,"—followed by other sentences of a similar meaning. The leg of the table was taken by the invisibles from Mr H.'s hand, and carried across the table to Mr Home. It was then observed to pass between Mr Home's coat and waistcoat, down his spine, then moved up and down, and from side to side. To make certain that no self-deception was practised, those present examined the table leg as it passed up and down Mr Home's spine, touching the end with their hands. During this process Mr Home described his sensations as if under the influence of shocks from an electric battery. The octagon table now, with its two legs, was replaced by the invisibles in the centre of the circle. Next the leg of the table was taken from Mr Home's back and carried round to each present, gently touching their faces and hands, and finally in the presence of all, screwed firmly into the top of the octagon table. Again raps were heard all over the room, movements of furniture, and sounds not unlike the laugh of a child resounded in the air.

When these had subsided, the final and culminating phenomenon was manifested, which in itself constitutes quite an epoch in the history of spiritual phenomena, replete as the records of spiritual manifestations are with what, under ordinary circumstances, would be regarded as impossible. After a short pause, a luminous coronet of star-like light points settled upon the head of Mr —, and remained stationary, resting on his head for several minutes. Then a semi-luminous appearance was manifested, which assumed the outline of a face with two star-like eyes; Mr H—— said he felt as if this form was pressing against him. Mr Home had in the meantime arisen from his chair, and was walking to and fro complaining of pressure on the head; suddenly he said he felt a weight on his head. It was then noticed that a luminous crown, narrow at the base, and broad at the top, had been placed on his head. Tendrils and outlines of leaves were plainly visible, the leaves being vine-shaped, fashioned into the form of a crown as already described. Mr Home appeared greatly agitated, and repeated, "I am crowned,"—"I am free from pain,"—"I am receiving a new mission,"—"The pain in my head is gone." He then walked up and down the room, the excitement all but overpowering him. Finally the luminous crown was removed from his head, while sweet-toned notes were distinctly heard proceeding from it; after which it was gently carried towards those present, as though for their inspection, and then removed into the angle of the door, where it remained luminously visible for four or five minutes—visible as though it were from its own intrinsic light. The brilliancy of its star-like form had so deeply impressed all present, that after its disappearance they continued to gaze at the place where the beautiful luminous crown had once stood, unable to realise its disappearance. I must say that Mr Home has since that evening been quite restored to health. We have thus on record a second instance of the curative power of Direct Spirit Mesmerism.

I have now to record the last group of manifestations which occurred at a friend's house, also at Great Malvern, towards the middle of last month.

In this instance the seance was held by appointment. Our object being that of investigation, we limited the number to three, and I must add used every precaution we could think of, to preclude the possibility of self-deception; we likewise guarded against any possible preparatory arrangement. Accordingly we changed from the library to the dining-room. We were soon seated at a heavy square table. Twenty minutes passed without any manifestations; then came gentle raps, followed by the table being lifted, tilted, and gently vibrated. Then simultaneously raps were heard in different and opposite parts of the room. At my suggestion the lamp was partly turned down; when a cold current of air was felt to pass over our hands and faces, and a pause ensued. The dining-room table leaf-stand in the corner of the room commenced to vibrate, and one of the leaves being taken from the stand was passed between Mr Home and the table at which we were seated. It was then raised straight up, and passing vertically over my friend, gently touched him; in passing over me it struck me on the crown of my head, so gently that I could hardly realise it to be the heavy leaf of the dining-room table; the touch nevertheless caused the leaf to vibrate all but sonorously. I name this to prove how delicately balanced and suspended in the air the leaf of the table must have been to have produced the sonorous vibration. It then passed to the right, touching my shoulder, and finally was placed upon the table at which we were seated. The distance the leaf was carried I compute at nearly twelve yards (allowing for the circuit made) and at an elevation of six feet. A small round table was then moved from the corner of the room, and placed next to my friend, and in reply to his question *who it was*, he received the answer, audible to us all, "*Pa*"—"Pa, dear"—"*darling Pa*." An arm chair behind my friend, and at a distance of three yards, was raised up straight into the air, carried over our heads, and placed upon the dining-room table to my left—a voice clearly and loudly repeating the words, "Papa's chair." We then observed the wooden box of the accordion being carried from the extreme corner of the room, up to my friend. In passing my right hand, I passed my hand under and over the box, as it travelled suspended in the air to my front. I did this to make sure of the fact of its being moved by an invisible agency, and not by means of mechanical aid. The box was finally deposited on the table in front of my friend. Mr Home had in the meantime taken the accordion in his right hand, giving me his left hand. Words were spelt out that the spirits would play his life, from his early infancy to the final drama, "Daniel in the Lion's Den," evidently in allusion to his suit with Mrs Lyon. The accordion immediately commenced playing, and continued so for fifteen minutes. What added to the interest was the accompaniment by voices imitating the clock in the hall, the rush of the waves, and when the "Lion's Den" was played, loud roars in imitation of lions were heard. I counted three or four voices. The accordion was then taken from Mr Home, carried about in the room and played. Voices were distinctly heard, a low whispering, and voices imitating the break of a wave on a shore. Finally the accordion placed itself upon the table we were seated at, and two luminous hands were distinctly seen resting on the keys of the

instrument. They remained luminously visible for twenty to thirty seconds, melting away. I had in the meantime, and at the request of my friend, taken hold of the accordion; whilst so held by me, an invisible hand laid hold of the instrument and played for two or three minutes what appeared to me to be sacred music. Voices were then heard, a kind of murmuring or low whistling and breathing; at times in imitation of the murmur of the waves of the sea, at other times more plaintively melodious. The accordion was then for a second time taken by an invisible power, carried over our heads, and a small piece of sacred music played—then a hymn—voices in deep sonorous notes singing the hallelujah. I thought I could make out three voices, but my friend said he could speak to four. A jet of light then crossed the room, after which a star or brilliantly luminous disk, followed by the appearance of a softly luminous column of light, which moved up between me and my friend. I cannot say that I could discern any distinct outline. The luminous column appeared to me to be about five to six feet high, the subdued soft light mounting from it half illumining the room. The column or luminous appearance then passed to my right; and a chair was moved and placed next to me. I distinctly heard the rustling of a silk dress. Instinctively I put my hand forward to ascertain the presence of the guest, when a soft hand seized my hand and wrist. I then felt that the skirt of a dress had covered my knees. I grasped it; it felt like thick silk, and melted away as I firmly clenched my hand on it. By this time I admit I shuddered. A heavy footstep then passed to my right, the floor vibrating to the footfall; the spirit form now walked up to the fireplace clapping its hands as it passed me. I then felt something press against the back of my chair; the weight was so great that as the form leaned on my shoulder I had to lean forward under the pressure. Two hands gently pressed my forehead,—I noticed a luminous appearance at my right; I was kissed, and what to me at the time made my very frame thrill again, spoken to in a sweet, low, melodious voice. The words uttered by the spirit were distinctly heard by all present. As the spirit form passed away, it repeated the words, "I kissed you, I kissed you," and I felt three taps on each shoulder, audible to all present, as if though in parting to reimpress me with reality of its presence. I shuddered again, and in spite of all my heroism, felt very "uncanny." My friend now called our attention to his being patted by a soft hand on his head. I heard a kiss, and then the words, "Papa," "dear Papa." He said his left hand was being kissed, and that a soft child-like hand was caressing him. A cloud of light appeared to be standing at his left.

Direct spirit writing, which has so often been questioned, was also manifested that evening in my presence. The writing I have preserved, but cannot for serious reasons give its contents, startling and unusual as they are. A sheet of paper which had been placed before me at the commencement of the seance was rolled up into the shape of a speaking trumpet, the edge having been torn off and placed in a wooden box, which the spirits had placed in front of my friend. Voices, raps, soft breathing, music, were heard, and finally after the hallelujah had been sung, words were spelt out telling us "they could do no more."

Were it not that I feared I had already trespassed too largely on your valuable space, I would have given my narrative in greater detail, but I know there is a limit to your space. So suffice it to say, that every precaution was taken to prevent mistakes or self-deception. I do not use the word collusion, for from my intimate knowledge of Mr Home, I unhesitatingly aver his utter incapability of practising deception; but we used more than ordinary precaution—first, because we had met with the express object of thoroughly investigating these interesting phenomena; and also, should occasion need, to be able to answer to any doubt which might be raised. This much for a statement of facts. I use the word facts advisedly. The manifestations I have given a record of, have been witnessed by men, all of whom are, strange enough to say, and without exception, literary, scientific, or professional, and who would, if called upon, unhesitatingly testify to the truth of that which they have seen.

I cannot however, conclude without putting a few questions, and adding some few remarks of my own. I ask then, what is this Spiritualism, the great and growing lamp of which, as Mr White tells us, is making its way, even in money-getting materialistic England? Is it a great dispensation, as William Howitt deems it to be; a something that is upon us, like the dawn upon the stillness of night, making its way half obscured, until the change is there in all its majesty, clothed in a world of light? Is it a great dispensation, which in accordance with laws of the psychical and physical development of the human race, is every now and then made manifest, working its wonders, and then pausing for centuries until another wave breaks upon the shores of the boundary of the unknown? Or, is Spiritualism the power, the possibility of beings beyond the grave of communicating with man—a right inherent in our race, something in our very natures, which asserts its sway whether we will or not—speaking in the unmistakable language of an objective physical reality? It is to this latter view that I incline.

The mediation manifested in the preparation, which every change, every progress, necessarily carries with it, is in accordance with the well-known and admitted laws of nature; the logical, consistent course of which tolerates no leap—no “per saltum” development. Each step carefully matured by something that has preceded it, operates as the immediate antecedent cause, ultimating in the positive reality of actual life. And this law of mediation applies to the development of the human race, in its physical as well as in its mental unfoldment. As our childhood prepares us for maturer age, so our present life mediatorially renders us fit for the enjoyment of a future condition. But mediation implies that the characteristics of the former condition shall be preserved, and that they aid in bridging over the gulf that severs this life from the state hereafter. And with the preservation of our individuality, is it far-fetched to say that, the conditions which surround, sustain, and render its continuance possible, cannot be so world-wide different in the future life as to make intercommunication between the two states impossible; that the physical circumstances of spirits and of man, have something akin, something in common, rendering superable that which was once believed insuperable? And in proof of this, the great dispensation—yes, I accept William Howitt’s

word, for it is indeed a great mercy which our Heavenly Father has willed to be the inheritance of man—has come to us in the manifestation of a physical, actual, objective presence of spirits, proving their existence to our senses, by undeniable appeals to our hearing, our sight, our touch. And this reality none who have followed the inquiry can gainsay. But an objection is raised, one I admit very serious and hard at first glance to remove; but which the maturer consideration of the question, well enables us to master. I mean the uncertainty and, in many instances, the inferiority of the manifestations—the varied and contradictory nature of the communications. I use the word “inferior” in its fullest acceptation. Now, in the varied character of the communications, we have a standard given us to measure the actual amount of the change which that death, that transition, into a perhaps more subtle and elementary condition, effects. The change does not however carry with it complete severance; on the contrary, mediated by growth and development on earth, the soul is sustained by a condition of material laws, mediatorially rendered applicable by prior growth. In a word, the state hereafter cannot differ insuperably from that on earth.

Spiritualism has often given offence because it has failed to satisfy the cravings of those who desire for perfection hereafter—a perfection, it is unreasoning, illogical to ask for. The varied character of the communications, so far from making me hesitate, strengthens my belief in the reality of Spiritualism; for it brings me back from an ideal to a reality; and in this reality I recognise the law of gradual step-by-step progress, no jump and bound into something uncongenial, but a progress into a mediatorially prepared and kindred state in which the individuality of the soul is maintained. This individuality could not, however, be sustained unless supported by the influence of great physical laws, which again co-operate and harmonize with those we recognize as operative in this to us natural world.

But I have said enough, and must reserve the question, why the presence of a medium is necessary for the manifestation of spirits for some future day.—I remain, &c.,

October, 1867.

HONESTAS.

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The *Banner of Light* publishes the following communication received on September 2, purporting to be from the spirit of

“PROFESSOR FARADAY.

“In the midst of the confusion that exists at the period called death, the passing soul is sometimes wont to think very swiftly and determine very correctly.

“I had supposed by my investigations, so far as I had been able to investigate the phenomena called death, that when the soul was passing through the change, it was neither cognisant of the things here nor of the things that were beyond; but my own experience has proved that I was mistaken. I found myself surrounded by a company of those I knew were dead when I was passing through the change, and all my forces in the realm of thought were roused, and I said, ‘Spiritualism is true.’ Oh what a mistake I have made! And immediately, feeling the remorse that temporarily grew out of the mistakes made in the earth-life, I thought of the promise I had made to certain friends. It was this: ‘When I shall die, if Spiritualism is a fact I will return.’

"I have returned, and I will acknowledge that I have been wrong in my estimation of Spiritualism and of Spiritualists.

