

HUMAN NATURE:

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF RE-INCARNATION.

No. I.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I gladly avail myself of the invitation which you have addressed to me, as an English member of the Society presided over by the late Allan Kardec, to give to English readers, through your periodical, a sketch of the theory of Existence and Destiny elaborated, from Spirit-teaching, by the earnest and indefatigable seeker, the results of whose labours are exercising so potent an influence on so many minds.

Let me begin this sketch by stating that, at the period of the first occurrence in France of the manifestations that have everywhere marked the opening of the new era of intercourse between the material world and the spirit-spheres so closely connected with it, M. Allan Kardec had already been engaged, for many years, in the study of mesmerism, somnambulism, and clairvoyance. He perceived that a new and important field of enquiry had been opened up, and entered at once on a careful investigation of the novel phenomena. A friend of his had two young daughters who soon became very excellent mediums. They were gay, lively girls, good and amiable, but fond of dancing and amusement, and habitually received, when sitting by themselves, or with their young companions, communications in keeping with their worldly and somewhat frivolous disposition. But it was soon found, to the surprise of all concerned, that, whenever M. Kardec was present, the communications transmitted through these young ladies were of very grave and serious import. On enquiring as to the cause of this change in the character of the communications, M. Kardec was told that spirits of a much higher order than those who usually communicated through the young mediums came expressly for him, and for the purpose

of enabling him to fulfil an important religious mission. M. Kardec thereupon drew up a series of progressive questions, with a view to the elucidation of the various problems involved in the study of the world in which we find ourselves. These questions, with the replies obtained through the mediumship of the young girls referred to—who were utterly incapable of appreciating the bearing of the instructions thus transmitted—were embodied by M. Kardec in a work which, by spirit direction, he published, under the title of *The Book of the Spirits*. This book contains a demonstration of the existence and attributes of the Causal Power, and of the nature of the relation between that Power and the universe; and puts us, so to say, on the track of the Divine operation. Its appearance created a great sensation on the Continent. It has been through nearly a score of editions, and has become the basis of the school of Spiritist Philosophy* with which the name of Allan Kardec is so intimately associated.

Soon after the publication of this book, M. Kardec founded "The Society of Psychologic Studies," which he presided over until his death, and which met every Friday evening at his house, to obtain from spirits, through writing-mediums, instructions relating to Truth and Duty. He also founded, as the organ of this Society, a monthly magazine, entitled *La Revue Spirite, Journal des Etudes Psychologiques*, which he edited until he died.†

Similar associations were speedily formed all over the world, and sent to the mother-society of Paris the most remarkable of the communications received by them. An enormous mass of Spirit-teaching, unique both in point of quantity and also in the variety of the sources from which it has been obtained, thus found its way into M. Kardec's hands, and was by him studied, collated, and coördinated, with unwearied zeal and devotion,

* The term *Spiritualiste*, applying to all systems which admit the existence of a spiritual element, as distinguished from matter, and the term *Espritiste* (which would be most strictly in conformity with the genius of the French tongue), being harsh and inelegant, the spirits who assisted M. Kardec advised the adoption of the term *Spiritiste*, or *Spirite*, to indicate the special views he was called to set forth. After some little hesitation, the shorter word has been generally adopted, although many disciples of the Kardec school, the writer included, prefer the term *Spiritist*.

† The charge of "partiality" brought by the writer of the paper on Spiritualism in Russia, in the last number of *Human Nature*, against M. Kardec (who, by the way, never delivered a "lecture" on Spiritualism in his life), can only have originated in an entire misapprehension of the nature and object of the *Revue*, which was designed to be, not in any sense, a summary of the general Spiritualistic movement, but, simply and solely, the exponent of the views and transactions of the Paris Society of Psychologic Studies, and of the kindred associations connected with it by identity of convictions, based on the doctrine of re-incarnation, the cornerstone of the Spiritist Philosophy.

