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ON LIGHT AND ITS CORRELATES.

BY HONESTAS.

BEFORE proceeding with the doctrine of light, I must say something more on the laws of the development of the monad, the primary idea, the primordial idea of Plato; not that I accept the views of either Plato or Leibnitz, but in deference to these master minds I mention their theories. As an essential attribute of the infinite, the all-perfect, there coexist endless perfects, resulting in infinite variety, and out of this infinite harmony each perfect varying from the other. This gives us the law of intro-coexistence, and the further law of coexistence of peripheries. The progress, the development of each monad consists in a two-fold change, a change from the peripheral to a more central; and a combination with other monads from this and an unfoldment, and an onward step of the peripheral concomitantly following the first act of transition, to a further, higher, or different state; that is, the peripheral unites equally on all sides with the peripheral of the central, which had, combined with the other centrals, united, not as a permanent state, but as a unison fitted for the purposes of the plane, or grade, or state. I repeat that absolute union is impossible; the true and lasting effect of each act, each impression, is a change into the monad itself, in its periphery as well as its centre. If we eliminate space and time as mere forms of comprehension, and substitute conditions and degrees of development, the laws I am endeavouring to explain will be more readily grasped. Distance may be represented by difference of states. An intro-coexisting state may be as distant as the most remote point in space. And the periods of transition to us or from us to that inner intro state may be in countless ages; and yet in point of space and time this intro coexists with us. I am not burdening you with a metaphysical disquisition without an object. I have a distinct motive that prompts me,

for it is essential in following my reasoning to understand the importance of the intro-existence. But before proceeding with the question of the phenomenon of light, a word as to the monadic development. The past is a reality—a physical, tangible, absolute reality; for the past is a state or condition or point of development which has been acquired. What we are, we owe to the past, and in our periphery the change is written in unalterable language of an actual progress attained. Our individuality, and the reality of the outward, are the factors multiplying by ever-present contact, the coefficient of which is marked in the terms of the coefficient of progress.

I have for ever lived and I have for ever past, in endless transmutation, stepped from point to point in my onward progress, and retaining the Great Past, as a reality, and the states and conditions of the Past. I carry with me that which I have acquired, adding, never subtracting, my onward in the scale of progress; that is, in my inward periphery, my inward self. I coexist with, and have and hold in common with these other and intro states an ether element in me, similar to, and harmonising with, these inner worlds. And on the boundary of such state, varying in depth, laterally different, more or less perfect—light. Light with constant faithfulness illumines the paths of my progress as my inner soul travels onward in never-ending modulations through all the states of my intro-existence, and to which law I owe the never-ending life, I called my inheritance, I now claim to be my very self—the Infinite in me. The past is an absolute reality, the future potentially so. The future only exists in the totality of the Infinite as infinite possibility; the past exists in me as infinite reality.

I had, I repeat, but little intention of introducing metaphysical reasonings, but could hardly proceed with my essay without rendering some explanation of the laws I am again and again reverting to, the laws of “intro-coexistence” and coexistence of peripheries. Each level, plane, grade of development is in itself perfect. The visible ponderable world we live in and call our own is, as such, perfect, is endless, boundless, compasses the infinite, and holds within itself all the forms of infinite variety. But one element is wanting as an attribute of the all-perfect. Harmonising coexistence with the other perfects is a fundamental law, and this harmonising is accomplished by a Becoming to be, manifested in endless transition from one intro state to another. The “urelement” mentioned by Jencken approaches nearest to my idea; and in the MS. of this profound thinker, the idea of inner worlds is undeniably entertained by him. But I take the reasoning a step beyond, and say, infinite numbers of intro-existences coexist, and each state has its own laws, to which the monad in its onward progress must conform. For there exist two distinc-

tive groups of laws: those that regulate the physical world, the intro-state, and those that determine the development of the monad.

It is time I should return to a closer investigation of the properties of light, and of which I have spoken in the former part of my letter or treatise. I will firstly single out the dynamic and chemical properties, and deal with these.—The visual qualities of this great wondrous force I have already touched upon. Photographic substances, of which the list is ever increasing, are in reality all substances upon which that light impinges. George Stephenson went even so far as to allow to light such stability, that in our coal-beds the sunlight of thousands of years lay pent up to be set free whenever the coal was brought to the surface and underwent change. Now what is this change upon substances wrought by light? Is it permanent? Experiments have proved that though we may so impress a surface that it will rephotograph the object that has acted on it, the repetition of photographic printing becomes each time less successful. It is a very remarkable fact, the absolute change brought about by the impingement of light in the molecular arrangement of the substance illumined. Several authors have suggested that some other agency is at work; at last drifting into channels that must lead to further discovery. Grove,* with great acumen, following up the idea of an inherent ether agency in light, gives the result of an elegant experiment he made,—“A prepared daguerrotype plate is enclosed in a box filled with water, having a glass front and shutter over it; between this glass a gridiron of silver wire, and connected with a delicate galvanometer, which, by the expansion, shows the slightest change of temperature. As soon as a beam of daylight or oxyhydrogen light was allowed to impinge, the needles deflected.” Thus, “light being the initiating force, we get chemical action on the plate, electricity circulating through the wires, magnetism in the coil, heat in the helix, and motion in the needles.”

But light not only effects colour—the Flora owes its verdure and colour to light; but light effects crystallisation, as observed by Morichini. Prof. Tyndall has proved that the greater heating properties of some substances, such as red or darker bodies, is due, not as formerly supposed to the absorption of light, but on the contrary, to the physical and chemical character of the substance exposed. There are other characters of light which need mentioning, namely, the greater penetrativeness of certain rays, such as red light; and their greater dynamic effect, as noticed by Dr Seebeck. Again, refraction of light through a prism of water; here the yellow rays produce the greatest heat, instead of

* Light, p. 153, Correlation and Continuity.

the red beams, as formerly supposed. The medium through which light passes alters its very nature. The medium may be transparent, and as such, little changes the beam of light. The substances upon which light impinges, the recipient bodies, have more to do with light than was formerly supposed.* How thoroughly Dr Jencken anticipated this property of light!† I refer to the passage, in which he says, that light is formed by the very act of impingement on the substances illumined.

Sunlight is indeed a potent power. Just remark what Tyndall says in an outburst of eloquence: "Who or what made the sun and gave his rays such power? Who or what bestowed upon the ultimate particles of matter the forces whose interaction, combined with the energy of solar rays, produces plants and animals? Science does not know; the mystery, though pushed back, remains as deep as ever."‡ Is it not pleasurable to read this? It is the anonymous writer, unshackled by hindrances, who here boldly speaks out and tells us of the wondrous power of the sun. I must quote from Prof. Tyndall's peroration to his work on Heat, and then to my reasonings. "Multiplying all our powers by millions and millions, we do not reach the sun's expenditure; and still, notwithstanding this enormous drain in the lapse of human history, we are unable to detect a diminution of his store." And then, concluding, says, "Suns may resolve themselves into fauna and flora, and flora and fauna melt into air. The flux of power is eternally the same; it rolls in music through the ages, and all terrestrial energy, the manifestations of life and the display of phenomena, are but modulations." And thus the endless mutations, ever-continuing transition from one state to another, and onward and farther developed condition, meet us on every step of our investigation. And the sun, above all, *garners* up, in full repletiveness of its power, the never-ceasing influx from the intro-state—the inner ether world, the "urelement" of Dr Jencken. Hence light, heat, and the endless modulations they produce, are not material, divisible, permanent matter, but forms of transmutation; and in this phase of transmutation we gather up the forces that sustain and support it. Light smiled upon the material, breathing life; for light is the messenger of change, and change is the phase of the influx from the all-supplying formative, creative stream from the intro-state into the visible and ponderable.

The chemical action of light is so generally admitted, that I need not crowd in instances to prove over again what is now an accepted fact; from the roseate fleeting cloud of early morn to the adamantine rock that bids defiance to the steel point, all, all

* Grove, C. & C., 158. † Licht and Farbe, Dr Jencken, 1837.
‡ Reader, October, 1864.

speaking of the omnipresence of solar power. Red light heats and oxydizes, blue and violet are cold and negative in their actions; yet, with all this power and fulness of effect, I deny the fixity of light. It is a mistake to say that the material is light fixed, consolidated. There is no permanency in nature. Light arises from an inner world, an urelement,* not a common ether, a primary substance, but from a prior state of the material; it is but one of the phases of development in the onward progress from state to state, from grade to grade—the mightiest, the most observed of all, yet only a form of transition.

The properties of light in bodies themselves, known as phosphorescent, next commands our attention. Odic light is observable in the invertebrata. The odic light seen at the angle points of crystals, and emanating from the finger tip of the magnetiser, noticed by sensitives as a common quality pertaining to matter generally, speaks to a presence of light, not solar light, but an independent luminosity. The dream land of normal sleep is lit up by an imagery, we see. The lucide, the sensitive, speaks of a light in objects which the ordinary visual organ cannot grasp. What does Reichenbach tell us? “Flowers step out of the darkness and become visible; some parts will become brighter than others.” “The butterfly, the cat, glow too, and are visible, and give out a mist of light which moves within them.” Then as to man, he says—“At first you will appear to the sensitive like a rudely formed snow man, then like a warrior dressed in armour.” “The sensitive person will next see himself, his arms, &c., all in a glow.” The right hand, after a while, will appear blue, the left yellow. It is worthy of note that the opposing colours are the same as observed in the crystal, magnet (also luminous), and sunlight. Sunlight feels cold to the sensitive; why, from its extreme centrality, contraction is cold. The flame emanating from a magnet sparkles and makes northward bluish, southward orange coloured. Flames several yards long are emitted from magnets, and the tongue point will impinge upon the ceiling, making a halo two or three feet in diameter. The powerful horse-shoe magnet of Reichenbach, with its points turned upwards, produce two columns of light of the size of an ordinary man. The odic light will cast shadows. A current of air bends it to and fro, and an odic light from another body contracts and alters the flame.

Miss Leopaldine Reichel saw on the graves of the churchyard, at Gruenzing, near Vienna, fiery apparitions and flowers moving about. She actually stepped into a light cloud, and it rose as high as her neck. I shall conclude my extracts from Reichenbach by a few more notes on the coloured flames emanating from metals.

Copper gave red, surrounded by green; tin, lead, palladium, cobalt, gave blue; silver, gold, platinum, antimony, cadmium, white; iron, variegated with the colours of the rainbow; arsenic, iodine, sulphur, blue;* each proving that the light emitted owed its existence to the parent body.

Gottlieb Dämmerung has but recently obtained photographs of a halo surrounding the person photographed, which he designates as the nerve aura, a term I have used in my letter on spiritual phenomena; and in his *Odognotirche Briefe* and *Katechismus*† valuable information on the properties of odic light will be found. I can only but notice his writings. I have too great store of material to deal with to pause and extract *in extenso* from the works of this remarkable author. From the simplest cell to the mightiest sun, light emanates,—solar light, cosmic light, odic light, electric light. The aurora borealis speaks in unmistakeable language of the presence of an earth light, making good its function so soon as the sun is screened behind the globe itself. This aurora borealis, with its radiating, sparkling, violet-coloured brilliancy, is not a fixed sunlight set free. The emission theory of matter would fetter light itself. No, this is not true. No, it is the ether intro-supplying element of the earth, and which, independently of the sun, the earth draws into its body, that forms the aurora borealis, and this indrawing is heralded, as is always the case, by the exponent light. Electric light is an independent phenomenon. Who would venture to say that the piece of carbon or chalk in an incandescent state, at the points of the electric wire, were re-emitting sunlight, which, like the music in Baron Munchausen's fables, had been frozen up in the horn during the winter months? The piece of coal, the carbon point, why luminous when burnt? George Stephenson, as named, thought that the coal beds harboured the sunlight of ages, and gradually on exposure re-emitted the light. This is not so. The laws of transition to the central state of the ponderable visible, the material, and the laws of onward progress or resolution are the same. Mediation is the creative law; step by step the creative act builds up matter, and step by step resolves its work, mediating the onward progress by the successive change of condition. Now the entrance and exit into and from the material is marked by the presence of the physical dynamic forces, of which light and gravitation are to us most expanded and omnipresent. The piece of carbonized wood resolves itself into its primary state, becomes gaseous, heated emits light, and passing onward vanishes, we know not whither. We cannot, with rule and plummet, measure and sound its path,

* Odic, Magnetic Letters by Reichenbach. John S. Hittell.

† Katechismus des Lebens Magnetismus. Gottlieb Dämmerung.

but we can reason; and my reason tells me that the transition has passed the limits of the material, that the matter has passed into an ether state more primary than heat or light.

THE SCIENCE OF MAN.

[CONTINUED.]

BY CHARLES BRAY,

Author of "The Philosophy of Necessity," "Force and its Mental Correlates,"
"Education of the Feelings," &c., &c.

BEFORE a child is born its system can be modified only through the parent; but when it is born it is fed upon the natural force around. It was supposed that locomotive and bodily power depended upon life, and mental power upon the soul; but life is dependent upon physical forces, and mental action upon life. Sun-power having divorced oxygen from the carbon in the food, the power used to effect this separation is restored when the union between oxygen and carbon again takes place in the human organisation; and this is the real source of all bodily and mental power. The human body and the steam engine equally require to be stoked at regular intervals, and just in the same way; and we are told that "of the total heat given out by the combustion of the food, a man can make a fifth available in the form of actual work, while it has never been possible to construct a steam-engine that could utilize more than a ninth of the energy of the fuel burnt under the boiler. But in addition to this external work the body has constantly to perform a vast amount of work in order to sustain the life. There is the blood to be kept circulating and urged through the lungs and capillaries; the chest and diaphragm have to be raised for the purpose of breathing; digestion has to be carried on, and the body kept erect—all these consuming energy. It has been determined that the heart, contracting at the rate of 75 pulsations to the minute during the twenty-four hours, performs an amount of work equivalent to raising a hundred-weight to the height of 4463 feet. The work of breathing has been estimated by Fick to be about equal to raising the same weight to the height of 703 feet. The other sources of internal work have not yet been estimated,"* and thinking power, the most important work of all, has not yet, by physiologists, been included among them.

The fact is, physiologists are only able at present to form the rudest approximation to a true estimate of the amount of the power entering the body through the food, or as to what be-

* Animal Force and Animal Food, by J. Broughton. *The Intellectual Observer*, July, 1866, p. 455.

comes of it; and our ideas even on "heat-givers" and "flesh-formers" are far from definite or fixed. The amount of common physical force, such as drives a steam-engine, derived from the consumption of the food in the full grown body of a man, is estimated as that which would raise 14,000,000 lbs. a foot high. This is changed in its character according to the structure of the body through which it passes. The experiments of Dulong and Depretz are said to have shown "that the same amount of heat is given out from the body of a living animal as its food would produce when submitted to combustion in oxygen." But whatever truth this may contain, it is certain that this is not the way in which the force, resulting from the food, is given out from the body. Animal heat is only one of the products, and probably is the least expensive. We have, besides mechanical force, chemical, electrical, odylie, vital and nervous force. Each force rises in intensity in proportion to its importance in the animal economy, and complexity of structure rises with it. Chemical force is more concentrated than physical, and vital than chemical, and nervous than vital; and thinking and feeling are found to depend upon nervous force, and are proportioned to the complexity and size of the structure with which they are connected. Nervous or mental force, thus packed in the brain and nervous system, is like air compressed into an air gun, and sometimes, in certain disorders of the system, escapes with the same destructive energy. The one, however, is mechanically compressed, while the concentration of the other is the result of correlation, through complicated structure or tissue. The highest force, that is, mental or nervous, thus contains all the others, and is dependent upon them: and they are dependent upon the perfection of the organisation ascending through specialisation and increasing complexity.* Thus, Dr H. Maudsley says, "Mind is the highest development of force, and to its existence all the

* "That no idea or feeling arises, save as a result of some physical force expended in producing it," Herbert Spencer truly says, "is fast becoming a common-place of science." Of course, it may be said that these are merely the conditions under which the "soul"—a peculiar entity invented for theological purposes—acts, and we cannot deny it as we know nothing about it; all we can say is, that if such an entity exists, its only attribute is sensibility, and its power and mode of action *entirely* depend upon nervous tissue. Its function instantly ceases with the slightest pressure on the brain, or when the brain is not supplied with blood. Its existence altogether is an entirely gratuitous assumption, and if we grant it we have still only to do with the bodily conditions. "Vitality," says Dr W. F. Channing, "is dependent on physical conditions, and performs its functions by the agency of physical force. A distinction thus exists between the principle itself and the agents by which its results in the living structure are accomplished. This distinction is an essential one, and constitutes the basis of any system which proposes to act directly on the vital forces. The agents employed by animal organisation are principles found *universally in nature*; and in

lower natural forces are indispensably pre-requisite."* The great desideratum is the proportional distribution of these forces throughout the body; if one predominates it is necessarily at the expense of the others. Thus we have mental power at the expense of the vital, and vital and mechanical or locomotive power at the expense of the nervous and mental. Genius too often absorbs a large portion of the vital power, and is consequently at the expense of health. Genius, to be safe, should be attended with a large brain, and with a proportionably large body. Most of the secrets of our nature—the power of enduring fatigue, longevity, the *vis medicatrix*, genius, &c., will, we think, be found to depend upon the mode and proportion in which the food-force distributes itself; and this depends, of course, upon the speciality of structure. The action of the mind, then, or mental force, must be studied like any other force, by the comparison of function or power with development; its more or less powerful and perfect action depending upon the more or less perfect action, not merely of the nervous system, but of the whole machine or animal economy.

