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PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN ORGANISM.

II.—THE VASCULAR OR ARTERIAL TEMPERAMENT.

IN the lower forms of life, the blood or nutritive juices can scarcely be distinguished from the surrounding elements upon which the creature feeds; but all living organisms are nourished by a vital fluid, the direct product of digestion or assimilation. The blood is not a simple fluid: it is a mass of organisms, each endowed with a life of its own, thus ministering to the vital necessities of all parts of the animal structure. That this life-current may be rendered available for the high uses it fulfils in the animal economy, a system of vessels is required for its distribution and conservation. To this distinct feature of the organism we attach the name of vascular or arterial temperament, and its influence upon character depends upon the quality of the blood, and whether it is distributed efficiently, or otherwise.

There are two kinds of blood, and the vascular system is divided into two parts—that which carries the arterial blood from the heart to all parts of the body, and that which collects the venous blood from all parts and returns it to the heart again. The properties and appearance of these two kinds of blood are as different as the functions of the vessels which contain them. True, they are both blood, yet, as their courses are in opposite directions, so are their tendencies in every respect. The arterial blood is bright red; the venous blood is dark red. The arterial blood dashes along in bounding pulsations; the venous creeps and crawls sluggishly and imperceptibly. The artery is a vital stream fraught with numberless ships laden with the richest treasures of life-sustaining elements. The veins are lethal stagnant canals of poison, death, and disorganisation. The predominance of the arterial system is indicated by florid or roseate complexion, fair skin, light hair and eyes, small bones, and thin tendinous muscle. The predominance of the venous system is indicated by a dark, pale, or olive skin and complexion, dark

eyes and hair, larger bones, and solid muscles. The possessor of the former condition is active, vivacious, quick, restless, warm-hearted, demonstrative, and ardent; his foot is alive to motion, and his brain susceptible to thought; he quickly acquires, but does not readily retain. The possessor of the latter condition is slow and plodding, leisurely, yet industrious, rather dull, yet wonderfully retentive, secretive, retiring, intense, and profound. The arterial type of organisation, in accordance with the direction and quality of the blood, is diffusive, communicative, and lively, and is continually imparting actions or ideas to others. The venous type, likewise, in accordance with its functional tendency, is conservative, noncommittal, rather melancholy, meditative, and receptive. The former condition indicates a positive, the latter a negative state of mind.

It was not our purpose on the present occasion to speak, except incidentally, of the venous blood, as that comes under another head; but we thought these contrasts would be useful to the student.

As to the influences arising from the circulation of the blood, the general one is that of motion. The arterial fluid is constantly changing its place in the tubes which contain it, and the motive powers of the animal, both physical and mental, are measured by the amount and quality of motion manifested in the blood. Plants have no perceptible circulation of the vital fluids, hence have no motion, except that which is necessary for the unfolding of their leaves, flowers, and fruits. They are capable of receiving mechanical motion from winds or other external influences—a very different thing from the vital motive power exercised by animals. In the lower animal forms, where no regular circulation exists, there is no motive power, and, taking a broad survey of the animal kingdom, we find that the power of motion, or susceptibility to action in every case, is in exact harmony with the state of the circulation of the blood. The wild boar of the forest has quite a different pulse from his overfed congener who lies grunting in the sty, scarcely able to wallow the length of his carcass. And look at your ponderous, plethoric alderman—he has now a very different circulation from what he had when he was a poor journeyman or warehouseman, and from his poor relative who started life with him, but has yet to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

In estimating the influence, then, of this organic condition on character, the state of the circulation must be carefully noted. Is the pulse slow, measured, and distinctly throbbing, then you have a man who may be rather slow and awkward to begin with, but who will astonish the early and brisk starters with strong expressions, large grasping thoughts, and powerful acts ere the day closes, even after his more sprightly antagonists have been

vanquished. Such a man has more in him than he can directly give expression to, and requires time and circumstances to develop his merits and peculiarities. The quick, full, dashing pulse gives us a more active, glowing, and ardent subject, too fast under excitement, but ever warm, continuous, and deeply earnest when harmonious influences surround him, and call out his best states. Then we have the quick, half-full, tripping pulse, and flashy, evanescent, highy-flighty, half-man behind it, full of great promises, but empty in results. The fluttering pulse is next in the scale, indicating an excitable, vapid, characterless individual, devoid of power, and invariably the creature of circumstances, it may be of good, but more frequently of bad fortune. The slow, subdued, under-current pulses betray more particularly the venous type of the circulatory system, and partake of its modifying influences when united with the different elements of the scale we have presented above.

Another point to be observed is, whether the circulation is defective or irregular. The circulatory process may be divided into three parts—heart action, arterial action, and capillary action. Some people's hearts are affected, others again have their pulse deranged, but few think the capillaries can be diseased. Hence all sorts of remedies and nostrums are tried to regulate and increase the action of the heart, and modify the pulse only to destroy the patient. The great secret of blood medication lies in the fact that all circulation takes place primarily in the capillaries, those exquisitely fine and almost imperceptible vessels where the arterial or vital blood becomes diffused with the tissues, and thence emanates in the form of venous blood in another set of vessels, the capillaries of the veins. The blood circulates because of the opposite qualities of those two kinds of blood, and because of the processes that are brought to bear upon the blood to regain its arterial qualities. The heart does not force the blood through the system; the progress of the blood is a vital act, and not a mechanical one, and is promoted by soul action through the medium of appropriate nerves, and not through the merits of an organic instrumentality, which has itself to receive supplies of sustaining power from the same soul-source and centre. To regulate a defective circulation, then, and relieve a palpitating heart or distended arteries, promote capillary circulation, and the normal and thorough distribution of the soul essence throughout the whole body. How shall this be effected? By motion and exercise,—inducing mechanical action in all parts of the body by the operation of the will in walking, working, gymnastics, and play, and the circulation of the blood will be accelerated thereby. By these means the blood may be directed to or from any part of the organism at pleasure, and the conditions of health placed

absolutely under control. Another means for effecting the same object is the cold bath. The blood rushes to those parts that are subjected to the influence of cold, and, by a series of bathings in air and water of different temperatures, the most torpid condition of the circulation may be overcome, and the natural balance effectually restored. Some of the worst cases of congestion and heart disease have been completely removed by a few Turkish Baths, or other cutaneous appliances. In connection with these means we must not overlook the importance of friction. The infant or invalid may be wholesomely exercised by the friction of the healthy naked hand, and the circulation thereby modified to a condition of healthy nutrition, the grand agent of growth and recovery. Magnetism is also an important adjunct, and it may be applied through the medium of judicious friction. Hand-rubbing, when performed with love and attention, is always magnetic.

We have thus dwelt upon the state of the circulation, and the means of regulating it, because of its importance as an element of character, health, and success in life. The person with an imperfect circulation is an imperfect man. That part which is deficient of blood is beyond his control, and is absolutely worthless to him, and so is the part which is surcharged with blood; he is a bundle of helpless inharmonies, and is unfit for any position where sanity and effectiveness are required. What moral perversities arise from this simple cause!—what failures in business, in friendship, in study, in morals, in health!—what early deaths! While quacks fatten on the sale of nostrums to “purify the blood,” their victims die in thousands for want of a knowledge of the laws of their being.

The arterial temperament is the chief corner-stone of energy—not executiveness, which is quite a different thing, but animal energy, force, and impulsiveness. When fairly united with its true mate, the nutritive temperament, we have the basic elements of a good constitution, endurance, and resource of being. United with the nutritive, without a due proportion of the higher temperaments, the arterial produces a selfish, greedy, impulsive, passionate, mischievous, yet lazy animal, scarcely worthy of the name of man.

When the arterial predominates, with a deficiency of the nutritive system and a large proportion of nerve, the subject is extremely susceptible, ardent, and mercurial—rest is an impossibility. The brain is quick to receive impressions, which are retained no length of time. He talks, dreams, and kicks about in his sleep. If the skin is thin, eyes very light, and hair bright and fair, he will be subject to night-sweats, and will require judicious skin treatment to prolong life, and make development possible. We have seen instances of this state of organisation in

children, who, when twelve years old, were scarcely so advanced in growth as other children at seven. They were incessantly on the move, and would often go a whole day with but little food: so dominant was the principle of action over that of digestion. You ask, What kind of men do they make? Few, with such organisations, ever arrive at that state. But if parents understood the temperaments in early childhood, and treated them so as to produce harmony of action, much happiness might be conferred on innocent little sufferers, and many bright lives prolonged. Fathers and mothers, go at once and have your children reported upon by an intelligent phrenologist.

THE SCIENTIFIC AND MORAL ASPECTS OF SPIRITUALISM.*

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

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—When consenting, at the request of your Secretary, to deliver a lecture on Spiritualism, it was upon the understanding that I should be at perfect liberty to state my own views, however they might differ from those usually entertained by spiritualists. Without this freedom I should have been restrained in my utterances, and you would have heard little other than the unmeaning echoes of your own opinions. An address thus facile and accommodating would be alike beneath me and unworthy of you, and I shall therefore speak, on the present occasion, not as prepledged to agreement with the sentiments you presumably entertain, but as the untrammelled exponent of my own peculiar views, and for whose sayings, therefore, neither you nor your committee should be regarded as in any measure responsible.

Let me here, then, before proceeding any further, clearly define my own position, which may, moreover, serve, in some measure, as a keynote to my after remarks. As most of you are aware, I have long been devoted to the advocacy of Mesmerism, and so have grown accustomed to vote with the minority, to stand with the few against the many, and can thus heartily sympathise with you as fearless witnesses for the truth against the sneers of an unbelieving world, whose Philistine respectability always did and always will despise a veracity while it is weak, and worship it when it is strong. As a mesmerist, devoted to the exposition of a new and unpopular branch of science, I have also enjoyed a somewhat favourable opportunity

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for testing the extent to which men of science are really or only nominally the disciples of Francis of Verulam; that is, how far they are capable of accepting facts, when opposed to their preconceived ideas. I everywhere hear the praises of induction, while often made painfully aware that there are strict limitations to its practice. In other words, the wise regulations laid down in the *Novum Organum* for the investigation of nature are strictly obeyed, except when they clash with the grovelling tendencies of a thoroughly materialised age, and the merely practical spirit of a purely mechanical philosophy. As a mesmerist I have also had my attention directed for a lengthened period to "popular superstitions;" in other words, to those mysterious and hitherto almost inscrutable phenomena, which, though in all ages, a part of the experience of men, and so carefully preserved in the traditions of the multitude and the sacred writings of the priests, yet as originating from forces still imperfectly understood, and, in a sense, "occult," have generally been regarded with indifference by the dry, hard, logical, unidealistic and *limited* experimentalists of modern times. Thus prepared, then, for according an unprejudiced hearing to the statements of the early spiritualists, I at once saw that their facts had to be accepted, however their theories might be controverted. The result of my investigations was communicated to the *Zoist*, where you will find an article on this subject at the end of the 11th and the beginning of the 12th volume. The position then assumed I still retain, and the following lecture is largely an exposition of my reasons for so doing.

As you are doubtless aware, Modern Spiritualism is simply a reproduction of processes and results more or less known and practised among various nations from time immemorial; and nothing more clearly shows the superficiality of modern scholarship and the sceptical proclivities of existing faith than the blank astonishment and hardened incredulity with which the narration of spiritualistic phenomena is usually received by the learned and devout. Perhaps, indeed, one of the "uses" of Spiritualism is to thus act as a test of the real intelligence of an age that vaunts itself wise, but is manifestly foolish. Pedantry and bigotry, however, are by no means very formidable foes for those who have "facts" wherewith to maintain the contest, and to whom, therefore, victory, however delayed, is yet assured.

What, then, are the facts of Spiritualism, facts supported by adequate testimony and reproducible on the fulfilment of the necessary conditions? In the first place, there is a rather extensive range of physical phenomena, such as sounds, apparently vocal and instrumental, together with others which we may term mechanical, none of which can be satisfactorily accounted for on known acoustic principles. Then there are manifestations of

motor power, transcending anything producible under the known laws of mechanics, such as the movement of furniture without contact, and the ascent of bodies, contrary to the law of gravitation. But there are yet more wonderful results, even of a purely physical character, which sometimes occur in well-appointed and perfectly harmonious spiritual circles, such as the unaccountable production of fruit, flowers, and birds, implying either their rapid formation by some unknown process, or their transmission from considerable distances, and through ordinarily impenetrable obstacles. Nay, this interpenetration of apparently solid matter is said, in at least one instance, to have occurred in the case of a human subject, who was thus many times borne from a carefully closed room through its solid walls. And as I know the subject, and have carefully examined the room, and heard the testimony of the witnesses who were present on these occasions, I am compelled to admit it, as at least a *fact of consciousness* on both sides, that is, on the part of the subject who thus so mysteriously disappeared, and on the part of the witnesses, who, after the most careful search, failed to discover any trace of his presence, while he was presumably absent, and who yet had the amplest evidence of his reappearance, after his supposed return. Allied to this, probably, are those apparent elongations and contractions of stature, to which, among others, the celebrated medium, Mr Home, is subject. But above and beyond these merely physical results, is the cardinal fact that the phenomena are pervaded by and subject to some regulating intelligence, holding at least communicable relation to the human mind, and at times, in its knowledge of circumstances and events, unquestionably transcending the range of sensuous cognition, and so equalling, if not surpassing, the most surprising efforts of clairvoyant intuition. And lastly, as another, and perhaps the highest phase of this "intelligence," we have that intellectual exaltation of the media, akin to the olden "possession" and "inspiration," under which persons of ordinary powers and attainments deliver addresses, dictate poems, perform pieces of music, and execute drawings, altogether beyond their education and capacity while in their usual and normal condition.

Now, it is no wonder that the first impulse of a foolish world, that goes by habit and is the creature of routine, that has been formed by tradition and is governed by authority, and, even on the latest social and political problems, always gets its thinking done for it, by "able editors" and others, it is no wonder we say that the first impulse of such a world, on the promulgation of phenomena so strange and startling, should be *denial*. Poor world, so deplorably ignorant, yet so stoutly dogmatic, what could it do but deny what contravened its limited experience and unsettled its superficial convictions! Assured by its men of

science that there is nothing in the universe but matter and motion, and by its priests that divinity has abstained from the miraculous for at least eighteen hundred years, it was unavoidable that it should regard "spiritual manifestations," more especially as propounded by their earlier advocates, as something monstrous and incredible, and so to be forthwith rejected ^{sans} examination! But there is a wonderful vitality in truth. In a sense, it is the only indestructible thing in the world, the grand reality, whereof all shams are but the distorted shadows. And so Spiritualism still survives and spreads, and now counts its converts by the million, and we are gathered here this evening to testify to its facts, and, if possible to afford some explanation of its phenomena.

Of the reality of the asserted phenomena, then, I shall not speak on the present occasion. Any dubiety on this point attaches to the world and not to us, and we are perfectly justified in regarding its ultimate conversion to a belief in the facts, as simply a question of time—we are so, because the facts, to any unprejudiced inquirer, demonstrate themselves. But it is quite otherwise as to any theory by which it is proposed to account for them. Here there is ample room for investigation and discussion, and on this branch of the subject I hold, as already hinted, a rather peculiar position. The great majority of believers in the facts of Spiritualism accept them *plus* the theory, without apparently even a suspicion that the two are perfectly separable, that it is quite possible to accept the facts, upon their own evidence, and yet reject any hypothesis, however plausible, as immature in the present state of our knowledge, whether as to Spiritualism itself, or those cognate departments, Mesmerism and occult science generally. Thus it has come to pass that the public are divided into two unequal sections, the larger moiety rejecting Spiritualism without enquiry, and the smaller accepting its necromantic hypothesis without due investigation. Now, unfortunately I cannot join either party, and the exceptional few who think with me, although I firmly believe that we shall ultimately become "masters of the situation," are at present too insignificant, whether numerically or otherwise, to weigh as a feather in the balance. Nevertheless, *veritas magna prevalebit*. I have long believed that even ONE man with a truth is more than a match for a world involved in error, and my anxiety therefore, in any controversy, is not as to the numerical strength of the opposition, but the goodness, that is, the truthfulness and rightfulness of my own cause. Assured of this, and I am also assured of ultimate victory, whatever the disproportion of the forces engaged.

And now, to fully understand our position in relation to this great question, let us glance at the history of spiritual hypotheses

generally, and endeavour to learn from their fate the function which they discharge in the gradual development of the human mind, and which, in consonance with the experience of all previous ages, we may presume is the function, and will be the fate of that with which we are cotemporary. In earlier ages, then, as is still the case among rude and barbarous nations, the spiritual hypothesis, or, in other words, a theory of the miraculous, amply sufficed as an explanation of all otherwise inexplicable phenomena. Thus the ancient Greeks attributed thunder to Jupiter, as the Scandinavians did to Thor. A volcano was simply the workshop of Vulcan and his Cyclopean hammermen, where, with much ado, they forged the lightning bolts of Jove. To this day an earthquake is regarded in Dahomey as a preternatural occurrence, sometimes produced by the angry spirit of a recently deceased king, to pacify whose royal ire they therefore sacrifice a goodly hecatomb of human victims, an offering which even the present monarch did not dare refuse to the frightful superstition of his dingy subjects. So in China, till very recently, the vulgar firmly believed that an eclipse was produced by the attempt of a mighty dragon to devour the sun, and tomtoms, it is said, are still vigorously beaten on such an occasion, by way of scaring him from the pursuit of his luminous victim. The spiritual hypothesis, in short, is the product of a law of the human mind, in virtue of which it is impelled to supplement knowledge by superstition, and so when there is no assignable cause for a phenomenon, it is at once relegated to the realm of miracle. A *deus ex machina* is procured for the occasion, and the Gordian knot of scientific difficulty is not experimentally untied, but rudely cut by the Alexanders of popular theology. Now, philosophically contemplated, we have not the slightest objection to the process. Originating in a mental necessity for assigning some cause, real or imaginary, for every clearly recognised effect, the spiritual hypothesis is an inevitability, with minds at the theological stage, whenever a phenomenon transcends the range of recognised scientific knowledge; just as the metaphysical hypothesis is an equal inevitability, under similar circumstances, with minds at another stage, to whose necessity for a succedaneum, "nature," and a few other vague abstractions, administer the requisite substitute for precise knowledge.