during a period of nineteen years. Assuming that the views most generally taught by Spirits were probably the nearest to the truth, M. Kardec successively compiled, from the materials thus furnished him from every quarter of the globe, four other books. Of these, the work entitled *Heaven and Hell*, vindicates the justice of the Divine government, by explaining the nature of Evil as the result of ignorance, and showing the process by which all men will eventually become enlightened, purified, loving, and happy. *The Book of Mediums* treats of the various methods of communication between spirits in the flesh, and spirits that have put off their earthly integument. *The Gospel according to Spiritualism* is both a beautiful commentary on the moral precepts of Christ,* and an analytic examination of the incidents recorded of his life, showing, by a comparison of these with the manifestations of spirit-power now occurring, that they may have occurred through the action of natural causes. The fifth, and last of the series, entitled *Genesis*, shows the accordance of the Spiritist philosophy with the discoveries of modern science, and with the general tenor of the Mosaic record as explained by spirits. These works are regarded by the majority of continental spiritualists, as constituting the basis of the religious philosophy of the Future—a philosophy in harmony with the advance of scientific discovery in the various other realms of human knowledge; promulgated, by the host of enlightened Spirits acting under the direction of Christ himself, as the explanation and continuation of the teachings which, in its ignorance of natural law, the world, at the time of his appearance on our planet, was not ready to receive; and destined—by showing the true nature and end of terrestrial existence, and of the economy of the universe—to unite all mankind in a noble brotherhood, whose links reach downwards to the dim beginnings of Derived Existence, and upwards to the highest of the relatively “perfected” spirits who have preceded us on the path of Progress.†

The perception of the fact however vaguely understood, that whatever exists must exist in virtue of a Sufficient Cause, in itself or out of itself, may be regarded as the earliest result of

* The Spiritist view of Inspiration, and of the person and life of Christ, will be set forth in a future communication.

† It must not, however, be supposed that these books, which are circulating on the Continent by scores of thousands, are regarded by Spiritists as constituting a complete and final exposition of Truth in the branches of enquiry which they specially elucidate. Spiritists regard Allan Kardec as having laid the foundations on which successive generations of enquirers will continue to build. But Spiritist literature already comprises other important works, based upon, and still further developing, the views set forth in the Kardec books, which latter are considered by Spiritists as the beginning of a consecutive series of constantly-expanding teachings, to be given, from time to time, through other minds, as the progress of Natural Science shall pave the way for their reception.

the outlook of the human intellect upon the world in which it finds itself; and the first question which, at the threshold of the attempt to arrive at a rational theory of the universe, demands of us an answer—as imperatively now, with the light of science to guide us, as in the first reachings-out of the savage mind after the meaning of the world about us—is that which asks whether this world, wonderful even to the apprehension of the savage, has made itself, or has been made by something that is not itself; in other words, whether the constituent elements of the Material Universe can be regarded as the Sufficient Cause of the phenomena of Material, Mental, and Moral Existence, or whether those phenomena imply the action of something which those elements are insufficient to account for or to explain. If it can be shown that the Material Universe contains within itself the Sufficient Cause of the phenomena of existence, the Material Universe must be admitted to be its own cause, in other words, to exist *per se*; and Matter must be regarded as the Be-all and End-all of all that is. But if it can be shown that the elements of the Material Universe do not suffice to account for the evolution of those phenomena, then the evolution of those phenomena must occur in virtue of a Causal Power competent to produce them through its control of the material elements submitted to its action, anterior and superior to those elements, and standing, to the phenomena of the universe, in the relation of Cause to Effect.

But, so far from such demonstration being possible, the incompetence of the Material Universe to account even for the phenomena of Material existence—to say nothing, for the moment, of the phenomena of the Mental and Moral Worlds—is demonstrable from the fact that every object of that Universe consists of molecules—declared by our Spirit-teachers, and already suspected by Science, to be ultimately resolvable into a single primal type—not necessarily or permanently united in any given mode or form, but diversely combined for the production of each object, under certain pre-determined conditions, in certain fixed proportions, according to certain fixed laws; and it is evident that no one of those molecules can have been the cause of its own existence, because in that case it must, before creating itself, have determined not only the laws of its own existence, but also those of its innumerable possible combinations with its fellows, destined to produce the future forms and correlations of the Material Universe; in other words,—although there is nothing in Matter (whose molecules are perpetually changing their modes of aggregation) to account for the stability of the laws which regulate the evolution of the phenomena of material existence—each molecule must be supposed, before creating itself, to have devised the entire system of the Universe,

and to have imposed that system upon the Universe, as yet non-existent.

Nor can the several objects of the Material Universe (nor that Universe itself, considered as a Whole) be regarded as competent to account for their own existence; for, as the sum of a Whole is only the sum of its Parts, the aggregate possibilities of any object (or of the Material Universe), can only be the sum of the possibilities of each of its constituent molecules; and, moreover, as the totality of each object (or of the Material Universe) consists only of its constituent molecules, each object (or the Material Universe as a Whole) must have created its constituent molecules before creating itself. To assert that the Material Universe exists *per se* is, therefore, not only to attribute, to its constituent molecules, possibilities which they do not possess, but is tantamount to asserting that a thing can act before it exists. And this argument is not invalidated by the fact that, through molecules organised into compound forms, there is evolved a higher and wider range of phenomena than those molecules, as separate units, are capable of producing, as the well-constructed steam-engine, in full blast, produces effects to the production of which its several parts, uncombined, would be incompetent. For, in this case also, the sum of the Whole is neither more nor less than the sum of its constituent elements, which, in the case of the working engine comprises, in addition to the original possibilities of each portion of its machinery, the oil which lubricates that machinery, and the steam which sets it in motion, the fire and water that generate the steam, the action of the practical skill that superintends the working of the engine, and the genius of the Engineer that devised the whole.