"Like my brother with the great earnest soul, who preceded me, I could scarcely wait for the time to come when I might be enabled to say even one word in favour of what I once deemed a delusion. Say to my friends in England I am living, and also that my presence here proves the power of a return. And to those who believed in a return of the spirit after death, I beg that you will forgive me for any word I may have uttered or any line I may have written against your most glorious philosophy. Though it has its dark side, it has also its sunshiny side, and there grow flowers that the angels may pluck to deck their brows and not demean themselves. I am Prof. Faraday, late of London. Sept. 2."

#### BENEFICENT SPIRIT INFLUENCES.

THE following narrative is from memoranda of an occurrence which took place in my own family on December 25, 1858:—Having a few friends with us we heard very loud rappings, apparently on the walls all round the room. Then the heavy dining-table commenced moving without any one touching it, and kept on so for about 20 minutes, answering our questions and producing great amusement for the children. This was in the light of day. It was predicted through Mrs Marshall, who was present, that a little daughter of mine who was very ill would recover. But in spite of *medical skill* she continued to get worse for a fortnight, when her limbs became stiffened in death, as we thought. The doctor took his leave with these words—"All has been done that could be done, nothing more can be done." After he left I perceived that there was still breath in the body. I then said to my wife, "There is one thing that can save this child yet;" she asked, "What is that?" I replied, "If you will place your hand on her chest she may possibly recover." This suggestion was instantly acted upon, and after a time it was quite apparent that life had not fled, for her limbs relaxed, the breathing became quite perceptible, and the child gradually recovered. The doctor called the next morning, thinking to find us all mourning, instead of which he found us happy, and the child so far recovered that he said it was quite a resurrection. A few days after Mrs Wallace and myself tried the table tipping, and by calling over the alphabet we were told to go to Mrs Marshall's at a certain time. We kept the appointment, and met for the first time the celebrated clairvoyant, the late Ellen Dawson. This was her second visit to a spirit circle; she was soon entranced by the spirits, and to test her clairvoyant power in that state I asked her if she would travel with me; she replied, "Anywhere you please." I asked, "Can you see my home?" she answered, "Yes." I said, "Will you describe it?" she said, "It is rather an old looking house outside, but it is very comfortable inside." I replied, "So you are inside are you? what part of the house are you in?" "The front parlour," she replied. I asked, "What do you see there?" she answered, "A little boy, and another little boy, and such a dear little baby sitting on her sister's knee; poor little thing, she has been so ill, in fact almost dead, but her mother laid her hand on her chest and prayed, and by that prayer the spirit was enabled to save the life of the child; had the mother not prayed the child must have died." I said, "Tell me the name of that spirit;" she answered, "I cannot tell names." I wished her to describe that spirit; she said, "He looks like a father," then turning to me she whispered, "your father." I then said I knew why I had been asked to come there, as my father's name was attached to the communication we received instructing us to go. She then stated that I was impressed by the spirit when I suggested to Mrs Wallace to place her hand on the child. Much more was said too tedious to report. The company

asked if these statements were true, we replied quite true. One gentleman asked, "And did you pray, Mrs Wallace, when you put your hand on the child?" Mrs Wallace replied, "If ever I prayed in my life it was then." The following questions arise out of this report:—1, By what power did Mrs Marshall prophesy the recovery of the child? 2, By what power did this stranger reveal all this, especially the mental prayer, which was a secret to all persons living, even to the lady's husband? 3, What is prayer, to have such an effect? 4, What is impression if a man can be thus used unknown to himself? 5, What was the power that kept this heavy table rising from the floor for 20 minutes answering questions, &c., without human contact? The child and all parties present at that time are still living, except Ellen Dawson, who has left for the better land, where all sickness is unknown.—WILLIAM WALLACE, 36 Blundell Street, Caledonian Road, N.

## WHISPERINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

### SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

(To the Editor of *Human Nature*.)

SIR,—In regard to the controversy going on at present between you and the Editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* I have no wish to say a word, knowing very well that you have shown yourself quite able to defend the cause of Progressive Spiritualism; but as he has thought proper to make observations which imply censure upon me, I must beg you to allow me a little room in your journal to defend myself. The Editor says—"We can only again express our *regret* that whole columns might be cited from Spiritual journals which, in all points but literary force, might be taken as quotations from the Philosophical Dictionary and the Age of Reason." Again, he speaks of "sectarianism of *unbelief*, which is sectarianism of the narrowest and poorest and most rampant kind, exhibiting in general a perversity and bitterness of spirit it would be hard to parallel in the straitest of the sects of Old Theology." The first paragraph, I believe, can only refer to some contributions of mine to the pages of the *Spiritual Times*, in which I endeavoured to support the cause of Rational Christianity and maintain the right of man to the free use of his reason. In this I cannot perceive any cause for *regret*; for regret, as I understand the meaning of the word, implies grief for a bad action or an error of conduct. I on the contrary thought I was only doing my duty to society in opposing superstition and endeavouring to make the Christian faith rest on the sure foundation of rationalism. A regret indeed I did feel, that my articles were destitute of "literary force," as my critic justly states, but this was the result of spiritual persecution which has deprived me of all literary ability; and such persecution may be pleaded in defence of my contending against religious tyranny. Moreover, I can boldly state, that in all my articles I made no statement that I did not firmly believe to be *true*; and surely in the position he occupies he ought to be a truth-seeker. As to the statement in the second paragraph—if it is intended to apply to me, no

charge can be more unjust and unfounded. But, in regard to the "Old Theology," he will find that in the preface to the first part of Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch, after expressing good and right wishes on behalf of the Church, he speaks of "that internecine war between servants of one God, and the professed followers of the same religion, which now is a reproach to our Christian name, and impedes the progress of truth and charity both at home and abroad."

On reading the subsequent part of the article, one would suppose that the Editor was totally ignorant of the Bishop's fourth part on the first eleven chapters of Genesis, and the clear and lucid exposition of the Rev. J. P. Hopps on the same part of Scripture, and also of my own little pamphlet on the Pentateuch which was noticed in his magazine. He must know, or at least he ought to know from the perusal of these literary efforts, which his duty as Editor and Reviewer would require him to study, that the theory of divine inspiration—which is what I suppose he means by "Old Theology"—has no longer any ground to stand upon: it is rejected by reason, and has all passed away "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving not a wrack behind."

The Editor talks of the "*no faith* as the cause and sign of all impotence for good," (as if the present, or even the past, state of society could show any connection between faith and human happiness); and states that his own belief in a "personal God" is such as to induce him to teach his children to pray to "Our Father." With the liberality of true lovers of science and rational investigation, we need not quarrel with him for his belief in the efficacy of such prayer, and his determination to teach his babes to look upwards and direct their petitions to heaven. But we cannot do so; for it must be known to every one that the farmers of England do not now trust to prayers offered up in churches to procure for them either rain or fine weather, according to the requirements of their crops; and we may suppose, out of due reverence towards God and his attributes of goodness and mercy, that he does not interfere with the laws he has established in Nature, or how could he have shut his ears to the prayers of his creatures perishing or suffering from famine, or who have suffered and perished from famine not long since in India, Australia, and South and North Africa?—in the latter of which places the state of misery and starvation is now horrible. Faith, in the ordinary sense of the word, no longer contributes to human welfare. Principles of justice, humanity, and brotherhood must take its place. In ages of ignorance and barbarism, the terrors of a future state of punishment after death, the burning lake of fire and brimstone (which, as every one knows, is not now considered by the lawyers a necessary tenet of orthodox belief) may have been effective in deterring some from crime, but it is now derided, and therefore ineffective. Bishop Colenso, indeed, has convincingly pointed out that the belief, such as we find it in the gospels, was derived from the apocryphal book of Enoch (referred to by St Jude), which was well known to the Jews of the time of Christ, and probably embodied the ideas of the Babylonians, who again may have derived them from the Indian Brahmans or Budhists.

Truth and honesty, as Bishop Colenso states in his preface, are no hindrance to the clergy in the ministry of souls; but superstition stands very much in the way of spiritual justice, and is opposed to our obtaining the best means of human salvation. If we refuse to believe that religion is a human mystery, but believe that it is the direct operation of Almighty God upon his creatures, this is superstition.

As to the sectarianism which the Editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* talks about, with its "perversity and bitterness of spirit," the only remedy for such a state of things, which all good men must deplore, is rationalism,—a general resolution to support a national spiritual administration, which shall do every thing in the best manner, deal out equal justice to all, and make us all kings and priests unto God. We find beautiful images in Scripture of brethren dwelling together in unity, and of flocks all brought together into one fold and living under one Shepherd, who is described as the Good Shepherd. Anciently, indeed, religions were purely national institutions, as Micah observes, chapter iv. 5, "For all people will walk in the name of his God, and we will walk in the name of our God for ever and ever." In the present state of society, therefore, I beg to refer my readers to the 24th chapter of Joshua, and appeal to them to decide whether or not it would be right to choose some national God to worship, begging them at the same time to read the chapter without superstitious feeling, and to observe that the gods mentioned there are very different from God the Creator of heaven and earth.

The Spiritual has been said to be the essential element in all religions; and I suppose it to be so in this sense, that all religions profess to seek alike for a continued state of existence and happiness after death. I will just refer, though it is not worth while to take up much space in doing so, the subject being now well known, to the spiritualism which has prevailed in the world in former times. We read of the good and bad spirits and household divinities of the ancient Romans, which they showed respect to in the same manner as the Chinese do to the spirits of their ancestors; they were afraid of ghosts, and annually in the month of February provided food for the spirits of their departed friends to eat. The Druids also believed in a future state; as did the Lacedæmonians, who worshipped deities called Epidotæ, and invoked their protection against the persecutions of the ghosts of the dead. The New Zealanders are declared to live in the spirit as well as the American Indians. One sect of the Jews at least hoped for a future state of happiness. Mahomet taught his followers to look for a heaven of sensual pleasure; and the Eastern nations, Brahmans, Budhists, and Zoroastrians, hoped for one of a more moral and intellectual character. It is to these that Christianity and modern Spiritualism appear to hold the nearest affinity. It has been shown that there exists a fundamental resemblance between regeneration by water and the spirit, described by St John, and the re-birth which is described in a passage in the *Institutions of Menu*—a re-birth exempt from "age and from death;" and though the spiritual state attained by the Buddhist is not anywhere very clearly defined, there is a passage to be found in Hardy's *Eastern Monachism* which, in a conversation represented to take place between

a king and a priest, gives an illustration of it exactly like the one referred to in St John. It is as follows:—

“*King*.—If there is any comparison by which the nature or properties of nirwana can be rendered apparent, be pleased to explain them.

“*Priest*.—There is the wind: but can its colour be told? Can it be said that it is blue or any other colour? Can it be said that it is in such a place, or that it is small or great, long or short?

“*King*.—We cannot say that the wind is thus,—it cannot be taken into the hand and squeezed. Yet the wind *is*. We know it, because it pervades the heart (lungs), strikes the body, and bends the trees of the forest; but we cannot explain its nature, or tell what it is.

“*Priest*.—Even so nirwana *is*,—destroying the infinite sorrow of the world, and presenting itself as the chief happiness of the world; but its attributes or properties cannot be declared.”

Spiritual life therefore being the object, end, and aim of all religions, Spiritualism must be admitted to be their essential element. Christianity, however, differs from all other religions in explaining more clearly than they do the nature of spiritual life, and promising us the “earnest of the spirit”—an inestimable blessing, as giving us “the promise of the world which is, as well as that which is to come.” It is the duty of Spiritualists now to hold together firmly and contend for this, acting at the same time upon such moral principles of our religion as are necessary to social welfare; to put an end to spiritual destitution, and to see that spiritual blessings are distributed with justice and equity. Apologising for the length of my article, and trusting that those who read it will give me credit at least for truth and sincerity,

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

T. E. P.

October 3, 1867.

[We admit this letter, not for purposes of personal defence—for we do not suppose that our respected correspondent was alluded to personally—but because he defends principles, and makes suggestions which are subjects of legitimate discussion.]

#### AN INQUIRER ANSWERED.

A “whisper” from a poet reaches our ear as follows:—“Why is Spirit-rapping always connected with a table and other etceteras, which to my mind are too material for such a spiritual subject; at least why are these manifestations always shown by the aid of a table? I hope you will not think me impertinent, as I am a believer in those things—a believer in spirit agency in our lives.”