Phrenologists claim to have done this, and their claim must be admitted, as it is based upon eighty years' close observation of facts. Theologians have given phrenology a bad name from its supposed tendency to materialism, and scientific men have refused to use Gall's method of comparing mental function with development of brain and nerve—they refuse to look through his telescope, and then complain that they cannot see the facts upon which the system is founded; for we have never yet met an opponent to phrenology who could map out a skull according to Gall, much more according to the latest discoveries. Men of science are still looking only to anatomy to confirm Gall's discoveries, and because they fail to find living function in dead matter, the physiology of the brain is still a *terra incognita* to them. Dr W. B. Richardson, however, who is not a phrenologist, in a lecture to the Leamington Philosophical Society in January last, professes to be able to point out a decidedly marked anatomical difference between different organs in the brain. He said that recently in a dry human brain that he dissected he discovered membranes lining the convolutions that were really separable, and convolutions in which there were

addition to these, a force which is peculiar to living structures, the special agent of vitality;" and may we not add that in addition to the vital force we have an agent peculiar to nervous tissue, mental and nervous force; and both, as we shall see, are capable of action out of the special organism in which they have been generated, or in which their correlation has taken place—from the physical forces surrounding us, "found universally in nature."

* The Physiology and Pathology of the Mind, p. 60.

distinct centres; and that if these proved to be distinct organs it would be a remarkable study. The brain was being photographed. But there can be no doubt that the different organs will be sufficiently marked to all who will follow the phrenological method. Excess or deficiency of organ, attended by excess or deficiency of mental power, will turn up every day if they are looked for; and every one may establish for himself, with a little care and study, what phrenologists profess to have established. My own attention was first called to the case of a boy whose only accomplishments were blating like a calf and calculating mentally the butcher's bills. For instance, he would tell instantly how much $19\frac{3}{4}$ lbs of mutton at $9\frac{1}{2}$ d came to, and the like; and he also told immediately how many pounds there were in a million farthings. This boy was almost idiotic in all but the one direction, and he had a large organ of number.* My attention was next called to a young man in a ribbon manufacturer's warehouse, who looked out the orders, but who really could not distinguish pink from blue. This deficiency he himself was not aware of, but the decidedly small organ of colour first drew my attention to it. Sir David Brewster says that one person in eighteen cannot distinguish some colours from others, and that one in about eighty is colour-blind, and the absence of the organ in these cases is very distinguishable. So is it also easy to distinguish the more or less development of the social, self-protecting, self-regarding, moral, æsthetic, and religious regions of the head, and the individual organs of which they are composed; so that there is no excuse for the nonsense we frequently hear on this subject from men well informed in their own special departments. A competent observer can tell more of a man's character, by one glance at his head, than can be obtained by

* Such cases are familiar enough to phrenologists and to those who look for them; but recent extraneous testimony may be better received. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, July 13, 1868, alluding to Professor Morgan's communication on the incapacity of certain persons to comprehend questions involving numbers, says,—“I knew a man who was recognized as an idiot by all who knew him. It is true that he had capacity enough to herd a few cattle, but his gifts for any practical purpose went no further. When any member of the family to which he belonged was removed from home he never could understand the matter, but went moping about seeking for them and inquiring for them. The only rational speech, or what coming from him was repeated as being considered as an approach to rationality, was this: A new parish church was built, and he was strongly of opinion that it should not be taken into use till the old church was worn out: the old church being still standing it ought to be used to save the new one. Yet this acknowledged idiot had the gift of numbers, so as to give an answer to a question in the rule of three with a rapidity and a precision altogether marvellous.” In testimony, also, of other special faculties, he says,—“In spite of the harmony of their verse, I believe that neither Sir Walter Scott nor Lord Byron could ever clearly distinguish between the music of ‘God Save the King’ and ‘Rule Britannia.’”

twenty years of ordinary observation and experience. Neither is it true that phrenology has been standing still of late years: Mr H. G. Atkinson and others have made many important discoveries touching the physiology of the brain and nervous system. Neither is it true that attention has been confined to the brain only. The Americans first note every condition of body, and their phrenological chart is now marked with about 100 sub-divisions, not undoing what had been previously established, but carrying forward in the same way as our knowledge of the atmosphere was increased, not altered, by its division into nitrogen and oxygen gases. If we have 99 cases in which organ and function come together, an apparent exception to the rule, in the absence of the organ, or rather of the particular form that it took in the 99 cases, would not disprove the 99 cases, but would show that the brain, like the body, was liable to malformation. A hump-backed man does not disprove all that is known of the functions of the spine.* Phrenologists then claim, by close and

* There seems to exist a curious difference of opinion among the members of the London Anthropological Society on this subject—of the physiology of the brain. The president, Dr Hunt, appears to have arrived at the conviction that “the doctrine of the absolute intellectual inequality of the different races of man is demonstrated by well ascertained facts,” and that “these races have different instincts,” while the doctrine of the phrenologists is that these differences are not absolute, but differ only in degree: that all men have the same faculties and feelings—as proved by the “Newtons” of the inferior races—although in the generality of such cases they are at present in a mere rudimentary condition. Dr Hunt gives it as his opinion that “at this minute the so-called sciences of psychology and phrenology stand before the world as hopeless failures,” and yet he says—“I willingly give place to the encomium passed on it (phrenology) by so impartial a writer as Mr Lewes, who declared, ‘that doctrine (the psychology of phrenology) may now be said to be the only psychological one which counts any considerable mass of adherents.’” “The phrenologists,” Dr Hunt tells us, “venerated Gall and Spurzheim too much even to make the slightest advance with researches into the function of the nervous system,” and that in consequence of a division of opinion as to whether “the brain is the organ of mind” or “mind a function of brain,” the “happy despatch” was performed, and “there was an end in this country to the ‘inductive science’ of phrenology.” The Doctor tells us that he cannot but express the satisfaction he feels “at the ignoble finale his (George Combe’s) teaching received.” Now George Combe’s 5th edition of his “System of Phrenology” contains all the discoveries in the physiology of the brain and nervous system made by Gall and Spurzheim, in addition to others made by himself and other phrenologists; and at the present time there is a larger circulation of Geo. Combe’s works throughout the world than of all other anthropologists, biologists, and psychologists put together. What, then, is the “ignoble finale” to which the Doctor alludes? Dr Hunt also tells us that “the same blind enthusiast (George Combe) told his American hearers that in France and Britain phrenology ‘already directs lunatic asylums, it presides over education, it mitigates the severity of the criminal law, it assuages religious animosities, it guides the historian, it is the beacon-light to the physiologist.’” Now, what is this “scientific anthropology,” in the light of which phrenologists must consider themselves defunct? Dr Hunt tells us—“The attention of

long continued observation of facts, to have discovered the functions of the brain; and they are able to show how, by the action of simple force without us, on force transformed by the brain from the same physical force within us, the phenomenal world is created. The form, size, weight, colour, arrangement, &c.,—

the society (Anthropological) has, during the last four years (the whole term of its existence), been mostly directed to the physical characteristics of man." . . . And he says—"I am not even aware that a single fact of cerebral physiology has been brought under our consideration for investigation." "Let us rejoice," says the Doctor, "that our science—the science of human nature—is just appearing to shed its light, and thus put an end to the age of darkness." How far we have cause for rejoicing with Dr Hunt is matter of opinion, but certainly the promised light "just appearing," at its present rate of travelling, must be sometime before it lightens its own darkness much more than of "the age." Allow me to assure Dr Hunt that the differences between phrenologists, of which he would make so much, are purely metaphysical, and have little relation to the "conditions" under which the brain and nervous system act, or to its functions, concerning which they are agreed; and that whether the mind is an "entity" or "one of the phenomena of life" is not "the whole question under discussion," but the question is, the formation of the brain and the 80 years' observed facts upon which phrenology or cerebral physiology is founded. But if the light is only "just appearing" on this subject among anthropologists, the British Association must be in utter darkness, as Dr Hunt tells us that "at a late meeting a paper was read to prove that the brain was contained within the skull." Doubtless having heard that *some* men had brains, the members were *anxious* to know whether they were in the head, or the reverse. We believe that the author of the paper was in favour of brains in the skull, but on discussion it was agreed that this was by no means without exception, as there were many members of the Association without; the little they may possibly have originally possessed being dried up by the narrowing nature of their occupation as mere physicists. As to the function of the brain, probably the Association at present sees no reason to disagree with the barber, who maintained that the use of the brain was "to percolate through the skull and nourish the roots of the hair."

Dr C. Carter Blake, late secretary to the A. S., L., said—"He hoped the society would not be led too much into metaphysical inquiries, but would only accept the statements of those who had studied the brain as it was actually presented to them on dissection." Mr Dendy, in the discussion on a paper he had read "On the Anatomy of the Intellect," following in the same strain, said—"With respect to craniology, he differed on that point entirely from Drs Gall and Spurzheim, and he considered it to be a complete fallacy unworthy of the science of the present day." We presume "*nous avons changé tout cela*" since Gall and Spurzheim's time, or it is otherwise *difficult* to conceive that men of their known intellectual calibre should have been engaged in illustrating, by facts collected all over the world, "a fallacy unworthy of the science of the present day." It is not, however, *so difficult* to conceive that Mr Dendy knew *nothing* of what he was talking about, but had followed Dr Carter Blake's method only.

The British Association seems to have made a considerable advance in this direction since the state of opinion chronicled by Dr Hunt. Professor Tyndall, in his opening address in the Mathematical and Physical Sciences section, at Norwich, 1868, said—"I hardly imagine that any profound scientific thinker, who has reflected upon the subject, exists who would not admit the extreme probability of the hypothesis, that for every fact of conscious-

the solidity, extension, &c., considered to be the properties of matter without us, are merely the names we have given to our ideas and impressions. The objects of knowledge are ideas, not things; of things themselves we know nothing, but only as to the mode in which we are affected by them—that is, by the idea they create within us, and of which only we are conscious.

ness, whether in the domain of sense, of thought, or of emotion, a certain definite molecular condition is set up in the brain; that this relation of physics to consciousness is invariable, so that, given the state of the brain, the corresponding thought or feeling might be inferred; or given the thought or feeling, the corresponding state of the brain might be inferred. Granted, however," the professor continued, "that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously, we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass by a process of reasoning from the one phenomenon to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why. Were our minds and senses so expanded, strengthened, and illuminated as to enable us to see and feel the very molecules of the brain; were we capable of following all their motions, all their groupings, all their electric discharges, if such there be; and were we intimately acquainted with the corresponding states of thought and feeling, we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem, 'How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness?' The chasm between the two classes of phenomena would still remain intellectually impassable. . . . In affirming that the growth of the body is mechanical, and that thought, as exercised by us, has its correlative in the physics of the brain, I think the position of the 'materialist' is stated as far as that position is a tenable one. I think the materialist will be able, finally, to maintain this position against all attacks; but I do not think, as the human mind is at present constituted, that he can pass beyond it. I do not think he is entitled to say that his molecular groupings and his molecular motions explain everything. In reality, they explain nothing. The utmost he can affirm is the association of two classes of phenomena, of whose real bond of union he is in absolute ignorance. The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the pre-scientific ages."—Not quite; for although we only know cause and effect, in either matter or mind, as invariable sequence, yet we do know now "that no idea or feeling arises, save as a result of some physical force expended in producing it;" and that "mind is the highest development of force, and to its existence all the lower natural forces are indispensably pre-requisite." The soul in the pre-scientific ages was thought to be a peculiar entity—one and indivisible, and *therefore* immortal, which joined the body at some period of its growth, either before or after birth; and that the mind, that is, the aggregate of all our thoughts and feelings, was dependent upon it; but we now find that the mind is manufactured by the body out of the physical forces around us. Our organism transforms heat into vital force and vital into nervous, and nervous into mental; and mental force again is re-transformed into motion, or heat, or vital, or electrical, or odyllic forces. A person with a strong will has sometimes said, "I will not die," and sufficient will or mental power has been transformed into vital as to keep the digestive and other apparatus going, so that increased power has been introduced into the system from without, and he has kept his word for a time. We have gone far beyond "those of old time," for the bridge between physics and metaphysics has been found, and the sciences cannot properly be pursued separately. Metaphysics is the highest of all sciences, and it is based on Physics.

Realists, or those who maintain that we can know things in themselves, and not merely in relation to our sensibility, have never been able to controvert what David Hume so well and concisely put; he says—"We may observe that it is universally allowed by philosophers, and is besides pretty obvious in itself, that nothing is ever really present with the mind but its perceptions or impressions, and ideas, and that external objects become known to us only by the perceptions they occasion. Now, since nothing is ever present to the mind but perceptions, and since all ideas are derived from something antecedent to the mind, it follows that it is impossible for us so much as to conceive or form an idea of anything specifically different from ideas and impressions. Let us fix our ideas out of ourselves as much as possible; let us chase our imaginations to the heavens, or to the utmost limit of the universe; we never really advance a step beyond ourselves, nor can perceive any kind of existence but those perceptions which have appeared in that narrow compass." A single additional faculty, therefore, or small additional convolution of the brain, might create within us a whole new world of ideas, or entirely alter the character of the present. As the author of an excellent paper in the *Intellectual Observer*, called "Pleasant Ways in Science," says—"We find reason to believe that the system of wave motion, which affects us with the sensation of red light, might call up a quite different sensation in beings differently constituted. What we call the redness of a rose—that is to say, its power of reflecting waves that give us the sense of red light—though *seen* in action by us, might be heard by some other creatures, and smelt or tasted by others, having organs of sensation differently constructed from our own, or having brains translating the same kind of vibration into mental impressions of a different kind. There might be creatures who taste light, smell sound, and hear a concert when they frequent a garden of odour-giving flowers."* Yes, we might have brains translating the forces from without into mental impressions of an entirely different kind; as it is, no two persons' mental impressions are the same, but vary in clearness, in intensity, and in breadth, according to the size, and quality or temperament, of the organ or part of the brain with which they are connected. Transmuted forces thus passing through one portion of the brain and acted upon by forces from without, created the world as it appears in our consciousness; passing through other larger portions of the brain—the organs of the propensities and sentiments—they create the world of our likes and antipathies, called the moral world. This world of ideas and feelings, about which we make such an undignified fuss, is

* *The Intellectual Observer*, April, 1868.

purely phenomenal, and passes away with each turn of the great kaleidoscope—with each evolution and correlation of force. Our joys and sorrows, our hopes and fears, our sins and sorrows, our good and evil, are purely subjective, affecting only ourselves; of the One Great Reality, or Entity, or Spirit, or Power, or Force, that underlies *all* phenomena, we can know nothing; our own Will-power alone constituting a distant analogy. We know, however, that

“For love, and beauty, and delight,
There is no death nor change.”—*Shelley*.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

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

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

KING ARTHUR.