The hypothesis which seeks to explain the phenomena of existence by attributing them to the necessary action of the "essential properties of matter," is equally fallacious; for not only, if our Spirit-guides say true, is the last stronghold of molecular essentiality—impenetrability—destined, ere long, to be relegated to the limbo of exploded errors; but, even admitting, for the sake of argument, the impenetrability of the ultimate material molecule, that single property is manifestly inadequate to account for the phenomena of the Universe. Moreover, even if we suppose matter to possess the entire range of possible properties—excepting that of Final Causality, which it has been shown that it does not possess—those properties could only be an effect resulting from the action of a cause adequate to their production.

What may be called the "Wave and Ocean theory," which regards the various temporary forms of the universe, ourselves included, as rising out of the general mass of existence and sinking again into that mass, as waves rise out of, and fall back into,

the mass of the ocean, not only leaves out of sight organisation, self-consciousness, all mental and moral phenomena, and the facts of development and progress, but also ignores the incapacity of water and of the ocean to produce a wave. For waves are not produced by any spontaneous action of water or of the ocean, but are altogether the result of orbital, equatorial, atmospheric, and lunar conditions, which are absolutely independent of the water, and which wave and ocean alike obey. The only analogy which exists between the evolution of a wave and that of an organism (human or other), is that both occur in virtue of the action of forces, which they are alike inadequate to account for, to have created, or to have employed for their own creation; and that they alike subserve a vast economy of related ends which they know not, and which only become apparent to the human intellect in the course of ages. This analogy, therefore, so far as it proves anything, proves conclusively in favour of their being Something that is not Matter within and behind the phenomena of the universe.

The idealistic theory which denies the objective existence of the Universe, and declares that there is no other Universe than the ideal conception of one existing subjectively in each human brain, is as incompetent to account for the conditions of the existence of that ideal conception of the Universe, as are the theories we have been examining to account for its actual existence. For, if the molecules of the brain were competent to originate such a conception—which we have seen that they are not—each individual brain, possessing the Universe in its own consciousness, ought to have found itself, from the earliest era of human existence, in possession of a complete synthetic knowledge of that Universe; whereas, on the contrary, our knowledge of the Universe has had to be laboriously worked out, through successive ages, by unnumbered enquirers, and so slowly that science, in all its departments, is still in its infancy.

The hypothesis which attributes the production of the phenomena of existence to the action of Force in and through Matter brings us logically to the conception of a Causal Power distinct from, and superior to, the constituent elements of the Material Universe. For the Force thus credited with the constructive evolutions of the Universe must be either intelligent, or unintelligent. If it be unintelligent, as no effect can be greater than its cause, it could neither have originated the harmonious laws that govern every detail of the infinite complexities of related existence, nor have produced the intelligent minds by which, through the accumulated heritage of successive generations of searchers, those laws are being gradually discovered, formulated, and applied. Unintelligent Force being thus seen to be incompetent to produce the

evolutions of existence, the Force that produces them must necessarily be intelligent; and if that Force, thus seen to be intelligent, be so absolute in its action, that not only we cannot change an iota of its laws, but that we can accomplish nothing, from the drawing of a breath, to the weighing of the globes of our solar system otherwise than in virtue of those laws, the universality of whose action proves the unity of their Source, while the immutability of their action proves that Source to be distinct from what we call Matter, as otherwise it would be subject to the transformations of material existence, and there would be, in that case, no stability in the laws which regulate the evolutions of the phenomena of the Universe; and if, moreover, those laws are so beneficent in their scope that all the pain of existence results from our failure to bring the conditions of our lives into harmony with their ordinations, while, on the other hand, did we know and obey them in their integrity, we should have attained all the happiness that life, in its highest forms and spheres, is capable of affording, we arrive at the conception of the Universe as the result of the action of Supreme, All-pervading, Intelligent, and Beneficent Force; and thus—as we cannot conceive of such a Force otherwise than as the attribute of BEING—we are compelled to admit the existence of the Unique, Omniscient, Omnipotent, and Beneficent Producer and Ruler of the Universe, whom Theists for convenience call GOD.