A fuller acquaintance with the subject would answer the greater portion of our querist's difficulties. First, “spirit-rapping” is only one form of spirit manifestation, and requires to be connected with those conditions that are necessary for the mechanical production of sounds. Second, there are many classes of spirit manifestations, for a description of which we refer our correspondent to Davis's “Present Age and Inner Life,” “The Plain Guide to Spiritualism,” and the series of translations from Allan Kardec now being published in *Human Nature*. It has not been satisfactorily explained why these various modes of mediumship are preferred under certain circumstances. In some instances communications are obtained by the table tipping when the proper letter of the alphabet is called. At other times a “rap” or slight tap is made on the table instead of a tip when the proper

letter of the alphabet is pronounced. Other mediums use a planchette, which is a piece of board set on three small castors, with a pencil affixed in such a way that writing is produced by the instrument being moved. Motion is communicated to the planchette through the medium's hand being placed upon it passively. Writing mediums hold a pen or pencil on a sheet of paper, and their hand is moved automatically. Sometimes their hand is motionless, while the table moves under it by spirit power. In this way many volumes have been written. Writing may also be obtained by placing a pencil and paper on the ground near to a medium, without the assistance of mortal hand. This phenomenon has also been produced even without the aid of a pencil. Another kind of medium, when in the trance, impersonates the manner and language of the deceased. Some speak when in the trance: it may be personal communications, prophecies, eloquent orations, philosophical disquisitions, or fervid poetry. There is also a series of painting and drawing mediums. Another series of sensitives are conscious of spirit presence by a sensation in the nerves, an impression on the mind, or by hearing them and seeing them. Clairvoyance, united with external consciousness, is another phase of spiritual development. A most important class of mediums are such as are not conscious of spiritual existence, but in a very high degree carry out the behests of spirits of various grades of moral and intellectual development. This is the most educational of all forms of spirit contact, as the individual maintains power of thought and judgment all the time. Many of the world's greatest lights have been of this class. Only a few of these phases require a table or any formality whatever, but come often spontaneously. The best communications are those that come without previous premeditation or preparation.

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A correspondent says, if there are any Progressive Spiritualists in Paisley, they keep their light under a bushel, as he can hear nothing of them. The friends of progress would do well to avow themselves prudently and openly. Many souls pine in solitude with others similarly circumstanced in the next street. We do a pretty active business in introducing such minds to one another, and shall be glad to render all the assistance we can in such matters.

LIFE ASSURANCE.—A correspondent writes us stating that he has insured his life three years ago, but having adopted a vegetarian diet and the hygienic mode of living taught by Dr Trall, after reading his works, he has changed his views much as to the uncertainty of life, and asks whether he should continue his connection with the Insurance Society. We would reply, Yes. Though a physiological life prevents disease and extends existence considerably, yet there are casualties which are likely to befall the most prudent. It is true that the returns in all cases are not commensurate with the amount paid in, otherwise the society could not stand. But we look upon life assurance as a prudent step, a systematic mode of providing for the future, which otherwise might be neglected.

A correspondent charges us with editorial oversight in allowing the term "Christ the Husbandman" to appear in the poem on "Joy" in the last number. We suppose he considers there is some theological anomaly couched in the phrase. These words did not appear as conveying any theological notion from us. It purported to be a communication from the spirit world, and as such we gave it, and are glad to find that it is acknowledged to be much in advance of the great proportion of religious hymns and poetry now in use. If we had trimmed it to a certain angle of thought, it would have no longer been a *bona fide* communication. We have in store a variety of such messages of diverse theological complexions,

which we mean to present from time to time as specimens of spiritual phenomena on the mental plane. We think the subject cannot be properly studied without a representation of all kinds of such facts, however opposite their teaching. We are simply editors not popes, hence can tolerate all native and honest expressions of conviction.

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## REVIEWS.

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### A YOUNG POET.\*

A MAIDEN in the freshness of her vernal, budding beauty, is not more a creature of exquisite sensibilities than the young poet. They are, indeed, brother and sister, and even though the poet may be of the masculine gender, yet the predominance of the feminine elements of mind in his nature constitute him mentally of the same sex as the maiden. They are both objects of our kindest regard and appreciative consideration. What untold misery has been inflicted on lofty genius by blatant, callous criticism. A tastefully got up little volume lies before us, the fruit of many youthful aspirations. Though it presents many defects, yet there is a marked improvement visible in the pieces, the composition of which extend over a period of nine years. The æsthetic and intuitional faculties are very evident throughout the entire volume. The chief fault arises from a vague dreaminess of style and want of fire and point. This is less apparent in the later productions, and the author appears to be susceptible of a high degree of poetic culture. Some of his remarks on the poets are strikingly analytical of their peculiar genius and personal merits. The poems on "Love," "Death," "God," "The Spiritual," &c., display a fine and lofty appreciation of the superior circumstances of human existence.

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### A NEW PHRENOLOGICAL CHART.†

ONE of the most useful purposes to which the science of Phrenology has been applied—has been the reading of character. This art, acquired by experience, and founded upon phrenological science and the philosophy of mind, has afforded a certain amount of knowledge of mental philosophy to many thousands, who, without this practical way of getting at it, would have remained entirely ignorant of the teachings of phrenology. The practical phrenologist in giving a delineation of character, either in an oral or written form, employs terms which are suggestive and

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\* Poems by John Hutcheson Millar. Paisley : Alex. Gardner. Price 3s 6d.

† The Phrenological and Physiological Register, adapted to the use of Phrenologists for recording Charts of Character, by L. N. Fowler of New York. Twelfth thousand, 48 pages, price 4d. London : Tweedie.

instructive to the mind of his patient as to the powers of mind and their peculiar mode of action. The value of all such delineations is very much enhanced by the addition of a faithfully marked and properly constructed chart. This universal phrenological implement has appeared in all forms, from a crude catalogue of the organs to a series of elaborate volumes. The canvassing charlatan who does not know enough of phrenology to venture on the delineation of character will readily induce simpletons to pay him a few pence for the marking of their chart. Some of these charts are as worthless as nothing, a mere list of the names of the organs with a figure attached, but without any explanation of the latter as to what it may indicate or what powers of mind the names of the organs imply. We have even known respectable phrenologists guilty of furnishing such hieroglyphical scraps of paper without a word of advice or explanation; such a practice looks extremely like a desire to do business.

The best forms of charts we have been hitherto acquainted with, have been those prepared and used by the Fowlers of New York. To those phrenologists, indeed, belongs in a great degree the merit of reducing phrenology to this practical form. Their charts have been educational in the highest degree. Even in their most abbreviated form, these charts have been crowded with information to the fullest possible extent. The desire of these worthy men seems to be to let the people who come in contact with them know as much as possible. We have been unable to detect any trade secrets in their mode of teaching or applying phrenology. The "Self-Instructor" is already well known as a work which is not only extremely applicable as a chart, but is a perspicuous and reliable handbook of the science. Any young man or young woman who possesses such a work with the conditions of their organism marked therein, and puts it to good use by giving it a due amount of study and perusal will experience an educational advantage which could not be attained by spending any amount of time and money in other directions.

We have just received a specimen copy of a new and improved edition of a phrenological chart just published by Mr L. N. Fowler who is at present lecturing in this country. It is a most admirable digest of all that appears in the "Self-Instructor," with much added which that publication does not contain—we allude to the subdivisions of the organs; and thank Mr Fowler for his courage and disinterestedness in placing such an amount of new and otherwise unattainable matter in the hands of the public. We more especially refer to this because of the unwarranted ridicule and abuse with which the announcement of these divisions have been met in certain fossilized regions of the phrenological strata. Without any examination or refutation, these impediments to progress have sneered at such important additions to phrenological science; which are in fact indispensable to the phrenologist who would read character critically, as may be easily proved by comparing the vague delineations of those who do not understand the subdivisions with the correct and life-like portraiture of character furnished by those who understand Mr Fowler's organology. If the proof of these subdivisions rested only with Mr Fowler they might indeed be

considered hypothetical. But hundreds, even thousands of amateurs and not a few professionals in this country and in America can bear the fullest testimony to the truthfulness and practical nature of this new arrangement of the phrenological organs. We are quite at a loss to understand the attitude of those who methodically oppose every new man, new idea, or suggestion that appears on the phrenological platform. We read in physiological works of organs bearing the names of those who discovered them, and physiologists acknowledging each other's observations with courtesy and respect. Such an amicable and enlightened state of things is almost unknown in the phrenological world, except it be to repose implicit faith in Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe who have now departed this sphere, and to applaud the merits of whom can thus injure no living man's practice. This narrow and illiberal spirit has no doubt tended to bring phrenology into the ridicule which it almost universally receives from scientific minds, who look upon it more as an empirical trade carried on for the practitioner's benefit than as a liberal art for the enlightenment of all. All honour, then, to Mr Fowler who dares to encounter this smallness that science and humanity may reap thereby. In the little work we now notice, the subdivisions of the organs are given with their definitions and locations. Thus Amativeness has two subdivisions; Philoprogenitiveness, three; Friendship, three; Secretiveness, three; &c. Each organ is then defined in seven degrees, adapting it to any number which the sizes of the organs may indicate. The definitions of the organs are very full, the scope given them being sometimes too great, depending more upon the combinations than a single organ.

In a work so condensed there is also danger of being too off-hand and dictatorial. Thus, the injunction to cultivate spirituality, is, "Let the mind be open to receive new truths;" and to cultivate benevolence, "Be more generous, philanthropic, and sympathetic." This advice would be quite appropriate, if the power was given along with it to put it into practice. To make such advice really useful requires a description of the processes whereby the organs may be exercised or restrained. This is furnished in "Education Complete," to the pages of which, through the "Self-Instructor," this work refers. The chart is supplemented by a few chapters condensed from "Phrenology—proved, illustrated, and applied," which contain the most pithy, instructive, and comprehensive teachings on the subject of practical phrenology and its uses which are to be found in any work. Altogether, we look on this chart as the most appropriate and useful which has yet appeared, and adapted to the requirements of all phrenologists both amateur and professional.

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An illustrated and descriptive catalogue of standard works on physiognomy, phrenology, psychology, physiology, ethnology, education, hydropathy, &c., &c., has just been issued by S. R. Wells, of the firm of Fowler & Wells, New York. It extends altogether to 36 pages, and is a guide to this class of literature, which many of our readers would be glad to possess. It will be sent from our office to any address, post free, for three stamps.

## THE "SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE" AND "HUMAN NATURE."

HAVING made such a full statement of our position in respect to the points raised by the *Spiritual Magazine*, it may be considered due to our readers to inform them of our contemporary's further opinion of us. The Editor gives a "Final Reply" in his October issue, and as it is written specially on our behalf, we suppose we may legitimately appropriate to ourselves all the statements it contains. Well, we are "full of mistatements (no doubt unintentional)." We are commended for printing the magazine's former article that the "fitness and value" of our criticisms may be judged of. The arguments we used as to the unsectarian nature of Spiritualism are patronisingly offered to us again as if we were the vilest sectarians, "not only the sectarianism of faith, but the sectarianism of unbelief, which is sectarianism of the narrowest and poorest, and most rampant kind, exhibiting in general a perversity and bitterness of spirit it would be hard to parallel in the straitest of the sects of 'old theology.'" We imply that our sister thinks we "run a-muck against every form of Christian faith, and regard religions as mere vagaries and superstitions." Madame Roland's famous words are quoted, by which we are admonished of our "crimes and follies" (!!!) committed in the name of religion, we presume. Then we suppose we are charged with "attempting to uproot that principle of religious faith, and that sentiment of reverence to the Divine Being," and make a statement respecting the magazine in this connection—an "allegation" which called for "an unqualified denial." We are not reminded of having used any argument to illustrate the magazine's position. We only made an allegation (query, lie), which would not admit of a reply, only a denial.

"A strange misapprehension" on our part succeeds this darker deed. Our philosophical views are characterised as "a small basket of intellectual green fruit;" but our sister, though charged by us as discarding theology, knows too much of it to require to enter into any dispute or speculation as to the personality of God. She exultingly declares that she teaches her children to pray to "our Father." We are not ashamed to avow that we know a better way of doing the Father's will, though probably we are in this matter guilty of another "strange misapprehension." We go too fast—"a new philosophy, a new theology, and a new lingo into the bargain," is too much for the weak nerves of our sister. We recommend to her a good morning walk, no tea, and Graham crackers, and see if "our Father" won't regard it as a very acceptable prayer indeed. We are glad that she is not given to following the fashions; perhaps her time for that sort of thing is past. For this "newest fashion may become antiquated and obsolete before the next number of our contemporary makes its appearance."

Like the adherents of an "old theology" that flourished in Palestine about 1900 years ago, our contemporary, when questioned as to her conduct exhibits her motto printed on the title-page of the wrapper, and exclaims, "Do not look at my acts, look at my creed." This is making a "cloak" of the thing rather than a rule of life. (N.B.—This is not an "allegation," see page 435 of *Spiritual Magazine*, No. 22,

New Series. London: Heywood & Co.) Our sister prefers to adhere to the one thing—for which no one blames her—but reminds us that "twenty things must all be done badly," and that she is not "a magazine of controversial theology;" but is that any reason why she should be a journal of *dogmatic* theology? Surely Spiritualism is quite as little allied to the latter as the former, and looked upon in the light of a "new Dispensation," it must have considerable of the controversial element in it or it will not take after the usual Genesis of Dispensations.