THE PROPHECY OF A WESTERN MESSIAH.

THE earlier faiths of mankind were national rather than humanitarian—that is, they were avowedly revelations either for a particular time, or to a special people. Thus Moses legislated for the Jews, and Menu for the Hindoos, as Lycurgus for the Spartans. Buddhism, Christianity, and the faith Islam, however, make larger demands on our receptivity, and profess to be revelations of central and eternal truths, the everlasting foundation of all subsequent superstructures. This probably indicates that the theological idea had undergone considerable growth with the lapse of time, having advanced from the conception of many national and local gods to that of one universal and omnipresent Father of all men. Nevertheless, even these grander faiths, while claiming a limitless area, do not, at the same time, affirm their own perpetual duration. Each ends with a prophecy of its successor. Sakya-muni foretold the future, or, rather, asserted the recurrent incarnation of Buddha; Christ spoke of his second advent; and Mohammed announced that the sun would rise in the West.

Finality is the error of little minds, vainly attempting to admeasure the possibilities of the universe by their own diminutive proportions. It is the arch-heresy of all vulgar believers that their own creed is the only truth, and that the divine veracities, having once taken this form, will never assume another. A thoroughly commonplace mind cannot understand that a principle is susceptible of indefinite expansion, any special manifestation being but one of its many diversified possibilities of

application. The orthodox of all ages have unanimously ignored the all-pervading and practically irresistible element of growth. "To the law and testimony" is the favourite war-cry of conservative theologians, who have ever preferred a musty document from the past to an inspired utterance for the present. It is this love of limitation, this reverence for the accepted, this worship of the established, which underlies the time-honoured custom of stoning a living prophet while building the sepulchre of his predecessor. New truths are always inconvenient advents; they unsettle the existing order of things, and ultimately compel a rearrangement of the elements of thought and action. No wonder, therefore, that the authorities have ever made war on the veracities, and, to the extent of their ability, persecuted those who promulgated them.

It is a world-old story this of the heresy of to-day expiring at the stake, and yet undergoing a glorious resurrection as the orthodoxy of to-morrow. Once it was uttered in shrieks of agony, and written in lines of fire. It is now whispered in gentler words and inscribed in softer characters; but the spirit which used the rack and applied the torch, is still as rampant as when heathen Rome cast her Christian citizens to the lions, and Papal Rome condemned her Protestant recusants to the stake.

But to men of larger mould such attempted limitations are simply ridiculous. They know that the cycle implies the epicycle, that the past is the mystic mirror of the future, and that what has been will be again; not as a *dead* repetition, but a living reproduction; not as the disgusting reanimation of a corpse, but the glorious resurrection of a spirit. To such, "God manifest in the flesh" is not merely a fact, but a principle; not an exceptional miracle, but a recurrent phenomenon, that apparently takes place in accordance with the law of periodicity, of which our admitted ignorance does not prove the non-existence. Without denying the past, they do not limit the future; without condemning the Jew, they do not disown the Gentile; without despising Asia, they know how to respect Europe. To minds of such an order, prophecy is not the especial gift of any one people, but the possible inheritance of all. Neither do they limit Messiahship as a sublime vocation, as a veritably divine vice-royalty, to any one solely-favoured individual, but rather regard it as the grand possibility of epochal men, without distinction of nation or person. They cannot see why the Britons should not speak of the return of their good King Arthur, as well as the Hindoos of the successive incarnations of Vishnu, or the Christians of the second advent of Christ. Let us then glance at this momentous subject, not from the contracted Israelitish, but the truly humani-

tarian point of view regarding it, not as the speciality of a nation, but the grand prerogative of collective man to produce, on due occasion, an epochal mastermind adequate to all the exigencies of a period of mundane re-edification.

A new religion is the greatest birth of time. Its appearance marks an historical period. Its duration constitutes an era. Its fall is the greatest of all possible revolutions. And yet religions are simply moral phenomena—the inevitable product of successive phases of civilisation. No mistake can be greater than to regard them, as in the vulgar sense of the term, miraculous. Their generational sequence is often, even with our present very imperfect historical data, quite obvious. Thus, for example, Judaism was the product of patriarchal theology, combined with the wisdom, that is, science and learning of Egypt. While Christianity was, in a similar manner, the result of Judaic theology mingled with Greek philosophy; the faith of Islam being a reaction from the trinitarianism of the cross, with its Mariolatry and invocation of saints, into the strict Monotheism of the Semites of Western Asia. In other words, a new religion is the product of a spiritual marriage between the moral elements of an old creed and the intellectual resources of a new culture; the sterile sublimity of the first being vitalized by the youthful expansiveness of the last, the union thus eventuating in a progeny superior to either. And is it to be supposed that this grand process of theological development has now ceased? Are the moral forces of the world hopelessly paralysed? Are the higher necessities of man to be no longer provided for? Is religion alone, of all the manifold departments of thought and action, to be condemned to a barren repetition of the now fossilised ideas of a bygone and an admittedly semi-barbarous age? Are the spiritual yearnings of humanity to receive no further response to the end of time? Has the seer ceased to exist? Is the bead-roll of prophetic souls complete? Will God never again speak in living words to living men? Are the sacred oracles condemned to perpetual silence? Must the future remain for ever the slave of the past? To be plain and honest, Is it indeed a credible thing that all revealable truth has been placed between the calf covers of a gilt edged Bible?

Let us not fear to speak the truth on this matter. The whole Christian world, but more especially the Protestant portion of it, has long since sunk into Fetishism; their idol being not a stone, a tree, or a mountain, but a book. This must cease; a stereotyped creed cannot comport with a progressive civilisation. The theological idea cannot remain stationary while all other ideas are undergoing rapid and vigorous expansion. A stagnant faith is already a superstition.

Religion, to be vital, must harmonise with the general cultus of the people who profess it.

Modern civilisation is altogether distinct in character from that which prevailed at the promulgation of Christianity. The stupendous development of science, and the ever-increasing diffusion of knowledge are elements that must be recognised, and, in a sense, reflected in the faith of the future. A creed that makes war successively on the facts of astronomy, geology, and anthropology stands self-condemned as inadequate to the requirements, and out of harmony with the spirit, of the time. A *living* faith has not only the finest architecture in its temples, the sweetest music in its chants, the sublimest poetry in its anthems, and the noblest eloquence in its sermons, but it also numbers the bard among its prophets, and counts the philosopher and the man of science amidst its priests. It sanctifies and appropriates not merely the moral excellence, but also the intellectual power of its converts. The master-minds of time minister at its altar, and genius is the Shekinah whose celestial light is ever burning in the innermost recesses of its holy of holies.

Christianity made a remote approach to this during those middle ages which the Church of Rome terms "of faith," but which we designate "the dark." Then the Gothic Cathedral, with the organ tones of the Gregorian chant pealing in mystic grandeur, yet in mellowed sweetness along the sombre vistas of its columned aisles, and with the richly toned light of its painted windows falling upon the bannered splendour of gorgeous processions, presented the most æsthetic aspect to which worship has attained under the dominion of the cross. While, at the same time, its priesthood were not only the ministrant clergy, but also the accomplished clericy of the land, being at once the lawyers, physicians, professors, and men of letters, to whom society looked up, not only with respect for their sacred vocation, but also with heartfelt admiration at their unequalled attainments and unrivalled talents. To speak of any existing priesthood, even that of the old Church at present, as occupying such a position would be simply absurd. Science, literature, and art, that were once almost wholly within, are now almost as unexceptionally without the church; whose ministers are neither the leaders of thought nor the pioneers of action, but simply a body of respectably educated scholars, whose liberality is scarcely adequate to the reception, much less the inception of new ideas and progressive movements.

And thus, then, we are brought to the grave enquiry, Will modern, like ancient civilisation, ultimately prove adequate to the evolution of a religion in accordance with its requirements? and if so, when will this great time-birth occur, and what will be its character? To the first of these queries we have not the

least hesitation in giving an affirmative response. Modern civilisation, which has produced so much else, will also produce a faith in harmony with its spirit and sufficient for its necessities. The laws of spiritual growth imply this. A religion is the very blossom, or shall we not rather say the ripened fruit of an era, the grand result in which it eventuates, and the great bequest which it leaves to posterity. In this its highest thoughts are embodied, and its noblest aspirations are realised. Here alone, if anywhere, do its grander promises attain to their appropriate fulfilment. By this at last it is duly crowned and glorified, departing in the opaline hues and sunset splendour, which speak of a yet sublimer to-morrow.

Of this great crisis, this epochal movement then we have no doubt. But what will be its character? It can no longer be local and special. The geographical isolation of nations has ceased. The creed of the future must be more nearly humanitarian than any of its predecessors, whether as regards the extent of its area or the breadth of its principles. It must supersede and absorb all the existing faiths of civilised mankind, not so much by denying their errors as affirming their veracities. It will probably be inaugurated in Europe, and, we may add, in the north-western portion of this, the present seat and centre of the moral and intellectual life of the world. Even the elements of which it will be composed are already in existence. As Christianity was due, speaking on the historical plane, to the spiritual marriage of Semitic theology with Hellenic philosophy, so the faith of the future will be produced by the union of Christian theology with the literature and science of modern Europe.

And who will prove the adequate instrument for so great a work, and emerge upon the plane of time not simply as the tecton of a local, but the true architecton of a universal faith. Where shall we look for a mind equal to the demands of so vast a crisis, the grandest whereof history bears record. The orthodox Christian simply expects the bodily descent of him who ascended—the literal return of him who departed. Not so, however, the Brahmin and Buddhist. These both look for another incarnation as the process by which we are to obtain the prophet, priest, and king of humanity's sublime futurity; and the doings of Providence in the past are sufficient to indicate that they are, in all probability, right. God has never yet used any one man twice over, having always employed a new messenger for a new time. All the master-minds to whom we owe either religions or empires, creeds or codes, were born of woman, and underwent the usual ordeal of infancy, childhood, youth, and maturity, as a necessary part of the providential preparation for their exalted mission. In this connection, the literal interpreters of

prophecy should not forget that Elijah, as the forerunner, came again in John the Baptist, and in so doing, was held to have satisfactorily fulfilled the predictions of the sacred oracles.

And so perchance the popular myth of good King Arthur is not without its underlying element of symbolical truth. A Cornish Prince, raised to the Pen-dragonhood, and ruling England in wisdom and justice, yet, to appearance, and in accordance with prophetic annunciation, mortally wounded, and then mysteriously borne by superhuman agency to the beautiful and traditionally paradisaical isle of Avalon (Glastonbury) where, profoundly entranced, he still awaits his predestined resurrection, and whence, at the appointed time, he will yet return as the royal champion of an injured race, the divinely commissioned restorer of a ruined realm! What is all this but the popular prophecy of a Western Messiah, embodied in the form of a Celtic legend, which, strangely enough, has furnished subject matter for the romantic poetry of nearly all Southern Europe. What is this slumbering prince and his enchanted merlin, but a British version of the second advent, none the less true for being clothed in fairy guise, and repeated from generation to generation as a nursery rhyme, the wonder and admiration of listening groups of little Britons for more than a thousand years.

SPIRITUALISTS, ORGANISE!

THE winter is close at hand, and the season of intellectual action, public meetings, and book reading, has again come round. The seed-time of social movements immediately follows nature's fruitful harvest. Now is the time to plant seeds of thought, improvement, and moral purpose, amongst the people. The educational value of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism are too important to be longer withheld from the public mind. No matter though the "facts" should be questioned, and the "philosophy" should be sneered at, the greater is the need for them to be exhibited persistently in all their variety of forms and hues. If all were agreed as to their nature and purpose, then the day of their usefulness would be passed, and the era of Spiritualism, as a popular movement, would be gone. This latter phase it has not yet assumed, except in the most desultory manner. This we much regret. Thousands of earnest and devoted minds are scattered up and down these islands, who eagerly labour in these respective spheres for the promulgation of free investigation and an unprejudiced acceptance of Nature's truths. To institute an educational movement in the spiritual nature of man is the prime object of the existence of this period.

dical. To effect this grand purpose we feel that there must be more association amongst those who sympathise with such an object. An universal desire, more or less defined, exists amongst spiritualists for association, but the difficulty is how to bring it about, upon what basis, by what means, and for what specific objects can associative action be instituted. Even the societies already in existence are disconnected in their elements, tottering, and almost useless for practical good. While Spiritualism is in that stage which depends on the action of the unseen intelligences, it generally prospers with unprecedented rapidity; but when its onward progress depends on external agencies entirely, then a disheartening falling off is too often apparent. This is because the motive which actuates the spirits is almost completely wanting in the minds of the great body of their presumed followers on earth. If every spiritualist was permeated with the desire to attain as much truth and good in his own nature as possible, and distribute the same to others, according to their individual capacities and needs, then the work would prosper with all desirable alacrity. But some narrowing crotchet or sectarian hobby is too often the occupant of the would-be reformer's brain, and instead of his being a "shining light" he is often a blinding nuisance.

The great source of knowledge on the subject of Spiritualism is the spirit world; and where liberality of sentiment, intelligence, and mediumistic development obtain, the movement may be adequately promoted by direct communion with the spheres. A minor source of knowledge is the printing press, by which the revelations obtained direct from spirit-life are recorded, multiplied, and made available for wide circulation. This is often an indispensable accessory and forerunner of the direct form of spiritual teaching. Circles and mediums are not at all times so constituted that the most profitable form of teaching can be obtained through them. Some of the most elevated and valuable communications that have been received from these sources have been printed, and are accessible to all, and may be used to expand the minds of the circles and prepare the way for profitable communion. Why not take advantage of these? We beg leave to suggest a plan which might be made the basis of all that can be desired in the way of organisation. The Progressive Library, London, and its attendant machinery, is perhaps the most widely extended spiritualistic organisation in Europe, or in the world. It serves the cause in an infinite number of ways, more or less in every country where the English language is spoken, and even in places where it is not spoken. All this activity has, in a few short years, arisen from the presentment of the free-thought principle in knowledge. Why not have a similar institution—a Progressive Library—in every township or district where there are one or more live spiritualists to set it

on foot? If intelligently managed it will maintain itself. Many such are privately at work already, but the principle of association is not sufficiently attended to. One man in a town lends out books and papers, while his efforts and acts are ignored or cynically criticised by those who ought to be his coadjutors. Let this state of things exist no longer, but let the era of Associative Progressive Libraries begin. We couple an offer with our suggestion. If any two or more individuals in any place devote ten or more volumes for the purpose of forming a "Progressive Library" for the good of the cause of anthropological education, then we shall, on application, at once present such library with the first volume of *Human Nature*, handsomely and strongly bound. Such libraries may be formed at once by procuring the books which may be required to make up the number. There is a selection of excellent books now selling at one-third or one-fourth of the published price, so that a goodly number of volumes could be obtained for 25s or 30s, such as—"Reichenbach's Researches," "Scepticism and Spiritualism," "Barkas's Outlines," "The Friend of Progress," "The Herald of Health," bound, "Teste's Mesmerism," "Supramundane Facts," "Cooper's Experience," "The Facts and Phases of Spiritualism," and many others. A small nucleus, with a volume added per month, would keep up the interest and promote much knowledge in those fitted to profit thereby in the district. We hope we shall be at once assailed with a large number of applications and claims for the first volume of *Human Nature*, which we will send to all who forward us the list of books forming their library, and the conditions under which they are accessible to the public. We hope to return to the question of organisation at a future time.

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 XXXIX.

I WAS busy with a little sewing, and, for a Saturday evening, the house was unusually still, most of the lodgers being out. I had only two or three calls at the office, and was closing the door after the last applicant, when I saw Mrs Harding's visitor pass by. Of course I could not but feel deeply interested to know the result of the meeting

that must take place. And I thought—I am very glad I did not speak to her, for now she will see all with an unprejudiced eye, and her opinion will be more just than it would have been otherwise.

In a few minutes I heard “little feet pattering” along the passage, and a “happy voice chattering,” and the next moment Eleanore and Phil entered the office. There was a whole quarto volume in her face; but she said nothing till she had put Phil to bed, and heard a summing up of the day’s pleasures, which often was his fashion of prayer, and kissed his eyes for sleep, after which they were, nominally, to remain closed. Then she drew a chair close to me, and asked, in a low voice, if I knew anything of Mrs Harding?