The present development of our intellectual faculties being proportional to the present degree of elevation of the planet in which we are incarnated (a very low one, though not the lowest), we have not yet acquired the increase of capacity which enables spirits who are sufficiently advanced for incarnation in higher types of humanity, in higher planets, to arrive at a nearer approximation towards that understanding of the Nature and Activities of the Causal Being which—as that Being is the one sole, all-creating, all-sustaining Life of the Universe—is the one grand, all-embracing aim and end of Derived Existences. But I shall endeavour to show in my next that our present incapacity of such understanding is no argument against the reality of the existence of that Being, and also, that we obtain, even here, through increasing knowledge of the laws of the Material, Mental, and Moral Universe, a constantly expanding, inferential knowledge of the qualities and modes of action of its Creator; while the fact that we are compelled, by the necessities of our intellectual nature, to propose to ourselves problems that we are, as yet, unable to solve, may be accepted as a promise written by the Creator, in the very texture of our being, that we shall eventually work our way up to their solution.

ANNA BLACKWELL.

Paris, Sept. 7, 1869.

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.

NARCISSUS.

SELF-LOVE.

THE most selfish phase of humanity is infancy. The baby regards the sun and moon as its playthings, and would place the whole world in its mouth as a lozenge, were it able. Even father, mother, brother, sister and nurse, are loved only in their relationship to self. In its own little world, and to the extent of its small power, it is the most tyrannical of autocrats--the limitations to its exaction being wholly from without, and not at all from within. Every cradle is an imperial throne, whose little occupant esteems the universe his own; poor mamma being only the chief slave, or, at most, supreme minister of this baby-realm. This is self-love, pure and simple, neither weakened on the one hand nor perverted on the other, by those extraneous circumstances and educational influences, which have always acted more or less on matured despots.

The reverse of this may be expressed in a single sentence, "God is love." The strength of the selfhood is the admeasurement of our imperfection, the plain index of how far we fall short of our proper standard as children of the Supreme. In theological language it may be said that exactly in proportion as men are selfish, they are also devilish; while in proportion as they are capable of self-sacrifice, they are angelic. Philosophically speaking, then, selfishness is simply a sign of spiritual imperfection and immaturity. The worshipper of self is still at an infantile stage of soul-growth. His base idolatry is only a characteristic of his babyhood, to be pitied, perhaps in a sense to be deplored, but not as an irremediable defect, seeing that it cannot fail to disappear at a higher stage of psychic advancement. Fear not, in due time this poor, grovelling worm, whose chief aim it is to gorge himself to the full with filthy earthslime, will some day learn, not parrotwise, but in very truth, that it is more blessed to give than receive, to minister than to be ministered unto.

We have said that the very reverse of all this is predicated in the sublime aphorism, "God is love." But we fear that in the ordinary teaching of theologians, God is only the great Narcissus, the supreme self-worshipper, doing all things, not out of the exhaustless plenitude of his paternal love, but for his own glory! and so very consistently demanding not so much to minister as to be ministered unto. But this is only an indication how very imperfect and immature theology really is--like much

else indeed that passes for profound learning, the product of scholastic pedantry rather than inspired insight, and so simply a melancholy record of intellectual perversity on the part of men who prefer traditional authority to the tuitions of nature or the revelations of genius. We need not, however, very seriously concern ourselves with "the dark sayings" of such an expiring echo from the bygone centuries, whose sectarian responses, moreover, present little other than a Babel confusion of conflicting testimony, the oracle being apparently susceptible of equally facile manipulation, whether the questioner be Papal or Protestant, Arminian or Calvinistic, in his sentiments and proclivities. Practically, however, and for present purposes, it is of some importance that a most stupendous fallacy respecting the divine nature should, week after week, be systematically preached from the fifty thousand pulpits of Britain, and the three hundred thousand of Christendom. Whether God be predominantly and essentially, father or tyrant, is of some significance to the generation who happen to entertain the one idea or the other, for on it they will infallibly, though perhaps unconsciously, fashion the general tenor of their own thoughts and feelings. Nevertheless, even this need not give us much anxiety; for the pulpit, like the press, while professing to lead, often follows public opinion—the only difference being that the latter is the more pliable instrument of the two.

The effect of this theological teaching is summed up in that favourite expression of the religious public, "a God-fearing man," that is, a self-seeking worshipper in his terrible relation to a self-seeking Deity. It is also seen in the *coercive* and selfish character of the usual inducements to piety, the pains of hell and the pleasures of heaven making their respective appeal, now to the fears and then to the hopes of the presumably self-seeking subject of this wondrous psychological discipline; the sermon on the mount, the parable of the prodigal son, and the beautiful beginning of the one great prayer, "OUR FATHER," having apparently all failed to establish the essentially *paternal* character of God, and consequently the *filial* relationship of man to his divine sire. Theology, however, is already in the throes of a new birth, and we need have no fear, when its transmutation shall have been effected, that the character of God as the all-loving Father will be effectually vindicated, and taught with the resistless authority of triumphant and established orthodoxy. The tenor of Christ's discourses, and the example of his life, demand this, and the spirit of modern Christendom will be satisfied with nothing less.