We are supposed to have no regard for our personal comfort. "Least of all are we tempted to leap our fence to wander in those thorny paths, and vex and starve our souls 'mid those barren pastures in which it would seem our critic delights to range." Thus much for our disinterestedness and self-sacrifice. "Our method differs fundamentally from that of our contemporary. He affirms (and puts it in italics), *The renunciation of errors is the first step in the defence of truth.* We would rather say, '*The reception of a truth is the first step to the renunciation of errors.*'" We do not see that bandying about words can ever lead to "exposition," in which we delight as well as our sister, and so we ask what is the test of a truth having been received? We are not in a dogmatic mood, and hence suggest that the renunciation of error may be deemed evidence of the "step" having been completed. We cannot see for the life of us how a man could accept the truth of teetotalism and retain the error of tippling at the same time, unless he concealed his practice by the exhibition of his creed. "Attack a man's belief, and you simply excite antagonism," &c. Did our contemporary forget her own position in this article? for we fail to perceive in it "appropriate evidences presented in a kindly spirit, on some ground of existing conviction," and "so strife produces strife" where two individuals "must maintain a fighting attitude," but we prefer to leave all such minds to be their own executioners, as we do in this case. But it is not our peculiar "faith" that our friend is disposed to "batter away at," but "the *no faith*, the cause and sign of all impotence for good, the forerunner of sure and swift decay," &c. And though we meet her "by a blank negation of religious faith and a hostile propaganda" which we are said to call upon her to accept as "*the philosophy of Spiritualism*," yet it is insinuated that we desire to "see Spiritualism ranged under as many diverse kinds as there happen to be different sects," and this kind of logic is considered an "exposition of the true character of the issue *thus forced upon us.*" By whom forced?

The "issue" is summed up as our "regarding religion as a mere farrago of vagaries and superstitions, to doubt, if not to deny, a personal Supreme Being, and put in his place the apotheosis of a windy 'philosophy,' which despises facts as 'of no use,' except in so far as they can be made to square with its pretensions,—whether, in short, Spiritualism is to be the blessing it cannot fail to be in its true normal uses; or is to be perverted to disorderly (!) atheistic purposes? that is the question which now presents itself to the consideration of spiritualists." We are, moreover, rather envious in "the wish being

father to the thought" in our opinion as to the popularity of the magazine's theology or no-theology amongst spiritualists.

Now, it may be asked, "What have you got to say in defence?" Not a word. When we have no other function but to defend ourselves let us sink into oblivion. It was not for that purpose we were called into existence. Besides, after such a beautiful character as that given above, who would believe our report? Would our affidavit be received? Could a more despicable moral, intellectual, and spiritual status be attributed to a devil even, than is attributed to us in the article from which we quote? "But surely," the reader will exclaim, "there must be some reasons given or corroborative arguments used to justify these rather serious charges!" None that we can notice, and we are willing to lend the magazine post free to any party who may desire to read for themselves. We would just say one word, which may be instructive to some of our readers. The term "Christianity" is used in two very different meanings. In one sense it is a conventional term to signify moral and spiritual harmony and development—the essence of the religious life. In this sense we accept it, and try to frame our lives in accordance with it; but we do not prefer to use the term "Christianity," because these functions of mind and aspirations of spirit are common to all mankind, and they essentially exist in every human being, however undeveloped he may be; hence the appellation of "Christian" is a misnomer and calculated to mislead the ignorant from a true appreciation of that which constitutes this high and holy state of mind. The other signification of "Christianity" is that of priestcraft,—a system of tyrannical beliefs, anathemas, and spiritually despotic institutions, that judge their brother, do as they feel hurt in being done to, assume proud and haughty moral positions, and otherwise interpose artificial influences between man, God, and the spirit world. Hence we discard the term as inapplicable for all who desire to be free of sectarianism. We endeavour to live by the broad principles that exist between God and the human in every relation temporal and spiritual, with all the holy aspirations and manly humility we can command, and endeavour to know more of these relations, and love them more to all eternity. This is the "no faith," these are the "barren pastures," which almost a Christendom of unbelievers in their controversial moods seem to ignore. But we know better than to assume that they really do so. They are men like ourselves, and have the same gifts and relations, and whatever their educational beliefs and acquired habits of speaking and writing may be, their souls still centre on towards the same immortal destiny. We are grateful every moment of our lives for this our (to us) sublime and holy faith, and thus can afford to exercise a charity which we would rejoice to see become more universal.

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SPIRIT CIRCLES.—Without harmony, nothing of a satisfactory character is given at circles, as a general thing. This fact is illustrated in a choir of music, when inharmony exists. The same law governs both. Each are in immediate rapport with the spirit-world. We throw out these brief hints for the government of those who are just beginning to hold circles in different sections of the country.

## ON WOMAN'S DRESS.

BY A PROFESSOR OF THE ART OF DRESSING.

To fulfil the promise which was made in a recent number of this magazine when speaking of the reform dress as worn by Dr Mary Walker, this series of articles is written. We begin by stating that we consider the present a most opportune time for the introduction of dress reform. Female costume at this moment is in a very transitional and hybrid condition. It has collapsed immensely during the last few months, and specimens may yet be seen in all stages of depletion from the distended crinoline to the constricted skirt as plain and narrow, as if the most rigid economy had been observed in its manufacture. The fact is, we women are at a loss to know how to dress; we really do not know what we want; and hence, as a logical necessity, our sex has never been properly attired. It may be a seeming paradox to some that, notwithstanding this desideratum of appropriate costume, the ladies have hitherto found abundant favour in the good graces of their male companions, and that the charms of woman have never ceased to be acknowledged in defiance of the incompatibility arising out of the dress question. In reply to this we may self-complacently assume that "the beauty which, when unadorned, is adorned the most," is of too positive and genuine a quality to be obscured and frustrated by the ridiculous innovations of dressmakers and milliners. Yes, woman has retained her potent sway over the affections of the male sex ever since that unfortunate morning when Eve purloined the unlucky apple; and we do not know how long before. There is a charm and an interest in woman, be she old or young, married or single, plain or pretty, that will make any "fashion" the "rage" if she will only condescend to adopt it. The attractions, then, are not in the dress, but in woman, and and if she has been able to maintain her influence while a victim to the tyrannical freaks of fashion, we may suppose that she is placed in no position of danger by dressing herself in accordance with some rational principle; for it is the wearer who consecrates and popularises the dress, and we wish we could add that the dress at all times enhanced the attractiveness of the wearer. But you say according to a principle; do you mean that all women should be dressed alike, in imitation of the patriarchal ladies whom children relieve from the imprisonment of a nursery Noah's Ark, puzzling themselves to distinguish the difference between Mrs Noah and her daughters-in-law? By no means; the details of costume would be subject to as much variety as at present. But the principle is the basis for all action, and to elucidate that we will ask, For what purpose is dress worn? If we can arrive at a satisfactory answer to this question we shall be able to discover the best mode on which to construct it.

In the first place, clothing is worn to retain heat. If the surface of the body came in contact with the air, there would be such a waste of vitality that the kindest offices of the stomach and digestive system would not be able to supply the demand, and starvation would be the result. Savage tribes dispense with clothing more readily than civilised nations, because in the former the life principle expends itself more

through the bodily organs ; whereas, in the latter state of society, the life principle is developed chiefly in thought through the brain, and hence the physical system is more susceptible, high-toned, and liable to sustain injury from external circumstances.

The first principle involved in the use of dress, then, is the retention of heat. The second principle to be observed is, that the warmth, thus conserved, should be equally distributed to all parts of the organisation, especially to the extremities. This great and indispensable requirement is badly performed by the dress at present in use. In support of this change, let us refer to its construction. The protection afforded to the lower limbs, especially in wet weather, when the streets are muddy and a lady is walking out, is usually of the slightest description ; while other parts of the body are loaded inconveniently with a thickness of clothing, added to which is the weight of those garments which ought to cover the lower extremities. Here we witness a reversal of this important principle in dressing : the extremities, instead of being the best, are the worst protected, while those parts where vitality is greatest are overlaid with an increasing amount of clothing. The result is, that the heat is not equally distributed to all parts of the system, consequently, the blood does not circulate harmoniously, and nutrition is badly performed. Thousands suffer and many die of painful diseases—rheumatism, neuralgia, pneumonia, congestions, muscular weakness, heart diseases, indigestion, consumption, and a nameless array of other distressing symptoms peculiar to the internal organs, which keep many thousands of medical men in lucrative employment the year in and year out. These are facts, deny them who may, and it must surely be to the interest of our sex to promote any movement that would diminish the tide of suffering which overflows our land, and of which we almost, without exception, are forced to swallow a share. Nor can such an object be a matter of indifference to the male sex. It is as much a gentleman's as a lady's question. Whose daughters is it who suffer ? the gentlemen's. Whose wives is it who suffer ? the gentlemen's. Whose mothers is it who suffer ? the gentlemen's. Who have to pay the dressmakers' bills, doctors' bills, druggists' bills, and undertakers' bills, and grieve in mournful solitude for the loss of departed loved ones ? the gentlemen. Surely if this movement has such facts to substantiate it, it ought to enlist the sympathies of all.

But let us take notice of another principle to be observed in dressing. Every organ of the body should be free to perform all the rational movements which may be required of it under any circumstances. The legs should be free to walk without restriction or impediment, which is not the case with the dress at present worn, especially in passing through narrow places. The arms should be free to be lifted up, thrust back, or swung round ; few ladies would risk damaging their garments by trying this experiment in the present style. The lungs should be free to expand and contract, otherwise, their movements will become less and less, the blood will be deficiently vitalised, and a short and miserable life will be the consequence ; this is the case with the dress at present worn, which constricts the chest and prevents the free action of the diaphragm. The stomach should be free to perform

its muscular movements in the process of digestion. The heart should be free to make its beat in regulating the stream of life. The larger veins and arteries should be free to allow the blood to flow to and return from all parts of the system in comfort. The liver should be free to expand and ensure a healthy state of the hepatic circulation and functions. The numerous and important organs under the diaphragm should also be free to develop themselves in strength and in harmony, preparing the mother for the important duties of her high position. Of these great privileges, the first and most essential of "Woman's Rights," the dress which she at present wears robs her.

The reform dress, as adopted and worn by Dr Mary Walker, is constructed in accordance with these indispensable principles. The most essential garments are made to fit the body neatly and closely, so that all parts of the system are kept at an equal degree of temperature. The garments are suspended in such a manner that their weight is spread over as much surface as possible, resting chiefly on the hard structures instead of on the tender viscera as in the present dress. The costume we advocate is not only a powerful adjunct to health, but also to morals. It protects the wearer in every sense, and its adoption would remove from our streets, railway stairs, and platforms, many unseemly conditions which endanger the safety of woman in promiscuous society. In fact, this dress would so far alter the appearance of woman in the eyes of the dissolute and depraved, that those unfortunate individuals would be much improved by the change.

These are the useful and moral requirements of Dress. But there is another and important principle yet unnamed. That is beauty. Dress should gratify, purify, elevate, and cultivate the taste. Dressing is not a mere mechanical operation, but a fine art. The painter may pourtray upon the canvas a finely dressed lady, but it takes much more of an artist to attire a woman properly and elegantly in real life. Beauty depends upon fixed laws as well as health. It cannot mean Miss Jemima with crinoline and bustle in January, with medium rotundity in March, and complete attenuation in June. It cannot mean a skirt trailing in the mud this moment, and elevated above the knee by the wind or other accident the next. It cannot mean carrying the skirts between the elbows and sides one season, and distending them on monstrous hoops the next. The "classic flowing drapery" so much vaunted is rendered impossible by a costume that necessitates the dress being puckered up in the most ungraceful methods as circumstances decide. The dress we recommend is not liable to these objections, but is equally graceful at all times and under all conditions.

We have been entrusted with the task of preparing a full and accurate description of every article of this costume for the pages of "Human Nature," and have to state that succeeding numbers will contain portions till finished. Those ladies who cannot wait for the publication of these articles may be supplied with patterns by addressing an application to the Editor of this periodical, who will hand it over to the writer.

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FRESH AIR.—Air is a dish on which we feed every minute, therefore it ought to be fresh.

## THE VACCINATION QUESTION.

Our persistent advocacy of Anti-Vaccination truth is attracting attention in many quarters. We are astonished to find that some of the most intelligent and philanthropic minds in the land have had common sense defeated by the vaccination delusion. They have been brought up in the idea that this filthy and disease-producing practice really prevents disease and saves life; but their eyes are being opened by degrees, and it is perceived that multitudes of painful illnesses and early deaths are distinctly traceable to the blood-poisoning process of vaccination. A few years ago this was only noticed by the few, the great majority being quite indifferent; but an enlightened observation reveals many atrocities that were formerly passed over. We present the following observations from a letter received from Dr Hunter, medical director of the Bridge of Allan Hydropathic Establishment. He says:—"I have thought of writing an article with the view of proving that hydropathy may be used as a substitute for vaccination in removing from the system the virus or morbid matter, which even the healthiest seem to inherit, showing itself in small-pox, scarlet fever, measles, hooping cough, or some other form of active or purificatory disease in youth. I have treated all these diseases with marked success. I may say out of 500 cases there has not been above one per cent of deaths, and these were severe scarlet fever cases with early swelling of the throat. But I have never lost a case of measles, small-pox, or hooping cough, and children treated with the wet sheet in whole, or in part as when bandaged from under the arms to the thighs for any common ailment, such as colds or feverishness from indigestion or teething, are relieved of the special ailment and have the constitution purified at the same time; so that in families where these means are used, these complaints are less frequent and less severe. I have remarked, also, that children who get little or no flesh food are much safer in passing through these ailments, and the passions less offensive, and the temper under better control.