“I know what you know,” I replied, evasively.

“Do you know of her having any friend here who ought to enter her room without the ceremony of knocking?”

“No.”

“I am afraid there is something very wrong, dear Anna. I want to tell you, and we must consider what may be done for her. Lay that work down now a moment, and hear me.”

And then she related what was already known to me, only confirming my worst fears by her observations on the manner and appearance of the party. “She is as transparent as cobweb, and that man must have the heart of a base hound, to hover around such a child—a mere child—to ruin her peace.”

“Did she introduce him to you?”

“Yes, as a fellow-passenger in the steamer—Mr Gray. I thought it was her husband, when his step came along the hall, such an unconcealable joy flashed into her face and braced up her little figure as she heard it. Poor thing! What are we to do about it, Anna?”

“What can we do but let it go? It is a matter one cannot easily meddle with, and they are going so soon, that I do not see how anything can be done. Beside, there will, perhaps, be no need. When she is separated from him, if she has ever loved her husband, she will recover from this temporary infatuation, and all may yet be well with them.”

“I fear not,” was her reply. “His visits are evidently clandestine, from what you have seen before this; and his persistency in coming, and her extreme and almost undisguised pleasure, even in my presence, at seeing him, argue the worst.”

We were silent for some minutes, and then Eleanore said:—“Could not you speak to the brother, and in some casual way mention these visits to his sister, and be guided by his treatment of that fact about proceeding further?”

"Why not you," I asked, "who have met and been introduced to him?"

"I could, but for an unwillingness to manifest an interest that might be misunderstood."

"Oh, throw that to the winds!" I said. "It is a trifle, at most, and not to be thought of."

But at that moment there was a rap on the office door, and at the words, "Come in," Mr John Harding entered, saying to his brother, who passed along at the same time, "I will be up in a minute, William."

Eleanore stepped quickly forward, and with instant presence of mind, said, in tones of warning and command: "Go now, sir, right after him. Don't stop a moment," she added, seeing him about to speak.

The astonished man turned and went several steps down the passage, we listening, filled with apprehension at the meeting above, where already we heard the husband's quick foot near the door of his room. Then John, unable to comprehend why he should go thus, turned back to ask what it meant. The next moment we heard a scream—then the sound of men's voices, in a few hasty, broken words—a scuffle—fearful groan, and a heavy fall. It was all in the space of a minute, I think, but John was already there when the fall shook the floor. We knew not what to do, but stood frozen with horror, fearing that the worst had happened to one or other party, and unwilling to approach the dreadful scene.

The first words we heard were, "Scoundrel, you have murdered my brother!" and then Mrs Harding fell into hysterics, shrieking at every breath, and everybody in the house rushed to the spot. There were outcries, and the word "Murder!" shouted from the window above brought a crowd. Before, however, a foot crossed the threshold, Eleanore stepped decisively back, drew me after her, and closed and locked the office-door. They were already on the stairs and in the passage. There was rude rapping on our door, but the noise above indicating the tragic locality, they hurried past.

I was filled with terror and pain of heart.

"Do not stir," whispered Eleanore, with bloodless face; "it is past the time for Mr Peters to come; he may be here any minute, and he must be soon. Then there will be no need for us to be seen at all. Good God! if only I had remained long enough to prevent this! How terrible, that instantaneous thrust into the dark future, with such fire burning in the soul as he has gone with!"

"Those cries are dreadful," I said, "and there is no woman near the poor creature—only a crowd of fierce, wondering men."

We heard slow steps over all the light shuffling, as if some heavy weight were being borne away; and presently men came down stairs, and knocked again at our door. This time Eleanore rose and opened it. There were strangers there.

"There has been a dreadful murder in your house, ma'am," said the foremost man.

"I have heard some sound of it," she replied, "but the proprietor of the house is not here, and we feel unwilling to witness the horror we cannot lessen by our presence. Is the man dead?"

"Dead, ma'am; stabbed to the heart, and never breathed after I got up there. There is a woman who needs some attention."

"And the murderer?"

"Oh, we have him safe, till they can find an officer. He is one of our old birds; been gone three or four months, and I didn't know he was back till I saw him there to-night with the dagger in his hand."

So this was the whole story. It was scarcely finished when a party of men entered with the police, and Gray was immediately removed to prison. The crowd mostly followed him, nearly vacating our house, and then Eleanore and I went up stairs to see Mrs Harding. We met John in the passage, where he was walking fiercely up and down before his room, in which half a dozen persons were disposing the body upon his bed. He did not look like the same man we had known. His eyes shot an angry lightning from under their heavy brows; his face was colourless and haggard, and the lines of it had settled into a grim fixedness, which gave him a most relentless, implacable look. Mrs Harding was evidently alone. Her door stood open, and subdued cries and groans came from within. We both hesitated as we approached Mr Harding, who, turning and coming up face to face with us, said rudely, and even accusingly, pointing to his room, "There's a fine piece of work for a woman; d—n her!"

I was struck dumb by his fierce looks and tones of reproach. They seemed to be levelled at us, as well as the guilty one. But Eleanore, after a moment, said, "It is, indeed, a fearful thing to have happened. Have you any idea of the cause?"

"Yes—infamy and shame in her," he answered, with a savage intensity, jerking his glaring eyes toward her door. "That's the cause. Did you know anything about his visits?" he asked, suddenly. "This is not the first time he's been here, I guess—is it?"

"I scarcely know Mrs Harding—"

"Don't call so curst a being by his name! She's a—"

"Sir," said Eleanore, "I excuse much in your demeanour that would be unpardonable under other circumstances; but do not forget that you

are speaking to ladies, and to persons who have no shadow of participation in the calamity that has befallen you. We came up, not to discuss it either, but to render some service if we could to yourself and that unfortunate creature yonder."

"Damn her—send her into the street, where she belongs!" he exclaimed.

And other men, who had gathered about, seeing his agony, said, "Yes, into the street!" And they moved towards her door.

"Not to-night," said Eleanore, firmly, placing herself before them. "She shall be taken care of and tended to-night."

"I say she ought to be thrown into the street," he repeated, "and if this was a decent house, she would be."

"Mr Harding," said Eleanore, and her clear firm voice rung like a bell over all the minor noises and the hurried muttering of the gathering crowd, which was now returning and filling the house—"I am a woman, and this unfortunate sister of yours is a woman also; and whatever her share may be in this crime, she shall not, in her present condition, experience any brutality in this house. There will time enough come for punishment and suffering when she is past this shock, and able to see clearly the fearful consequences of her acts. This is not a fit place for her; we cannot care for her here. She must go to our room to-night, and to-morrow you will, perhaps, think and feel more as becomes a man, and less as an avenger."

We entered the room, the crowd of men still lingering at the door. The wretched woman sat at the foot of the bed, cowering against it, apparently frozen with terror and fear. She lifted her glassy eyes to Eleanore's face as she approached her, and in a husky, sepulchral voice, implored her, for God's sake, not to let them touch her.

"It would have been happier for all if you had remembered that name earlier," said Eleanore, severely; "but I will do my best for you, for the sake of the mother who loved you, and the sisters you told me of. Will you try if you can stand on your feet and get to your room?"

She raised her kindly from the floor, and offered her an arm to lean upon; but the poor creature could only totter, with her help, to the nearest chair.

"I am afraid I can't go," she whispered; "but wait a minute—don't leave me—oh, don't leave me, if you have any mercy in your hearts!"

"We will not leave you," I said; for at that moment Mrs Bromfield was called for at the door, and turned away to speak. "We will not leave you; and when Mr Peters comes, if not before, you shall be assisted to our room."

"Thank you," she said, holding my hand in a cold, iron clasp. "You are very good."

"Mr Peters has gone out of town," said Eleanore, coming back from the crowd, "and his brother is here in his place. There is an army of men there, Anna, and it is increasing all the time. What, in the name of heaven, are we to do?"

"Get back to our room as quickly as possible," I said. "Will he not help us with her?"

"He is with them, and hasn't, you know, a spark of courage. Could you walk now, do you think?" she asked of Mrs Harding, "with me to help you so, and Miss Warren on the other side?"

"I will try, if you think—it will be best—will they let us go?" with a terrified glance toward the door.

"Yes; if you can walk, I will make our way good. Come—there is no time to be lost. Come between us, and hold yourself up as well as you can."

The faces of men were pressing eagerly into the door-way, but not a foot had crossed the threshold. As we approached it, holding her, each of us, by an arm about her waist, Eleanore said, looking directly into the nearest eyes, "Gentlemen, will you be kind enough to give us passage? This person is ill, and we wish to get her where she can be taken care of."

There was a little shuffling of feet, but no way opened. A large burly figure nearly filled the doorway, which seemed to have worked its way there while she was speaking. She now appealed directly to him, "Will you be kind enough, sir, to let us pass?"

"They say she ought to go to prison with him," he replied. "Is it there you are going with her? If it is, I'll help you, and welcome."

"Yes, to prison," muttered several voices near by; and the word, "prison," came up from the farther end of the passage.

At these sounds, the poor creature's strength seemed entirely to fail her; she hung more and more heavily upon us, and the next moment her head fell on my shoulder in a dead swoon.

"Savages! hounds!" said Eleanore, seizing the drooping form in her arms, which seemed suddenly endued with the strength of the strongest man; "is there no human heart among you that you can persecute in this way a small, helpless, friendless woman? Stand back and give me way with her, and let any man touch either of us at his peril! Come along, Miss Warren." And she moved off through the shamed, irresolute crowd, with her helpless burden—not a hand or a voice hindering.

As we went down the stairs and along the passage, astonished men gave way before us, and more than one, seeing that superhuman effort,

reached forth their hands to relieve her, but she answered with her blazing eyes, and they fell back in silence.

"Lock the door," she said, as we passed into the office; and she dropped the woman on her bed, and fell into the nearest chair, scarcely more alive herself than she was.

I offered her water and opened a window, fearing that she, too, would faint; but she put away my cares, and said, "See to her, Anna; I shall breathe directly; and yet, perhaps, it would be better she never should again—the poor little wretch! What ruin she has wrought!"

"This is all the worse for us," I said, "that Mr Peters is absent to-night. If he were only here, to speak to those people! There, they are already at the door again."

"I will go in a minute," she said. "I think there will be no violence offered after what they have seen, and if it looks threatening, I will send for a policeman. This is a position!" she added, with irrepressible irritability, after a moment, the knocking still continuing. "But it shall end here. I wouldn't be exposed to the chance of such a scene again for the house and all it holds. Get life into that poor thing, if you can, Anna, while I go to those fiends."

The noise was momentarily increasing, and it seemed a fearful thing to have to face a determined mob like that—in defence of a bad cause, too. But she opened the door, and held up her blanched face, and parted wide her unflinching eyes upon them, as if she had power to have crushed them all by the sweep of her arm.

Her very look held them silent for a moment.

"What do you want at this door?" she asked.

"We want to know that that woman don't go away," was the confused reply of half a dozen voices.

"Then watch," she said, defiantly, "and be still. This is the only door out of the room."

"But we want to know if she is here now," said a small, weasel-eyed man, stepping forward, as if he would enter.

"Don't put your foot over that door-sill, sir," she said, so sternly that he shrunk back. "The woman you ask for lies in a dead swoon in the next room, which is a private chamber belonging to myself and Miss Warren. If you wish any greater security than her helplessness and my word that she will stay safely there till morning, bring an officer—for no other man shall enter either of these rooms to-night."

"Here is a doctor," said a voice from several feet down the hall.

"He is not wanted," she replied.

"But she may be dying," said another, "let him come in."

"If she were, I think it would be no calamity to her; but she is not, and he shall not come here, but with an officer."

"Bring that one up that's down there at the door," was now demanded. "By ——, somebody shall go in and see it all right!" said the weasel-eyed man, plucking up courage, now that the lioness was looking elsewhere.

"But it will not be you, my little hero," she said, at which there was a laugh and the exclamations, "By thunder, but she's steel, isn't she?" and "I'd rather fight under her than General Scott, any day;" and then another voice cried out, "Shame! Let the lady alone. She'll be true to her word, I swear, or I never saw a pair of true eyes in my life."

These evidences of friendly feeling in the crowd were little more agreeable to Eleanore than their opposites had been; but she kept her post, lamp in hand, and held them at bay, till a man made his way to her with a badge on his breast, and touching his hat civilly, said, "Madam, I wish to see if you have a woman in here, who may be implicated in the murder that has been done up stairs."

Poor Mrs Harding—how she shuddered and held to me! for she had heard all these last words.

"Enter, sir," she said. "You will find her in the inner room."

He looked in at me, and then her, and was stepping back. The mob waiting in silence.

"Go in, if you please," said Eleanore, "and assure yourself that there is no door but this by which she can escape, and nobody there, beside herself, but Miss Warren and my child; and then, perhaps, these brave men may think it safe to leave us with a guard here, till morning."

He did this, and returned. "All right, gentlemen," he said. "She's there, and a lady with her, and she can't get out, except by this door. You had better go home now, and I'll take care of her here to-night."

"Then, with your leave, sir, I will close the door."

"Certainly, ma'am. That is quite right."

And so the hard faces were shut out.

"Good God," said Eleanore, "what a scene this is for quiet women to be forced into! and I fear it may not be over yet. They are demurring out there, I know. Are you better now?" she asked, approaching the bed.

"Yes, but you won't let them come here and take me away, will you?" clutching at her dress.

"You ought to feel pretty well assured by this time that I will not, if you have heard much that has passed. Make yourself easy on that score. You are safe for to-night."

"I am very grateful to you both," she murmured. "I do not

deserve such kindness, I know ; but, indeed, I had nothing to do with—that—that up stairs. Indeed I had not. Do, pray, believe me."

"I believe you," replied Eleanore, bluntly, and without a spark of tenderness. "I believe you, because it would be impossible for me to do otherwise, as well as because you say so. You neither struck the blow, nor knew that it was to be struck. You are innocent of that—but, in another sense, guilty of the whole. The law that men have made will not punish you ; but the law that God has written in your own bosom will exact a life-long penalty from you."

She groaned and wept piteously—ready, plentiful tears, that came to the surface too quickly to promise any very deep and vital root of sorrow. Yet I pitied her profoundly, and begged Eleanore not to be severe on her at such a time.

"I do not intend to be," she said ; "but all that is ungracious in me is stirred by the horror of the deed, by the position we are thrown into, and the rudeness of those excited men. Hear them crowd the halls and hang about the door below ! What a blessing that Phil sleeps through it ! Blessed sleep, that 'the thunder could not break'—kissing him, and beginning to get back a tint of the banished red in her lips. "I am more fearful, now, of fire than anything else. With the crowd, and such confusion, it will be a miracle if the walls do not catch from some of the lamps ; and if they should, nothing can save us."

"Young Peters," I said, "will be watchful, I hope."

"Yes, for his own safety and popularity, Anna, more than anything else. He would not have offended those men, by acting with us to-night, for his left hand. He will become a candidate for office some day here, and he wouldn't have a right deed that was unpopular remembered against him then for all his hopes of greatness. Pah ! how I loathe the truckling spirit of such a life !"

The word now went forth that the coroner had come. There was a steady movement up the stairs a few minutes, and then the policemen at the door called out : "No more going up, gentlemen. The coroner will call a jury, and proceed to the inquest at once ; and he doesn't want any bigger crowd than he's got up there now."

"There will be another pleasant experience, if we should be called as witnesses," said Eleanore, with irrepressible irritation.

"But we cannot," said I ; "we have no knowledge of the affair whatever. Why should we be called ?"

"We may not be, but I fear ; and the thought of seeing that crowd again is like putting one's aching hand back into the fire."

It is far less dangerous to slip with the foot than with the tongue.

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

SPIRITUALISM AND SCIENCE.