But what, as we have said, is the history of the spiritual hypothesis? and we reply, one long retreat before the light of advancing knowledge. No one now believes that thunder and lightning, and earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are exceptionally produced by the direct intervention of a god or demon, or by the spirit of a deceased person. Neither are eclipses any longer a source of uneasiness, even to the vulgar, though some good people are not quite so sure about comets. The battle is

still going on. The meteorologist cannot understand why we should pray for rain at a certain time, any more than for wind from a certain quarter. Neither can a physician detect any connection between church services and the disappearance of cholera or the rinderpest—although, apparently, both priests and people do. No Highlander of the sixteenth century, and probably few of the eighteenth, ever doubted that second sight was miraculous; while to the modern mesmerist it is simply an interesting manifestation of spontaneous clairvoyance. So the healings and prophesyings of the Hebrew seers are still regarded as a sacred preserve of the miraculous, both by the “high” and the “low” church party, though relegated to the domain of law by that rejoicing in the epithet of “broad.” It would thus appear that there is still a considerable range of facts, which are phenomena to the few, while miracles to the many, the eye of each seeing only what it brings with it the power to see.

We are now, then, in a position to understand the hypothesis of modern “Spiritualism,” specially so called. We have here a vast array of indisputable and reproducible facts, which, however, lie altogether beyond the boundaries of recognised knowledge, as thunder and lightning, earthquakes and eclipses once did. So admittedly is this the case, that men of the highest scientific reputation have contented themselves with simply denying their possibility, without condescending to witness or share in the experiments by which they are demonstrated. You have thus been assured, on the highest authority, that the facts are unaccountable, in other words, that they are inexplicable by the known laws of mechanics, chemistry, or gravitation; and you have therefore, in accordance with the practice of all previous generations, referred this residuum of unaccountable phenomena to a preternatural agency, namely, the spirits of deceased persons. And granting that the men of science were infallible, you would be perfectly justified in so doing. Your position, in short, as thoroughly believing spiritualists, is in every respect superior to theirs, as dogmatic deniers of the facts. You, at least, have been loyal to the truth, all prejudice notwithstanding, and so have shown yourselves more thoroughly Baconian than the great experimentalists who have opposed you. But supposing that the men of science are mistaken in affirming that the facts are unaccountable, and more especially in affirming, that as (natural) phenomena they are impossible, then your spiritual hypothesis of to-day, is simply that of all the yesterdays, namely, the succedaneum of a popular superstition, wherewith to supplement the defects of precise scientific knowledge—like the dragon theory of eclipses, or the Thor’s hammer theory of thunder. In such a case, it is simply the theological sword wherewith an impatient Alexander cuts the Gordian knot he should have experimentally untied.

It need scarcely be said that dogmatism on a subject so imperfectly understood, on a branch of ancient knowledge so recently recovered, would be quite misplaced. I shall, therefore, content myself with simply suggesting a few doubts as to the correctness of the spiritual hypothesis, together with my reasons for entertaining them, and then leave this part of the question to your farther consideration and investigation.

As already remarked, spiritual manifestations are divided into mental and physical, and your hypothesis presupposes that under each there are phenomena to whose production nature is inadequate. Let us now test this in reference to the first class, where it may be freely admitted that you not only have intelligence, but super-sensuous intelligence, that is, you obtain information beyond the ordinary cognition of the medium, and sometimes beyond the knowledge or experience of anyone present at the circle, and this too in reference to things past, distant, or future. It is in this way, indeed, that you have obtained a very large moiety of your converts, and those too often of a rather superior order of intellect. And yet there is nothing here but a manifestation of that clairvoyant power, with which the mesmerist has been long familiar. After more than twenty years' experience, in which I have employed lucides of various ages, and of both sexes, I could not fix the limits of this extraordinary faculty, and say, here the natural power of the medium terminates, and there spiritual aid must have supervened. This probably reveals to you the key by which I propose to unlock the mysteries of the circle. The latter, when rightly constituted, is a most powerful mesmeric battery, of whose nervo-vital current the medium is the duly susceptible recipient. Now, in the present very imperfect state of our knowledge, it is quite impossible to predicate the maximum of result obtainable under such conditions, and unless we can do so, the assumption of spiritual aid, in any particular case, is perfectly gratuitous—quite permissible as a soothing succedaneum to undisciplined minds, but altogether inadmissible as a scientific hypothesis. The same remark applies to spontaneous exaltation, whether of a literary, artistic, or even prophetic character, on the part of a medium. Such unusual displays of mental power are simply manifestations of ecstatic lucidity, taking that particular form, and in the present state of our knowledge, it is quite impossible to say what are the unaided limits of a gifted human mind in this direction. In estimating the significance of such things, you have perhaps unconsciously, been misled by the shallow metaphysics and superficial psychology of modern times. A conception of humanity, based on the sensuous and radically atheistic philosophy of Locke, which very properly eventuated in the godless scepticism of David Hume, could scarcely fail to be most lamentably inadequate. Man, seen through the Essay

on the Human Understanding, is a deplumed eagle, with all the bones and muscles, but devoid of the soaring pinions of the bird of Jove. His intuitions, his aspirations, and his inspirations, are all duly subordinated to the comparatively mechanical operation of perception, memory and reflection. To such a philosophy, the product of an age of induction, still unfledged, the artist and poet were exceptional, while the seer was a monstrosity, to be relegated to the realm of the miraculous, if of the past, but to be strictly confined in a lunatic asylum, if of the present. We may sum up this part of the subject, then, by saying, that you commenced with an inadequate conception both of the susceptibilities and capabilities of man, and so have ended by attributing to the spirits of the dead what might have been quite as reasonably derived from the powers of the living.

Let us now proceed to a consideration of the physical manifestations, the non-investigation of which is a standing disgrace to the experimental science of a Baconian age. You have here such an apparent violation of all known laws affecting material bodies, that you were perhaps quite justified in regarding such extraordinary results as the product of supramundane force. The gravamen of the charge here, indeed, does not rest on you, but on our cotemporary men of science. Having produced the phenomena, and with a moral courage beyond all praise, nobly testified to their existence, your responsibility in the matter then terminated. Presumably you have not been trained to habits, nor initiated into the processes of scientific investigation. As plain, wayfaring men, you were witnesses of things not "dreamt of in our philosophy," and with the commendable zeal of thorough and honest conviction, you invited the recognised leaders of science to witness them also, and try their practised skill in the interpretation of these wonders. The manner in which they responded to this invitation you know, and posterity, we may add, will know it also, and to their award we may safely leave both your conduct and that of the savans, whatever the affixes and prefixes, their justly honoured names may deservedly bear. But in this, as in the other category of mental manifestations, I must tell you, that in the present state of our knowledge of physics, your assumption of the necessary intervention of spiritual agency simply because the facts transcend the existing limits of scientific research, is quite uncalled for, except indeed, avowedly, as a succedaneum. It may please and soothe you, but on the basis of logic and science, it is quite uncalled for. The data do not warrant such a conclusion; they only warrant very grave doubts as to the boasted extent of modern science, and we may add, the reputed ability of its more famous experimentalists to deal with a radically new range of phenomena. Let me here, then, suggest, for your further consideration a few reasons why

*The position seems to require explanation
intelligent communications.*

it would be well to hold your spiritual hypothesis with a light hand, even in reference to those physical effects, which admittedly transcend the range of our existing knowledge, and so necessitate a certain order of minds to postulate the miraculous for their satisfactory explanation.

We have a series of phenomena altogether unknown to modern science, and implying, indeed, a suspension or supersession of the conditions, under which gravitation and impermeability have been usually manifested. So extraordinary are these results that, as already remarked, you are not to be blamed for attributing them to supramundane power. But before science can accept a conclusion so exceptional, and in its unavoidable corollaries, so truly stupendous, it is proper that we should carefully examine the conditions, and see whether we have not here a force which men of science have hitherto overlooked, and with the effects of which, therefore, they are unacquainted. The force to which I allude is the *nervo-vital*, developed and concentrated by the arrangements of the circle. Now, unless you are prepared to say what is the maximum of result, dynamic or other, obtainable from this human battery, you have no right to postulate the aid of spirits as a supplemental force. If you cannot affirm the limits of the human power engaged, you have no right to conclude that spirits must have given their assistance, even though the phenomena be wonderful and unusual; a new fact, however strange or even terrible, does not suggest the idea of the supernatural to a properly disciplined mind. It does so, as already remarked, to the ignorant; but it is simply suggestive of the imperfection of our knowledge, and the necessity for profounder investigation to the more enlightened student of inductive science.

But to return to the thread of our argument. You have, in the case supposed, a magnetic life-circuit of *unknown* power, apparently directing the current of its freely liberated vital force, through a medium of *unknown* susceptibility. Now, how in this case can you venture to predicate the maximum of effort obtainable under conditions, with which we are as yet so imperfectly acquainted, and from forces, which we have thus far so inadequately measured. It is true we obtain results which an ordinary man of science, despite his professed Baconianism, is prone to declare, after a somewhat *a priori* fashion, "impossible." Thus, as already observed, we get levitation and elongation of body; or, as an extreme case, the medium becomes invisible, and to his own consciousness, if not to ours, he has presumably passed through the walls of the apartment into outer space. Now, it cannot be denied that, on the surface of the matter, and judged by our present knowledge of physics, these things

look rather "miraculous." But when we find lightness of body frequently recorded as an accompaniment of ecstatic illumination, not only in Christian but also Brahmanical and Buddhistic legends, the idea is at once suggested that it may be the result, in certain temperaments, of unusually exalted nervous function. Such facts suggest the institution of further experiments, rather than the hasty formation of a spiritual hypothesis, for they seem to indicate that nervo-vital power has in it an element antagonistic to the action of gravitation, and lightness of body may be only an extreme manifestation of this force, the accompaniment of a crisis, or the effect of consentaneous action in a well constituted and harmonious circle of human organisms. So, when we find that apparent increase of stature was a feature of the marvellous developed in the ancient processes of initiation, we have reasonable grounds for the suspicion that it was in some way connected with the ecstatic illumination of the neophyte, and so, like levitation, the effect of exalted nervous function. The permeation of a solid stone wall by a living human body, as it is a phenomenon of rarer occurrence, so is it, even hypothetically, more difficult of explanation. But if we believe the fact, our duty is to ascertain the conditions under which it has occurred, and not lazily content ourselves with the monkish affirmation that it must have been done by the agency of spirits. The fact that similar experiences are narrated as attaching to some of the olden seers, and the additional circumstance that these unaccountable disappearances still constitute an important part of the traditional jugglery of the East, are adequate warrant for the conclusion that, in this instance, as in the foregoing, we have to do, not so much with a preternatural wonder, as with a physiological fact or a psychological experience.

The phenomenon of apparently spontaneous motion manifested by articles of furniture and other things in the inanimate realm, are hypothetically soluble in a similar manner, that is, by the intervention of life-power under conditions not yet known to inductive science. As we are ignorant of the power of a life-circle, it is impossible to assign limits to its effects, and until these are reached, spiritual intervention is a needless accessory. There is really nothing more miraculous in the apparently spontaneous ascent of a table to the ceiling than in the corresponding ascent of a needle under the influence of a magnet—in each case terrestrial gravitation is dominated by a superior force, developed, of course, under peculiar conditions, and acting only within a limited area. While on this subject, permit me to recommend to your careful perusal a memoir by Arago, the celebrated French astronomer, on "Two Electric Girls," who acted on various articles of furniture with

such repellent force that on one occasion, a chair being held by three stout men, in close proximity to one of them, it was broken in pieces by the power radiating from her. Here there was obviously an influence akin to that developed in our circles, and I cannot help regretting that we have not an Arago among our cotemporary physicists, able and willing to investigate so interesting a phenomenon. Till we know more of the motor power attaching to the higher forms of animal life, and the possibility of its transference, under certain conditions, to other bodies, it would be quite absurd to dogmatise on the dynamical results developed at our circles. In the meantime, the indications are that the requisite force is derived from living persons, and until this has been clearly disproved, the spiritual hypotheses is gratuitous and uncalled for.

We now, however, approach a range of facts not so easily disposed of, namely, the production of fruit and flowers, the latter with the dew still on their leaves, together with birds if not other animate forms, some of which have remained after the seance, as tangible evidence of their reality; while, in other instances, they have disappeared as mysteriously as they were presented. Now, the first thing we would remark here is, that similar wonders are still accomplished by the Indian jugglers avowedly as a branch of their art, and, in a sense, to order. By this, however, I by no means wish to insinuate that it is, even with them, a trick of sleight of hand, like the marvels of legerdemain achieved by our Western wizards. On the contrary, it seems to be decidedly a remnant of that *Thaumaturgia*, in which the people of the East have excelled from time immemorial; in other words, it is not accomplished by any mechanical process, but by occult power. Still the very fact that these men, by the fulfilment of certain conditions, can ensure a given result, is very clearly indicative of the all-important truth that that result is a *phenomenon*, probably involving the exercise of psychological influence of no ordinary kind, but still a phenomenon, dependant for its manifestation, not on *supramundane*, but on *human* force—that of the producing operator and his coadjutors—or, as we should phrase it, the medium and his circle. Now, the principal difference between you and the Eastern Thaumaturgists is, that they can ensure the result, while with you it is still, to some extent, accidental. You also need accessories, with which they can dispense, the indications being that they, whether traditionally or otherwise, understand the process, while you do not, and as a result their juggler is more independent of his surroundings than your medium. Now, I know that in this case you again cut the Gordian knot, by roundly affirming that the Indian jugglers are also assisted by spirits; but you will at once see that this is simply “begging the ques-

tion," the supposed interference of spirits being the very matter in dispute. Neither will it do to assert that the jugglers themselves believe they are assisted by spirits, for the Isiac and Æsculapian priests believed the same in reference to their mesmeric healings, and it is notorious that the clairvoyance of the Pythia at Delphi, and that of similar lucides at other oracular shrines, was universally ascribed to the special and direct inspiration of Apollo, Horus, or whatever other God might be there specially worshipped. The belief of the juggler, as a mere matter of evidence, is thus on a par with that of an ancient Scandinavian in the thunder-hammer of Thor—a proof of his superstition, but by no means a proof that thunder is due to the cause he assigned.

And this brings me to another stage in the attempted elucidation of this important subject, namely, the fact that Spiritualism, like Mesmerism, is simply the resurrection of an ancient knowledge, long buried and almost forgotten, but now in the process of recovery. It is the fact in Nature, underlying the olden wonders of necromancy. This liberation of humanity from the thralldom of supernaturalism, not by the foolish and ignorant denial of its *facts* after the unwise fashion of the eighteenth century, but by their clear exposition as phenomena dependant upon law, whose conditions were traditionally fulfilled by the ritual through which they were evoked, seems to be one of the missions of induction. What it accomplished for astrology and alchemy when they emerged into astronomy and chemistry, and what it did for charming and exorcism when they assumed the less pretentious and more practical aspect of medical Mesmerism, it will yet accomplish for magic and necromancy; that is, it will strip them of the cumbrous wrappings of superstition, and present them in the simpler guise of science. Now, modern Spiritualism is simply an early phase of this emergence of necromancy from the form of an occult art into a scientific process. It is still in the penumbra of the eclipse, and if not encumbered with ritualistic accessories, is at least overshadowed by groundless beliefs. It is like Mesmerism when its founder thought it necessary to assume an imposing costume, and to call in the aid of music, incense, and the general paraphernalia of the olden magical ceremonial. At that time it was difficult to separate the essentials of the process from that which was simply accidental; but time has now thoroughly winnowed the former from the latter, and it will do so with equal certainty in the case of Spiritualism.

I have spoken of Spiritualism as a revival of ancient necromancy, or consultation with the dead. Now you must not be angry with me for saying this, because, in the first place, it is simply the truth; and moreover, if a matter of reproach to any

branch of knowledge, that it was once cultivated by the Magi, then all other lore derived from a remote antiquity is under a similar ban. But so far from regarding this as a reproach, you should, on the contrary, esteem it a subject for gratulation, seeing in what deserved honour other departments of ancient magic are now held, since their rehabilitation as branches of modern science. The truth is, magic was the science of the East, and if less extensive in its area, was profounder in its spirit than the grossly materialistic experimentalism of these latter ages. We look principally if not wholly without, while the ancient sages looked primarily within. As a result of this, we excel in physics, while they excelled in psychology, and hence their superiority in every form of clairvoyance, and in the exercise of the will-power, and I may observe it was through the latter, we have reason to believe, they obtained a control over occult influences, of which at present we know little or nothing. And here we approach another element in the production of "spiritual manifestations," to which it is necessary that I should now direct your attention.