"From these convictions, I have always warned parents to give little or no flesh food in any form, till they were at least three years of age; and to wait till five years of age, or longer still, was even better. The best illustration of the value of hydropathy is in the nursery, and the best physician an intelligent loving mother. I have often pressed them to come to our establishment, more to learn the power and appearances of hydropathy and diet for domestic use afterwards at home, than the immediate benefit gained in their own persons while with us. The theory of hydropathy, which embodies the prominent and general laws of health, is easily understood; and the vague dread of sickness, feverishness, deranged stomach and bowels, and common colds, and eruptive diseases, is, with a degree of knowledge of hydropathy easily attainable, sufficient to remove these fears after seeing the immediate relief following the means used. Mankind have been too long in the habit of looking to doctors for *orders* in regard to health. They were to take such and such medicines, and obey the directions; and reasons were seldom asked or given. This must be given up with the three learned professions, and every man and woman become qualified to think and act for themselves in all that concerns their present and future welfare."

Knowledge of this kind is indeed "a pearl above all price" in the family.

## ANTI-COMPULSORY VACCINATION LEAGUE.

Richard B. Gibbs, Esq., hon. secretary of this Association, addressed a public meeting in Hull, on the 25th ult., on the subject of the vaccination laws. Mr Councillor Beeton, who has never been vaccinated, occupied the chair. Mr Gibbs said—The unbelievers in vaccination had been in the majority for the past 60 years. He was going to speak of

a huge government job. He denied that the profession were in favour of vaccination, and read an elaborately written criticism on the "Vaccination Bill" from the *Lancet*, highly condemnatory of its provisions. Mr Barrow, M.P., now 82 years of age, and who had never been vaccinated, had observed that in families where there had been a mania for vaccination and re-vaccination they had died out. Mr Gibbs briefly called attention to the history of this remarkable delusion. At the time that Jenner published his observations the country was overrun with smallpox, and so oppressed were the people with it, that as soon as his theory was published multitudes rushed after it. He held in his hand a curious old book, containing the reply of Dr Moseley to Jenner, in 1798. From this work Mr Gibbs quoted numerous passages to show that skin eruptions were frequently consequent upon vaccination, which was no protection against smallpox. In 1802 Dr Jenner was persuaded to apply for a grant of money from Parliament, and a motion was made that £10,000 be given to him. It was stated by Dr Jenner that vaccination would render any one secure from smallpox. This, however, was denied by Mr Birch, Dr Rowley, and others who had found out the fallacy of the statement. Mr Gibbs had it on record that in cases where smallpox had occurred, after vaccination the mother had been bribed to silence; but the cases occurred so frequently that they were soon obliged to give it up. In 1807 Dr Jenner applied for another £10,000 and £20,000 was granted. At this time when the debates were going on vaccination was declining in the metropolis, and it was said that Jenner, lest all he had discovered should fade out, was induced to seek an interview with Mr Pitt, which led to the establishment of the National Vaccine Board. In 1807 a pamphlet was written by Mr Birch, who argued that vaccination was nothing more than a fallacious experiment. That it had not resulted in those beneficial consequences which had been promised to parliament and the country. As it might probably be imagined that Mr Birch was prejudiced, Mr Gibbs quoted the report of the National Vaccine Board to the same effect. From 1808 the cost of maintaining vaccination as a government institution had increased from £3000 per annum, until at the present day it amounted to £275,000 per annum. They might rest assured that they would go on increasing this enormous sum unless they were checked. The parents of children in the metropolis soon after protested against the introduction of disease into their families, and in the year 1809 only 2229 persons had been vaccinated at a cost of £6000—£3 per head. In 1853 a bill was brought into Parliament for the purpose of making vaccination compulsory. In 1856 Mr Simon, the medical adviser, or as Mr Henley had said, the mind that ruled the Privy Council, issued a circular asking the medical profession whether they were of opinion that cases of scrofula, syphilis, &c., appeared after vaccination. Contradictory answers were received from 542 doctors, which were not conclusive when there were 14,000 members of the College of Surgeons alone, and 25,000 duly qualified medical men. The adviser to the Privy Council had said the matter was decided. Mr Gibbs then quoted the following extract from Dr James Copland's "Medical Dictionary" article Smallpox :—

"At the time of my writing this, just half a century has elapsed since the discovery and introduction of vaccination; and after a quarter of a century of most transcendental laudation of the measure, with occasional whisperings of doubt, and after another quarter of a century of reverberated encomiums from well-paid vaccination boards, raised with a view of overbearing the increasing murmurings of those who observe and think for themselves; the middle of the 19th century finds the majority of the profession, in all latitudes and hemispheres, doubtful as to the preponderance of advantages, present or prospective, to be obtained either from inoculation or vaccination. In 1823 I stated from evidence which had come before me in families which had suffered in numbers from the small-pox, that the protection afforded by vaccination was impaired by years, and wore out in twelve or fourteen years, according to diathesis, &c.; that vaccinated persons were liable to small-pox in a more or less modified form, after some years, say nine or eleven; in a mild and distinct, but fully developed form in from twelve to fifteen years; and to the usual states of the distemper according to diathesis, to exposure, to infection, and epidemic prevalence, after this more advanced age. What I then predicted has since been so generally fulfilled, that re-vaccination has been adopted in many places and has often failed, natural small-pox having notwithstanding appeared in the re-vaccinated—both in those in whom the measure appeared to have succeeded and in those in whom it failed."

The speaker then proceeded to comment on the new Vaccination Act, by which parents of children from infancy to 14 years of age could be summoned by the Board of Guardians before a justice of the peace. That personage could name a time in which the person was to be vaccinated, and if his order was not complied with could inflict a fine of 20s and costs. In conclusion, he trusted that they would petition against such a tyrannical measure of oppression.

A resolution was passed condemnatory of the Act, and recommending all parents to petition against it. A vote of thanks was passed to Mr Gibbs for his powerful lecture, who in responding advised any one who might be summoned for noncompliance with the act, to send for him.

[The above is much abridged from the *Eastern Morning News*. We hope the friends of this movement will get up meetings for Mr Gibbs in their several localities. His address is, Richard B. Gibbs, Esq., 1 South Place, Finsbury, London, E.C. We understand that the publication of much interesting matter, including the report of the recent Medical Congress at Paris, is delayed through the want of funds. Surely this ought not to be the case, especially after the sacrifices made by the Gibbs family, which, we have been told, amount to several hundred pounds.]

#### LECTURE ON THE TURKISH BATH.

ON Monday evening a lecture on the Turkish Bath was delivered in Bruff by Dr Bennett, the respected resident physician of that town, before a numerous and fashionable assembly. The chair was taken by

The Very Rev. Archdeacon Cregan, who spoke of the successful application of the Turkish Bath in his own case, and would recommend its use as the most "painless"—nay, the most "pleasant" restorer of health, and as one of the greatest means which a beneficent Providence has put into the hands of man to enable him to enjoy health, and live to a "a hale old age."

Dr Bennett briefly referred to the history of the Turkish Bath, and said it remained for an Irishman—Doctor Barter—to improve it and render it perfect, who, by his skill, had discovered the means by which many a dying man may be restored to life. He saw a man there whose lungs were crepitating from top to bottom. He found another who was suffering under heart disease. He had seen gentlemen there labouring under bronchitis and hæmoptysis, and by the use of the bath they were restored to health, and life, and he (Dr Bennett) saw those very people who could hardly crawl when they took up their residence in St Anne's, walking about, in the course of a few weeks, as lively as chickens. He saw men there who had come to it all the way from Australia and California, and he saw them cured. He saw the poor there, attended and supported. The poor had baths, were attended even by Dr Barter himself, and were mainly supported by that good and excellent man. The learned lecturer then proceeded to describe his own personal experience of the benefits derived from the use of the Turkish bath. He was attacked with the gout in his extremities, and he was under the solemn impression that he was all but a gone man. He then detailed how he went to Kilkee, to Queenstown, to Cork, and to Dublin, to seek the aid of his medical brethren. One prescribed this, and another that, but he only progressed from bad to worse. (A voice: "No wonder, when they did nothing but pour poison into you.") He returned home, and for seven months suffered agonies that he could not describe. He could not look at food. His clergyman calling on him in his daily ministrations said to him—"Have you ever tried the Turkish bath? If not, you should go up at once to Dr Barter." He then said to Mrs Bennett, "I'll go up to St Anne's." "If you do," said she, "I'll go with you." "Why so?" he said. "Because," she replied, "a medical friend has assured me that so sure as you enter Dr Barter's bath, you will die in it" (the old jargon and nonsense), "and I will go with you lest anything untoward should occur." "Well," I replied, "if it is God's wish that I should die in the bath, I'll die with a clean skin at all events, and up to St Anne's I'll go." Dr Barter ordered him to take the Turkish Bath twice the following day; and on telling him what the physician had told Mrs Bennett, he replied, "He has only shown his ignorance of the bath. Do as I tell you, go into it to-morrow morning." Having been carried to his first bath, he walked home after the third, as lively as a cricket. In a few days he got rid of his pains, his appetite returned, and he became restored to health in an almost miraculous manner. The lecturer then read extracts from some ancient medical works to show that the most able physicians that ever lived from the days of Hippocrates of Cos, down to the present time, recommended air, water, and diet. "If you want to keep your body sound," said the physician of Cos, "you must purge it through the skin. I am going to my long home," he observed to a friend, "but I leave three things behind me for the preservation of human life." "What are they?" asked the friend. "Air, water, and diet."

Dr Barter proposed a vote of thanks to the learned lecturer, and, in doing so, spoke at much length upon the antiquity of the bath—its early use amongst the polished nations of old; its use now amongst the Turks; of the improvements which he had made in its construction, by which the inconvenience of the old bath was removed. He then spoke in a medical manner of its physical properties, and their effect upon the human frame, particularly on the drunkard, who would become, after the use of the bath, a sober member of society.

Dr Griffith said that Dr Bennett had come forward like an honest and fearless physician to tell his audience that night, for their own good, the benefit he had derived from the simple and rational treatment at St Anne's, when he had been brought to the brink of the grave by the poisonous drugging of the eminent allopathic practitioners, the heads of the profession whom he had consulted in Dublin and elsewhere. Of the *contradictory* opinions and treatment he had been subjected to, they had had a graphic account from him, but one point all his prescribers had agreed on, and that was to drench his unfortunate system with the most deadly poi-