As I am living in France for the present and have not Mr Jackson's statement by me, I will not do him the injustice to trust to my memory, and attempt, at this moment, to afford him the explanation that he desires on the selection of the mediums and means, &c., requisite for the manifestation of the phenomena in question. And I repeat that we cannot too highly estimate his great intellectual abilities; but I am not aware that I gave him credit for applying those intellectual resources in a rigid method and truly scientific way in dealing with the matters we are considering, although I have every expectation that he will yet render us the greatest assistance in unravelling the intricate problem of modern Spiritualism, especially if he would only restrain his imagination from dictating those conditions which have to be discovered and defined by experience. Nor do I see that any fanciful and, to me, unintelligible distinctions and divisions, such as we are favoured with, have much to do with any moral aspects of the matter, or, indeed, with morality at all. Nor is there any particular moral principle involved in the belief in spirits. To wish to live long, and to live on and on, and for ever, is of course very natural, but a moral principle refers to duty, and must more or less, and in one sense or another, partake of an abnegation of self rather than what you may designate as the worship of life, and any how relates to this present existence as well as to another. The noblest minds that I have known have had no belief in a future life, but have done their best to render this life beautiful without requiring the stimulus of the hope of reward or the fear of punishment, which the future life of the spiritualist implies. Now, although we have not sufficient well-ascertained facts on which we can depend to enable us to apply the inductive method with any confidence and success, we may nevertheless criticise some of the alleged facts that are set before us. In the present number of the *Spiritual Magazine* we have the old story revived of the death of Lord Lyttelton, and the two accounts of the same story, but taking the first account as being the one relied upon. Here we have a man suffering from suffocating fits, retiring to bed pretty well, but restless, having a dream or vision of "an angelic female figure" warning him of his death at a certain time, and at which time he died, notwithstanding the alteration of the watches; and at the same time his friend, then at a distance, had a vision of the dying man. Now in my experience, even under mesmeric action, the intuitive sense of time has often baffled all attempts to deceive the patient, so that, supposing the clairvoyant sense of the hour of death embodied in a form or vision, why conclude in favour of the spirit theory? And the same argument would apply to his friend who had been so strongly impressed with the occurrence of the warning that had taken place; and whether a real impression from the dying man was received, or his own internal power had produced the supposed embodiment or vision, it needed no spiritual presence. And surely this must seem a rational solution to those acquainted with the curious abnormal facts involved in

such questions. But if men will attribute every such occurrence to the agency of spirits, in ignorance of the matters referred to, and persist in a solution in defiance of any scientific interpretation, I cannot of course help them. I say nothing of the red man appearing to Napoleon, because there seems really no verification of the matter, or anything beyond mere rumours, and we have not even extracts from the papers of the time. But let us pass on to the case of the "Double," p. 366 of the same number of the magazine. Now, if there be truth in the account at all, and no misrepresentation or exaggeration from an excited imagination in the persons concerned, it would go far to ignore the hypothesis of the spirits of the dead interfering with our affairs—"making night hideous and we fools of nature." For all that is supposed to come by an extraneous agency may very well be accomplished by our own "Doubles." For if it were actually the spirit of the man himself leaving his body during sleep, by Mrs Hardinge supposed to be possible, it could not be a double. But that we have a double nature in one sense is most true—the unconscious potential sphere from which all our thoughts arise, and of which consciousness is the mere sense, even in regard to the will itself,—the recognition of which all-important fact (and Dr Carpenter does fully recognise it) bringing us to a position to reason with the spiritualists on something like scientific grounds.

Mrs Hardinge is, I believe, a most honest, earnest, enthusiastic, and intelligent lady. But why need we attribute her "inspiration" to an attendant spirit? Some of her statements are very true and very beautiful, particularly her essay on universal law. But there is much more that must be set down to the imagination of the poet; and her aspirations are all noble, though her philosophical insight is not always very deep or her reasoning very exact. But be it as it may, why attribute it to the promptings of an attendant spirit when we have her own spirit or inner unconscious self to draw upon for a solution? She is inspired no doubt as the poet and the true philosopher is inspired by their own genius, as Newton was inspired when he said that he fixed his attention upon a question and waited for the thoughts to come—but come from where? Why, from the action, the inner action of his own unconscious mind-powers, and in which sense we are all inspired by the unconscious mental formative principle and process that underlies consciousness. The difference is only in degree and in the more or less freedom of our intuitive natures. But from this intuitive sphere of our fundamental being comes the poet's imagination and creations, as well as the philosopher's induction and logical convictions. All the difference is in kind and degree. The source is the same. And can we really suppose that Mrs Hardinge's account of the spirit-life of the great reformer is anything but the creation of fancy? For instance, that it took him, even in his higher spiritual existence, all these hundreds of years to discover that heaven and hell are but the conditions of man's own mind; that content is a perpetual feast; or, as Shakespear has it, that "there is nothing good or ill, but thinking makes it so." Then as we soar into the dangerous heights of the sublime, let us be sure we do not slip over into the ridiculous; or in the defence of an hypothesis,

anticipate conclusions insensible to the value of all that does not seem to support such conclusions, for the judgment with the prejudiced has been defined as the agent and means of finding reasons for that which we desire to be true.

Now, why not invoke the presence of John Milton to explain all about these lines that Mr Morley has discovered, and about which the learned have been disputing in the *Times* for the last two months? Surely if there be spirits of the dead it is an opportunity not to be lost. And to conclude, I may just refer to some very astonishing manifestations taking place at this moment in the farm house of Mr Travis at Muchelney, the account of which I enclose; manifestations very similar to what occurred in the residence of John Wesley. But the disturbances are not attributed to spirits, and I think it is most probable that the unconscious agent in the matter is Mrs Hawkes, as the table moved on her passing it, or probably both her and her daughter may be instrumental in the production of these startling phenomena. But the good people seem to be applying every kind of test but that which is likely to elicit the truth. However, that there is no trick in the matter all seem to be perfectly satisfied, and I wait with much interest for further particulars, and the statement of how the disturbances first commenced, for the first step goes far to throw light upon such extraordinary productions.

August 5, 1868.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE DOUBLE.

To the Editor of *Human Nature*, and

MY DEAR MR HARPER,—I have just spent the night with a view of answering your paper read before the Fourth Convention, and printed in last month's *Human Nature*. I find that your greatest argument against the "Double" is the best you could possibly have written in its favour, and developes into the most definite "Double" I know, and one, too, which acts very independently when developed of the body from whence it came. For what can act more independently than a fully developed child, and yet flutter and fondle around the loving mother? Just, in fact, as the spirit does when it developes quicker than it can pass its light or its acquired truths through its earthly case—ment. If you again read over all the evidence written since I wrote my Newcastle paper, and particularly the facts therein stated; and think of the seance you was at in my house on the last Sunday in August last; and remember that I had not then read or seen your paper on "The Development of the Spiritual Body," I think you will see cause to reconsider the subject, and feel sorry at having called investigations so honestly narrated as coming from "would-be philosophers." I again tell you that *your* spirit is now free from your body—that is, can act independently of your earthly or less developed body; and further, that the good seer or spiritual clairvoyant may see it as at the seance at my house; and also, that the spirit commonly called your guardian spirit is neither more nor less than your own developed spirit!!! And I am prepared to go into the investigation of this most mysterious

subject, if I can persuade six of the best seers and physical mediums in England to meet me for the purpose, and try to find out whose spirit performs or takes the lead in all the manifestations done in the presence of the said mediums. My experience goes so far as to have convinced me that there are more "Doubles" or spirits from the living body acting in these manifestations than there are spirits from the higher spheres. Meet me fairly, as I proposed in my paper to the Fourth Convention. Words cannot change nature. Let us experiment. We want, and must have, more scientific experiments in the chemistry of the higher life. One experimentalist and one seer or medium at one place is not enough! We must bring more together, meet more together, and act as investigators, not as "would-be philosophers." I am prepared to give up all preconceived notions for facts. Neither spirit nor spirits, in or out of the flesh, can alter or change truth. They may clothe themselves, as we read they did of old, in sheep's clothing, or as men do in our own time, in surplices and white neck-ties, to look and pass off as more heavenly. But as on earth, so in spirit, this clothing can be taken off, and thus leave the true form behind.

I will meet any six *seers and mediums* at any place within 50 to 100 miles of Huddersfield most convenient to the majority, to investigate this most wonderful subject. Experiment must do it, with truthful seers to say what they see. Until this is done we shall have to struggle on in the dark.—Very truly yours,

Poole, September 11, 1868.

THOS. ETHELLES.

MR HOME'S MANIFESTATIONS.

SIR,—I have now to render an account of the interesting seances referred to in my last letter.

We had been seated a few minutes, when the table tilted, and loud raps were heard on the surface. The semi-grand to the left of Mr Home now moved several feet from the wall, the whole mass vibrating and tilting. The Canterbury under the piano came moving up to Mrs — with a kind of spasmodic jerk. I felt a dress press against my arm, and to make certain of the phenomenon, grasped forth in the direction I supposed a spirit form to stand. I caught in my hand what felt like the fold of a silk dress, and which dissolved in my hand.

Mr Home's hands and arms had by this time become affected, and he made mesmeric passes all around. Every one present declared they felt a strong cold current of air proceed from the finger tips of Mr Home. Spirit hands now touched several of those present. The accordion, which Mr Home had taken into his hands, became luminous, a star-like point having formed on the keys; and finally the table we were seated at was raised quite twelve inches horizontally off the ground, and kept suspended in space for one or two minutes. The trance state, of which Mr Home had shown symptoms, then supervened, and in this state he delivered some very interesting addresses, partly relating to the private affairs of those present, and in part to scenes of friends who fell in the Crimea, and which I will transcribe from notes taken at the time.

"Who knows William, who knows Charley; yes, passed away very

young. Fine large head. He is George's guardian spirit." Then, pointing to his breast, he said, "Do you know that 48 hours before passing away, I had such a strange dream. I dreamt I was with you all, when suddenly some one came and called. I said I could not come. The answer was, Come you must. I awoke, lying on my camp bed; I prayed; I was not sad. Then came the muster of men, the turmoil of battle, the sharp fire of musketry, the roar of cannon; all of a sudden a calm, a perfect calm. I slept, and when I awoke I felt as if a bright clear morn had come. I thought I was at home, and lay resting on my bed." Mr Home now shuddered, and turning round to Mr — said, "I see three or four people cutting up a body, in a state of frenzy; they literally tear the body; they appear under a strong influence. The man they had slain, when alive, had a strong magnetic influence, and this irritated the soldiery, without their knowing why. The body of your brother was never found; it disappeared. Your brother wore a plain ring; they tore off the finger with their teeth. You will ask why I tell you of all these horrors. I wish to give you proof of identity, proof of my presence."

Mr Home by this time sank back into his chair, and awoke. The gentleman to whom this address was principally made explained that his brothers had both fallen in the Crimea, that the elder brother's body had never been found, and that he recollected the fact of his wearing a gold ring.

Our seances, owing to the many calls upon Mr Home's time, had more or less suffered interruption, and quite two months had elapsed without my attending meetings. These, however, I again arranged, and though what occurred was not unusual, and in part only a repetition of what had taken place on previous evenings, I shall in part record the facts, being anxious to keep up a connected account of the extraordinary phenomena taking place in the presence of Mr Home, the most remarkable medium of the present day.

As usual, we had seated ourselves round a table: raps and vibrations soon manifested themselves, and the table was raised quite one foot off the ground, making a cross in the air. This was repeated three or four times. A small side table, with a fern plant, moved up towards Mrs —; and as —, who sat next to me, appeared very desirous of making certain of the phenomena, I asked him to lie down on the floor and place his hands under the pedestal of the small round table, which he did. What added to the interest was, that whilst on the ground, raps were heard on the pedestal of the table. We now resealed ourselves, and raps came behind —'s chair. A hassock came gliding across the room, and the large arm-chair moved up in a gentle, easy manner. Later in the evening, the small side-table with the fern plant was quite two feet off the ground, and literally carried in space for several minutes. As the fern plant neared Mrs —, the leaves were bent so as to cover her face, and spoke in language of symbolic action that an intelligence was guiding their movement. Kind pressure on the hands of many present (spirit forms were visible to Mr Home), and a good night spelt out by raps at the farther wall, told us that the evening had closed. I must mention that — proceeded during the evening to

the dining-room door, and as he opened it, loud raps were heard on the centre pannel, and which again and again repeated themselves, even answering mental questions.

Since writing these accounts, several very remarkable manifestations have taken place at the houses of friends. I have earnestly urged the gentlemen who witnessed these phenomena to publish them, the more so as spirit forms were fully developed, and visible not only to the medium, but distinctly seen by others present. These phenomena are now multiplying, and I trust a record will be kept by those who witness them, as only by this means do I see any chance of determining the character of the phenomena. The accounts, as stated to me by the witnesses, I will give you briefly; and in doing so, repeat that I am only recording the deposition of those who have had the good fortune to be present.

The medium in this instance was a lady who has for several years, and only known to a few friends, possessed a very remarkable mediumistic power. My friend to whom I am indebted for this account was seated next the lady, when suddenly she started forward, and pointed to a spirit form, which, gradually forming into distinct outline, approached her. After a pause, the spirit commenced to converse, and though, my friend says, I could not hear the words spoken, the spirit replied to my questions, and remained present quite twenty minutes. The lady then asked whether the spirit who guided her hand would or could converse with her. The first spirit form replied in the affirmative, and then gradually disappeared. No sooner had the first form vanished, than the second spirit form appeared—clear, bright, and distinct in outline, and continued conversing for ten minutes, and then disappeared.

The second instance of the appearance of spirit forms was at Lord ——'s house. Mr Home, who had taken a couch for the night in the bed-room of Lord ——, where he was staying, was aroused by raps and the noise of an object moving about. A spirit form now developed itself, the white robes that hung loosely over the form appearing quite luminous. The spirit appeared to be standing next the bed of Lord ——, and then stepped to the couch where Mr Home was lying. By this time another form, but at an elevation of four or five feet off the ground, floated gently through the room, and then disappeared.

The third instance occurred at the house of Mr Jones, Enmore Park, and was more remarkable than those I have recorded; and he will, it is hoped, publish an account of it himself.

HONESTAS.

MIRACLES IN 1868.

To the Editor of Human Nature.

SIR,—As if Friday the 17th day of July, 1868, about ten o'clock p.m., with two gas-burners alight—

Picture to yourself my drawing-room, 16 feet by 34 feet, without a break or chandelier. A heavy loo-table, 4½ feet in diameter, round which were ten chairs; seven of them occupied, by Mr Home, my mother (83 years old), three grown-up daughters, one son, and me. The other three chairs were vacant, to represent my late wife, my late

daughter Marion, and son Walter. I had placed on my wife's chair, her last silk dress, bonnet, and black lace scarf; on my daughter's chair, the flannel robe she wore the day before her passing away; and on my son's chair, his neck-tie and New Testament.

1st Incident.—My accordion having made sounds which, read off, were "HYMN OF PRAISE," a mellow, joyous, jubilant voluntary of praise was brilliantly played, exciting in us wonder, joy, and thankfulness. No human hand touched the keys, but lights like stars were seen moving up and down on the keys during the hymn of praise.

2nd.—The accordion shortly after, when placed on the table, gently rose in the air about four inches, and floated about three feet round the table.

3rd.—The family sang the hymn, "What are these arrayed in white?" and then my aged mother, with the chair she was sitting on, gently rose bodily in the air three times, the last time her knees were level with the rim of the loo-table; her hands were crossed on her breast.

4th.—My late wife's bonnet was raised from the vacant chair, and carried opposite to my youngest daughter Edith.

5th.—My late wife's chair, with the dress on it, then rose in the air, bent towards and leaned on my mother's breast. The chair returned, or rather floated back to its place.

6th.—The dress on the chair began to move. It rose horizontally like a living substance, moved over to, and on my mother's knee in the sight of us all, and then passed to the rear of Mr Home's chair.

7th.—My late daughter's chair, next mine, having on it the flannel robe extended on the back and seat of the chair, then moved up closer to the table, but there not being room, vigorously pushed my chair, and removed it a little to one side, and so was ranged with the other sitters. We all then sang the hymn,

"Give to the winds your fears,
Hope and be undismayed," &c.

8th.—My spirit daughter's chair then quietly glided away from the table, passed round the rear of mine, came to my left-side (Mr Home and chair being carried to the rear), took the vacant place at the table, and then, with an undulating motion, floated up off the ground to a level with the rim of the loo-table—the accordion at the same time playing a sweet gentle strain of music.