(To be concluded next month.)

Mr Jackson is a sincere lover of truth, and he could not serve it better than by the publication of such an essay as the above. His desire is to see the truth more clearly defined in respect to these important inquiries. He has given those who can do so an opportunity which they never before possessed of presenting such facts and arguments as will answer many of the strongest doubts which exist in the mind of the educated classes regarding the nature of the spiritual phenomena which are here considered incontrovertible. We earnestly ask the friends of the spiritual philosophy both in Europe and America to contribute freely their experience on this the most important topic that has ever engaged the attention of the scientific world.—*Ed. H. N.*

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 WOODSON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

How coldly and dismally the wind blew! Phil, who had long left his dinner, was sitting, with his face crushed against the window, watching the footmen, as they fought their way against the dust and sand, and the horsemen, as they caracoled up and down Clay and Washington

Streets, and along Kearney—past the great gaming-houses, whose music came to us in fitful, wailing passages, as the dreary wind bore it hither and thither. Phil's gaiety was not boisterous, but he rejoiced in the flying sarapas and jingling spurs of the native horsemen, with their olive faces, black eyes, and abundant raven hair: upon the very top of which the small, brown, conical hat, was held by a string under the chin. The wide brim, standing perfectly and stiffly horizontal over the grave features, gave them a formal, severe aspect, and an air of looking with deep displeasure upon the bustling, hurrying army of invaders that surrounded them.

Eleanore smiled as one passed who was more noticeable by his prancing horse, rich mountings, and gay dress, and said: "Recall our revered friend in New York, Anna—him of the white coat and auburn hair, and great bald head, with a hat standing at an angle of forty-five degrees to the line of his body—and contrast him with that poor, unoccupied being; his earnest blue eye, beaming with the fire of thought and the light of affection, with the unmeaning, unasking glance of that little black orb; his benignant smile with that sardonic elongation of the mouth, and tell me if the spirit, rather than the body, is not the man!"

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" exclaimed Phil, "do look! Oh, Miss Warren, come and see!"

We followed the direction of Phil's little hand, which pointed down to Kearney Street. It was crowded densely from side to side, and shouts and screams and yells arose from the throng, and hats were whirling in the air.

"But what is it all for?" said Eleanore; "I can see nothing."

The music in the Parker House, the principal hell of the city, before which the crowd had gathered, had ceased, and, as we looked, there rode out of the open doors two women on horseback, their heads uncovered, the wind tossing their short skirts wilfully and shamelessly out of place, and they reeling in the saddle with intoxication. More vociferously than ever the mob cheered them when they came forth, and their spirited horses leaped down the three or four steps at once.

"Oh, God's mercy!" exclaimed Eleanore, flushing darkly, and then turning pale, "that one should belong by any tie of nature to such as those. Well might he say I could not conceive such shamelessness. Heaven forbid me the power!"

"And those men," I said, "they are not all vagabonds, surely! If they are, the country is filled with such."

"There is no acknowledged class of vagabond and worthless here, Anna," said my friend sorrowfully; "all those men, except, perhaps,

a very few, call themselves respectable, claim a position among honest people, and would repel indignantly the imputation of worthlessness or loss of character—they have good wives and daughters, or mothers, and sisters, and friends at home. And yet witness their baseness—how readily they open their mouths to applaud that mournful spectacle!”

The unfortunate creatures rode off toward Washington Street, and we turned away from the disgusting sight, sick at heart, and fearful of soul.

“Shall we go out to-night?” I asked. “It is already late.”

“No, not to-night, Anna. I have no courage for those crowds and the wind. It must surely be better in the morning: and perhaps Antonio or Ching may appear to us by that time. I should be very grateful for a sight of either, for I have an unconquerable horror of going out quite by ourselves—with an object, too, which must be accomplished, and which so forbids our turning back when we would.”

“This has been a hard day for you, dear,” I said, noting how very pallid was her face.

“Yes, I think I have lived a year since morning. If life were to go on so, we should grow old very soon, and weary, and be glad to leave it.”

“Let us leave this phase of it,” I said, “for the present, and if you feel able, read something that will help us to forget it. This is not all the world, and even these people, I doubt not, have veins of good and helpful nature in them.”

“What shall we have?” she asked, “or, rather, which? for, you know, our library contains but five books—the Bible, Miss Barrett, Tennyson, Sterling, and Emerson’s Essays.”

“Let us have the Essay on Heroism,” I said. “Every helpful word will come to us with power now.”

She took up the book and began turning the leaves, while I, with needle and thread in hand, seated myself to repair the best dress I owned.

“This is a precious volume,” she said; “not only for the master-light whence it emanates, but for the lesser ones that I have caught and fixed here. Look at these fly-leaves. I like the plan of leaving several at the beginning and close of a book. It enables me to put my own mottoes there—more than one—to suit the meanings I find most pregnant in it. Here is Bryant’s sublime ‘Battle-field’—a piece of exquisite and religious beauty on ‘Prayer,’ cut from an old newspaper; and two pages extracted from Theodore Parker’s ‘Discourse of Religion,’ which are worth, I had almost said, the whole volume, but that would have been wronging the others.

"How strong one feels in the thought that such men live and move, suffer and rejoice, now among us! Years ago, when I was awakening to the glory of the religious life—learning that it was actual to my soul, instead of an opinion or a creed, which I might accept or leave alone, at my will—I remember a long period of painful dissatisfaction that my day should have had no Christ. I felt certain that his life would have been more potent to me, witnessed than reported, as Lafayette, whom I then saw, seemed ever after more real than Washington. I had seen the arm that had been generously uplifted for liberty, and the eye that had flashed along the thunderous line of battle.

"My strong, sensuous life, makes its demands always. In the matter of persons whom you ask me to revere, give them to me; or else what will show to me the daily common life of the man or woman. I do not care so particularly that the biographer of the sage, poet, hero, or lover should furnish me with the dates of the great events in his life; and even the events themselves have less interest than a week's daily journal of this man's doing and being—as, how he lived; in what sort of house; his gardens and fruits, and the care he gave them; how he entertained and repelled his children; his joy at their birth, and his grief at their death; how he talked with his friends; how he was related to his wife, and wherefore he chose her. These items, and such as these, would bring us nearer to that soul which is now become only a name and a thought to us, than the knowing when a certain book was written—whether at thirty or forty—when a victory was won, or a defeat nobly sustained. In the case of the lover, as that is a purely interior experience, and can only be shadowed forth in the external, the narrative is always the poorest and coldest, though the subject is the divinest which our human life presents. Who would not rather hear the first low-spoken words of love and pride that fell from Hero's lips—the first murmured demands of Leander to be acknowledged as her chosen one—than have repeated, on the most unquestionable authority, the assurance that, nerved and strengthened by the sweet thought and hope of her, he had conquered the surges of the Hellespont? We would rather know what coldness, scorn, or anguish were in the last interview of Sappho and her lover, than merely that the Leucadian leap was taken—the wild waves below being more merciful than the cruel tortures above.

"It is the life, dear Anna, that we crave, not the record of its outward doings. It is the soul-life that appeals to our soul: and hence the great charm of those few, rare biographies, and rarer autobiographies, which melt the heart before us. Our writing and reading and remembering have, for centuries, been cold and unnatural in this respect: the

ancients were truer to the affections in their thought and expression: and the late moderns are becoming so. Emerson explains it beautifully—the old fidelity, I mean—somewhere in this *Essay on History*; I read it but the other day. As I remember, there seemed at bottom the idea, which we all have, of the eternal identity of life, and of human experience in its highest and strongest traits; and then he said that the charm of the ancient literature, in every sort, was the simplicity and healthy naturalness with which persons spoke or were described. The sensuous life was strong, and, whether pure or not, as you and I might demand, was yet unshamed.

“Since then there has been a long transition—an ascension from the natural toward the spiritual plane, in which, with Pisgah before them, men were ashamed of the Egypt behind—a period, I think, of concealment—the heart almost disclaims its love: at best, is not ruggedly independent in proclaiming the presence of this divine light in its chambers, and draws the curtains closely, that it shine not forth. Ah! never look so accusingly at me, dear friend; my time has not yet come; when it does, then see if I have not a touch of the old Greek wife in me”—and smilingly she went on. “Not only does the heart shrink and crouch and plead before its master-passion for concealment, but the soul shuts up its religious exercises, speaks in faint whispers only to the friend or the minister of its hopes and fears, and has no healthy, natural courage to stand before the world and say that God is its Lord and Pattern, whom it purposes to approach by all right and true uses of pleasure as well as pain. There is a sickly and unprofitable foundation of shame and mortification underlying our religious life, which Christ did never place there. It is the work of later lives than his, and I thank God daily that there are sturdy hands that have dug their way to this substratum, and are casting it forth—such men as these among us, and Strauss and De Wette among the Germans, and Carlyle and Wilkinson among the Britons.

“I see a new day dawning, dear, on the darkened religious life—a day of health, and hope, and peaceful growth.”

Thus we had talked, or, rather, she had; for I had listened, with only now and then a question, to lead her on; and we had heard no heroism but our own, when poor little Phil came to us and said, “Mamma, dear, won’t you take me and tell me a story? I feel so sorry.”

“Sorry for what, darling?”

“Betause I am alone.” And with the words came the irresistible tide of tears.

“No, no; not alone, dearest little one. Here is mamma, and there is Miss Warren.”

"But Turnel isn't here, nor Misser Darf, nor Antono, nor Ching, nor—"

"Who else, dear Philip?"

"Nor Harry, mamma"—weeping bitterly on her bosom; "and the wind blows, and it's all gray 'tween here and the other houses."

"Dear Philip, does the little heart want cheering, too? It shall have it. Mamma is large and strong, and she loves Philip so dearly—there, like that" clasping him closer—"and he shall not be sorry; for to-morrow morning the wind won't blow, and we will have a pleasant walk, and, may be, see Antonio; and the gray fog will be all gone, and how happy we will be in the sunshine!" Already the child's face brightened.

"It was dreary to be watching so long and still, alone there, my darling. Very soon we will have a lamp lighted, and then we will shut out that ugly-looking fog. He shan't shake his dirty gray curtain in our faces any longer."

"No," said Phil, laughing; "he shan't look into our nice room, shall he?"

"Not a bit, darling. Shall I sing 'Lady Moon' very softly?"

"Yes."

And she sang, low, but clear and distinct, every syllable, those beautiful crystal lines of Milnes, adapting the words to her own musical conception as she went along. She had a sweet, ringing voice, and I was even comforted myself by the simple performance.

The tea-bell rang. "I cannot go to table," said Eleanore. "Let us be extravagant for once, and order the supper in our room. I must have some food, for to-morrow, you know, dear, this play will be at an end, and there will then be no place for weak hearts and fainting stomachs."

"Shall I go down and give the order?"

"If you would not rather have me do it. I don't intend to put all the *disagremens* upon you, and you have certainly taken a large share so far."

"Well, then, I will take this one more;" and I went.

I had a mind to have a nourishing, yet light and wholesome, supper for her, who had but tasted of luncheon since our last dinner on the Garonne—a time that seemed long enough to have starved and buried a person in. I asked for tea, some dry toast, a bit of nice beefsteak for one, and a boiled egg.

"Don't know as we have any eggs, ma'am," said the waiter. "They're very scarce."

"How dear are they?" prudence inquired, using my tongue.

"We charge half a dollar a-piece, ma'am."

"Then get one, if you can, and send for the child a glass of milk. Is that dear?"

"Three bits a glass, ma'am."

"Let us have it," I said, in a kind of momentary recklessness of expense, which I seemed to have imbibed already in the air.

I took a lamp and returned, asking him to send the supper as soon as it could be prepared. "We had better go with cheerful hearts to our first night's rest," I reasoned, "if it does cost something."

Eleanore agreed in this, and while we were waiting I tidied the room in further respect to our gastronomy, while she told fairy stories to Phil, and kept him awake for supper. At last it came. The egg was from over seas, and could not be eaten; the milk had a strong flavour of water, and the butter had not come from the dairy that week, certainly. But the steak was tolerable, the bread good, and the tea worthy the nearest neighbour of China—delicious, aromatic, subtle; on the whole a very good supper, we agreed: the most substantial satisfaction to all, I think, being derived from Phil's exceeding joy over his milk.

"That idea was an inspiration, Anna," said his mother, "and I am very grateful to the kind spirit who gave it you; for we were needing some sound comfort very much. I should not like to see any depression or heart-sinking there, not even for a day; and we have to supply the place of many devoted friends."

When the supper was over, Phil went around the bed to his mother's basket, and returning with his box of dominoes, said, with a smile that was half shame at the demand, and half pleasure in feeling warranted in making it: "Now, mamma, I believe you can play a game with me—can't you?"

"Yes, love; but if I should beat?"

"Oh, you won't. Turnel never beats me."

And so a mock game was gone through, with alternations of great solemnity and mirth; and then, with more stories and "Lady Moon" repeated, Phil was laid asleep. Eleanore and I sat and talked long after, partly of speculative, but more of practical and near affairs; and finally parted to our respective beds, with a warm embrace.

"Our first night here," she said; "and it closes in, dreary and lonely upon us—does it not? This damp, chilling fog, assails my cheerfulness sadly. It would be much easier to weep than refrain."

"Don't you think of it," said I; "but let us sleep early, that we may begin the day clear and strong to-morrow."

I have not mentioned one feature of our position—a very disagree-

able one; which was, that, as to sound, there was no privacy in the house. We heard the incessant hum of talk from the bar-room, rising occasionally into loud and revolting profanity; every word spoken in the passage leading to our room; and, when the inmate of the next apartment came in, every movement there was audible to us as if he had been in our own. I had not thought so much of this during the day, but now, when I laid down to sleep, and went to thinking instead, it seemed a fearful thing to be thus, as it were, under the inspection of so many surrounding ears, and the involuntary hearer of so much that one would gladly be ignorant of. Separation effected by walls of cotton cloth and paper! said I, mentally. It is not wonderful that coarse people should become coarser here.

I lay long awake, hearkening to the horrid sounds, with a kind of fascination for them, which I seemed unable to resist—the talk from below and from the street, and, when these died away for a moment, the heavy breath of sleepers in our neighbourhood. At last I was relieved by hearing near me a soft, but measured breathing, in the lengthening pauses of other sounds, and then I knew that Eleanore slept.

“Poor Eleanore!” I said, with a heart-ache for her; “poor Eleanore! What a brave soul it is! and how thick and fierce the storm that beats upon it!”

CHAPTER XXXI.

I WAS awakened by the touch of a hand upon my forehead, and I opened my eyes to see by the dim, soft light of the early morning, Mrs Bromfield standing by me, already dressed, and with a cheerful, calm, almost happy face.

“Dear Anna,” she said, “rise. The morning is like a dream of Fairy Land. It is the hour of God’s own reign. Let us go out early, before the streets are again filled. I see the flush of day over those hills beyond the water, and the air has the peace and stillness of heaven. Such a contrast to the dreary raging of the evening!”

I rose, and while I was making my toilet, Phil was awakened and brought to a sense of the pleasure before him. There were few people yet moving in the streets, and when we stepped out into the delicious Sabbath stillness, an earnest thanksgiving for that hour, and its beauty and peace, went up from my soul.

“Where shall we go?” I asked.

“Up the hill, by all means,” was the reply; and we turned to our left.

The grocer—my own and Phil’s acquaintance of the day before—

was just opening his shop, and he accosted us with such interest and satisfaction, that his little friend was fain to stop a moment.

"Fine morning, ladies," said the man, bowing.

"Very beautiful," replied Eleanore, assured by his honest face and unquestionable voice and manner; "it is a great change from last evening, sir."

"Yes; but that's the regular way here, madam. Such mornings and evenings all summer. One half the day makes up for the other, ma'am; so I say it's a fine climate, though I don't like the wind."

"Does it blow so every afternoon?" I asked.

"Every one, ma'am, as sure as the sun rises. But we're just as sure of such a morning after it. You are right to be out early with this little fellow; and if you want a pleasant walk, and are strangers, as I guess you are, I'll tell you of one that you won't often find the equal of anywhere. Just go up this street till you come to the third one running across it; that's Stockton; and then turn to your right. It'll lead you to the water, just outside of Telegraph Hill, and there isn't a prettier sight, of a morning, in all America."

"Thank you," said Eleanore. And we moved along.

"Stop a moment, ma'am, if you please. My little friend here will be glad of a cracker before he gets back." And he led Phil inside, who, when he returned, looked like a perambulating commissariat in miniature.

"I've got such a lot, mamma," he said.

"But, my darling, you should have taken only three or four."

"But he did put them all in; he would, dear mamma; don't you think he's very good?"

"Yes, Phil, very good, indeed; but you must tell him, next time, not to give you so much; and you may tell him that mamma doesn't wish you to take it."

"I will," he said, "but I *believe* he likes to do it."

This was always Phil's ultimatum; his final argument lay in "I believe," which seemed to express an inmost and irrefragable truth. There was no gainsaying that.