sons they could select by way of curing him! whereas, the treatment at St Anne's was directed to eliminate all poisons out of him, instead of pouring any into him, and which system was most rational and successful they had that evening an opportunity of seeing and judging for themselves. It would have been well for the benefit of mankind if the many medical men, or any of them, who from time to time had recovered their health at St Anne's, had honestly come forward like Dr Bennett, and given their experiences publicly to the world, which, he regretted to say, they had not done; but this fact might be stated, that every army and navy surgeon who had been a patient there—men who, from their position, were independent of the opinions and trades-union influences of their professional brethren, who had no objects to serve but the advancement of truth—had one and all reported, in the highest terms, to their several departments respecting the beneficial influence of that unrivalled therapeutic agent, the Turkish Bath, and, as a consequence, grants had already been sanctioned by Parliament for the erection of baths at the Royal Military Hospital of Netley, near Southampton, and at the camp at Aldershot. To this he might add another telling fact, that the latest writers on the practice of medicine, viz., Drs Aitken, Hughes Bennett, and Hawkes Tanner, in England, and Austin Flint in America, recommend the Turkish Bath as *the remedy par excellence* in diabetes, Bright's disease, the various affections of the kidneys, and many other diseases; and this too, so quietly and silently that one would suppose that they were merely recording the practice of their lives,—an ancient and well-established one—instead of one the birth of yesterday, the introducer of which they never refer to, and reward for his exertions on behalf of humanity by refusing, with some few exceptions, to consult with him. He (Dr G.) could himself sympathise with Dr Bennett's feelings on this occasion, having been himself placed in a similar position about ten years ago, when he arrived at St Anne's little better than a ghost, under the orthodox poisoning of the heads of the profession in Dublin. They told him that he must die at St Anne's, as he had no reaction or vitality to withstand the treatment there. He told them, in reply, that he was dying fast in their hands—that he could not be much worse, and that as he had known several cases of recovery there, he would go and take his chance. The result was that at the end of six weeks he had gained 15lbs in weight, and felt stronger and better than ever he had recollected to have been in the whole course of his life. Now, what had he to thank for the loss of vitality with which they had reproached him? Nothing but the irrational and poisonous treatment of the allopathic school, whose death-knell had been long since sounded. For this result he did not blame them, as they did their best, according to the light that was in them; but he did blame them for their bigotry and determined opposition to all radical improvement in their art, that bigotry which led them at first to persecute the immortal Harvey, Ambrose Paré, Sir Charles Bell, and Jenner, next to adopt their discoveries, and afterwards when they were dead, and they could no longer injure them, to load their memories with never ceasing commendations and praise. In taking exception to their treatment of him, he was acting as their best friend, as one who sought to place the healing art on a rational and imperishable basis, which could not be overturned, and would entitle it to the gratitude and confidence of the general community, instead of leaving it obnoxious to the satirical observation of the ancient proverb—"That there was no hope for a man until he was given over by his physician, as then being left to Nature, there was some chance of his recovery." He would ask his audience, the next time their physician prescribed for them a pill or draught, to ask him why he poisoned them, because they had the misfortune to be sick? Did they, or anybody in their senses, imagine that a substance that was poisonous or injurious to a person in health could be anything but worse than injurious to a person when sick, when, of course, they were less able to resist a morbid and debilitating influence? And when their physician told them "to dig their graves (for that was the hackneyed phrase) before they took a Turkish Bath," let them ask him what he knew about it—whether he had ever taken one himself, or had any experience of its effects on others? They would always find that utter ignorance of the bath and its effects always accompanied the advice referred to; let them, therefore, value it accordingly. At that late hour of the night he would not trespass further on their patience, but would content himself with seconding, with much pleasure, the vote of thanks to Dr Bennett for his instructive and interesting lecture, which he hoped they would all profit by.—*Cork Herald*.

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#### THE GIFT OF UBIQUITY.

WE find in the *St Louis Republican* the story of a boy in that city, the eldest of a family of three children, and but ten years of age, who possesses

the power, being still in the form, of being elsewhere than where that form visibly is. The *Republican* says "the boy is very sickly, has scarcely seen a well day since his birth, and, it is said, is empowered with ubiquity. In other words, he possesses a marvellous faculty of appearing in one or more places at one and the same time." The same journal adds: "It is alleged that the boy has been seen at intervals during two days in Paducah, Ky., and at the same time was helpless on a sick bed in this city. He had been seen bathing in the Mississippi River, when his mother was leaning above and expecting him to expire every moment. And he had been seen at the residence of a cousin in Sangamon Co., Ill., when he was incapable of leaving his couch."

The account proceeds: "What is stranger still, we are told that this ubiquity, as it must be called, is involuntary on the part of the boy; that at times, when he is thus ubiquitous he is seized with violent spasms, and seems to be afraid of all who approach him. He is perfectly conscious of all that is transpiring, and relates conversations and describes all that he sees away from where his body really is." The story of his having been seen in Sangamon Co., Ill., while he was still in St Louis, is confirmed by a Mr Eulow, of that County, who says that he was seen at his house several times during three days in April last, at which time his parents assert solemnly that he was at home, and expected momentarily to die. In one instance he was seen walking to the road near the house. A little girl who knew him, thinking he had suddenly come on a visit, ran out to meet him, but returned in a few minutes, saying he had disappeared, and that she had seen a ghost. Mr Eulow is the boy's uncle, and told the editors of the *Republican* that on a certain Sunday evening, while sitting in a private chamber conversing with the parents, the boy entered the chamber as if he were in perfect health, and walked up to the table in presence of them all. The mother almost fainted, and, rushing into the next room, found her boy in a violent spasm. He is daily wasting away and cannot long survive.

There are peculiarities in the facts of his short life, which may in a measure increase the interest felt in this history. We undertake no comment here on the manifestations of spirit power in the conduct of this remarkable boy, but are content to point to it as corroborative and assuring proof of the fact of such power being present and active about us. There is no sort of use in pooh-poohing these manifestations down; they only return in a new form to discomfit and overwhelm those who vainly make the attempt.—*Banner of Light*.

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#### A LETTER FROM AMERICA.

THE following letter from America will be read with interest. We shall be glad to hear further from Mr Powell.

200 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MY DEAR SIR,—According to my promise before leaving England I send you a few items for *Human Nature*, from this my recently adopted country. It is now about 4 o'clock a.m. I am compelled to rise on account of numerous bumps (not phrenological ones), which to my annoyance cover my whole body. They are much like what in England are termed "Harvest Bumps," but most of them three or four times the size. This is the main reason why you get a letter so early from me. We had a voyage which will be remembered by us. The steamship "Malta," one of the famous Cunard line, was the ever to be remembered vessel in which we embarked, trusting ourselves to the tender mercies of men who ought for the honour of England

to desert or be dismissed the merchant service. As I am preparing a full and faithful account of items of importance in relation to the voyage, I shall not say more upon that topic now. When we arrived in New York I paid a visit to Warren Chase at the *Banner of Light* office, in that city. From him I learned every necessary particular about the way to get to Blue Anchor, the settlement to which you are aware I was bound. We had a pleasant ride to a point from which the cars start for Jackson. The sun was setting in a line of fire-red; such a sunset as I never saw in England. At 5 o'clock in the morning we were set down at Jackson, after having experienced so much jolting during the six hours we were in the cars as we might reasonably expect in the old country in six years' railway travelling. But an apology may be tendered for the line I am speaking of, as it has been made, I am told, for emigrants, and is only in the rough at present. Nevertheless, it is a line, although its various stations are mere huts, affording little accommodation; to wit, this Jackson station where we stood (my wife, five children, and myself), at 5 a.m., with a house or two in view and no room in which to seat ourselves. The morning was bitter cold, to make the inconvenience the bitterer. A man came to us and asked us into the engine shed, where he had a fire. This accommodation was gladly accepted. We had not been seated more than two minutes when the man who had brought us to the shed wished to know who I was, what I was, where I was going, and in fact all about me, especially that part of me called "soul." He asked, "What do you believe?" "I am a spiritualist." "A spiritualist are you! I know several spiritualists, and some of them are bad people. They don't believe in the Bible." "I know many persons in my country who say they believe in the Bible, who, judging from my standard, are very bad people." "I know this: unless I believe the whole Bible, and my sins are washed out by the blood of the Lamb, I shall be damned." "Are you happy in that belief?" "Yes." "I am also happy in a belief that does not accept necessarily a belief in any special book as being essential to salvation—a belief that holds the *life* and not the mere faith of a man pre-eminent. Do you not see, friend, that God is no partial being—that he gives something of happiness to us all, irrespective of creed? Instance your own case and mine." So the conversation continued, the man informing me that he was a Wesleyan, and that some spiritualists were living close at hand. Learning this latter fact, caring nothing about the former, I hastened to pay Mr Marshall, a spiritualist store-keeper, a visit. When I made myself known we were all invited in, and made welcome to breakfast, which I can assure you was welcomed by us. To get to Blue Anchor we took the cars from Jackson to Spring Garden station, and proceeded to walk to the settlement. Calling at a cottage to inquire the way, to my surprise and delight I was face to face with Mr Chapman, from Huddersfield, the father of Miss Chapman, the medium. After a rest and a chat he showed us the way, and we footed it through a wood two miles and a half in length, under a burning sun and over a sandy road. Fancy our position with carpet bag and hamper and a baby. Think of Pilgrim and the Land of Promise. We accomplished the task, found Blue Anchor at last, and were soon in conversation with Dr Haskell, a Mr Taylor, one of the earliest settlers, and others all as interested to learn something about England as I was to learn something about Blue Anchor. I had got to the promised Eden, but alas! there was plenty of room for houses and fresh settlers, but no vacant habitations. I took my family to the hotel, cogitating on what to do. After dinner Dr Haskell took me partly over the estate, or rather settlement. It is a charming place. Plenty of beautiful land and timber—just the spot for an Eden. But it wants labour and means in abundance to fit it for the saints; it is too beautiful a place for the sinners. Dr Haskell holds the principal part of the settlement. He is a hardy veteran of 69 years, with the simplicity and enthusiasm of a child. He has got right hold of a practical idea. He un-

folded his plans both for the laying out of the grounds and his principal idea of educating the mind and exercising the body, in order to develop the physical with the mental, that children may grow up scholars and agriculturists. 300 acres of this little paradise are to be used for an educational college; 2500 acres are apportioned into lots, at from 10 to 30 dollars an acre. I have no hesitation in saying that settlers may do well at Blue Anchor, but they require means to enable them to purchase and ability to turn the soil to account. I saw Mrs Spear, who lives at Blue Anchor; Mr Spear was not at home. On Sunday I listened with much pleasure to Warren Chase. He delivered a couple of discourses in Washington Hall, Philadelphia, and was listened to by an audience that would astonish an English spiritualist lecturer. He is a plain, vigorous speaker, careful to clear his ground and make you understand the force of his arguments. There is a progressive lyceum also carried on in the same hall, conducted by Mr Dyott, whom I have not yet had time to visit. I was introduced by Warren Chase to Dr Child, one of the principal spiritualists in Philadelphia. On revisiting Jackson, Mrs. E. H. Parker, a very excellent trance medium, gave me a tolerably clear and correct estimate of my character, also that of my wife, who was at the time in Philadelphia, a distance of nearly 30 miles. She also improvised a spirit song at my suggestion on "Spirit Life," the subject being chosen by myself. A lady named Shelling, in Philadelphia, at a seance gave me a trance address, in which I could trace a near likeness to addresses delivered to me in England by my own wife when entranced. I must draw this to a close by wishing *Human Nature* every success, and trusting that you and the friends in the old country, will work on for our good cause with hearts sustained by angelic ministrations.

Sept. 18th, 1867.

J. H. POWELL.

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## REPORTS OF PROGRESS.

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### THE BIRMINGHAM MENTAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

On Saturday evening, September 28, a lecture was delivered under the auspices of the above society by J. Burns, of London, popular lecturer on Phrenology and kindred subjects. The chair was occupied by Mr G. B. Haines, who, on rising to open the meeting, said he was very pleased to see so many persons present, especially considering the unfavourable evening (Saturday) upon which they had met. Though he had not a personal acquaintance with the lecturer, he was anxious to hear what he had to say in reference to what had to him always been a mysterious subject—viz., "The Temperaments."

Mr Burns then rose, and was received with hearty cheers. The lecture, which was lengthy, extending over two hours, was listened to throughout with the greatest attention. The subject was treated throughout the entire lecture in a very ingenious and able manner. Many new features were introduced, which, though not altogether in accordance with the views of every person present, supplied ample scope for thought.

At the close of the lecture, the Chairman, after a few observations, in which he stated that he had felt highly gratified, and had gained much information from Mr Burns' remarks, proposed that a vote of thanks be given to that gentleman for his very able and gratuitous lecture, and hoped that ere long they should all have the pleasure of listening to him again.

Mr J. Hart, in seconding the proposition, said it afforded him very great pleasure to state that, while listening to the lecture that had just been given, he had not only been pleased but very much edified; for it appeared to him to have not only the merit of being original, but also that of being ingenious and highly intellectual.

The resolution was then put to the meeting, and carried unanimously.

Mr Burns replied by thanking them for their courtesy and kind attention. The proceedings of the evening then terminated.

On Tuesday evening, October 1, the above society held its usual quarterly social tea party, to which friends were invited, a goodly number being present. After an excellent tea, the meeting for a short time resolved itself into a business meeting. Mr. J. Hart occupied the chair, and opened the proceedings by reading the programme for the evening. He then said that if any person had any new member to propose, the secretary would have very great pleasure in taking their names, upon which thirteen persons were proposed and received into the society. It was then proposed, seconded, and unanimously carried that Miss Beauclerc, who had hitherto held the office of secretary, but who desired to be relieved of that office, be appointed assistant secretary, Mr Haines kindly consenting to act as secretary for the remainder of the term. The chairman then announced that there was a branch class about being formed for instruction in Elementary Phrenology, to be conducted by Professor Hemming, at his room, 50 B New Street, on Thursday evenings, to which members of the advanced class desiring to attend would be admitted without additional charge. It was then proposed and seconded that Mr Burton be appointed secretary for the above-named branch class, which was carried unanimously.

The necessary business of the meeting having been transacted, Mr Burton proceeded to give the phrenological description of the character of some persons present, which were confirmed by the persons examined; after which the meeting assumed a more jovial aspect, when a number of songs were sung and recitations given by various persons present.

M. BEAUCLERC.

4 Victoria Terrace, Hunter's Lane, Birmingham.

#### MANCHESTER.

The Manchester Association of Progressive Spiritualists held its first quarterly meeting on Saturday, October 5th, when the members of the association and their friends, to the number of 40, took tea together, previous to commencing business. After tea there was an interval of an hour allowed for social conversation, during which time a copy of the constitution and rules of the association was given to each person present. At half-past six o'clock the Rev. John Page Hopps, president of the association, took the chair.