9th.—The accordion commenced playing the air, well known to teetotallers, "Taste not the cup;" my family, knowing the air and the words, chimed in. We were wondering why such a song should be played. My son Arthur said—"It is an answer to my mental question 'Shall I give up teetotalism, and do as others?' After this advice I will not take the cup."

Other phenomena took place, and at last the sounds gave out, "God bless you all!" We said, "Amen, may God bless you!" Then a jubilant gush of sounds came on the table and all ceased.

We, as a family, then sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and the sitting closed.—I am, yours truly, JNO. JONES.

Enmore Park, South Norwood,

22nd Aug., 1868.

"JACOB" THE ZOUAVE.

"To another the gifts of healing by the same spirit."—*Bible*.

JACOB THE HEALER, no longer the Zouave, resides at No. 10 Rue de Camps, Passy, Paris. The house is a suburban one, having an enclosed, or rather walled in, forecourt, about 30 ft. by 16. He refuses to see sightseers, therefore any one visiting Paris, desiring merely to see "Jacob the Zouave," will be foiled. With Jacob lives his father, a Jew, who is dressed as an ordinary suburban tradesman out of business, having on an old yellowish loose coat, an old well-worn hat, brushed a long time ago. Money has been freely offered to Jacob by those who have been cured, and also by others; but he respectfully refuses, saying, "The power is not of me: if I sell it, it may leave me;" but he does not object to the patients or their friends buying his "carte," or portrait from his father.

The writer having taken the journey from London to Paris, solely to gain certain knowledge as to whether Jacob was the possessor of the spiritual gift of healing (a gift which the Christian churches wrap in a napkin, and refuse to use), found himself at Passy, walking down the "Avenue de Empereur," on Thursday afternoon, the 10th of September, 1868, about two o'clock. On turning into the opening on the left hand, found himself in the Rue de Camps. Before the house (No. 10) there was a crowd of about a hundred men and women, a carriage, a country cart, and a donkey cart. In them were couches and chairs with invalids. Among the persons standing on the pavement, we saw the palsied, the lame, the blind, the rheumatic with distorted hands and feet; others evidently internally ill. The gate bell was rung by one of the crowd, and the door was opened by the father of Jacob. He saw they were afflicted, and a pass or ticket was given, having on it a number, say 8017. Several others pressed in and got tickets, then returned into the street, and the door was shut. This was repeated till about a quarter to three o'clock, when the gate was opened, and all pressed into the forecourt till it was full. We joined, and found benches were planted round, on which the invalids sat. On a rough calculation, 90 persons were in the forecourt—one-third were outwardly afflicted, one-third inwardly, and one-third were friends of the afflicted. About thirty carte portraits of Jacob were sold by the father (who was in the crowd) at tenpence each. The invalids were called in rotation, according to the number on the tickets, and when about twenty-eight had entered the house, the door was shut. In about half-an-hour the door opened, and the twenty-eight came out, and twenty-eight others were let in in the same manner; and so it continued till all had passed. Anxious to see Jacob and his method of curing, we suddenly remembered that our eyesight was bad (having some eight years ago suffered intensely from inflammation), and, on asking for a ticket, received it, and thereupon determined to use it. The following day (Friday), we were again at No. 10 Rue de Camps, saw the same kind of scene as before, and in due course passed through the doorway into a room about 12 ft. by 12. Round it were chairs on which the company sat—the lame, the palsied, the afflicted—in various ways; they were nearly

all workmen and workwomen. It was a curious scene—all seated round the room silent. Shortly a side door opened, and Jacob entered, dressed in an ordinary suit of black clothes. He was of ordinary height, firm build, black hair, and respectful manners. As he walked into the middle of the room, he clasped his hands quietly, passed a glance at the chest of each of the patients, and then stood silent. Shortly he suddenly half-turned round, looked at a young woman behind, and resumed his position; again, as if attracted, he turned to the woman, went to her, took up her hand (I saw it was distorted) earnestly, but kindly spoke to her; then passed on to the next patient, and so round the room. Whether the ailment was external or internal, he at once placed his hand on the part affected, and the invariable answer to him was, "*Oui Monsieur.*" It proved he saw the disease, and perceived what had to be done. In no case did he look rough, or speak roughly; on the contrary, his voice was often tender when speaking to the patients. Some three or four he called out into the centre of the room, laid his hands on them, and requested them to exercise their hands, feet, legs, and spine in positions indicated, and evidently they were surprised at the ease they did what he ordered. Our difficulty in understanding "spoken French" was very, very great, and so had to gather knowledge by seeing. Jacob came up to me in turn, put his fingers at once on my eyes, and said, "You will be cured, do nothing to them; avoid coffee, tea, and roast food, and come here in twenty days." I involuntarily placed my fingers to my eyes, they being somewhat tired with watching the scene around me. He saw it and requested me not to do so, then put his fingers again on my eyes. Jacob passed on to the remaining patients, and then quietly stepped into the middle of the room, spoke earnestly to several, and retired. As he was passing through the door, he turned, gave me a quick glance, spoke to a French lady who understood English, and requested her to inform me as to certain details. As the patients were leaving, the lady, in answer to my inquiries, stated she was suffering internally; that when Jacob came in, she felt at once as if something had laid hold of her, creating in her a trembling; and that she felt a change going on in her; that the woman next to me had been there once before with arms and legs much contracted; and that at Jacob's request she had come this the second time, and was now able to use her limbs; that she declared herself cured. Others also, in like manner, felt healed; others much better.

Outwardly-looking on the scene, it was simply a doctor in the out-patient room giving advice. Inwardly, a change was going on in those patients. How that change was effected may be stated by Jacob's assertion to a friend of mine at Paris: "I see the diseases, and sometimes from twenty to thirty spirits acting on the invalids, while I am standing in the room looking on." No wonder Jacob takes no merit; no remuneration. The consecutive number on my ticket was 8297, and as the first on Thursday was 8017, and other patients were waiting their turn, we may fairly take 150 persons as the daily average attending to be cured.

JNO JONES.

Enmore Park, Norwood Junction, Sept. 15, 1868.

THE MUCHELNEY DISTURBANCES.

ACCOUNTS of mysterious disturbances having occurred near a hamlet of the above name, two miles from Langport, Dorset, induced a deputation from the *Western Gazette and Flying Post* to visit the "haunted house," occupied by Mr Travis, a respectable yeoman; and from our contemporary we abridge the following account:—

"The disturbances commenced in Easter week, and have continued at irregular intervals ever since. Sometimes nothing is heard for several days, and, in one instance, we believe, Mr Travis had a fortnight's peace. But any long interval of quiet seems to be always dearly bought, for the agents that produce the rows appear to return like 'giants refreshed,' and to make up, by greater activity than ever, for their loss of time. During the first week or two, Mr Travis heard none of the knockings himself. They were heard in the daytime, during his absence from home; and when his housekeeper and servant complained to him, on his return in the evening, of the disturbances to which they had been subjected, he laughed at them, believing them to be the victims of some hoax or delusion. At last, he heard the noises himself, and was soon satisfied that there was neither delusion nor hoax in the case.

"The noises are not confined to any particular part of the house, but appear to proceed, at different times, from every corner of every room, upstairs and down. It is not always easy to tell where they *do* proceed from, for they appear to possess the peculiarities of a ventriloquist's voice. If the hearer runs to the spot from which he fancies the sound proceeds, he not unfrequently finds, unless it has ceased in the meantime, that he appears to have changed places with it. Another peculiarity about the sounds is, that the dogs take little or no notice of them. Mr Travis has dogs which, he says, rouse the whole family with their barking if they hear the slightest footstep in or near the house by night. But they have seldom indicated that they even so much as hear the very loudest of the knockings, whether by night or by day.

"The knockings vary as much in loudness as in locality. At one time they are like a regular, gentle knocking, travelling round and round the room; at another time, they can be compared only to the beating of the floors with mallets or to a volley of musketry. On some occasions, the noises have been terrific. The people of the village have heard them as they sat in their own homes, and have turned out and surrounded the house, listening to the unearthly row for hours together. The number of excited persons who have thus assembled has sometimes been so great that the presence of the police has been rendered necessary. One day, Mr Travis cleared the house and locked the doors, stationing a policeman at the back, and watching the front himself. To use Mr Travis's own words, fifty men with mallets could not have caused the awful row which was heard while the house was thus watched, for the loudest knockings appeared to proceed from every part of the house almost simultaneously.

"But, as was proved during our visit, the manifestations are not confined to noises. The metal cover of the furnace in the kitchen has been several times thrown off and dashed violently against the floor. A

number of bits which were hanging over the mahogany table, whose end we witnessed were once thrown off their nails and scattered about the passage, and the table itself was, *in Mr Travis's presence*, violently overturned, just as it was during our visit. At three o'clock one morning, Mr Travis was awoke by knockings of the ordinary kind upon the wall of his bedroom. They gradually increased in force, and terminated with a tremendous blow which dashed open the door. Except in the case of the tables, no damage appears to have been done amid the most violent of the manifestations.

"So much for the facts. We should like some scientific man to observe the phenomena for himself, and then tell us, if he can, how they are to be accounted for. Unfortunately, we have few *really* scientific men. We have plenty of so-called philosophers, who construct their theories first, and then endeavour to make the facts fit into them, instead of carefully ascertaining the facts first, and deducing a theory from them afterwards. Of course, a great philosopher cannot be expected to investigate a 'trumpety ghost story,' or a 'silly haunted-house tale.' He *knows* that it is *impossible* for a table to move without hands, and it would, therefore, be only a waste of his valuable time to inquire whether a table has ever done so or not. This, we fear, is the view which too many of our all-knowing *savans* will take of the Muchelney business. But is such a view truly philosophical? Do we know everything yet? Are there no natural laws or forces yet to be discovered? no exceptions, or apparent exceptions, to the operation of known laws to be determined? And, unless our knowledge of Nature and her marvellous doings is perfect, by what right do we set bounds to the possible, and pooh-pooh everything which appears to our weak vision to transgress those limits?

"In Mr Dale Owen's remarkable work, entitled 'Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World,' will be found accounts of a number of cases similar to that which we have described. One of the cases mentioned is that of John Wesley's father's house, which, if we are to believe John Wesley, his brother and sister, and other equally reliable witnesses, was, for several weeks, the scene of disturbances very similar to those at Muchelney. If we understand Dale Owen, the object of his work is to trace these and similar phenomena to spiritual causes. We do not wish it to be understood, because we have mentioned his book, that we necessarily accept his theory. As we before said, we have no well-defined theory on the subject; but we are convinced that there is no trickery in *this case*, that the phenomena are due to causes of which science has, as yet, taught us nothing, and that we should act in an unphilosophical spirit if we rejected the evidence of our own and others' senses because of its apparent inconsistency with the little which we happen to know of Nature's laws."

Palman's Weekly News says, in speaking of the nature of the noises:

* On their visit, besides the usual knockings, the kitchen-table was overturned with no one near it. A mahogany table which had been much knocked about on other occasions was violently dashed on the floor in full view of the family, and broken into pieces. A portion of it struck the servant girl on the side, and pushed her into the staircase.

—"They produce no reverberation, as actual hammering would, and do not visibly shake the walls in the least—not so much as to fracture the plaster, although, sometimes, minute scales of whitewash are picked up about the floors. Mr Travis one day tried the experiment of firing a gun at the doorway, and the report reverberated through every room and passage, producing a totally different effect from that of the mysterious noises which would appear to be the *echoes* of some primary percussions."

The editor of *Palman's Weekly* has himself visited the spot several times, and entirely corroborates the account we copy from the *Gazette*. He adds—"Mrs Hawker, while sitting in the dining-room, suddenly felt herself pushed, as it were, out of her chair." We noticed a similar phenomenon at a spirit-circle the other evening. The sounds are identical with those with which spiritualists have been long familiar, and the nonsense that is talked about—"acutely conducted investigation," setting the table on glass, digging a trench in the yard to intercept the electricity, and other remedies, are sheer nonsense. There is no use in going to Muchelney to investigate, as the same kind of phenomena can be produced anywhere at will. Spiritualists have for twenty years been quite familiar both with the cause and effect; but who would believe their report? The celebrated "Rochester Knockings," which hailed the early days of Spiritualism, and "The Stratford Mysteries," were of a similar nature, and are discussed by Andrew Jackson Davis in his "Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse," which should be read by all who would endeavour to understand the riddle.

CASE OF UBIQUITY OR DOUBLE.

WHEN I was about eight or nine years old, certainly not more than ten, I was standing in a class with several other children. The room was rather large, with a window at each end; we were placed between the lights, and our governess sat in a chair opposite.

I remember a dreamy sensation stealing over me, till suddenly I found myself at the side of our governess looking at my vacant form still standing in the class. The return was, I think, not quite so easy or instantaneous, and I felt frightened, though I do not remember at the time making any confidant of this strange experience; but when the dreamy feeling came on again, which it did afterwards, I resolutely combated it. In after life I have been seen out of the body by three different persons, but had no personal consciousness on these occasions.

Should any of your correspondents be inclined to pursue, this to me interesting subject, I shall be very thankful.

[The lady who records these cases, though unwilling to have her name appear in public, will be most happy to afford further information to any earnest investigator. Inquiries may be addressed to the editor of *Human Nature*.]

WATER DIVINATION.

To the Editor of Human Nature.

SIR,—Thinking the readers of *Human Nature* would be interested in

anything calculated to confirm and substantiate any unpopular truth, I send you a few facts which have recently come under my notice while paying a visit to Shepton Mallet. While staying in that little town, I had an opportunity of witnessing and proving the truthfulness and reality of that peculiar phenomenon called in that district "jouzing," but more generally called "water divination." During one of my walks in that district, I came in contact with a rather elderly man, named Burgess, who appeared to have spent his life in manual labour. An interesting feature, however, in connection with this man is, that he possesses the peculiar power of discovering water by means of the watch-spring. On hearing of this (being myself very much interested in magnetism, mesmerism, &c., and having spent much time in the perusal of these subjects), I began to inquire of him how he became originally acquainted with this phenomenon, and many other questions relative to the same subject. He then gave me a long list of facts; to state the whole of them would take up too much of your valuable space. To condense, however, he stated that many years ago his sister was about to sink a well, and knowing a Mr Kingston in the neighbourhood who professed to be able to discover water, he, Mr Burgess, advised his sister to send for Mr Kingston before beginning to sink. Accordingly the water divinator was sent for, and, after walking the ground surrounding the premises, he came to a spot where the watch spring indicated the presence of water. The narrator of the above then informed us how that all who were present on that occasion, and witnessed Mr Kingston's experiments, expressed a desire to try the experiment for themselves, and, after some twenty to thirty persons having tried and failed, he, Mr Burgess, taking the watch-spring in his hand, walked the ground as all the others had done, and proved that he possessed this power in a higher degree than even Mr Kingston himself; for, on arriving at the spot previously referred to, the watch-spring, Mr Burgess tells us, was actually broken in three pieces. His sister at once employed men to sink the well, and, having sunk to the depth of forty feet and found no water, she began to question the truthfulness of Mr Kingston's pretensions; but, by the advice of her brother, the well was driven another ten feet—making altogether a total of fifty. Still no water came. At this point, Mrs Burgess gave up the project; but Mr Burgess, being desirous of giving the thing a fair trial, by consent of Mrs Burgess, he resolved to sink a few feet deeper. The subject was now becoming one of great expense and anxiety; but, to cut it short, our narrator informs us that, at the depth of fifty-eight feet, a stream of water came rushing into the well, which, to make use of his own words, will last throughout all time from everlasting to everlasting. And now, sirs, I can take you to that spot, and you can there see that well, which has never been short of water from that hour to this, and he was enabled, by means of his watch-spring, to trace the well-spring for many hundreds of yards to its rise. Having heard this much, I was desirous of seeing the experiment performed. Mr Burgess at once withdrew from a box his spring, and taking the ends, one in each hand, walked about the field near where we were standing. He soon came to a spot where the watch-spring flew over his hand with great force.