"Is not this beautiful beyond imagination?" said Eleanore, as we rose the height, and turned to look down upon the city and the bay, and the hills beyond, over which the sun was just rising, through a sea of daffodil and rosy air.

We passed Brenham Place, at the head of the Plaza, and the large zinc post-office on the corner, which we knew by the waste wrappers and rubbish lying heaped in all the little sheltered nooks and angles about it. This reminded us, that, in the multiplied experiences of the

day before, we had entirely forgotten that there existed a mail and post-office in the country. "There were no signs of any one moving in it, or I should wish to go in," I said.

"Not till we come back, dear," said my friend; "with all this before us, we can well afford to defer for an hour any pleasurable tidings; and we do not want any painful ones now."

Past Dupont Street, where already the fantastic figures of beings who might have sat for the pictures on our mothers' old-fashioned china, were gathering to their own exclusive kingdom; past a few smart-looking new houses, and many cloth and rough board shanties; and here, at a good elevation above the bay, we are in Stockton Street.

We turn to the right. There are some fine brick buildings going up on the upper side of this broad avenue, which, from its position and width, looks as if it might by-and-by become the Fifth Avenue of San Francisco. We walk along, still rising a little, and passing butchers' stalls, groceries, and drinking-shops, on the steps of which stand young men whose eyes plead for rest, and whose neglected, debauched faces, tell a painful tale of the last few hours. No women but ourselves yet in sight, and every eye scrutinizing us—every door occupied as we pass. Now we leave the buildings behind us, descending toward North Beach, and there before us lies the passage into the harbour—a broad belt of peaceful blue water, dotted with sails, and just bordered, under the bold hills opposite, with the golden light which lies upon them. The water and its sails, with Angel Island and the environing shore beyond, are a picture, framed ruggedly on the right by Telegraph Hill, and on the left by the rising land of Clark's Point.

"How entirely calm, how beautiful, how pure it is!" said I.

"Yes," said Eleanore; "and seeing it, I wonder that even common natures can lay hold upon degradation with such relish, when a sermon like this is preached daily to them in this grand cathedral. See those white gulls skimming the water, suggesting the near neighbourhood of the awful but unseen sea. I never felt my heart so wholly satisfied with Nature as at this moment."

We went quite down to the beach, where the surf of the incoming tide lapsed upon the sands, in a music gentle and sweet, as became the place and the hour. Phil sat down upon a pile of boards and munched his crackers, while his mother and I stood and filled our souls with the scene.

"I am always a Pantheist at such hours as this," said she. "God smiles upon me from the water, and the floating clouds, and the fair earth. I feel him in them. The whole universe is quick with his presence, and breathes it into my heart. I do not wonder that the

sentiment of the Beautiful in those wonderful old Greeks culminated in their Pantheon—their temple to all the gods. Their climate must have been like this, Anna; and one could fancy them present, drawn hither, after the ages of their unfolding, by sympathy with an earth life, which is destined, perhaps, to reproduce, on the developed plane, the perfect type of which they were the archetype.”

I smiled at the fancy, and she said: “I give it only for what it may be worth to you, as, indeed, we must take all fancy and all thought; but for me, I love to feel that the glorious spirits of old, made more glorious by their super-earthly experiences, do sometimes hover near us, retaining their ancient sympathies with this life, as we with infancy, because we once were infants. I think it might be reasonably and beautifully so; but whether Phidias and Sophocles are near us at this moment or not, this earth and this sky and this air seem to me palpitating with life, and the power to impart it.”

“One could certainly bear a good deal in a country of such rich and perfect compensations,” I said.

“Yes, anything,” she replied; and her eye glowed with an enthusiasm that beamed from its depths, as the cool darkness of the waters before us was visible through the sunshine that lay upon their surface. “I would not call martyrdom by that name if it befell me here, with the Father’s smile thus beaming upon me.”

“Nevertheless,” I said, “we shall find trials here.”

“Oh, trials enough—heavy and sad enough, dear Anna, to make us at times indifferent to what we feel so keenly now. These high hours come to us only when the soul is attuned by courage which means resignation—not in the meek, but lofty and uppermost sense. I am never resigned to life, as a whole, but at such moments, and then I am entirely feeling the littleness of human effort in the midst of so much grand work already done; feeling, too, that nothing can ultimately fail which is shaped and wrought by the Power and Love that speak to us there.”

“I suppose,” I said, “that all natures have experiences of corresponding rest and hopefulness. Every soul must be consciously so addressed, at times, by the visible; and how, then, can we solve that baseness, which, like a relentless and virulent disease, returns to seize again and again upon the life?”

“It is not penetrated,” she said. “The air of purification and kindling only plays upon and over it, as the rays of that morning sun go rioting joyfully over those far hills, but do not stay to search out and illuminate the valleys between them. That is the office of later and mature hours—which, alas! never come to the debased soul, in the

brief audiences it gives to Nature. But I believe that sermons could be preached to sinful hearts before this altar, that would touch them more deeply and effectually than those which are uttered upon printed texts, within buildings made of men's hands."

There were people approaching us, some labourers and some idlers, and so our hour of tranquillity ended. It was long till we saw another such.

Passing homeward, at the corner of Jackson Street we met a troop of little children, with books in their hands. Phil's eyes dilated with joy, and we were scarcely less gladdened at the sight.

"Where are you going, my child?" I asked of a little girl, rather untidy and neglected looking, but with a frank, clear face.

"To school, ma'am," she replied, dropping the very ghost of a very little curtsy.

"To school! Where, pray?"

"There, ma'am," with the same motion, pointing to a good-sized house, that was painted brown, "in Mr. 'Unt's church."

"Who teaches you?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Marsden, ma'am."

"But it isn't school-time by a great deal," I said, looking at my watch. "What are you going to do till your teachers come?"

"Play, ma'am. We always play in the morning."

"Are there many of you?"

"A 'ouse-full, ma'am."

And even while we stood talking, the gathering troops came thronging around the steps.

"Oh, mamma," said Phil, delighted immeasurably by the joyous sight and sound of frolicsome childhood, "won't you take me to 'cool?"

Mamma endeavoured to explain, but the coveted joy was too great for poor Phil to understand any reason why it should be denied him; and at last he said, very sadly, as feeling himself wronged: "Well, I believe Turnel will take me there."

How quickly her eyes suffused at the words! "It is only for the child," she said, as I glanced at her. "I am more pained now for him than any one of us. If I could secure his comfort and welfare, it would take a heavy burden from my spirit."

As she spoke, we were drawing near our hotel. At every step we met men who looked into our faces, as they had the day before—(but how much less it wounded us now than then!)—some rudely, some inquiringly, and some with open admiration—of Eleanore, I mean. You understand that I do not claim to have been admired ever, though once there was one who loved me, thank God!

The steps in front of our house were crowded, but we made our way without looking up, with Phil between us; and just as we reached the threshold, we heard ourselves saluted with—"Bon jours, mesdames! Buenos dias!" and, last of all, our own old English "Good morning, Mrs Bromfield—Miss Warren!"—and there stood, tidy and smiling, Antonio, with a stout round parcel in his hand.

You may be sure our greeting was not less cordial than his. He followed us into the parlour, demonstrated over Phil, and handed me the parcel, which was directed to "Master Philip Bromfield, care of Miss Warren." I suspected immediately from whom it came, but Antonio did not speak. He stood aside, while, at Phil's request, I opened the accompanying note, and read to him as follows—he listening with the most becoming and serious gravity:—

"DEAR PHIL,

"I send you this box of figs because I know you like them; and Antonio, too, because you like him. Antonio is going to live with a friend of mine—a man as good as Captain Dahlgren—who will let him go an hour every morning and take you a walk. Tell your mamma not to be afraid. Antonio will be very careful, *and he wants to do it*"—(these last words underscored, in vague and tender reference, I suppose, to the past.) "So now good-by, Phil. Don't forget me, nor how much I love you.

"Your friend,

THE 'TURNEL.'"

Beneath was written as follows:—

"TO MISS WARREN.

"For the sake of our common experiences in the time that is gone, and for another, which I could not disguise from you if I would, I shall take the liberty of writing you, after I shall have reached my place of destination, and looked about myself a little there. Until then, I am

"Very respectfully and truly yours,

"J. LEONARD ANDERSON."

This little gift and note comforted us greatly; but also pained Eleanore, who, thanking Antonio, fled to our room faster than I could follow her; and was fiercely struggling to beat back the emotions they had awakened, when I entered.

"Don't talk to me, Anna," she said; "don't tell me of his kindness and magnanimity in thinking of so substantial a good to the child! I cannot bear it now. The gift I make nothing of—it is such common kindness to offer a child what will gratify its palate; but the thoughtfulness of sending Antonio every day, is so like a generous, noble woman—and like him, too!—and he did not think fit to address the note to my care! I know he had no reason to, and the strongest for not doing it; and yet—and yet I—no, I ought not—"

"No," I said, "I think you ought not to expect or desire any further evidence of how entirely he studies your happiness, while you ignore his as bravely as any heartless, conscienceless coquette of them all!"

"No, I do not," she said, rising by a great effort above her emotions, and speaking more calmly; "I do not forget his happiness any whole hour of the day; but I yield, perhaps, too wholly to my subjective relation toward him, which is as sacred and inseparable as toward God. I shall clear it all up some day, Anna, so that you will be satisfied with me, which I know you are not now."

"But we must not talk of what will take away our courage for the day. Let us go to breakfast, and then to our work; and pray do not speak again of what will call this up, till we can better afford it."

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA THROUGH MR HOME.

PERFUMES PRODUCED BY THE SPIRITS—BURNING COALS HANDLED WITHOUT DANGER—THE THEORY OF "PRE-DEVELOPMENT" EXPLAINED.

SIR,—According to promise, I now give you an account of the interesting séances alluded to in my last letter. These evenings were chiefly occupied by the delivery of some very remarkable addresses, during a trance state—one of which lasted two hours. I can only mention these in barest outline; to give them in full would occupy too much space in your journal. Suffice it, if I select from the several one as a specimen. Mr Home, who was in a trance the whole of the time, after commenting upon the great difficulty experienced by spiritual beings in communicating with us on earth, continued to say, "that the spirits were watching their opportunity; that the day would come at which a general outburst of spiritual manifestations would occur; that the most favourable time for such an inroad would be Christmas, as then family circles had gathered home, and the human race become more fit for inter-communication." Then followed a very learned and philosophical discourse; the address terminating with exhortations and moral teachings.

At the subsequent séance a party of us had assembled in the drawing-room, when raps told us that the invisibles were present. We were soon seated round a square table, when the sentence was spelt out:—"The spirit of healing wishes you to extinguish the lights, and place a bottle of water on the table. In five minutes let —— have half; and in ten minutes let —— have the other half." I accordingly extinguished the lights, and placed a decanter of water on the table; the bright, clear fire in the hearth illumining the room enabled me to watch every movement.

The decanter of water was now laid hold of by Mr Home, and whirled about, inverted; no water, however, flowed from the open mouth of the

bottle. A star-like luminous disc was now seen in the bottle, and after a short time the water became aromatic, filling the room with perfume.

Mr Home, who had by this time passed into a trance, asked me to bring in another decanter, but empty, and pour off half the water from the full bottle. This I did. He then ordered me to bring in another decanter filled. Seizing hold of the full and half-full decanters, Mr Home whirled the bottles about, then, inverting them, shook them violently. I again observed the luminous starlike point. Strange enough, though both bottles had no neck stoppers, yet the water did not flow out; and on replacing the two decanters on the table, one was found to be empty. How emptied I cannot pretend to explain—I merely give the fact. Mr Home again having laid hold of one of the decanters walked up to the fireplace and deliberately poured some few drops of water upon his finger-points. They literally hissed, and jets of steam arose. I noticed several jets of electric light, not unlike those Reichenbach describes emanating from the fingers of sensitives.

As some of us present had not closely watched this manifestation, Mr Home repeated it three times. The perfumes that filled the room, Mr Home appeared to be able to vary at will. At times a powerful aroma of otto of roses, then a perfume of millefleurs, then that of lavender water was wafted across the room.

The water in the decanters was now noticed to have become strongly perfumed; and Mr Home, now addressing us, said, "That all the phenomena we were witnessing were not produced by supernatural means; that, for instance, the perfume that filled the room had been abstracted from scents in the house; that they (the spirits) only possessed greater knowledge of chemical agencies, and could eliminate the volatile substances from the fluids which contained them." And then continuing to address us, said, "The cures we perform are only effected by our knowledge of the diseases. We do not raise the dead; we merely watch our opportunity to re-awaken life. We do not perform miracles."

Mr Home then continued, "We have gladly shown you our power over fluids, we will now show you our powers over solids." He then knelt down before the hearth, and deliberately breaking up a glowing piece of coal in the fireplace, took up a largish lump of incandescent coal, and placing the same in his left hand, proceeded to explain that the caloric had been abstracted by a process known to them (the spirits); and that the heat could in part be returned. This he proved by alternately cooling and heating the coal; and, to convince us of the fact, allowed us to handle the coal, which had become cool then suddenly resumed its heat sufficient to burn one, as I again touched it. I examined Mr Home's hand, and quite satisfied myself that no artificial means had been employed to protect the skin, which did not even retain the smell of smoke. Mr Home then reseated himself, and having described how the waters in the decanters were to be used, awoke from his trance quite pale and exhausted.

I have not detailed the usual accompaniments of a séance—raps and vibrations, movements of the furniture—which also occurred during the evening. The semi-grand was lifted massively off the ground; voices

were heard ; several of us had our hands pressed by spirit hands ; and the lady next to me was moved several feet away from the table, chair and all.

At a subsequent séance, which was held without any preconcertment, those present having only casually met, a lateral upward movement of the semi-grand warned us that the invisibles were in power. We had no sooner seated ourselves than a gentleman present fell into a trance. This was to me the more interesting as my friend, a professional man of some note, was quite sceptical, and had only yielded a courteous tolerance to our operations. I examined his arms and hands, which were as rigid as iron. Whilst in this state, he spoke of departed friends, accurately describing them ; and conversed with the invisibles. Mr Home had likewise fallen into a trance ; and the conversation of our two clairvoyants, with one another and the invisibles, was truly remarkable. After awakening, my friend complained of pain in his back and limbs, and begged not to be made to join our circle again.

In my next, I will give you a farther account of trance mediumship, and the spiritual phenomena which accompanied it.

I concluded my last letter by promising that I would in my next deal with the laws that regulate "Pre-development." * I also said

* It has been suggested to me to give explanatory definitions of terms I am using, and which may render the reading of my deliverances plain. As a rule I object to the tiring method of explaining a list of long names ; but as the request has been made I will define the terms used in the philosophical part of my letters :—

Nerve Aura.—I designate the efflux of ether from our nervous system, which the system has assimilated and then thrown off, and which surrounds the body with a halo-like atmosphere. In the ordinary normal condition of our bodies this ether, designated by some "Zoether," by others—(Reichenbach)—"Odic power." The Od-force is all but consumed by the organism ; but in certain abnormal, or constitutionally disturbed bodies, the Nerve Aura is consumed only in part, and the mediumistic element is thus created. This Nerve Aura harmonises with the ether element (possibly by accord of undulations of the movement of the two elements) of the spiritual sphere, and hence action between both is possible—of sufficient intensity to allow of physical manifestations being produced.

Ether Body.—I maintain that our soul is only enveloped in the ether body ; that our permanent organism is an ether body. Hence I define the same as composed of the imponderable element out of which all visible and ponderable matter has been formed. Every limb, each fibre of our system, is moulded to the type of the creative ether body within us.

Second Centre.—The first central state, the normal one of our present existence, is the one fitted for this life ; it harmonises with, and is consequently supported by, the grade or plane of this mundane existence. The second centre grows forth from the first as its culmination, and is essentially prepared by the first ; but being developed beyond the norm of this grade is not in accord with this life, or grade, or plane of existence. Hence not nourished and sustained by it, but is nourished by the next and farther advanced grade.

Pre-development is the change of organic form of our ether body taking place during life, and by which the transition to the next state is mediated, prepared. This change is always in accord with the sphere we have to join after death. And the centre—second centre—is the organism thus changed to adapt itself to the onward and next sphere. Decay and death, as I have already stated, follow this change as a necessary sequel—that is, as pre-development proceeds we cast off the organism adapted for this life ; it becomes old, not nourished by the supplying elements that hitherto sustained it.

Grade or plane of life.—I designate a grade or plane, the physical phase of life of a race, a species—of a sphere such as our earth with its animals and plants. For instance, the mammalia are characterised as vertebrated animals, suckling their young, and having warm blood. The whole family form a grade from the lowest types of sub-grades to the highest represented in man—divided into classes or orders.

that I considered that the phenomena of spirit seeing and hearing was attributable to the actual presence of an organism fitted to receive the impressions of sound and sight in the other world. I will now resume my argument.