The Chairman, in opening the business of the meeting, said that the subject of Spiritualism, if there was any truth in it, was not only *one* of the greatest, but *the* greatest that could engage the attention of men. If it was not true, it was still worthy of attention; for in that case we ought to do all we can to explode one of the most marvellous delusions or deceptions of this or any age; for those who deny the spirit origin of the phenomena to which we ask attention, must think that we are either deceived or deluded; that we are, in fact, either knaves or fools. But as regards deception, those who know anything of the facts know that they are of a character that utterly shut out the possibility of fraud. But in many cases we have no need to trust mediums, because the things they speak or write and the things that are done by them are quite beyond their own knowledge or power. This he (Mr Hopps) had had abundant proof of, both in his own house and in places

where he was unknown, 200 miles from home. As regards *delusion*, he could only say that those who thought that word could solve the problem could not know anything of the facts we rely upon. A man must be hard put to it for something to say when he tells me that *I thought* I heard loud sounds which gave replies to questions and kept admirable time to well known tunes; or that *I thought* I saw a huge table move, when it rose before my eyes and the eyes of others to the ceiling; or that *I thought* I heard this or that when things were told me or rapped out for me in a room where I had never been before and by a person who had never even heard of my name. The truth is, that the facts on which we rely are not properly known. The duty of the hour then is to go steadily on in gathering together facts and spreading abroad what we know. He wished to show them, in conclusion, two things: the dilemma in which they could land the "orthodox" and the demand they could make of the "heterodox." The first of these profess to receive everything that is in the Bible, and yet the Bible is full of spiritualism from beginning to end. Ask these then how they can call such phenomena impossible, wicked, or absurd. The latter profess to believe above all things in facts, and to be led by reason—to be, *par excellence*, truth-seekers and fact-receivers. Of these, then, we can demand a hearing and an investigation, and a drawing of conclusions, regardless of whatever the facts may lead to. He concluded by urging upon all to be patient, calm, persevering, and truthful, accepting the duty of the hour, and making every step sure as they went on.

Mr David Varley, of Slaithwaite, thoroughly endorsed the remarks of the chairman, and spoke at some length on the nature of the body and soul of man, speaking of the necessary development of each, and pointing out the reason of the final conquest of the spiritual part of man's nature over the physical. He also spoke of the service spiritualism was rendering society by disproving the existence of an eternal hell of torments for a portion of the human family, the teaching of which has so long frightened the timid and disgusted the wise and thoughtful. Mr Varley, being a spiritualist of some years' standing, concluded his remarks by a few practical suggestions on the best mode of conducting circles and developing mediums.

The meeting was afterwards addressed by Mr. Henry Pitman, Mr Thomasson, and others; after which the remaining part of the evening was devoted to manifestations, the asking and answering of questions for the satisfaction of inquirers. During the evening communications were received through two trance mediums and three writing mediums present. The meeting was both pleasant and instructive, and was brought to a close by singing a hymn together a little before ten o'clock.

#### CONSTITUTION AND RULES.

1. That the name of the society be "The Manchester Association of Progressive Spiritualists."
2. That the association consist of men and women who believe in the possibility and reality of spirit-communion.
3. That the objects of the association be—1st, to assist members and inquirers in investigating the facts of Spiritualism; and 2nd, to spread a knowledge of the truths that are connected with the facts—chiefly the truth of the reality of a future state of progressive existence for all.
4. That these objects be carried out by means of lectures, the holding of circles, and the circulation of books, papers, &c.
5. That the affairs of the association be conducted by a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and a committee of four, with power to add to their number; these officers to be elected yearly, in the month of April.
6. That the expenses connected with the association be met by a quarterly subscription, optional as to amount, but not less than sixpence, to be paid by each member in advance.

7. That circles, to consist of not less than four and not more than twelve members of the association, be formed in different parts of the city and its vicinity, to suit the convenience of members, and that these circles meet once a-week, on an evening and at an hour to be agreed upon by the members thereof.

8. That each circle appoint one of its members to act as secretary, to keep an account of its proceedings.

9. That a general meeting of all the members of the Association be held once a quarter, on the first Saturday evenings in the months of January, April, July, and October, at some place to be agreed upon from time to time, for the purpose of receiving reports from the various circles, introducing or electing new members, and for the transaction of any other business; the meeting in April to be the annual one, for the election of officers.

10. That each member be permitted to bring friends and inquirers to the general meetings, who shall be at liberty to ask questions after all business affairs are settled.

11. That persons desiring to become members of the association can do so by forwarding name, address, and subscription to the secretary.

12. That any member of the association desiring to become a member of a circle, must first be proposed by a member of the circle he or she wishes to join.

13. That all circles and general meetings be recommended to open with prayer or singing if possible.

Secretary—Mr Charles L. Whitham, 18 Garnett Street, High Town, Manchester.

#### GLASGOW.

The annual soiree of the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists took place on the evening of October 3. The attendance was numerous and respectable. We have had no account of it from our numerous friends there, but the *Glasgow Herald* devotes over a column and a half to a report of it. This silence is ominous. What has "drocket" the wings of our northern correspondents so that they do not soar with the usual enthusiasm? We fancy some "uncanny" impression has been produced which they wisely say nothing about. The *Herald* report is written in a genial and appreciative tone, and though not critical, the descriptive matter indicates the nature of the various performances very vividly. Mr James Marshall, president, occupied the chair. His introductory address was well chosen, both as regards matter and enunciation. Mr Cross, secretary, read the second annual report. It was of an encouraging nature. The attendance at their meetings had ranged from 13 to 100. About 12 names had been added to the roll of membership during the year, and they commenced the season with £10 in hand. Several amateur vocalists entertained the audience very acceptably. Miss Chapman gave a song with her eyes shut, and afterwards a speech descriptive of the spheres in the same condition. The *Herald* can't understand how spiritual inspiration can be obtained to order and planned on the programme several days in advance. The spirit "Zoma's" description of the spheres seems to have been rather crude and second-hand, and more like a misinterpretation of printed revelations than the result of actual experience. The most noteworthy portion of the report of this meeting is that devoted to the remarks of Mr Nisbet on the "Progress of Trance Painting." These related to the wonderful trance paintings commenced 15 months ago by a working cabinetmaker in Glasgow. He was altogether unacquainted with the art, even in its rudiments. The development took place in Mr Nisbet's house.

"We were sitting at the table one evening," he said, "when, after some of the usual manifestations, the medium was mentally impressed to call in the aid of a young lady, a writing medium. Having sat for some time, and feeling her hands cold, the young lady put her right hand upon the painting medium's left, to let him feel how cold it was, and at once his hand began to move. Thinking he was about to be developed as a writing medium, pencil and paper were laid down, when the pencil was picked up and various figures were drawn with the left hand on the paper. In these rude lines and figures we could at least make out a design, which was that of a "vase of flowers." Thus the medium artist started, and from a vase of flowers in pencil he ascended to the higher branches of art. With his left hand he drew on the first evening the section of an archway, which the spirit told the company was symbolical of the entrance to a sphere. On another evening he produced a representation of the mental condition of the inhabitants of the first four spiritual spheres. Then he took to water colours and the use of both hands. One night the medium was moved by a spirit artist, who declined to give his name, but said a picture of his would be painted by which they might learn who he was. The medium accordingly painted a waterfall and landscape, the execution of which only occupied four hours; but none of those present knew who was the painter of the original, although the initials "J.R." were observed in the left hand corner of the canvas. Some time afterwards, however, an engraving was discovered in *John Cassell's Art Treasures Exhibition*, called "The Waterfall," by a Dutch painter named Jacob Ruysdael, who died in 1681, and the picture produced by spiritualistic agency was found to be a marvelous copy of this work, which the medium had never seen. At a subsequent meeting Ruysdael remarked that they had found him out, and on the mortals representing that he was not at hand when the discovery was made, the spirit acknowledged the fact, but said that others who were present told him about it! Painting in oil colours was afterwards adopted. The pictures executed (33 in number) are of a varied character, including landscapes, figure subjects, symbolical representations, &c. The medium, it was stated, performed all the operations of the painter, not excepting the mixing and arranging of the colours, with his eyes shut, being in a state profound trance. He sometimes worked in a room which was perfectly dark, all his painting being done at the close of his ordinary work as a cabinetmaker. He had been persuaded by his friends, last spring, to attend the School of Design for three months, and there his progress in drawing was extraordinary. This course, it was added, was quite satisfactory to the spirits who were manifesting themselves through him. "However simple my story may be," concluded Mr Nisbet, "from what I have seen in my own house, and from what I have read, I can no more doubt that there are spiritual influences at work guiding and directing these phenomena than I can doubt by own existence."—Another Glasgow paper, in a short notice of the meeting, refers to some remarks made by a medium, Mr Wortley, late of London, at the time sojourning in Glasgow.

GILLING, NEAR DARLINGTON.—A few members of the Darlington Circle, seven in all, visited Gilling, and spent a pleasant day at the residence of an old spiritualist, Mr Solomon Wise. Mr and Mrs Raine, of Richmond, came down and joined us, each giving their own experience, while mediums were used by our departed friends to satisfy us that on the other side there was life and joy. This visiting by us is a new work, and we intend to go on with it until the hearts of many in our district are made glad. We are disposed to call ourselves the "visiting circle," and to go out as already named. Brother Richmond gave an excellent address on "Man's Three-fold Condition and God's Order of Development of the Human Race." All were happy, happy, happy.

NOTTINGHAM.—The Spiritual Association, though not doing very much, are gradually opening people's eyes to the truth. Many go away astonished at the speeches that come through Mr Hitchcock in the trance state, without a moment's thought or consideration. A recent speech of this kind on temperance was so excellent that all wished it could have been taken down and published. At that meeting three spirits manifested. The first gave a prayer and religious exhortation; the second a political address, in which the relations of Garibaldi with the Romans was touched upon; then followed the temperance address. No one can say that Spiritualism is a worthless pastime when it conveys such instruction.

HALIFAX.—Dear Sir,—In accordance with my promise, I now beg to submit to your notice the particulars of a wonderful cure effected by spirit influence as related to me by the parties interested. In the first place, you must understand that there are several healing mediums in connexion with the Halifax circle, with whom I have the pleasure of being acquainted. Two of these mediums, named respectively Abraham Bland and John Pulman, met by appointment, at the house of the former, George Smith and his wife, on the 19th July, 1867. Mrs Smith had suffered from what was termed by her medical attendants "chronic rheumatism" for seven months, and had been attended by four doctors at one time. The agony she had to pass through was so intense that she allowed quicklime to remain on the affected part, the knee, for twenty minutes. This, however, did not give her relief. She was confined to bed three months out of the seven, and could not bear removing on any account, but the pain became so severe during the last few days of her illness that she was compelled to leave her bed seven times during one night. After all her attendants had pronounced her incurable, she was induced by her husband to visit the two healing mediums already named. She was conveyed in a cart (*farmer-like*), and, on arriving at their destination, was so fatigued that her friends had to carry her into Mr Bland's residence. After the operation had been performed, she could walk about the house with perfect ease, and also to the cart on their return, much to the astonishment of her husband and friends. Since then the pain has entirely left her, and she has improved ever since, although the knee is somewhat stiff, caused by its being kept in one position for such a length of time. Ever since the date above mentioned she has followed her domestic duties, which is something very extraordinary considering that for seven months previous she had been to look after in every respect. You have the particulars now, and if you think proper you can insert them in *Human Nature* in whatever shape you may deem fit. I give you several names of parties who will substantiate the facts herein stated; but, of course, these you will not publish, but keep them in readiness for any one who may address you upon the subject. I may here remark that the mediums are travelling from place to place every Sunday healing the sick, and if you insert the foregoing in your publication, I have no doubt but my friends will favour me with particulars of more cures, to which I shall at all times devote my most careful attention. Trusting this will meet with your approbation, I remain, dear sir, yours sincerely in the cause of truth, JOHN RAISTRICK. Catherine Street, Sheffield, Oct. 11, 1867.

A lady reports a spontaneous manifestation of rather a peculiar kind in a room that had been completely darkened. It was suddenly illuminated, and two spirit forms appeared, well defined in outline, *casting shadows upon the wall*.

The following sentence was "tipped out" by the table in the circle of Spiritualists at Harwain, near Aberdare, a few evenings ago:—"The fool like a nightbird fleeth from the light; the wise seeketh it, even as a mother seeketh her lost child be wise."

Mr L. N. Fowler has just concluded his fourth visit to Bradford by very kindly giving an entertainment for the benefit of the local Phrenological Society. It is reported that this last visit has been the most successful that Mr Fowler has ever paid to Bradford, which shows that he does not wear out in matter and power of entertainment and instruction.