The Rev. Thomas Drew, who was present with me on that occasion, then took the spring, and, as he states, endeavoured to put himself *en rapport* with the earth by sending his magnetism in a downward direction by willing strongly towards the earth. He shows the power to a considerable degree. I then took the watch-spring in my own fingers, and walked slowly in the tract of the old man. I felt a very strong and peculiar sensation similar to that emanating from a magnetic machine, or something like that experienced while mesmerising or sitting around the table at a magnetic circle; but the spring would not go over with me as it did with Mr Drew and Mr Burgess. While staying at Drycote House, I had an opportunity of seeing the same experiment performed by Mrs Drew, wife of the Rev. Thomas Drew; also by Rev. Mr Brinkworth, both of whom possess this power in a high degree.

I am informed that Mr Burgess makes use of this power in a professional manner, and makes a charge of one guinea to persons who employ him. I am informed, on good authority, that he has not failed in any one case. Mr Brinkworth also informs me that he has discovered the whereabouts of spring water in this way himself. Wells have been sunk, and good springs of water found as indicated by the watch-spring. Although these facts are little known, and where known little believed, yet in this neighbourhood they appear to be readily acknowledged, and as readily turned to account by being applied practically for useful purposes.

Now, I am not going to propound any theory, nor attempt to prove the philosophy of this strange phenomenon; but suffice at present to state that I have good reasons for saying that the persons referred to above, who succeed in the watch-spring experiment, are highly magnetic in every position and under all circumstances. Having sat round the table at the magnetic circle with three of these persons at different times and places, I have seen the most brilliant and startling phenomena at those sittings; and have been able to trace the phenomena most distinctly on each occasion to the person who succeeds with the watch-spring.

It would appear from these facts that those persons who succeed best with the watch-spring are favoured with highly mediumistic conditions under all circumstances and places. I cannot at present write more in relation to the communications received at those sittings, as this does not come under the limits of the present paper. I can give many other facts in connection with magnetic phenomena in future papers.—Yours truly,

B. SHORT.

Having during the last few days paid especial attention to the practical part of jouzings, or water divination, I am fully prepared to admit the truthfulness of the existence of the above phenomena as proved in the cases of Mr Burgess, Mrs Drew, Mr Drew, and Mr Brinkworth, of Shepton Mallet.

B. SHORT.

WITNESSES

{ T. DREW.
{ F. A. BRINKWORTH.

A PASSING AWAY.

(To the Editor of Human Nature.)

On the evening of Thursday, August 20, at Hampton Court, Mrs Ann Wooderson, mother of Mrs Burns, departed this life, and the circumstances attending her general health, last illness, and subsequent communications, appear to me so instructive as to justify my making a few remarks to you on the subject.

Some years ago Mrs Wooderson, in conformity with her very lofty and intuitional temperament, warmly embraced the truths taught by the Spiritual Philosophy. During the last years of her life she entertained these teachings fully and freely, and in her family had many striking testimonies of the existence of the soul after the decay of the body. For many years she strictly regulated her bodily conditions by temperance, dieting, and other accessories to health, which prolonged and rendered enjoyable a life but feebly sustained by the natural vital forces. At last violent inflammation of the lungs, which no form of treatment could control, carried her off after a week's illness, during which she was under spiritual direction and care through the mediumship of her daughter Caroline, who gave utterance to the spirits by trance speaking and writing. Her states were by these means most skilfully diagnosed, and every change that took place in her condition was prognosticated often many hours in advance. Her pains were much alleviated by spirit magnetism, and her daughter saw the spirit hands on one occasion with the magnetism streaming from them passing over the prostrate form of her mother. Her constant desire was to be relieved from her incapacitated state, and enter into that higher form of life which she had so often contemplated from the experience of others and her own intuitions. She had frequent glimpses of the home she was approaching, and as she passed away a radiant smile illuminated her features, which remained on them afterwards, the higher emotions and faculties controlling the expression in the last moments.

The usual sad services having been rendered to the lifeless body, the family retired to another apartment, when they were impressed to try if any message would be received by writing. Caroline took the pencil, and after much effort was written "God bl," in the very peculiar handwriting of the deceased. She was unable to finish the sentence, as "God bless you" was intended. From this simple sign it was felt that she was not dead, sleeping, nor unconscious, but there, in the midst of them, able to participate somewhat in their social gathering. Her daughter, absent in Glasgow, felt peculiarly excited at the hour of transition, as if some influence was attempting to control her volition. During the subsequent days, and, indeed, up till this time, the departed has manifested herself in various ways by impressing, writing, rapping, and gripping the arms, shoulders, and various other parts of her children. She expressed her wishes respecting many articles found about the house by a warm flush or touch, or a powerful mental impression in those who found them, or were undecided respecting their appropriation. On one occasion an article could not be found, when at tea afterwards a member of the family was impelled to go to the obscure spot where it was secreted.

One day, after the funeral, the rapping was exceedingly loud; Mrs Burns said—"Mother, why do you make so much noise?" The reply came in writing—"To let Carrie hear;" this daughter being rather defective in hearing. During the illness continuous ticking as of a watch was heard in the room, which ceased after the change had taken place. This was explained as being a signal to prepare the members of the family for the event that was approaching.

She has also written messages through her daughter in Scotland, and has several times participated with her family in their meals and domestic gatherings, by making her presence felt to them all simultaneously, and in a most unmistakeable way.

When on earth she was very impressible to spirit influence, and a few months ago practised writing, that she might, with greater facility, communicate with her family in the event of her departure. All her children are highly mediumistic, and without circles or any preparation at suitable times manifest nearly all the forms of mediumship. Thus they have been able to testify to the truth of the spiritual hypothesis in a very exceptional manner, because of their great susceptibility to spirit influences.

J. BURNS.

Progressive Library, Camberwell,
September, 1868.

WHISPERINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

THE CONVENTION.

To the Editor of Human Nature.

SIR,—In your number for September, there is a report of the "Fourth Annual Convention" of the Progressive Spiritualists, in which it is stated that I, in company with others, "had reported their labours on the platform to the secretary." I wish to correct that statement, and to say that I never in my life "laboured on the platform on the question of Spiritualism, and that, therefore, I never "reported" "to the secretary."—Faithfully yours,

J. PAGE HOPPS.

Dukinfield, Sept., 1868.

[The statement which the above corrects was not made by us. The report was official, and was merely stitched up with *Human Nature*. The case, therefore, stands between Mr Hopps and the officers of the Association. We gladly make public Mr Hopps' position in the matter, also our regret that the "platform" he refers to is not graced by his labours thereon.—ED. H.N.]

MR GARDNER'S PRINCIPLES.

SIR,—Three of the writers made reference to my principles. Mr Sherrat is a contributor you do well to encourage, as he is a careful and philosophic investigator. Mr Childs does his paintings himself, and it is astonishing that he should imagine his son is more of an artist than he is himself, simply because the son is dead. The blending and sympathy

he has for the son makes it appear that he is the author of what is done, but it is otherwise, as time will show. Mr C. is an artist in the spirit as well as in the mind, and has proper surroundings to enable him to do such things. The only reason he has for attributing them to his son is to gratify his own mind, but he will rise superior to that by-and-by I hope. Mr Clarke wants to know my principles and position. He must answer what he has got, and if he does it well I will give him some more work. He says he has not heard anything about my development theory before; perhaps not, but it is as good as Darwin's, that he professes to know all about. Tell him Darwin's theory refers to physical development, and mine to the spirit. Now, he knows that, and yet, like many Scotchmen, he was only pretending to be ignorant, to gain some ground before he started. Let Mr Clarke give us some proofs that spirits do return, and not expect that I am particularly obligated to discuss in his way on such subjects.—Yours respectfully,

A. GARDNER.

CURIOUS EFFECT OF LIGHTNING.

THE following singular fact has been communicated to the Academy of Science by M. A. Robierre, a well-known physicist:—The city of Nantes was recently visited by a violent storm. Flashes of lightning followed each other in quick succession, and a gentleman, who happened to be crossing one of the bridges of the Canal de Bretagne at the time, suddenly found himself enveloped in a blaze of light. The phenomenon lasted little more than a second, and caused no unpleasant effect. On returning home, the informant, having occasion to count the money in his purse, arrived at the conclusion that he must have received a piece of 50 centimes instead of a half-napoleon. But on a closer investigation, he discovered, to his astonishment, that the piece of money he had taken for silver was really the gold one, but covered with a thin film of silver. The following is the explanation given by M. A. Robierre of this strange occurrence:—The half-napoleon had been put into the compartment of the purse adjoining that containing silver coin. The electric fluid had volatilised part of the latter metal, which in this state had penetrated through the leather partition, and deposited itself on the gold piece with remarkable uniformity. This is the first time such an effect has ever been observed.

Who shall dare to say that the spiritualists are not strictly scientific in maintaining that solid matter can not only be moved from place to place by invisible agencies, but be conveyed through solid bodies? The above shows that these effects have been accomplished by electricity; but how much more extended and powerful the result might have been if under the direction of an intelligent spirit. The "will" of the electric eel, man, etc., has much power over "animal magnetism," and may not the human spirit, under other conditions, have even greater power over the cosmic magnetisms? Philosophers would do well to be able to answer all such questions before they teach in the negative.

A singular case of the verification of a dream came before the notice of the Cardiff magistrates lately, when a grave-digger, named James

Barrett, was charged by James Fagan, a circus clown, with opening his wife's grave and damaging her coffin. Fagan had buried his wife the Saturday before, and on Sunday night dreamed that her grave had been opened, which was so vividly impressed upon his mind that on Monday he went to the cemetery, accompanied by his brother-in-law, when he was horrified to see a man, whom he afterwards recognised to be the prisoner, lying on his face and hands on the coffin, while on one side lay the breastplate, handles, etc., ready to be taken away.

A popular poet and materialist, upwards of eighty years of age, thus writes to a friend:—"I lie awake half the night thinking and dreaming of things I ought to have thought of sixty years ago. The thousand and million wonders that are all about me, I seem as if I were beginning to see for the first time." Here is food for reflection. At this extreme old age a highly gifted mind experiences continuous development, and learns new lessons from the commonest acts and objects in life, only becoming dimly rational at the time when his philosophy teaches him he must be annihilated. But why trouble himself with the fruitless task of recalling the past and living its life over again? "Let the dead bury its dead." The truly enlightened mind sees in the future its eternal inheritance, and instead of wasting the precious moments by aimless dreamings and foolish, regretful retrospects, girds up the loins of the soul for the mountain of progression that is just looming into view. To the intelligent spiritualist there is no lost time, no old age, no regrets of the past; all acts and experiences, however unprofitable in themselves, are useful teachers for the future. Life is never-ending, and at every step increasing in power and intensity; and memory is an undying and faithful monitor, significantly pointing to brighter treasures and higher purposes, while it liberates the soul from the dead letter of its unwritten book to the living spirit of its teachings. Without a knowledge of the destiny and objects of existence, the efforts and utterances of men, even the most gifted, must appear to them a foolish turmoil.

HEALTH TOPICS.

Mr Robert Platt, cotton-spinner, Stalybridge, has undertaken to erect public baths for Stalybridge, at his own cost. They will involve a cost of several thousand pounds. We hope the hot-air bath will not be overlooked in such a munificent undertaking.

The *Parochial Critic* states that the receipts for the St Pancras baths and wash-houses, for the first three months, amount to £1,312 3s 8d. The working expenses for the same period being about £400, a very nice balance is left in favour of the commissioners. If parishes undertook to keep the inhabitants clean, in a systematic and intelligent way, disease, pauperism, and much vice would cease, and it would pay sufficiently to balance the necessary poor rates.

LONGEVITY.—The *Cork Examiner* notices the fact that a few weeks ago a woman named Margaret Roche died at Buttevant, having reached the authenticated age of 112 years. The newspapers give currency to a similar case. A short time since, Henry Atkins, aged 94; Ann Pay, his daughter, aged 72; Henry Pay, son of Ann Pay, aged 49; and Annie Pay, daughter of the last named, aged 22—went cutting wheat together at Lord Fitzwalter's, Goodnestone, near Faversham. Four generations in a family is at any time a rare sight, but to see four generations of full age at work together must be much more unusual, and says something for Kentish constitutions and Kentish air.

TAKE CARE OF THE CHILDREN.—The effects of good and bad treatment of the young may be gathered from the following statements, taken from the newspapers:—The *New York Times* says that a traveller in Minnesota has come across a nine months old baby, whose measurements he gives as follows: 26 inches in height, 24 inches round the chest, and 28 at the hips; $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the muscles of the arm, $8\frac{1}{2}$ at the wrist, 22 inches at the thighs, and 11 inches at the calf. Estimated weight, 50 pounds.—A drunken mother was charged at a London police court with neglect of her family. They were weighed, and the results were as follows: Henry, aged nine, 37 pounds; Charlotte, aged six, 27 pounds; Margaret, aged three, 20 pounds; Joseph, aged two, 15 pounds; and Edmund, aged nine months, $9\frac{3}{4}$ pounds.

SINGULAR ANTE-NATAL IMPRESSION.—There is a man in Vermont who cannot speak to his father. Previous to his birth some difficulty arose between his mother and father, and for a considerable time she refused to speak with him. The difficulty was subsequently healed, the child was born, and in due time began to talk; but when sitting with his father, was invariably silent. It continued so until the child was five years old, when the father, having exhausted his powers of persuasion, threatened it with punishment for its stubbornness. When the punishment was inflicted, it elicited nothing but sighs and groans, which told but too plainly that the little sufferer could not speak, though he vainly endeavoured to do so. All who were present united in the opinion that it was impossible for the child to speak to its father. Time proved this opinion to be correct. At a mature age its efforts to converse with its parent could only produce the most bitter sighs and groans.

ANTI-COMPULSORY VACCINATION MOVEMENT.—The committee of the League met at South Place, Finsbury, on the evening of September 9, Dr Ellis of Petersham in the chair. It was reported that prosecutions were taking place in various parts of the country, but that the obnoxious law was being resisted with great energy. Now was the opportune time for action, but the exchequer was devoid of funds, and an earnest appeal is now being made for sums large or small towards the support of the movement. It was resolved that the committee and friends should be supplied with collecting books. Our readers are reminded that there is such a book lying open at the office of *Human Nature*, and we hope it will receive many entries, however small, within the next few weeks. Interesting communications were read from Dr Griffiths, late of Cork. He refused to vaccinate his child, was summoned, and had a well-written defence printed against the hearing of the case, which was ultimately

dismissed on a technical point. Dr Griffiths had not received the necessary legal notice, which should have been served before the child was six months old, till it was past that age. Extracts were read from a late publication from Dr Nuttinger of Stuttgart, which gave hopeful aspects of the movement on the Continent. J. Burns urged that more information on the subject should be put into circulation. He proposed the publication of Dr Collins' excellent essay, at the wholesale price of 2d each, or 3d retail, and asked the friends of the movement to subscribe for an edition of 5000 copies, which would do much to educate the public mind on the question. In Brighton, Dr Stowell and others are holding meetings. In Oldham and other parts of Lancashire there is much agitation, and a cheap book is wanted to sell to the people where such seasons of inquiry are in operation. Mr Gibbs tendered his resignation of the secretaryship, on account of the apathy of the public towards the question, but was induced by the earnest entreaties of the meeting to remain at his post. We hope he may be fully sustained in his praiseworthy efforts.

MASTER TURKETINE'S MEDIUMSHIP.

In each number of the *Banner of Light* is published a page of spirit communications. We extract the following from a recent number. Many of our readers have not made the acquaintance of this excellent paper. We recommend all such to send at once four stamps for two specimen numbers.