Every grade or plane of development of phenomenal life is the outgrowth of a pre-existing state of things which has prepared the elements from which it has been evolved. This is a fundamental law of nature. The grade beneath and the grade above are intimately connected with the gradation in which we exist. Our earth, with its Fauna and Flora, constitutes a grade of development, containing within it an endless number of sub-grades, of which the various types of animal and vegetable life furnish us the evidence. Laws of mediation between the various grades group the different types of development into one harmonious system. Gradatory development implies a pre-existence—a preparatory unfolding, a growth reaching to the boundary of the next farther advanced state. But how is this transition made possible? in what manner does the soul power pave the way for an advance? I answer, by "*Pre-development*." Every germ has its pre-existence according to Leibnitz. I carry his theory a step farther, and maintain that during life on any given plane of development, in every grade the next and superior grade exercises its influence, creates, or rather renders the growth possible of an organism adapted for existence in the next sphere, plane, or grade.

We thus have a twofold life from the hour of our birth—two centres; and as I have already shown that decay and the transition of death are but a consequence of the dominancy of the second centre, so the future organism is the result of an advancement of that centre in the course of progress.

We owe to the law of "*Pre-development*" continuance of our individuality. Were it not for a growth preparatory to the entering into a next sphere or state, such grade not being mediated, rendered by prior growth fit for our organism, continuous life would be impossible. Step by step, mediated by prior growth, the soul progresses onward and onward in never-ending ascent to the highest conceivable unfoldment of our natures. The past is everlasting; the phenomenal life of the present is but an unfolding of the past; and the future, of which this state will be the past, will be again only an unfoldment of the present.

Accepting the theory of progressive growth as proved, I maintain that the forms of the world beyond this existence must have developed from the forms of the antecedent grades out of which they have been evolved, and that preservation of the type of the human form follows the soul in its onward step into the next world. I do not wish to be understood as limiting the characteristic of form of the phenomenal

and again divided into genera and species. Animals on the same level of development, I classify as of the same grade; and each grade, I maintain, possesses its characteristic—Zoether, or Nerve Aura—which sustains and nourishes the class or grade of animals. The same law applies to plants, and to every distinctive class of phenomenal physical existence. But beyond the grades of animal and vegetable life grades exist completely severing one form of life from another by distinctive elementary difference. These grades are the ether spheres, or existence, or states, from out which all life arises, and towards which, after death, we proceed.

world beyond the grave to the narrowing limits of those as presented to us on earth. Palæontology, the metamorphic evolution of embryos, teaches us how dangerous it would be to predetermine a physical characteristic. All I insist on is that there is an analogy, in the state succeeding this earthly existence, to our present condition; that our future body, built up by the mediatory aid of our mundane organism, and which is also another body clothed in a material envelop, developed by trial under affliction, in sickness, in pain, nevertheless developed, must carry with it the characteristics which marked our earthly organism.

And here I wish to carry my reasoning a step farther, on to social and moral grounds. I have already maintained that our next organism is mediated, prepared by our mundane organism, and this being so that it must depend in its development upon two conditions, physical and psychical, must carry with it, as it passes into the next sphere, the impress of the character of its progress, the advancement of the soul and mind's progress on earth. A soul absorbed in sensual pleasure, a mind degraded by vice, not only lowers its state on earth, but produces physical defects, the very body becoming coarser and duller. The second centre, this pre-developing organism, takes from the parent the impress, and, instead of progressing, passes into the next world as imperfect, organically undeveloped, as the coarser earth body had been. It is an old saying, that heart and head must co-operate to produce higher mental gifts. What else does this mean but that to produce thought—to conceive ideas—to create mentally those fruits of genius that spangle the dark heavens of human knowledge like starlights—our sensuous being and its organism—our mind and our feelings must harmonize? Degrading vices, passions, destroy the very organism essential to the inception of thought, and those higher intuitions from supernal spheres with which genius is gifted.

Education—self-discipline—the restraint upon our passions—how necessary, how absolutely essential, for our future welfare. If we could but understand that our sins and shortcomings impress themselves on our very organism, by checking, nay, destroying the advance; that our second centre—our over-soul, as Emerson designates it—ever developing, takes only too readily the impress of passion and evil, organically stereotypes it in less perfect development—if men could grasp this they would hesitate before flinging themselves away by gross indulgence, by yielding to error and to vice. And, admitting that it be necessary for us to educate, elevate ourselves—that our next state may not be a repetition of the struggles against an imperfect organism our soul has here to contend with—the same rule necessarily applies to the whole family of the human race; then I maintain that to enforce the education of its people is the bounden duty of the State. The Government is, I repeat, called upon to do so, by the law of self-preservation, and by the higher law of obedience to God's will—to the progress and development of our race, which is the aim and purport of life. The crying shame of this land is the neglect of the lower classes—the poor, the utter inefficiency of our national educational system. As a Christian, a civilised people, we are sadly transgressing; and I cannot but foresee that unless we rouse ourselves, and educate, elevate the people,

and extend to them the means of education, retributive justice will soon place the British nation in the rear, instead of in its proper place, the vanguard of civilisation.

In my next I will explain the laws that govern gradatory development. I will also endeavour farther to explain why I condemn as unphilosophical as illogical the French re-incarnation theory of Kardec and his adherents. Both in France and Germany, this philosophical heresy has made its way, and I cannot but repeat it is time the subject should be thoroughly ventilated.

February, 1868.

HONESTAS.

MRS HARDINGE'S LECTURES.

THE first course of thirteen Sunday Evening Lectures, in the Polygraphic Hall, London, was brought to a termination on February 9. The subject of the two concluding lectures was The Spiritual Church, and the relations between that church and others co-existent with it. These were the most valuable lectures of the series, containing a clear enunciation of radical principles. They produced a profound impression. On February 2, Mrs Hardinge commenced with the sentence, "Thou shalt have none other Gods but me;" and proceeded to show that, in departing from that faith, mankind had been immersed in misery and woe. Instead of worshipping the God of truth, whose testament was written on all created things and in all inspiration, we had degraded ourselves to the level of hero worship by making gods of the great and spiritually-minded ones of the past, instead of respecting them for their superior qualities. She very forcibly idealised the spiritual reformer in the person and acts of Jesus of Nazareth—one who had a vow—an Essene; his life was a *protest against all the existing forms of theological belief* in his day. He resolved all the gods into "Our Father," cast down the distinction between saint and sinner, and made all brothers. His next definition was respecting immortality, which he had come to proclaim, not to inaugurate. Then, it was enough to know that there were two conditions of the soul hereafter—happiness and misery; but this age demanded a further demonstration of the facts of immortal existence, and means were at hand to consummate the desire.

Jesus referred to no creed, or gospel, or stereotyped way of fulfilling his religious duties. He enthralled none with beliefs; he blamed those who would judge of his brother in any respect. He taught that salvation was only to be obtained through doing the will of "Our Father;" and that no mistake might be made as to what that was, he went about amongst men, took pity on the meanest and most miserable, and did them good. That was the will of the Father; but they mistook his mission, *as you do*. She referred to the mysterious way in which he spoke of having communion with that Father, and of the high spiritual faculties from the exercise of which he was enabled to read the will of

the Divine where it was hid from all other eyes. He explained the real nature of crime by praying for his killers, because they were *ignorant*, and, by rising again, he showed that the spirit was the real man. That the great work of human amelioration might be accomplished, he gave this charge to those he left on earth, "Feed my sheep; feed my lambs."

Mrs Hardinge, in speaking of the position which the "Christian" Church had taken in respect to the salvation of mankind,—the feeding duty—read the definition of the Trinity from the Litany. She declared that these sentences did not fall from the lips of Jesus, the Spiritual Teacher and Reformer. They were entirely opposed to the tendencies of his life and example, and "if he had heard those words read, he would have held down his head and wept" at the attempts which men would make in his name to impose dry husks of thoughts upon the minds of their fellows. "How was it that so many of the human race had perished in the name of Him who prayed for compassion on his murderers?" The lecturer plainly and kindly told her audience that, instead of following the footsteps of Jesus, they had set him up to do their work for them, and, by the unwarrantable act of making him an atonement for their ill-conducted lives, they had loaded the Master with all the filthy acts of mankind. This hero worship and conventional theology, which had been so unmistakeably thrown overboard and abrogated by Jesus in his day, was the fatal error, the rock of offence, that had been set up to blot out man's individuality by appointing another to do our life-work for us. But she rejoiced that there was a change at work to destroy this mystery, and break this strong right arm of priestcraft. In this great work she estimated scholarship at nought; she deprecated the fact of men having to look into several large volumes to know what they believed. A consciousness of truth and light from within would set all men free from the authority of the priest, and individualise the masses. Physiology was being brought to bear in the investigation of the causes of crime. Men would not be sent to hell by the word of the priest, but each would have to answer for himself. Law, as regulating the affairs of the moral as well as the physical world, was dawning upon men's minds. Our relations with the spiritual world would also be brought under law, and all arbitrary and priestly definitions of heaven and hell would be obliterated. It was the work of Spiritualism to set aside the priest, and take truth from the immortals. What Jesus taught is not Divine because he taught it, but because it is true. There is a standard of truth everywhere in moral and spiritual matters, even as in physical matters. All things should be referred to the authority of truth. Each mind can then determine for itself. Truth is as much in each mind and body as in the heavens. God is everywhere revealed in truth. Then learn to "know thyself." Study your powers, functions, and duties, and, by observing these, the more godlike and perfect will you become. She concluded by repeating there is but one God, the nature of whom could be studied by investigating the realms of physics, metaphysics, law, religion, &c. Such is a general outline of the arguments Mrs Hardinge used on this memorable occasion. Though disconnected on account of much matter left

out, the sentiments are strictly those of the lecturer, many of the sentences being in her own words.

The regular services of the evening having been concluded, Mrs Hardinge, after a short pause, gave a friendly address to those assembled on the position which she occupied in respect to these meetings, the principles taught, and her intentions for the future. We have seldom been refreshed with such an affecting exhibition of pure candour as was manifested by Mrs Hardinge. She spoke her mind plainly, directly to the point, earnestly, unaffectedly—keenly, yet with love and consideration for the position of those who might not see with her in all the matters referred to. It would be proper to say that the greater portion of her audience dissented from her views on many of the points raised, yet, so potential was the influence exercised by the speaker, that if all did not give complete acquiescence to her utterances, yet there was a feeling of respectful toleration everywhere visible, as if the sentiments offered were received for prayerful consideration. It was truly a great event, and to witness it was a privilege seldom to be enjoyed. It illustrated, in the most striking manner, the great truth that, inspired with true, clearly defined principles, however radical or opposed to the preconceptions of the audience, a lecturer has far more power than when time-serving conventionalities are indulged in to propitiate the tastes of the listeners. We cull a few of Mrs Hardinge's expressions. She said she spoke for the purpose of giving her views and motives on the matter of these lectures. Twelve years ago, she met Spiritualism in America, and since that time she had devoted nearly every moment of her existence to its promulgation. If she had hundreds of lives to dispose of, they would be at the service of this cause. It was the germ which, in future ages, would regenerate and save the world. In referring to her experience, she said she commenced with the phenomena, which was used in this country as the end instead of the means to a greater end. The phenomena proved that the spirits of the departed still lived, that their identity could be ascertained, and that immortality was thereby an established and demonstrable fact. But she did not stop there, no American spiritualist did so; by conversation with the departed, it was discovered that they were responsible for the deeds done in the body. The law was the schoolmaster who taught us obedience by visiting us with the consequences of our acts. Our crimes might be hidden on earth, but they would belong to us in the hereafter as part of the personal property we took with us. The millions of spirits who had manifested themselves before circles and their mediums had universally shown the responsibility which rests on every individual. They saw deeply into the nature of men, could trace the real basis of character in every individual. They could not only sympathise with us in our efforts to improve those radical conditions of our individuality, but they could perceive what constituted character. All surrounding influences, atmosphere, diet, clothing, magnetism, other persons' acts, motives, thoughts, and many things not thought of by those who make religion a seventh-day worship and save men by creeds, are most potent in determining the spiritual status and external character of human beings.

American Spiritualists take notice of these mighty facts, and endeavour to ameliorate the conditions of men by trying to investigate the laws which govern these important surroundings; hence the epithet of American infidels had been charitably conferred on them by their loving brethren. Seeing that character depended on so many conditions, Spiritualism as taught in America had included every condition tending to modify any or all influences which may be brought to bear on the spirit of man. Whatever would clear the air, let light into the dwelling, improve the soil, produce better food, or in any other way place men in more favourable conditions, were all fit subjects for a Spiritualist's religion which regarded everything as sacred, all acts as prayer. It was this redemptive phase of the subject which enamoured her with it. She had seen men reformed by it, and she enjoined charity on those who, though attempting to improve themselves, might not on every occasion succeed. She referred to her former visit to England, on which occasion she spoke to the rich, who did not stand so much in need of her teaching as the poor, who are surrounded with care and temptation. She had again visited England, and the way had been opened for her to speak to the people. She chiefly embraced such an opportunity because the call for enlightenment came more directly from the great body of the people, and she hoped she would find a way to their minds. The result of the series of meetings just completed had scarcely been up to the expectations of the promoters. From various causes many had found impediments to assisting with these meetings. Some, on the score of Sabbatarianism, could see no religion in the efforts being made from week to week on that platform. Such objectors, she maintained, were ignorant of her position. Others could not attend because it was inconvenient; but to her the call of religion, in this its widest and most practical form, was so strong that all must bend to it. She then spoke of the Committee who promoted the meetings. These gentlemen thought it expedient that she should present general religious views rather than her belief in Spiritualism. It was probable that the addresses would have been the same, however, as she endeavoured to present the great principles of Spiritualism, but she would rather have had them under the proper standard, so as to shed the influence of all kinds of reform on the life hereafter. She begged to testify that there was no fetter placed on her tongue. She felt that the meetings had not been externally a success. The weather had been bad. The admission money at the door might have kept away a few. She would have preferred to have thrown the doors open so that the poor, the needy, and disconsolate might have free ingress to hear her. The action of the law had required them to give themselves a name, and that of the "Spiritual Church" had been happily suggested. This was a greater result than had been looked for. It was not a mere series of meetings for the time being, but for eternity. She spoke very beautifully of the functions of a spiritual church, which had never failed to exist in the human family. Its object was to investigate and unfold the ultimate relations existing between the spirit and all the issues of life. Spirit was the centre of all things, and to understand it was the grand work of a spiritual religion.

From that standpoint she preferred to teach Spiritualism. Addressing those before her, she said, you do not know what this Spiritualism is. It is not phenomena. It teaches us the conditions of the life hereafter, and how man's conduct and character may be moulded in accordance with the requirements of a progressive existence throughout eternity. She reiterated her deep love for this educational work. She had not silver nor gold to bestow, but what she had she would give freely, namely, her hearty services in the work.

Amidst the suppressed and respectful applause of the meeting, she declared her willingness to occupy that platform, and herald forth the teachings of the Spiritual Church, until some one could be found who could occupy the position to better advantage.

On February the 9th Mrs Hardinge spoke on the Work of the Spiritual Church, and declared if it could not be done by Christians, it could be done by true men and women. Science unveiled the will of God. It rendered the duties of life unmistakeable and demonstrable. A religion which would heal the sores of society should be based upon scientific and fundamental principles. We should not only love God and man, but we should know God and immortality, and how to make this life harmonise with the necessities of the future. All religions had sprung from the exceptional experiences of a few individuals who seemed to stand on the confines of the two worlds. Religious faiths were, therefore, based upon the fact of intercommunion between this life and the world of spirits. Take away this basis and all religions must tumble to pieces. She passed in rapid review before her audience the experiences of ancient nations and peoples, and showed that spiritual phenomena had been plentiful at all times, and were regarded as the evidence of immortality and spiritual existence to the peoples amongst whom they were manifested. She asked the sceptic what he would do with these facts: was history false in this one particular, and true in all others? She would ask the bigot if he would not believe in these things, but only such portion of them as took place amongst his few prophets and seers. In estimating the value and nature of spiritual intercourse, she could not take as reliable witnesses either of these two classes. She said there were, in the present day, indications of what is called the supernatural being understood and demonstrated. This point gained it would form the only true basis of a spiritual church. True spiritual religion could not exist unless the nature of spirit was investigated, and its relations to man in every phase of life pointed out. She did not despair of this great end being accomplished. Much had already been done in demonstrating the nature of spiritual existence, and the work might progress till the nature of the Deity himself was made intelligible to man. The priests had not taught these important truths, therefore mankind had to do it for themselves. We could gain much knowledge of God by inquiring into the various departments of the created universe, which was his work and embodied his will. She deprecated the anathemas levelled by bigots at the heads of those who took spontaneous views of divine things. She saw no reason why the sceptic should be visited with persecution and hard words, since his position might be an honest one. She advocated the

greatest freedom of investigation and exploration, and that men should walk shoulder to shoulder with love and charity, sympathising with each other's necessities, rather than in the spirit of persecution and opposition. In the spiritual church work, worship, and doctrine must be laid on the firm foundations of demonstrable science. The ministers of the spiritual church she declared to be at work around us; it was the natural development of that which mankind had always been aiming at, and would be sure in good time to attain.

At the conclusion a vote of thanks and also the presentation of an address to Mrs Hardinge was moved by several speakers, but she refused to accept the conventional compliment. She felt that many in the audience had more to say against these lectures than for them; yet she felt cheered by the manner in which they had been sustained by the few who had rallied round the effort. Another course of lectures was announced; and it is much to the credit of the gentlemen who have taken this matter in hand that they, with such hearty good will, carry on a work which, in many respects, is contrary to their expressed convictions.

WHISPERINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

A FRIENDLY EXCHANGE OF THOUGHT.

A VALUED and interesting fellow-labourer in the vineyard of humanity thus writes:—"I am disgusted with *Human Nature* in its gratuitous attacks on the Bible. I need not discuss the subject here, but want no book in my house which condemns the Bible. I am afraid the good it might have done will be in a great measure lost by such vain efforts. Swedenborg and Harris are also needlessly attacked, although Spiritualists of the highest order, indeed they are the only philosophic writers on the inner nature and future of man; we shall all know these matters soon. But trusting to seances and spellings are like a man who has only one sense, as hearing, but sees not nor feels, so that he is liable to serious mistakes and errors. I feel no need for mutterings and rappings, as the God who made me, and wishes to make me happy in renewing me in his likeness and image, is always near to me, and blesses in proportion to my willingness to forsake the evil and chose the good. Realising these truths, I feel no occasion to grop in the dark or trust to what may be lying spirits. As the loving Father leaves none of his children without a door of access to himself by prayer, or lifting up of the heart, happiness is open to all, but I am content with the teachings of the Bible, and find them confirmed in my daily experience."

We do not think *Human Nature* has "attacked" either the Bible or Swedenborg. It questions their infallibility, and most assuredly the infallibility of man's reason to judge of the matters taught in these books in all cases. Hence, though these writings were indeed fully inspired, men's minds are not so; so human experience and

development must precede all genuine appreciation of truth wherever found. We are not aware of having attacked any principle of truth as it is in the Bible or in Swedenborg. Yet the truthfulness of hypothetical dogmas are fully disputed, and from this discussion must come a certainty of the truth respecting them in so far as the mind is at present able to receive it. If our friend, from his enlightened standpoint, knows the absolute truth respecting all the matters taught in these works, then he is above the need of such rushlights as are gratefully used by his brethren who are in greater darkness. We can see no good in attacking either the Bible or Swedenborg. We can have no influence on them. They are books—unconscious objects—and can't understand our talk to them. Our business is to attack the ignorance and bigotry, in the darkness of which men regard these valuable literary productions. Every man, woman, and child must have an experience of their own. For this purpose they exist, and the rappings and mutterings of some may be as useful to them, where they are situated, as the noonday inspirations of Isaiah and Swedenborg are to such minds. To lift up the heart to God is one thing, and to experiment in Spiritual dynamics by means of spelling and rapping is another. The one refers to the moral and religious parts of our nature, and the other to the intellect, and the results of such actions confer two quite different kinds of experience. No Spiritualist for a moment supposes that the evolution of phenomena, and receiving messages, however instructive or lofty in sentiment, is equivalent to the high offices of the religious faculties. Neither would our friend consider that reading the Bible and Swedenborg was in itself religion. These exercises are only the means of gaining information, and receiving such impressions and views of existence as will stimulate the religious life. We find that the most perfect harmony exists as to the general principles taught in the Bible, Swedenborg, Harris, and by the spirits as a body, and that a thorough knowledge of what is taught in these writings, without the mind being prejudiced thereby wonderfully aids in the investigation, not only of Spiritualism but of all Human Nature inquiries. The same almighty power is the source of all these productions. Humanity has been itself, and nothing else, throughout all generations. It may have altered the mode of its mental garments to suit the ever varying seasons of existence. Our friend seems to love to dress in the old style. He has a perfect liberty to do so. It is congenial to him, and we respect his tastes and right to exercise them in accordance with his judgment. We are all on the same road and serving the same Master. But let there be as much free inquiry in spiritual laws and theology as there is in chemistry or metallurgy. Untrammelled investigation for truth is the highest reverence to God.

REMARKABLE FIGURES ON A DEAD BODY.

Sir,—The "curious print," respecting which you ask for particulars, was taken from a work, a copy of which is in my possession, entitled—"A Brief Memoir of Mrs Jane Pallister, of Preston, near Hull, who was a consistent member of the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion up-

wards of 56 years; with a faithful account of the wonderful appearances after her decease. By John Pallister. Published by Joseph Noble, Giltspur Street, London. 1834."

The memoir is prefaced by an attestation of the truth of the "wonderful phenomena" related in the work, signed by 33 persons, giving also the religious denomination to which each of them belonged. At the close of the memoir, a relation is given of "those celestial appearances, which were witnessed not only by myself, but numbers of other respectable persons, besides those whose names and attestations are prefixed to this book." The following are extracts from the said relation, which you can prune, or epitomise, to suit your space:—

"About ten, I again went to converse with Death. Standing at the foot of the bed weeping, I was *astonished* at beholding a most beautiful Cross, waving, as it were, upon her breast, above the sheet which covered her; on coming nearer and looking more closely, I perceived most distinctly other appearances, such as it is not in my power to describe. I then called Jane Hockney, and asked her if she saw anything. She instantly replied, 'Yes, I see all sorts of beautiful diamonds, as it were, and a most beautiful Cross.' I then was perfectly certain that my vision had not deceived me. We then both looked nearer, and there we saw fresh and fresh celestial figures in rapid and constant motion." . . . "Over her heart was distinctly seen the complete figure of a most beautiful angel. Indeed, all over the sheet which covered her was the most beautiful and indescribable, most wonderful and astonishing figures and signs, which kept increasing, so that, by Sunday evening, the varieties which could be distinctly seen were upwards of a hundred."

"On Monday morning, we had her placed in her coffin. Immediately on removing the covering, and whilst the shroud was preparing, the figures changed in a most astonishing manner. The neck was decorated, as it were, with a chain of diamonds of all sorts of beautiful shapes." . . . "Two brilliant stars were fixed, one over each breast—upon each hand, on each finger there were stars; between the breasts was the lovely Cross; from the breast to the feet were these three letters M.W.W. as clear and as distinct as the sun at noonday. Even on her toes, figures of different kinds, as diamonds and stars, kept flitting. But the most wonderful thing to us was, if a handkerchief or white cloth was passed over the face, it carried away the shadow of the figures, similar, in a very great measure, to a strong hoar frost upon a large window." . . . "An account of the circumstance appeared in the *Hull Advertiser* a few days after, accompanied by the certificate of a number of persons who witnessed the extraordinary appearances. This was copied and commented upon in several of the London and provincial papers." . . . "The originals of the handwriting of the respectable and upright persons whose names appear prefixed to this memoir are in the possession of my publisher, where they may be seen."

"JOHN PALLISTER."

"Preston, near Hull, Yorkshire."

If your "lady correspondent would feel any interest in the perusal

of the work, I shall be most happy, on receipt of her address, to forward it to her by post.—Yours respectfully,
 Brandon House, Bristol, Feb. 10, 1868. GEORGE TOMMY.

C O L O N I S A T I O N .

Sir,—Having read the article which appeared in *Human Nature* of January on colonisation by children, allow me an opportunity of saying a few words on behalf of spreading our views by means of colonisation; and for this purpose I see no place more suitable than the rising colony of New Zealand.

The province of Auckland gives to each emigrant 40 acres of virgin soil. The soil is rich, and drier than that of the South of England. The land is entirely free from the poisonous, venomous, or carnivorous reptiles and beasts which render the tropical countries so fearful; it is free also from the extreme cold of our cousin land, Canada; and, lastly, it is free from malaria, or any local, infectious, or contagious disease. These are every one advantages which, compared with any other country, cannot be overrated, in the consideration of the question where to establish a colony for the development of social reform. Though the emigrant gets his 40 acres of land, he is not limited in that commodity: he can purchase any extent at about 10s the acre; and I think some lands can be bought much cheaper. The advantage of this is that there is no claim on the land once he has the conveyance of it; there is not a penny head-rent to be paid on it. The taxes are but trifling, and every man has a voice in the government of the country through his representative, and every town has its local board.

My proposition is, that a number should “co-operate”: the greater the number, of course, the more prosperous the colony. Say if one or two will join me, we proceed to Auckland: we wait our full time. Three years are allowed before it is necessary to select our land. We live in the town, and labour at such occupations as we find, during which time we hope to be augmented by fresh arrivals, supposing only at the rate of twelve in the year, one each month. At the expiration of the full time, we would have 36 heads, and could claim 1440 acres of land. At this time, we would be able to make our selection judiciously, and we would be ripe for an independent stand, living together to form a town, and having one general store of our own capital, from which all our purchases would be made, and each co-operating in the cultivation of each other’s land.

In short, I would like to take the pioneer Co-operative Society of Rochdale as our pattern, joining with it the laws of the Rechabite Benefit Society. The introduction of children would be profitable to the settlers; for if I, or the co-operating township, if I may so call it, pay the passage out of child, woman, or man, we are entitled to a portion of land therefor, in addition to that, if any, given to the individual so brought out.

Intermarriage would then strengthen the bond of union—singularity of living would also increase the strength of the bond, and, at the same time, attract the attention of outsiders; and it is to be hoped our

increased domestic happiness, commercial prosperity, freedom from sickness, and, I hope I may add, increasing spirituality, would invite them to imitate, if not to join us.

In conclusion, Mr Editor, I should be glad to hear immediately from others who might join me. They can hear of me through the publisher.—I am, sir, yours very truly,

R. J. D.

Dublin.

PRESENTATION OF TESTIMONIAL TO MR THOMAS SHORTER.

On Tuesday evening, 11th Feb., 1868, a meeting was held at the Assembly Rooms, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, for the purpose of presenting Mr Thos. Shorter with a testimonial, as a slight acknowledgment of the valuable services he has rendered to the cause of Spiritualism. The proceedings were opened by instrumental music of considerable merit, and this was followed by a chorus, both of the performances receiving deserved applause. The business of the evening was enlivened throughout with vocal and instrumental music. The chair was occupied by Robert Cooper, Esq., and supported by Mr Tebb (the secretary), Mrs Emma Hardinge, D. D. Home, Esq., and several others who have taken a conspicuous part in this movement.

The CHAIRMAN said they had met upon that occasion to do honour to a person who has rendered great service to that cause which they all had at heart. It would have afforded him much more pleasure to have seen the gentleman in the position of chairman who was invited to occupy it—he alluded to Mr William Howitt—but, unfortunately, they could not prevail upon him to be there that night. Mr Howitt has not inaccurately been termed “The Champion of Spiritualism in England.” He should now call upon Mr Tebb to make any statement he might have to make.

The SECRETARY (Mr Tebb) then rose, and said he would first of all read a circular which sets forth the circumstances under which this testimonial to their esteemed friend Mr Shorter originated, and which is as follows:—

“The services of Mr Shorter in the cause of Spiritualism are familiar to all who embrace this faith as the great dispensation of the present day. From the earliest establishment of Spiritual Journalism in England, Mr Shorter has devoted all his energies to advance the knowledge of it by his pen. In the *Yorkshire* and *British Spiritual Telegraphs*; in the *Spiritual Magazine* and *Spiritual Times*, his zealous and able exertions have been constant and prolific. Besides his contributions and personal assistance in the production of these journals, he has published separate works on the subject of the most solid ability and permanent value. His ‘Confessions of a Truth-seeker’ is a treasury of facts and arguments on this most vital of topics; and his late elaborate work, ‘The Two Worlds,’ is a compendium of the History of Spiritualism, second to nothing which has yet been produced in this department, and which, therefore, should be in the hands of every true Spiritualist.

“These services have not only been given wholly gratuitously, but the publication of his books has been to him a pecuniary loss.

“In the midst of these most valuable labours in our grand cause, and unquestionably, in no small degree in consequence of them, a calamity of the most grievous kind has fallen upon him—the nearly total, and, it is feared, the ultimately total loss of his sight. This deep trial has compelled him to resign the situation which he had held for upwards of twelve years, and paralysed his chief means of support, as well as that genial exercise of his faculties which, to a literary man, is the source of life’s real happiness.

“Under these circumstances, the friends of Mr Shorter, or, in other words, the friends of Spiritualism, feel it a sacred duty to endeavour to raise such a fund as shall, by judicious investment, remedy, in some degree, the failure of his ordinary resources—a failure which adds to the severity of the affliction by its occurrence in the prime of life.”

The Secretary then continued :—I am happy to be able to announce that this appeal has met with a generous response, and the amount of the subscriptions will be shortly stated to you by the chairman. It has been my privilege to count Mr Shorter amongst my personal friends for some years. I esteem him not more for the great fidelity which he has exercised in this cause than I do for his excellent qualities of head and heart as a man. Some twelve or thirteen years ago, Mr Shorter became interested in the subject of Spiritualism. It was brought before him, I believe, by Dr Dixon, and that gentleman has assured me how very carefully and thoroughly Mr Shorter examined this subject. However, after considering every conceivable hypothesis, he became convinced that spirits can, and do, under certain recognised conditions, communicate with us; that there is a future life; and I do not think that there can be any conviction or any experience to the philosopher or religious mind more important than this. With what disposition our friend accepted this truth, may be judged from an extract from the first article which he ever wrote on the subject of Spiritualism. It appeared in the second volume of the *Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph*, Oct., 1857, and is as follows :—

"I do not know that I can relate any phenomena but such as the majority of your readers are probably already acquainted with, and I know that there are many whose experience, could they be induced to make it, would be found more valuable and interesting; but, believing that no man has a right to regard truth as his own private property, to be locked up in his strong box for his exclusive use, and then buried with him in the earth, but that it is a trust to be faithfully administered, and for which the holder will be held to strict account, I cast my mite into the treasury, and trust that those who are richer will be impressed to go and do likewise."

How faithfully our friend has fulfilled this high trust, and acted up to this high conviction of duty, is known to many of you. He has advocated Spiritualism wherever an opportunity has been offered, but especially by his pen in the pages of the *Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph*, and afterwards in the pages of the *British Spiritual Telegraph*, and he has acted as joint editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* from the year of its commencement, in 1860, to the present time. The book I hold in my hand is a work by him, entitled, "Confessions of a Truth-Seeker." It is a narrative of his investigations, and its pages will show how minutely the subject has been inquired into by him, and I do not think any investigator of the Spiritual phenomena could have a better work on the subject put into their hands. This more elaborate work, entitled "The Two Worlds," published two years ago, shows that Spiritualism, though we call it modern, is really as old as man; that it is not a new truth or new idea, but that it is coeval with the human race, and with the foundation of all religion. It required, at the time I speak of, no small amount of moral courage to advocate a subject so unpopular as Spiritualism. Some of you will recollect what sort of reception Spiritualism met with. By the Press it was generally ridiculed, and every literary embryo could write an *expose* of the phenomena; by the scientific world it was treated, as you know, with derision, and by the religious world (from whom, certainly, we might have expected better treatment, seeing that the pages of the Bible teem with accounts of spiritual manifestations), the mediums were generally treated as impostors, and the manifestations ascribed to satanic power; and not only so, but it was falsely said that our lunatic asylums were filled with the victims of these delusions. Notwithstanding this, Spiritualism has made some progress. I do not know how many Spiritualists there are in Great Britain, but the number must be very considerable. There are in the county of Yorkshire alone 150 circles, and the last number of the *Spiritual Magazine* states that in the town of Wolverhampton, where a short time ago there was but one spiritualist, there is now a society numbering about seventy. Spiritualism has been heard of everywhere throughout Europe. There are Spiritual journals in Paris, Naples, Bordeaux, Turin, Milan, Vienna, Palermo, and Geneva. It has appeared in Arabia, and amongst the North American Indians, and in Hindostan, Japan, China, and South America, in fact, in almost every civilised and semi-civilised country on the face of the earth. But its greatest triumphs have been, as you know, in the United States of America. I speak from personal observation, having been in every one of the Northern States and in many of the Southern States, and I may say that there is scarcely a village

of any considerable size where there are not regular meetings held Sunday after Sunday for the elucidation of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. The lowest calculation I have seen of the number of Spiritualists in America shows them to amount to 3,000,000, but many estimate them at a considerably greater number. However, at this lowest calculation, it has made more progress in twenty years than Methodism, the most proselytising and zealous of all sects, did in fifty years, or Calvinism in a century; and it is, I believe, destined eventually to fill the whole earth. I need scarcely stop to answer the inquiry, What good has Spiritualism done? though this is a question that in this age of utilitarianism is often put to believers. It has, like all other truths, enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge; it has opened the mind to the reception of other truths; it has rolled back the stone from before the door of the sepulchre of doubt and unbelief, and despair, and it has answered the question put by a prophet poet of old—"If a man die, shall he live again?" It has healed the sick! it has made the lame to walk! it has given consolation to the mourners! it has taken away the fear of death; for death is no longer, to a true believer in spiritual communion, a king of terrors, but is

"The kind and gentle servant
Who, with noiseless hand, unlocks
Life's flower-encircled door. To show us
Those we love."

It is in this work that our friend Mr Shorter has been engaged: to which he has given the best powers of his mind, and the best years of his life; and he has done it without any pecuniary reward, with no recompense, indeed, except that which springs from a noble work well done. In the close exercise of his faculties, he has been overtaken by a serious affliction. I am afraid to say how serious is the disease from which he suffers, but it is known as detachment of the retina; it is, I believe, rarely curable. I will not, however, dwell upon this painful topic, but I hope our friend will derive consolation from the fact of knowing that he has the sympathy of all who have watched his career, of all Spiritualists who have known of his great services, and particularly may I say of those who are assembled here this evening. (Applause.) And I will say more, that when the history of this great movement is written, and when the names of its early advocates and apostles are committed to posterity—it may be in the remote future, but it will surely come to pass—of the earnest men and eloquent women who have, in an age of hostility to the supernatural, sought to establish a diviner creed, to unfold a more hopeful destiny for the human race, and a nobler view of God's providence, I say there will be no name more worthy to be recorded than that of our friend Mr Shorter, whom we have assembled to honour this evening. (Loud applause.)