A SPIRITUAL INSTITUTE AND READING ROOM FOR LONDON.—We have received a variety of communications and suggestions respecting this matter, and several subscribers of one guinea each. Mr Harper, of Birmingham, suggests that it should be commenced in some private house, with a very low subscription. We should be glad to see this suggestion largely carried out in the various metropolitan districts; yet there would remain the necessity for the more public enterprise. We shall be glad to receive further assurances of support.

The friends of Health Reform will be glad to know that the various Hygienic Institutions are this season crowded with patients. Dr Barter's Establishment, near Cork, recently contained four medical men of the old school, who had relinquished their own mode of treatment for hydropathy and the Turkish Bath. Dr Barter is unable to accommodate the number of distinguished patients that flock to him from all parts of the world. The Bridge of Allan Hydropathic Establishment, presided over by Dr Hunter, and situated in the very heart of "Bonnie Scotland," has, as usual, every bed occupied. Malvern, Matlock, and other favourite resorts are also busy, and wonderful cures are being effected.

Our ill-starred contemporary, the *Spiritual Republic*, has been suspended, to appear in its original form and character as the "Religio-philosophical Journal." Mr S. S. Jones, the respected founder of the "Religio-philosophical Publishing Association," now called the "Central Publishing House," has addressed a circular to the stockholders of that Institution and the subscribers and readers of the *Spiritual Republic* and *Little Bouquet*. It appears that "a scheme to make places for selfish men, at the expense of integrity and the life of the institution," had deprived its best friends from having control over its operations, which has resulted in difficulty and disaster. To retrieve this lost ground, Mr Jones and a few staunch friends have rallied to the rescue, and already the affairs of the institution begin to assume working order. There will be a lapse of a few weeks before the successor of the *Spiritual Republic* appears. We are glad to hear that such a hopeful state of things is about to dawn on our friends of the Great West, in whose operations we have always taken the warmest interest.

MR WILLIAM HOWITT, in a letter to Mr R. Cooper, referring to his recent little work, "Spiritual Experiences," says—Some parts of it read like a narrative of the persecutions of days gone by of the Quakers or Methodists, especially in your being hauled away to dirty lock-ups and English police-courts. If our press and scientific men could blush, the account of the rational reception of the Davenportes in Belgium, Holland, and Russia would make them do it. But there is no country on the face of the earth which is so arrogant and so materialist in spirit. The English think themselves "the people, and that wisdom will die with them;" but in all except what relates to matter and mere material operations and money-getting, they are the stupidest people living. Material science has made great progress amongst them, but it has been at the expense of everything that marks the truly philosophic mind. The theories of philosophy never were so grovelling and degraded. If there be a thing that marks the dignity and glory of human character, that they reject and spurn from them. They desire *not* to live hereafter; and they prefer believing that they are the descendants of monkeys with Professor Huxley and the Darwinians, than the directly created children of God. Is it possible to conceive of a more earthly and contemptible generation? Let us bless God that he has wrenched us by unexampled revelations of the unseen from the thralldom of such a stupidity.

Mr Richmond, of Darlington, has been making a short tour in Yorkshire. He had a pleasant time with the Spiritual Brotherhood at Keighley; Sunday morning and evening, good meetings of sincere and zealous men and women; excellent addresses by male mediums on religious and practical subjects. After meeting, they had a good conversation on the phenomena and subject of "the Double," which was exposed and pronounced to be clever deception on the part of the invisible operators. In Bradford, the friends of Spiritualism also are an organised company. The meeting was addressed by two trance mediums, both females. They have a room capable of holding about 100, and the public are admitted free. He thinks the unfolding of being in a practical life is the complete and God-given work of man. Every step is thus a step of salvation. This process will accomplish the work of Societary Reform.

"SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS ON THE ACTION OF ALCOHOL" is an eight page tract, containing about twenty extracts from the dicta of eminent doctors on alcoholic liquors. It is just about as absurd and useless a production, as such things usually are. The term "action of alcohol" is about as flagrant a piece of nonsense as ever was uttered. It is a pinnacle of that materialistic philosophy that determines action to reside in matter not in mind, in body not in spirit. The merest tyro in vital philosophy ought to know that the mind powers in the organism act on the matters introduced to the vital domain, and not these inert articles on the body. The higher always acts on the lower. The former is active, the latter passive. Public sentiment literally stinks with the accumulated putrescence of "medical opinion." Common sense and individual enlightenment and experience have not a square inch of space to stand upon. It has always been the practice of tyrannical crafts, like the praying and drugging trades, to try to do the thinking for the people at large. Herein consists the safety of their position, and the prostrate misery and ignorance of society. No; let every sane man and woman discard medical and other "opinions" as they would handcuffs or the halter, and exercise their minds in thinking for themselves.

EMMA HARDINGE'S LECTURES.—A number of gentlemen, convened by Mr Cooper, met at 14 Newman Street, on the evening of the 18th ult., for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of bringing Spiritualism before the people of London, through the able advocacy of Emma Hardinge. It was resolved to take the Polytechnic Hall, King William Street, Strand, London, for a course of thirteen lectures on Sunday evenings, on the following popular terms of admission:—A season ticket of 21s to admit two persons to the best part of the house at each lecture; and single tickets at 1s, and 6d each. A working committee was at once formed, amidst much quiet enthusiasm, to carry out this resolution—secretary, Mr. Slater, 136 Euston Road, London, N.W. The course is expected to commence about the middle of November. If properly carried out, it will be the most important movement that has yet been made for Spiritualism in London. We suggest that all the friends of the movement at once put themselves in communication with Mr Slater, obtain supplies of circulars and programmes for distribution, and a quantity of tickets for sale amongst their friends. An early application for guinea tickets is also requested. We understand arrangements are being made for a course of lectures in Glasgow by Miss Hardinge.

Mr Mayet showed lately, at the Lyons Society of Medical Science, a child aged six weeks, in which, from an arrest of development of the left superior member, the absence of the hand and forearm had resulted. The etiologic peculiarity of this case is, that it results, to a certainty, from a moral impression on the mother during the early part of her pregnancy produced by the constant sight of a person suffering from a deformity of the same arm, an atrophy of the member and a retraction of the extensor muscles of the hand, the result of eclampsia. The mother, an intelligent

woman, and who had carefully noted her feelings, had been greatly affected by the necessity she was under of being in habitual contact with the woman suffering from this deformity. She was then pregnant from fifteen days to about three weeks. During all the time of her pregnancy, she was worried by the fear of bringing into the world a child afflicted by a similar deformity, and this fear has been justified. In this case it is impossible to doubt the operation of a cause usually ranked amongst popular prejudices. In the discussion which followed the recital of this case, M. Dron cited a fact which occurred in the practice of M. Richard, of Nancy. A young lady who was pregnant, while engaged in painting, copied a hand to which a finger was wanting. The child to which she gave birth had a hand deprived of the same finger as that of the model.—*Gazette Medicale de Lyon.*

THE PROGRESS OF THE PRESS.—The aspects of "Human Nature" are well delineated in the "News of the World," or the "Record" of "Public Opinion." There is not in "London Society" a more "Welcome Guest" than the "Daily News"—and in this "Age" of the "Train" and "Telegraph" from "Belgravia" to "Cornhill," and from "Temple Bar" to "Pall Mall," nay, in all parts of "The Globe," the human "Family Herald" with delight their "Weekly Budget" of News. The "Sportsman" who leads a "Sporting Life," devotes his "Leisure Hour" to the study of "Bell's Life," whilst the humourist derives his "Fun" from the pages of "Punch" and "Judy." The "Truthseeker" finds a "Co-operator" in the "National Reformer," and though a "Sunday at Home" does not always come "Once-a-Week," it is a favourable sign of "The Times" when "The British Workman" needs his "Lloyd's" or his "Reynolds' Newspaper" to enlighten him as to the doings of the remainder of this industrious "Beehive" during the last few revolutions round the "Dial." And there is a little "Band of Hope" who are endeavouring to unfurl the "Standard" of Liberty, and hail eternal progression as the "Ambassador of the Coming Age." The worthy "English Leader" of Reform, John Bright, whose name is as familiar as "Household Words," and whose principles of progress will shine out as the mid-day "Sun" (whose refulgent rays are reflected by the "Morning" and "Evening Star,") and will continue to do so, until an "Alliance" is made between Love and Justice, forming a religion for not only "Once-a-Week," but one that shall be expressed practically in our lives, every "Day" of the week, "All the Year Round."—*Written and read by Mr A. F. Gilby, at the Quarterly Meeting of Spiritualists, Birmingham.*

OUR WOULD-BE GOVERNORS.—The *Saturday Review* says:—After all, the fact that so many girls are annually trained up in a condition of absolute mental vacuity shows of itself that this is a state which, to a good many of those for whom they are designed, is far from distasteful. The people who can endure the perpetual companionship of the brainless must be themselves tolerably near the brainless stage. Physiognomy alone might show how many of the "curled darlings" of the season have anything like brains under their curls. The broad face of a Dorsetshire chawbacon beams with intelligence and brightness of apprehension by the side of the sheer vacuity of some of the countenances which startle one in Pall Mall. Besides, we know that Hodge can honestly earn eight good shillings per week by his own individual and unaided effort, while without influence and friends and a long suffering nation, the sham Adonis of Belgravia could not earn a penny in a twelvemonth. The creature's speech is what might be expected from his brow, his feeble eye, his vapid mouth. When one hears people declaim about the folly of women, it is worth while to remember that there are men, too, whose folly is unfathomable. Just as the woman who has no interest in the world but marriage, who has an empty mind and a vapid hollow character, becomes weary and degraded; so the idle man, living luxuriously, on fine wines and dainty meals, habitually lazy and habitually vacant, becomes a satyr. He becomes pretty nearly as much beast as man. Most of his

interests in life are interests which a beast might very well share. Sensuality in all its forms is the law and inspiration of his life. His hair, his complexion, his clothes, his tiny triumphs with women, there is his life. Yet, perhaps, if he had been born in more favourable circumstances, he might have been trained up into a decent hodman or tolerable carter. How much better for him and for us if he had been!

**WATER DIVINING.**—The finding of water by divination is a subject which for some time past has occupied the attention of a great number of the settlers in this district. About six months ago an old man named Morgan, who visited this place, professed his ability to find out the exact locality of underground springs by the aid of a slip of spring steel, and having visited some of the farmers and settlers in the neighbourhood, obtained employment, or rather had his divining services engaged. Morgan divined a number of spots, under which he alleged springs of water existed, and even went so far as to name the depth at which water would be struck; his agreement in all cases stipulating that he would not take upon himself to say whether the water was fresh or brackish. In prosecuting his divination several attempts were made to prove the truth of his professions by those who engaged him, and to these tests Morgan submitted cheerfully. The plan usually pursued to corroborate the correctness of his indications was that of blindfolding, and bewildering him as far as possible as to the locality first pointed out. In all cases we learn that Morgan, blindfolded though he was, invariably returned to and pointed out the precise spot. To this test he submitted in every instance, and for his services received part payment, or promises that when the sinking had been prosecuted and the water found, the diviner would be amply rewarded. How far these divinations have proved successful we are not in a position to state, but we know that Mr Morgan has appeared at the police court, and sued a number of those for whom he had divined springs for the amount agreed to be paid him by each. In giving evidence, Morgan said that he was prepared to swear that wherever he divined the existence of springs of water they would there be found by sinking. That there is some truth in this new profession of divination we must believe when we read the following testimonials, which we append for the information of the public. [Here several testimonials are given.] There are other testimonials written by respectable men; who can be found at any time, and who are willing to corroborate their statements. We are induced to give publicity to this matter as well as to the evidences which Mr Morgan places before us as to his success as a diviner, believing that "there must be something in it." We have not heard how many failures Mr Morgan has made, but we trust that those residents in the district who have found Mr Morgan's indications false (if there be any such) will communicate with us on the subject.—*Ararat Advertiser*.

An esteemed correspondent writes respecting the decrease in size of the last three numbers of *Human Nature*, and says that some of his friends look upon it as a breach of faith. While we are anxious to keep faith with others, we are equally so to befriend ourselves. We have in these last numbers given many more pages of small type, so that the decrease of matter is not so much as might be expected. The trouble and loss of time incurred in these illustrated articles render them matters of no profit to us. While thanking all for their kindly words and suggestions, we are determined to be regulated by our own experience and judgment in the first place. Many of our warmest friends complain that we give too much reading matter for the money. The souls of others do not radiate wider than the constricted circle of organs that lie between the ears. Our friend says he has procured over a dozen regular subscribers, and with the profits of his agency he purchases books and presents them to a Philosophical Society in the city. No wonder that he has to report that "Spiritualism seems to be making good progress in this *very* religious city. I have proselytised a good many recently. Quiet talking seems to answer best with most folks here—few go 'the whole hog,' but many receive the general facts readily." Such a man is not a mere proselytiser, but a teacher—a demonstrator of natural facts.