"In your good paper was published an account of the manifestations through Master Harry Turketine. Am I mistaken? [You are correct.] The manifestations are of a very peculiar order, the spirits controlling using the young lad out of the usual course. They speak without themselves using his organs of speech. They deliver long discourses without using his organs of speech, except in this way—they are magnetically attached to them. He can be talking to his friends while the spirits in attendance can be discoursing to those present. Now, it has been a matter not understood as to why the spirits who manifest through this lad are so rigid in their old Presbyterian views. A question has been propounded there which I propose to answer here. The question is this—'How is it that you still entertain views of a personal God, a personal devil, a literal heaven, and a literal hell, now that you have gone beyond the conditions of mortality? Is it true that there is a personal God and devil, a literal heaven and hell? If not true, why do you so teach? If true, what are we to expect in the way of happiness or misery in the hereafter?' The class of spirits who have the power to manifest thus perfectly through Master Turketine have not outgrown their old religious views. They are still in the bondage of that theological bigotry that has laid so heavily upon them when here. They preach what they expect, not what they have experienced. They are still in that intermediate state which expects much, but has realised as yet nothing of its expectations. They are still looking forward to meeting with a personal God, and perhaps a personal devil. They are still looking forward to being ushered into a literal heaven, and they still have fears of finding a literal hell. And they believe that their happiness will be greatly enhanced by coming to earth and preaching what they deem to be the gospel of truth to those who are here. The only gospel they know is what they carried with them, never having taken one single step beyond it. Now, it should be the business, as it is the duty, of those to whom they come, to enlighten them, to preach to them in turn. They have need of light. They shed all they have. It is very small. They demonstrate the power of the

spirit to return after death, and most perfectly and most potently, and in a thoroughly undeniable manner. The manifestations there are in many respects distinct from all others. They are doing their work, and, in turn, it should be the duty of those to whom they come to enlighten them, take off their chains, show them where they stand. Introduce the God of this age, for they do not know him. Do not suppose that because they have passed through death they have the garment of eternal wisdom upon them, for it is not so. They carried with them a garment which is very dark, theologically thick, and it is the duty of those to whom they come to take it away, and substitute one that will answer their purposes much better. They do not preach of a personal God or a personal devil because they have seen or experienced them. No; they preach what they believe they shall experience. They do just what Christianity does everywhere here on earth—preach what they expect to realise, not what they have realised.—I am EDWARD C. TURKENTINE, a near relative of the lad medium.

“April 13, 1868.”

A MODEL PASTOR.

THE REV. J. ELLIS is a minister connected with the Unitarian Home Mission. He has just concluded a two years' pastorship at Yeovil, terminating with a three days' festival of public meetings and leavetakings, at which Mr Ellis was presented with an address and a purse of sovereigns. To give our readers an idea of the public usefulness of Mr Ellis and the work he accomplished in two short years, we subjoin the address:—

“Dearly Beloved Pastor,—We cannot allow you to leave us without expressing our high estimation of your character and your labour, and our deep regret that we should have to part with you. We deeply lament the causes which have induced you to leave us, and assure you that our hearts will go with you to your new sphere of action, and to hear of your success will ever give us delight. You may not have realised what your ardent spirit anticipated, but you have removed much prejudice, infused new life into the people, taught them the value of self-government, and made them feel that there is no obstacle to those who have the will. Your lectures to the working classes have brought forth fruit already. We have to thank you for our Reform Association, which moved the whole district, and for our Mutual Industrial Glove Manufacturing Society, which promises to save our working glovers from ruin. To you we are indebted for the practical efforts now made to supply the town with water, and to utilise the sewage. Though bigots declare they would not have water through Unitarian pipes, they have not been able to stop the movement which you commenced. From the platform, the pulpit, and the press, you have boldly defended the rights of private judgment and the free expression of thought; and while cherishing the kindest feelings towards those who differ from us, you have made us feel that faithfulness to our honest convictions, obedience to the voice of conscience, submission to the influence of God's Holy Spirit, and Christ-like life, are of far more value than oneness of opinion. Your expositions of the Bible have revealed to us beauties that we had never before seen, and your pictures of Christ have made us realise his presence in the midst of us. The lessons you have given our children will never be forgotten, and their children's children will speak of you as the minister who, like his Master, took little children in his arms and blessed them. We understand that not only we, but the inhabitants of Yeovil generally, and the people for many miles round us, will feel your loss. ‘May God bless you and make you a blessing, wherever you may be,’ is the sincere prayer of the congregation worshipping in Vicarage Street Chapel.”

What a noble ministry and what a worthy institution, that developes such

and sends them out to enlighten and direct an ignorant world. Notwithstanding our swarms of parsons, of all kinds and colours, the great and crying want of the age is for labourers like the above. Young men and women who love truth and humanity, do you not hear the call?

REVIEW.

LETTERS ON THE LAWS OF MAN'S NATURE AND DEVELOPMENT. London: Chapman. 1851.

We have space this month for a short notice only of a very remarkable book which was published about twenty years ago, the joint production of Miss Harriet Martineau and Mr H. G. Atkinson. After a great variety of experiences in mesmerism, clairvoyance, &c., the authors conceived the idea of addressing a series of letters to each other, detailing the results of their many experiments, and making what appeared to them suitable deductions therefrom. A most extraordinary book was the consequence. In the first place, it is a very unique record of diversified mesmeric phenomena, and the laws that govern them. Next, as a metaphysical treatise, it offers some original and startling views concerning the action of mind. Then, phrenologically, it unfolds the discovery of a whole host of new organs, not found in any bust or included in any system yet promulgated. By the aid of suitable lucide, Mr Atkinson locates and defines the organs of Muscular movements Muscular sense, Muscular force, and others relating to the vital organs, in the cerebellum. In the base of the brain, he finds the cerebral organs of the senses—Hearing, Light, Smell, Taste, Pain, Pleasure, Hunger, Thirst, Feeling, &c. He follows the general arrangement of the intellect as given in treatises on phrenology, but adds an organ called the Eye of the Mind or Intuitive Faculty, somewhat akin in location and function to the Human Nature of the Fowlers. He enumerates the Conscious faculty, the sense of Touch, and the faculty of Genius. In front of Cautiousness he places Industry, and in the centre of the brain the faculties of Personality and Attention. The organic arrangement of the cerebrum is very fully considered, also the functions of the senses, and the relations of these to the nervous system and mental action generally. The authors discuss the theological and spiritual relations of man, as well as the physical and objective; but this is done in accordance with the anti-theological and anti-spiritual method. On these points the writers will perhaps find few of any school of thought to agree with them. Too speculative in some parts, and too matter of fact in others, this portion of the book may raise many objectors, yet to all it will give solid food for thought, which will sorely try the mental mandibles of the great bulk of readers. While we offer no opinion of this book, we unhesitatingly recommend every student of human nature, be he physiologist, mesmerist, phrenologist, or spiritualist, to lose no time in bestowing on it a thorough perusal. But that alone is far from being sufficient in this case, which urgently demands thought, experiment, and patient scientific investigation. No wonder that the study of man makes slow progress, notwithstanding our influential Anthropological, Ethnological, and other societies, when such startling

discoveries as those announced by Mr Atkinson have not been put to the test of rigid experiment during these last twenty years. Here, indeed, is a field where patience, honesty, and intelligence may earn distinction and confer untold blessings on mankind. There are many young men in our circle of readers whose minds would be most wholesomely stimulated by this book; not that we consider it is by any means a guide to what man really is, but it is powerfully suggestive of the ignorance which at present shrouds the processes of mental and vital action, and also of means which may ultimately lead to new discoveries and a clearer light. We shall gladly throw open our pages to those who enter into the investigation of these occult phases of anthropological science.

REPORTS OF PROGRESS.

NOTTINGHAM CHILDREN'S LYCEUM.

It is a pleasure to be able to record that everything connected with the first annual pic-nic of the only "Children's Progressive Lyceum" in England was of the most satisfactory nature. The efforts made through our pages, and the private devotion of friends, brought together several pounds, in many cases accompanied by letters expressing the deepest interest in this truly great educational movement. Never were contributions given to better purpose, or more gratefully received and usefully appropriated. The operations of our Nottingham friends have hitherto been, as it were, independent of money. But when an extra movement had to be made, such as the engagement of grounds, providing refreshment for the children, the getting up of banners, and other expenses, it was found that a little extraneous aid was necessary, and the prompt manner in which it was responded to shows that the Lyceum principle, though not developed, is latently active in many breasts throughout the country; and this kind co-operation was highly appreciated by both old and young, as the hearty cheer to the donors at the close of the programme unmistakably testified.

The numbers connected with the Nottingham Association have been about doubled since we reported progress in our January number, and a feeling of greater unanimity is gradually extending itself and absorbing the interests of spiritualists of different sects, who have hitherto looked upon our progressive friends with considerable suspicion and often with open hostility. The progressive party, however, have shown the most commendable spirit in calmly minding their own business, and developing their natural resources in such a manner as to make themselves a centre of action for the cause with which they have identified themselves, rather than in wasting their strength in fighting their enemies. The muster which took place at the Lyceum Rooms on Monday afternoon, August 10th, was no indication of the real strength of the movement in the town. Many of the parents and adults were unable to be present on account of their occupations; some stayed away from feelings of sensitiveness to be seen in the procession; while some parents would not allow their children openly to take part in the march to the grounds. Only a few friends from a distance were present; but we feel sure, if

the friends of progress and Spiritualism had been at all aware of the interesting nature of the proceedings, they would have allowed no obstacle to have debarred them from the gratification of being present.

The groups assembled about two o'clock, and arranged themselves in order of procession. The committee had made their means go to a wonderful length in the provision of banners, by the amount of taste and labour they had expended in making a very creditable display from the raw material. The procession was headed by a large crimson banner borne on two poles, and on which was inscribed, "Children's Progressive Lyceum." The highest group took the lead, and the youngest group came last, followed by the friends of the Lyceum. On account of insufficiency of numbers, the Lyceum only contains six groups instead of twelve; two contiguous groups being merged into one. Each group was headed by a banner carried by its leader, bearing its name in gold letters, while the children carried little Union Jacks over their shoulders. An open phaeton containing the very youngest toddlers, comprising the "fountain group," brought up the rear. Headed by the guardian of the groups and the leader of the singing, the Lyceum started on the procession through the streets, from the place of meeting to the spot selected for the pic-nic, about a mile from the town. The appearance of the party was striking and picturesque in the extreme, and the high training induced by the Lyceum system had a fine effect. The people of the town turned out in large numbers as the procession passed, and seemed to look on with feelings of mingled astonishment and pleasure.

The Tea Gardens, where the pic-nic was held, is a grassy spot, well stocked with fruit trees in full bearing; and here for a time the party abandoned itself to games and sports, in which old and young heartily joined. Swings, games at ball, and other pastimes, soon brought on the hour for refreshments, when sixty children, all members of the Lyceum, partook of a well provided tea, after which the adults were served, making in all upwards of two hundred persons provided for. The adults paid 8d for their tea ticket, and, as well as the children, were supplied with white and brown bread and butter, seed cake, plum cake, and tea *ad libitum*. We mention these facts to show what can be done on small means when there is a will. After tea the groups assembled for their exercises, sung their hymns, went through the wing movements, marches, and other evolutions, in a most remarkable manner. So great was the interest excited by these exercises, that numbers of strangers were induced to step into the ranks, and take a turn with them in their exhilarating and lively movements. It is worthy of notice that both old and young, male and female, pant for these exercises, and mix together in the various groups—the sonorous voices of the men aiding much in imparting volume and harmony to the singing. After these exercises the Lyceum arranged itself for gymnastic movements, while a choir stood by to sing melodies in accompaniment therewith. After this a public meeting was held, which the whole assembly eagerly attended. Mr Story was called to the chair, and opened the proceedings with a suitable address. A glee party connected with the Lyceum sang several beautiful glees during the evening, and the children also sang "The Better Land" and "Merrily O" with

great effect. Quite a number of speeches were given, and Miss Kate Lennox recited "Whisperings from the Summer Land," by Jas. Brown, from *Human Nature*. The speeches were short, but to the point; in fact, the speakers were so numerous that to give them all a hearing extended the meeting till long after sunset. J. Burns, of the Progressive Library, testified as to the religious influences of the Lyceum exercises. He thought that Lyceum training was the great need of society. He could see in it a certain remedy for many of the evils which existed in society; for its sympathies and operations were universal. There would be no need for questionable theatricals, singing saloons, beershops, and bad company, as it would teach all persons how to develop their own resources, and put them individually in possession of those social influences which men require. Mr Stretton, of Basford, followed in a speech of great power. He is one of the most experienced spiritualists in the provinces; and we are sorry the darkness precluded our taking sufficient notes to put the spiritualists generally in possession of his appropriate remarks. He recommended unity of effort, though there might not be unity of belief. He thought the friends of Spiritualism should meet oftener, and exchange thoughts with one another on the great objects of their movement. Mr Hitchcock said that free speech and expression of individual opinion was the plan adopted in the Lyceum; the children appreciated these principles, and profited by them. Their minds became strongly individualised, and they learned to think for themselves and speak for themselves, and it imbued them with a love of truth. To look at life in the light of eternity, as a never ending time of progression, he conceived to be the greatest blessing which mankind could experience. Mr Stretton, guardian of the groups, said he had identified himself with the movement as one who desired to work for the salvation of society; about a dozen of them were firmly united with that object in view, and it was the chord which bound them together. Mr Hopewell, conductor of the Lyceum, read a poetical composition he had prepared for the occasion, which was received with much approbation.

The chairman made a call for the ladies, when Mrs Hitchcock ascended the platform. She expressed her view of the Lyceum movement that it was an embodiment of the principles of brotherly love and mutual aid. She was afterwards entranced, and gave utterance to some beautiful truths in a very eloquent, appropriate, and forcible manner. Mrs King, leader of a group, made a few very appropriate remarks on the duties of woman in social progress. She was followed by Miss Gamble in a similar strain. Mrs Bennett also gave expression to her ideas in respect to the movement.

At few meetings are so many maiden speeches made, and that so creditably; with many of the speakers it was their first effort in public, and the manner in which they acquitted themselves is high testimony in favour of the Lyceum as an institution for training and developing the minds of those connected with it. Want of space precludes us from doing full justice to this important event in the present number; but we hope to return to it next month, and throw out a few hints of a practical nature on the prospects of a Lyceum movement in this country.

At Eastbourne, J. Burns delivered a course of six lectures on Popular Anthropology, or the Science of Man, during the first week in September. Owing to the fine weather the audiences were not large, but very appreciative. On one evening the subject was "The Realm of Mystery," in which the lecturer assigned a place to mesmerism, clairvoyance, and spiritual phenomena, amongst the other forms of scientific investigation respecting the nature of man. His treatment of this very difficult subject gave much satisfaction.

GLASGOW.—A social tea-meeting of the spiritualists was held here on the evening of the 31st August, for the purpose of taking farewell of Mr and Mrs Everitt, who were to leave for London on the following day. On account of the shortness of notice given, the meeting was small, there being present only about 30 ladies and gentlemen. Mr Marshall, president of the association, presided, and after tea, in a few choice words, explained the object of the meeting. He expressed a desire that the friends would each lend their assistance in making it as social and happy a one as the occasion necessitated. During the course of the evening some excellent readings and songs were rendered by several of the company. There were several able addresses given, and interesting experiences related by other friends, amongst whom may be mentioned, Mr Glendinning of Port-Glasgow, and Dr M'Farlane of Busby, both of whom had come to town purposely to attend the meeting. Mr Nisbet also gave an interesting account of several seances he had had with Mr and Mrs Everitt, including several experiences with them while in the railway carriage on their way to Campsie, and also while seated on the hill-side at the Glen. The knocking heard on the ground he described as resembling the tramp of a horse's hoof, and the vibrations were distinctly felt by them all. He spoke also of having carried on a mental conversation with the invisibles, and expressed himself thoroughly satisfied with the genuineness of the manifestations. Mr Everitt, in very warm terms, testified of the pleasure he had felt in his sojourn in Scotland, and of the gratification he had had in making the acquaintance of the spiritualists of Glasgow. He thanked the meeting cordially for the kind words of friendship expressed towards Mrs Everitt and himself, and he hoped that on some future occasion they would meet again under like pleasurable circumstances. He urgently counselled all who desired to have lofty communications with the spirit world, and who sought good and elevating manifestations, to observe a steady perseverance and honest purpose in their endeavours, and to be wary of encouraging aught of levity and foolishness in their investigations. He also gave an account of some remarkable experiences which he had had in his own circle, which was highly interesting and instructive. At the close of the evening's entertainment some indications of rapping were heard, and a short conversation was carried on through that means by Mr Everitt. This manifestation was quite unexpected, and seemed to give great delight to nearly all present. The meeting was brought to a close at a seasonable hour by the company joining in the spirited rendering of the national song of "Auld langsyne," which seemed to give great delight to the guests of the evening by its Doric strain.—JAMES BROWN.