The CHAIRMAN.—I will not occupy the time of the meeting by expatiating on the merits and excellent qualifications of our friend Mr Shorter; I cannot, however, forbear to express my own indebtedness to him in the early stages of my inquiry, for bringing conviction to my mind both with regard to the phenomenal facts of Spiritualism, and more particularly with regard to the value of those facts. Almost the first book I read on the subject was Mr Shorter's "Confessions of a Truth-Seeker." I agree with Mr Tebb, it is one of the best books that can be put into the hands of an inquirer on this subject. I agree also with Mr Tebb that "The Two Worlds" is a most valuable work, and displays profound erudition. Mr Shorter has recently published a pamphlet, called "What is Religion?" which has received the high encomium of the Rev. J. Page Hopps, who says—"There is enough in this little book to set up a whole regiment of divines with nourishing food." (Laughter and applause.) Mr Shorter, in addition to these works, has been, either as editor or as a constant contributor, sometimes both, associated with various journals and magazines, and chiefly with those devoted to social and political reform, to the promotion of education, or to psychological inquiry; and has also edited several works which show him to possess an extensive acquaintance with, and a tasteful appreciation of, English literature. With regard to Spiritualism, I think we have every reason to be satisfied with its progress. We have seen how, from small beginnings, it has grown into a great and flourishing tree. This, indeed, is the method of all natural processes. Truth, originating in a germ, becomes gradually developed. This is invariably the plan

adopted by Providence in carrying out its purposes. Christianity originated in a manger, and Spiritualism, which I have no doubt is destined to be productive of equally important results to the world, originated in a cottage with some little children. Under such circumstances was it that the first raps were heard—the first sounds of a movement which has caused so much controversy, and is even now exercising an influence upon the destiny of mankind to an extent that we cannot at present realise. It has been remarked that it generally takes the time of a generation to get a truth fully recognised. I will not detain you further with any remarks, but will now proceed to the principal part of our business this evening—the presentation of the testimonial. I have here a sum of about £250—(cheers)—and the number of persons who have contributed to this amount are about one hundred and twenty, the amount of their subscriptions varying from £25 to 2s. The Chairman then turning to Mr Shorter said—Mr Shorter, I have much pleasure in presenting this testimonial to you, and with it the expression of the high estimation in which your services are held, and as a slight acknowledgment of what you have done for this great and admirable cause; and with this purse I tender you the best wishes of the contributors, and, I may say, of this whole company—(applause)—and we all pray that you may be long spared to labour in this great cause for the good of our common humanity.

Mr SHORTER, who, on rising, was greeted with hearty applause, said—It is very rarely, of late years, that I have been accustomed to hear the sound of my own voice above the level of ordinary conversation, or before a greater number of persons than might be assembled in my own parlour; therefore, even under ordinary circumstances, I should feel some hesitation and embarrassment in speaking to an assembly like this; but, were the practice of public speaking ever so familiar and easy to me, I might well, on this occasion, rise to address you with palpitating heart and stammering lips. But I feel somewhat reassured when I ask myself the question—What, after all, could any language, however eloquent, convey more than is expressed in these most sincere and simple words, “Friends, I thank you.” I thank you, Mr Chairman, for your kindness in presiding on this occasion, and for the kind and generous words you have uttered. I thank the gentlemen that have formed my committee, and especially the Secretary, because I know that his onerous labours have been given amid family troubles, the distractions of illness, and the cares of business. I have to thank many who are not here this evening—many whose personal friendship I have not had the privilege of making, many who are living at a distance, some in foreign lands, but who have illustrated the law that material spaces are no impediment to spiritual sympathies—(applause)—that we are ever nearest those whose spirits are kindred to our own. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your presence here to-night, and I thank all—present or absent—who have contributed to the very substantial evidence of their good will, which your Chairman has just presented me; and, in relation to which, I would here say a few words of personal explanation. It has been said, said in print, with direct reference to this testimonial, “that while the whole system of pecuniary testimonialism, as the expression of sympathy and honour, in reference to services done in the cause of what is spiritual and divine, is of a very questionable character, it seems most singularly out of place in reference to those who work in the cause of Spiritualism.” Well, paradoxical as it may seem, I entirely concur with the spirit of that remark. I fully endorse what our Chairman has said, that this is a work in which every man should feel it a great privilege to be called upon to labour. I do not say that those whose whole time, or so large a portion of whose time, has to be given to this work, that they cannot follow any of the ordinary avocations of life, should not be paid for their services. I believe they should, and generously. But I say that those who are not under this necessity should feel that the work is its own reward. (Applause.) I believe nothing more contributes to individual happiness, to nobleness, and elevation of character than the devotion of a considerable portion of our time to some noble and wholly unselfish work. (Applause.) Such humble service as I could give to the cause of Spiritualism I have felt it both a duty and a privilege to render without thought or expectation or desire of acknowledgment or reward. The hours I have spent in its advocacy and illustration have been amongst the happiest of my life; my work has been its own—a sufficient, an ample reward, and when my friends, at various times, have asked me to allow them to arrange

for the presentation to me of a testimonial, I have thankfully declined, reminding them that I did not need it, and that spiritualists had many urgent claims upon them. When, however, in the midst of these and other labours I was overtaken by an affliction which not only made it impossible that I should continue to follow my employment, but also from seeking or accepting any other; when it was uncertain whether or how long I could maintain a roof over my head, and when the same friends again pressed this suggestion upon me, and offered their services, I felt that it would be a morbid delicacy and false pride that would longer refuse—(applause)—and that, under these circumstances, I might freely accept the aid which had been so spontaneously offered, without degradation or the forfeiture of self-respect. (Loud applause.) That misfortune you will, I am sure, be glad to learn I have no longer reason to apprehend. Other friends, of an earlier date, who have known me in connection with other efforts, have, like yourselves, come forward in the most considerate and generous spirit to relieve me from any such apprehension of the possible consequences of my affliction; and now my only misgiving is, lest any should have been prompted, by their generous feelings to tax themselves in my behalf, who were not well able to afford it, or to an extent beyond what their means would amply warrant. The kindly feelings you have manifested towards me is, indeed, a source of great comfort and an encouragement for the future. I, indeed, cannot experience the pleasure that would be afforded me in seeing the faces of those to whom I am now speaking; but I know, I feel the outflow of your generous sympathy and kindly feeling, and I rejoice in this, not only on personal ground, though I should indeed be insensible and cold in heart were I not deeply touched by it, and did I not fully respond to it; but I rejoice in it also on other grounds of a more general character; for, if I were to cast the horoscope of the future of Spiritualism, I should seek for its signs, not in the rank or wealth of its adherents, not in the size and style of the buildings in which they meet, not by process of counting heads, not in monotonous uniformity of opinion, but in those deep sympathies which underlie all differences, in those feelings which knit heart to heart, and soul to soul in the furtherance of its great principles, and on the strength of which a handful of earnest men may contend successfully against all the banded hosts of ignorance and error. (Applause.) I know that, however sincere the feeling that prompted them, the generous acknowledgments with which your Chairman has enhanced the value of the gift presented me, owes much of its glow and colour to the warmth of personal friendship, and that the expression of feeling of this meeting, so far as it is rendered to me personally, is due to a combination of circumstances rather than to any special merit of my own. There are many who have laboured in this cause with equal diligence, and, I trust, greater success. I would add my meed of testimony to the great and important services rendered to it by one whom our Chairman has named this evening: not only by his advocacy, but for having thrown into the scale a life-reputation and a name which has become a household word, honoured and revered wherever the English language is spoken or English literature is read. I am sure we feel the obligation we owe to Mr Wm. Howitt; and whilst there may be sufficient reasons which prevent some from fully following the noble example he has set, considerations involving the interests and feelings of others, and which we are bound to respect; yet, I say that his noble example should shame the pusillanimity of those Nicodemians who have not the courage to openly avow their convictions, or who shelter themselves behind the mask of anonymity, simply because they dare not face the banter of their club, or the terrible frown of Mrs Grundy. (Loud applause.) I feel bound, in this connection, to mention the name of another gentleman, and in his absence I do so the more freely. I refer to my old friend and colleague, Mr Wm. Martin Wilkinson, but for whom the *Spiritual Magazine* would not have been established or been in existence at the present time, and in whose quiet persistence and strength of character I have always felt we had a reserve of force, adequate to any emergency likely to arise. And if I do not mention others that rise to my lips, and who are now with us, it is because I know that there are delicate and sensitive natures that would shrink from any approach to this open and public acknowledgment of their worth and services. Whilst I cannot lay claim to such services as others have rendered, I may say, I think, without egotism, for it is the simple truth, that, at least, I have done what I could. I have endeavoured to be faithful to my highest light;

I have given of the best I had, and have spared neither time nor pains in illustration of those principles we hold in common, and which are so dear to us all. I have endeavoured to advocate these in the spirit which I deem most accordant with their nature, and most conducive to their general reception. I have felt that our work was one not of demolition, but of construction. I have sought, and in conjunction with the friends with whom I have acted, I may say we have sought not to assail, and perhaps, however unconsciously, misinterpret the faith of others, but rather to strenuously assert our own; not to dwell upon, and, it may be, to magnify the points of difference, but to insist upon those fundamental points of agreement which underlie those differences, and by following them out to their logical conclusion and practical application, to eventually remove those differences, or, at least, and in the shortest possible time, to reduce them to their lowest terms, and to have those differences held in such a spirit as that they should be no bar to union in practical effort. In a word, our aim has been not antagonism, but conciliation. We have sought to carry not the sword, but the olive branch; not to blow the trumpet blast of war and throw down the gage of battle, causing those whom we would win to put on their armour and let down the drawbridge and fasten the gates, and take down from the wall spear and shield and battle axe to meet us as enemies, but rather to so approach them that they should welcome us as friends—heralds of those white-winged messengers of the skies, who would fain manifest their presence to them, and take up their abode with them, and do them good. We have sought to link knowledge with reverence, freedom of thought with the sanctities of faith, to cause Spiritualism to be regarded in its true light—not as the shibboleth of a sect, but the expression of a universal truth, the language of our humanity, the utterance of the deepest instincts of the soul. And now, putting aside all that may be considered as personal in the proceedings of this evening, I will just say a few words in reference to a question which has suggested itself to my mind, and probably to the minds of many others. The question may be naturally asked—What has been the result of the labours and sacrifices of these past years? What is the present position and the future prospects of Spiritualism? I might answer that question in the usual way. I might refer to such facts as those to which our Chairman has alluded. I might tell you that a dozen years ago, when my investigations into Spiritualism commenced, its believers were very few, and were persons of very humble position. It was difficult to find a circle of investigators in this metropolis. Not a single book on the modern phenomena had been written in this country. It had no representation in the press; and, in short, it was little more than an echo from the great Western Continent. Now, although I cannot say it has spread in great waves of progress as in the United States, yet I can say that there are circles of investigators dotted over this metropolis, and still more numerous in the North of England; that Spiritualism has penetrated into all ranks and classes of society, especially the educated and cultivated classes, and has its representatives in all professions, including that of the press. But though all this, so far as it goes, may be satisfactory, and, in its own way, a sufficient answer to the question, it is not one on which I care very much to insist. In truth, I think we are all apt to concern ourselves too much about results. I will not say with some, “Let us leave results to take care of themselves;” but I think we may safely leave them to a higher wisdom than our own. Let us be faithful to God and to our own souls, and we may rest assured in the faithfulness of God. It is the business of the husbandman to break up the clods, and plough the fields, and sow the seed, and then—

Be gracious heaven,
For now, laborious man has done his part!

Doubt not that soft dews, and gentle rain, and genial sunshine will cause the seed to germinate, and bring forth “first the blade, and then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear;” and that in due time the field will be glorious with the bending harvest of rich, ripe, golden grain. Eighteen centuries ago occurred one of those dread catastrophes memorable in history. A fair Italian city, teeming with life, full of grace and beauty, and the adornments of art, was visited with one of those dread convulsions which are the tragedy of nations. The earth shook and rent, the volcano poured forth its fiery lava, and clouds of burning cinders fell over the

doomed city. As they hurried to and fro, seeking safety in flight, the clamour of men, the shrieks of women, the screams of children, mingled as with the roar of a hundred thunders, it seemed as though the last night of the world had come, and the very gods were about to perish. Still descended the remorseless fiery rain, until the housetops, covered by it, and all who had not escaped, perished in fields and gardens and streets, or found themselves in their dwellings, immured in a living grave, walled in by fire. In the terrible confusion of that fearful day, the sentinel at the gate looking towards the burning mountain had been forgotten; but it was the duty of the Roman soldier, come what might, to remain at his post until relieved or discharged by his superior in command. And there he remained; the showers of burning ashes fell thick and fast around him; they cover his lips, and death discharges him from the post he had so nobly filled. That silent mound—that city of the dead, lay unnoticed, forgotten, till, after seventeen centuries, it was again opened to the light of day. There was the city; its shops and its theatres; its temples and palaces, as if their tenants had just left them; and there, too, were the skeletons of those tenants, exhibiting, in many instances, the ruling passion strong in death. There was the miser, clutching his bags of gold; there was the reveller at his wine cup; there the devotee bending before the altar of his god, and others crowding for safety in some building or cellar; and there, standing erect in a marble niche in the city gate was found the skeleton of the Roman sentinel at his post, clad in rusty armour, the helmet on his head, and his bony fingers closed upon his spear. There he remained, faithful unto death. Oh, many a choice treasure of art, many an antique gem may have been recovered from that buried city, but none to equal in value that pattern of duty nobly done, the priceless pearl of heroic fidelity of that unknown unnamed Roman soldier. It is an example for all time. He has done well; nor Caesar at the head of victorious legions could have served his country better. Though dead he still speaks to us. He tells us that though we may not all be born to high command, we may all be faithful in our several spheres of duty, however humble these may be. (Applause.) All may earn the commendation—"Well done, good and faithful servant," if only we are faithful to the talents, few or many, committed to our charge. All may be soldiers in God's great army of loyal souls if faithful to our posts of duty, though it be only to keep guard at the city gate.

"God does not need

Either man's work or his own gifts: who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

What means those burning tides of inspiration which sweep o'er the soul, not only when the impassioned orator is addressing crowded assemblies, or the poet pouring forth those breathing—rather those *inbreathing* thoughts, all recognise as inspiration, but even as we traverse the busy street, or meditate in the quiet field, or in the silence of our solitary chamber—thoughts and feelings which we feel originate, not in ourselves, of which we are the mere theatre? What is it, if it be not this, that we are links connecting the two worlds—that there is a great solidarity of humanity in this world and in all worlds—that we belong to the vast republic of the skies—the great commonwealth of souls? We feel not merely the necessity of belief and hope, but we require to have the undoubting assurance that there shall be for us a permanent reunion. We long to have an earnest of that union; to know that all that is best and truest in those we love is around and about us; and as we gaze on the vacant places of our now desolate homes, which correspond to the vacant places in our hearts, we stretch out our hands to the unknown, whither they have gone, and cry to them, softly—

"Come nearer, come nearer,
And lift up the lap of this dark, and speak clearer."

And lo! from behind the darkened clouds, formed by the eclipse of faith, shines forth the sun of immortal life, and bends the tear into the arch of promise, and irradiates it with all the hues of hope; and lo! gentle voices come to us: they move not the currents of the air, but strangely stir the places of our souls, and

they say, "We are with you now, we may be with you ever, if only you are worthy." Ay, that is the word. If we are worthy. It is the office and work of Spiritualism to make us worthy; worthy of the great hereafter; worthy to join lovers and friends to kindred and kindred souls; worthy the companionship of the wise and good of all the generations gathered and gathering; worthy to enter into the rest, and realise all the blessedness of our true, our future, our eternal home. (Loud applause.)

After some vocal music, and a reading by Mr D. D. Home, which was much applauded,

Mrs EMMA HARDINGE was introduced by the chairman, and said—It has frequently been my mission to be called upon to speak to and for those who have been afflicted with what I consider to be the greatest of all bereavements—the loss of sight. We esteem this precious sense so highly—we never can contemplate its loss without drawing upon the deepest emotions and strongest part of our sympathetic natures. Remembering the real suffering I have experienced in gazing upon the row of upturned faces of the blind, I must yet confess that when I was asked to take part in this meeting to do honour to one whom, both as a personal friend and as a public benefactor of the cause I advocate, I have the highest occasion to honour, a few moments' reflection convinced me that this meeting to-night would afford a subject of a peculiarly congratulatory character. It is not one that should call up emotions beyond those of gratitude and regard—an amount of sympathy which we must all extend towards affliction; therefore I shall point to two or three of the circumstances I deem peculiar in this meeting that makes it to me an almost joyful occasion. In the first place, we all remember that on some occasions of our lives, whether for friends or strangers, we have been called upon to contribute whatever circumstances permitted us to offer towards the alleviation of great distress. We congratulate ourselves on the act, and call ourselves very charitable and very kind. No such sentiment finds place amongst us to-night. Both in the case of the recipient, and those that have met to do him honour, there can be but one sentiment, and that is that we have met here to render a simple act of justice. (Applause.) There is no measure of what we owe to one who has stood in the front ranks of an unpopular reform; one who has spoken for us when we were compelled to be silent; one who has embodied the thoughts that have welled up in our hearts when we have been made the targets of the shafts of public opinion. We all know—for I presume I am addressing for the most part an assemblage of spiritualists—we all know that the world has directed a virulence so marked against Spiritualism that it requires no common courage to avow one's-self one of this despised body of believers. Though the days of the rack and thumb-screw have passed away, I am sure those of moral martyrdom have not. I have seen vast numbers of persons who, both from the press, pulpit, rostrum, and every direction where the public ear could be met, have been vilified without the chance of response; have borne persecution both in public, private, and social life; have seen their name slandered, their faith misrepresented, their belief scorned, and yet no opportunity has been afforded them for a word of response. What, then, must have been our feelings when one, both gifted by nature and by study, stands forth and represents our thoughts, and places himself as a shield between us and the world. We cannot render gratitude enough to such an one. Not only has our friend cast his advocacy in our behalf, but he has placed there his means of living. All this he has placed in jeopardy for the sake of maintaining the truth which, perhaps, many of us would not express for ourselves. I repeat, therefore, that our meeting here to-night is simply an act of justice. (Applause.) There is something more which we should not forget when we gaze upon our friend with all the deep, sympathetic yearnings which our hearts must ever feel towards those who bear the burden of affliction. I have invariably found that the law of compensation, which the great, good Father never forgets to bestow, even before we ask it of Him, is peculiarly manifest in the case of those bereft of sight. It seems to me that no sense is withdrawn; that though one of the external avenues of those senses is closed, the force and power remains, and is admirably distributed through the rest, stimulating them to such strange and preternatural excellence that I have sometimes watched the motions of the blind and could scarcely realise the extent of their affliction. So beautifully is the divine hand thrown around God's afflicted

children that it seems to me in many instances that they might truly say—"My vision thou hast dimmed that I may see Thyself, Thyself alone." Amongst the blind I have seen not alone such an extraordinary deepening of the faculties that remain, such an extraordinary evidence of perception, but it is obviously clear that when the windows of the soul are externally darkened, there are avenues within through which divine light shines, and enables the soul to look out and see celestial beauties far higher than those that are closed against us. (Hear, hear.) The last point of consolation and congratulation which our friend enjoys is the fact that he is a Spiritualist. (Applause.) Before the dark day came, a fountain of light was opened for him, which gave him eyes to see into the heaven of the better world. If there should be for him no sun, no moon, no stars; if the beautiful, many-coloured world should smile on his sightless eyes no more, there is a vision perpetually shining upon the eye of his soul—a consciousness of that most glorious light that is waiting for him, which, I am satisfied, must be a perpetual and undying spring of joy for him. (Applause.) I believe that were any of us now—those I mean that fully realise the value of the faith we call Spiritualism—were we asked to exchange that knowledge for any one of the senses we enjoy—oh, which of us would hesitate to choose? I believe that if the day should come over again that we should go back to the darkness we were in, and in a moment if, with those little, despised, tiny raps, or those strange and ill-comprehended telegraphic movements of ponderable bodies which form the alphabet of the glorious word IMMORTALITY; with those simple signs before us, when in a single instant we could realise that the air was full of ministering spirits; that they were not lost, but stronger, brighter, better, more glorious, permitted constantly to minister to us, and were opening up to us that divine knowledge—God is love, and man is immortal, and eternity is progress—when these are no longer beliefs but established facts, which of us would not cast aside one by one our senses, and say, Let us have the glorious light of Spiritualism? (Loud applause.) Our friend the chairman has said there are 3,000,000 spiritualists in America: I beg to add on 8,000,000 more, from the best and most reliable statistics. (Applause.) When we have in the front ranks of Spiritualism in this country a Howitt, a Wilkinson, and a Shorter, I think we need not care to count our numbers. Mr Thomas Shorter, like the brave Roman soldier he spoke of, we may be sure will ever be found at his post; like him, when eighteen centuries shall have passed away, though nameless, perhaps, to the generations of the future, he will be known and recognised by his faith. When I remember that he has that glorious mantle of Divine Providence about him, so kind, and so certain to adapt means to ends, to care for him and be a lamp to his feet, eyes to the blind and feet to the lame; when I remember he has well earned the respect of his fellow-men, and that of him it may be truly said, "Well done, good and faithful servant," I feel he can well afford to wait the few fleeting years in which he may be compelled to grope his way in physical darkness, knowing that the veil must be lifted, and that he will enter into the light and joy of the better world. Mrs Hardinge then resumed her seat amidst loud applause.

Mr D. D. HOME, previous to giving his next reading, quoted and commented on a paragraph in the *Morning Post*, on the death of Sir David Brewster, and which expressed regret that Sir David had not some years ago more thoroughly availed himself of the opportunities afforded him for the investigation of Spiritualism, and that he had been led to make contradictory statements concerning it. Mr Home then gave a humorous reading, which was well received. Mr Home's son, a bright boy about eight years old, gave a recitation in a very superior manner, which was received with much enthusiasm.

The Rev. S. E. BENGOUGH, in proposing a vote of thanks to the chairman, said that he could not do so without reminding those who were present of the prominent part that gentleman had taken in the advocacy of Spiritualism, and of the sacrifices he had made for it.

The resolution was briefly seconded by T. GRANT, Esq., of Maidstone, from the body of the hall.

The CHAIRMAN, in reply, said that his reward was in doing his duty to this cause, and trusted we should all recognise it as our duty to do what we could to promote its recognition in the world.

REPORTS OF PROGRESS.

LIVERPOOL PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY is being favoured with a course of twelve lectures from Mr. Bridges. They are well reported in the local papers. This society is doing a deal of work. The members and friends keep up an instructive succession of papers on subjects of interest to the students of the science. We notice a free, eclectic spirit manifested in the management of the affairs of this society, which is steadily arriving at the discovery of truth respecting the nature of man, wherever that may be hidden.

THE LONDON NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.—The object of the Society is to obtain for women the right of voting for Members of Parliament on the same conditions as it is, or may be, granted to men. Subscribers of £1 1s annually are entitled to membership of the General Committee, on approval of the Executive Committee. Subscribers of not less than one shilling annually will be enrolled as members of the society, and entitled to receive all its publications.—Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs P. A. Taylor, Aubrey House, Notting Hill, W.

BIRMINGHAM PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY keeps up the interest well. It has gained several useful accessions to the roll of membership. Mr Fowler was entertained at an enthusiastic tea party at the close of his lectures, which were well attended. A quarterly tea meeting has also been held. We notice that several of the most active Spiritualists in Birmingham are also members of this Society. This is as it should be, as these two departments can mutually assist in the work before them. We learn with pleasure that the intelligent and energetic secretary, Miss Beauclerc, is about to commence a gymnastic class.

MANCHESTER.—The second quarterly meeting of the Manchester Association of Progressive Spiritualists, was held in the Temperance Union Rooms, on Saturday, January 18th, when the members and their friends assembled to the number of 50, notwithstanding that the weather was exceedingly unfavourable. Among the friends from a distance, there were present Mr E. H. Green, Hon. Sec. of the British Association of Progressive Spiritualists; Mr Robert Harper, of Birmingham; Mr Blackburn, of Halifax; and Mr Pulman, jun., of North Oweram, near Halifax. The meeting commenced at three o'clock, from which time until five o'clock it was, for the satisfaction of a few friends, wholly devoted to physical manifestations. After having done justice to an excellent tea, kindly provided by Mr John Morgan, the Rev. John Page Hopps, president of the Association, opened the evening meeting by an able and eloquent address, in which he spoke at some length of the rapid progress spiritualism was making in England, especially among the more intelligent portion of the community. After the reports of the various circles connected with the Association had been received, the meeting was addressed by E. H. Green, Esq., Robert Harper, Esq., and an excellent paper was read by Mr Joseph Whitehead, vice-president of the association, entitled, "An answer to those who ask—Why do you generally hold your seances in the dark?" Mr Hopps having to leave the meeting at eight o'clock, Mr Harper was called to the chair, and the rest of the evening was spent in receiving manifestations of a high order. Several instructive and exhorting addresses were given by our invisible friends, and the utility of spirit healing fully demonstrated through Mr Pulman in more than one case. The meeting, which on the whole was very successful and exceedingly interesting both to members and friends, was brought to a close a little before ten o'clock, by singing and prayer.

SHELLEY is a small village about seven miles from Huddersfield. The inhabitants are mostly weavers, toiling hard for the bread of life. For several years past Spiritualism has been the benignant instructor of an attached group of eager inquirers. They take in the *Banner of Light*; Mr Sykes writes to discontinue *Human Nature*. He says—"We get far higher intelligence through our medium from the spirits on spiritualism. We don't care for great names. These higher intelligences don't give us names. They teach us that there is no salvation by the blood of Jesus Christ, and no mediator between the Father and his children. We get a great variety of spirits; some that want to teach us even in the old orthodox way, and some very low ones, that want us to teach them. Our medium is a lady, and speaks in the trance state." We rejoice at such progress. When the minds of a circle become thus enlightened and liberated, they can be missionaries to low spirits, instead of being their victims. Such spirits then cease from being "evil," they are only "low," and may be raised by those who are higher. The experience of one friend suggests that not only can priests be done away with under spirit teaching, but even books, as the resources of the spirit world contain the appropriate elements of spiritual instruction. When true spiritualism reigns, we may give over our scribbling. Experience is the real teacher of us all—far better than books or magazines.

A HAUNTED HOUSE IN KENSINGTON.

IN a small house, about 20 yards from the main road, live an old lady, 81 years of age, and her daughter, with one servant. For the last few months they are being constantly startled by a sharp, loud knocking upon the panel of the street door. The most nimble efforts have been made without success to "catch" the offenders. On Thursday evening, a gentleman, the son of the old lady, called and found them quite ill from nervous excitement, and was comforting them as well as he could, when a quiet rap-rap-rap at the front door made him jump up. In two seconds he was at the door, rushed out, looking in every direction without discovering a sound or a trace of a human being in any of the adjacent roads. This happened four or five times more; in fact, only ceased about a quarter to eleven. He went round to the police station and had an officer put on special duty opposite the house for the next day, and spent the following morning in calling upon the neighbours and carefully examining the gardens and walls which abutted upon the "haunted" house. Not a mark of any sort was to be found, and he was quite convinced that by no imaginable device could the door have been reached from any point but right in front of the street. In the evening he took a friend down with him, and two more of his friends looked in later. In the course of conversation the following facts came out. It began on a Friday, the 18th of October, and has never missed a Friday since then. It has never been heard on Sunday, seldom on Saturday. Never before the gas lamps are lit, never after 11. Just as all were talking at once, rap-rap-rap! In an instant all four gentleman were in the front garden; the policeman was quietly standing opposite the door; the lady of the house opposite watching the door from her portico, and another gentleman from the leads. All declared that not a living creature had been near the house for at least a quarter of an hour. The whole thing seems inexplicable, and has created quite a sensation in the neighbourhood. The police are doing their best to discover the plot, but hitherto without success. [The newspapers have been giving currency to the above report, some of our Spiritual friends are investigating the matter, and we may be able to give some account of it next month.]

DEAR "HUMAN NATURE,"—The mysterious knockings at Kensington have occasioned much gossip among the people of this country. A parallel case occurred about the same time in the parish of Sturminster Newton, Dorsetshire, with this difference—the knockings at Kensington began at dark, and continued till about 11 o'clock; whereas the knockings at Newton were repeated at uncertain intervals during the day as well as at night. Crowds of people assembled night after night to hear these unusual sounds. Many went as sceptics, but returned convinced that the report they had heard was something more than idle gossip. Policemen, scientific men, and others carefully examined the house and its surroundings, but nothing was visible to lead them to suspect (as some suggested) that it was a clever trick of some malicious individual. Consequently, hundreds of people asked "What can it be?" and hundreds more, quite at a loss to determine the cause, could only reply, "I don't know." We understand the knockings have now ceased altogether, but the mystery and fact remain. Many people who, a few months before, scoffed at the idea of spirits ever returning to this earth after the body had ceased to live, were now repeatedly heard to say, "Oh, it is the spirit of so and so come back to remind their friends of some or other unfulfilled duty." Others, equally inconsistent, thought something wrong was being done in the house, forgetting that if knockings came to reprove all wrong-doers, there would be some very loud ones at many of our doors. That spirits do return, every believer in Christianity must admit, there being abundant proofs of the same *throughout* Holy Writ. The same may be said of spirit power, else what means the prison being shaken, chains being knocked off, bolts being withdrawn, and of prison doors opening, all without human agency. We believe the same power that produced these events in olden time can produce them now, and until the cause of these extraordinary knockings are satisfactorily explained to us, we cannot forego our opinion that spirit agency is still employed for some wise purpose, which may yet be revealed. R. Y.

[Accounts have appeared in the American papers of a haunted house at Pittsburg, from which several families were driven out in succession by the disturbances, which consisted of shrieks, grips with cold hands, walking, and other noises, as well as strange sights.]

A CORRESPONDENT in the north of England informs us that the cost of his coals, over the past year, was less by £2; and this he owes chiefly to the adoption of the false bottom to the grates, which was explained in our article, "Economy in Fuel," in No. 4 of *Human Nature*. This, as he observes, is no mean saving on this one item of expenditure, and, if adopted generally, would effect a great national saving, and spare our coal fields.

A Continental Subscriber wishes to know the meaning of the word, "Zoistic." He cannot find it in any encyclopedia or etymological dictionary whatever, of which he has a variety in most languages. We do not know that the word was ever used till it was constructed to serve on the title of *Human Nature*. It is derived from the same source as "Zoology," and signifies the science of life or living things—facts and speculations respecting the nature of life and the extent, number, and connection of its various grades or manifestations. In short, "life" in one form or other constitutes everything; and zoistic science discusses the correlation of the like principle in the universal All.

A philosophical writer says, in a recent note:—"You should not admit such exceedingly *wild* writers into *Human Nature*, people who simply give *Revelations*—that is, the purest assumption, without a single reason or fact to base their assumptions upon." If we were a philosophical writer, we should be quite puzzled with this sentence, but, as common-sense observers,

we take it coolly. We suppose those who witnessed thunder-storms and experienced the blowing of the wind during the many thousands of years previous to these phenomena being scientifically explained, had no right to record such experiences, because they were "without a single reason or fact to base their assumptions upon." Neither would it be satisfactory to the enlightened mind of a philosophical writer for a child to assert he was hungry because he could not explain the functions implied in the sensation. Verily such matters are "the purest assumption," because they are based upon the undeniable testimony of the most incontrovertible and basic powers of existence. These being "pure assumptions," the windy intellectualisms that are so often sold for philosophy may be styled impure or false assumptions. Thank you, Mr Philosopher, for the compliment.

Cheerfulness and a festival spirit fill the soul with harmony; it composes music for churches and hearts; it produces thankfulness, and serves the end of charity: and when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud, and making joy round about; and, therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious, and full of holy advantage, whatever can minister to this holy joy does set forward the work of religion and charity.

CARVING CHARACTER.—Did you ever watch a sculptor slowly fashioning a human countenance? It is not moulded at once. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. A thousand blows rough-cast it. Ten thousand chisel points put in the fine touches, and bring out the features, and the expression. It is a work of time; but at last the full likeness stands fixed and unchanging in the solid marble. So does a man carve out his own moral likeness. Every day he adds something to the work. A thousand acts of thought and will shape the features and the expressions of the soul. Habits of love, piety, and truth—habits of falsehood or passion, silently mould and fashion it, till at length it wears the likeness of God, or the image of a demon.—*American Phrenological Journal*.

Prof. W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., of London University, in a recent letter, urged that now is the time, when fortune is in our favour, to get rid of intemperance and ignorance—the great impediments to progress and the great hasteners of decay. We echo the sentiment. But whether a nation be progressive in aggregate wealth, or stationary, or declining, the impoverishing effects of drinking customs are equally certain and destructive. They clog progress, originate decay, and accelerate the downward course of communities. The teaching of political economy, then, is entirely on the side of temperance as an essential element in material greatness. One might be tempted to try to strike a balance between the good and the evil flowing from the liquor traffic, only that the figures would be all on one side. Above a million acres of land wasted in growing barley for beer (whilst England has not sufficient land to feed its own population); this might be put down as the first item. Millions of capital not only uselessly, but injuriously employed. The expense of detecting and punishing crime. Thousands of labourers continuously engaged in the production of that which doth not enrich, but makes us poor indeed. To this must be added—if the imagination can grasp it, or if figures can express it—all the physical and moral deterioration of the working classes; not forgetting the shattered health and the wasted time which spring from this source of evil. Having thus attempted to measure the loss of power which humanity suffers from the liquor system as a whole, then let us look around for the *per contra*. We cannot find any economical benefit flowing from the liquor traffic. It is in scales like these that the liquor traffic will be ultimately weighed by public opinion; and who can doubt that it will be found wanting?—*Meliora*.