Leaving theology, however, with its misty cloudbanks of baseless dogmatism on the one hand and endless controversy on

the other, let us address ourselves to nature—that primal revelation of our infinite Father, that first declaration of his will to all his manifold children—and see if we cannot obtain some satisfactory response to the momentous question of self-seeking or self-sacrifice, written out in the sublime language of her magnificent symbolism. What say the great cosmic bodies? and they reply—Suns give and planets receive the life and splendour of the material creation. The former, central, regal, throned in light and glory, as if the express image of their divine creator, diffuse their radiance with beneficent prodigality to all recipients, withholding no one of their blessings from any of their manifold dependencies, bringing, now the moss, and anon the oak, to equal perfection, and ripening worlds in their orbits, as surely as the little seedcorns that are so blithely gathered in the golden harvest-time of successive seasons. And what says our own world, germinal, infantile, planetary, and opaque, as it still is? and its luxuriant vegetation and superabundant animal life reply—that it appropriates solar influence only for reproduction in these rich and varied forms of a diversified vitality, ever ascending into higher and yet higher planes of organic existence. And does not its rain proverbially fall on the just and the unjust? And are not its choicest blessings, light and air, the green fields and the blue sky, the bosky woods and the running streams, the azure seas and the snowy mountains, equally the inheritance of prince and peasant, as if to show that with nature and her God there is neither favour nor affection, all being regarded with an absolute infinity of love, their receptivity being the sole admeasurement of the extent to which they become the recipients of its blessings? Thus, then, we see that the earth, although not like the sun, an apt symbol of the universal Father, is, at all events, an equally apt symbol of the universal Mother, engirdled by her many olive-branches, who are fed by her bounty, and reared upon her all-embracing beneficence and love.

And what say her subordinate organisms, vegetable and animal? Do not the former seem as if they existed largely for the subsistence of the latter? Are they not a part of that beneficent provision which constitutes so important a feature in the great scheme of nature, having indeed their “uses,” and those, too, by no means insignificant, in the plan of the universe? And these uses, as we ascend the scale, gradually rise from the mere physical nutriment of animals, to the beauty and odour, which minister to the minds of men. And passing to the animal kingdom, do we not find that its initial and lower types, such as insects and fishes, are often wholly devoid of parental love, and consequently of that element of self-sacrifice which its

manifold duties imply ; while in birds and mammals this beautiful phase of affection attains to a strength and persistency of manifestation, that might almost shame humanity itself? And when we come to man, do we not find that the savage is more selfish, more cruel, and less sympathetic, than the barbarian? And is not modern and Christian more merciful in its punishments, and more beneficent in its general character and tendencies, than ancient and heathen civilisation? Is not philanthropy in its present acceptation a modern idea? And what say our public hospitals, our poor laws, and our treatment of criminals? And, speaking individually, are not the noblest men and the purest women those in whom we find the element of love and the principle of self-sacrifice the strongest?

Thus, then, it is obvious that the tendency of all being, both cosmic and telluric, is towards emergence out of the selfhood, the higher the grade and the more mature the individual the more marked being his uses in relation to others, and the larger the area over which his beneficent action extends. This could only be so in virtue of an all-pervasive law, the expression of a force underlying the entire scheme of existence. And this again translated into theological language means the essential character of God, who is love, and into whose likeness the universe is in that process of vital growth and development which we term creation.

Perhaps we can now afford to be charitable even to the selfish. Poor fellows, they are only at the infantile stage of their career, or, if the figure be preferred, striking their dark and unsightly roots deep into the soil, preparatory, doubtless, to throwing up stem and leaf, fragrant blossom, and luscious fruit, hereafter. As children of the infinite perfection, it is impossible they should remain for ever at their present germinal condition of existence. There is a sublime futurity awaiting even the basest and meanest of self-seekers. They admire and worship self, because nothing greater or better has yet been revealed to them. Wait till the divine has been fully awakened within the now slumbering human consciousness, then shall the unutterable grandeur of the universal absorb the littleness of the individual, and self-love wane in the glory of self-sacrifice, as the shadows of night depart ere the sun has arisen in his splendour.

CHARLES DICKENS says that "the first external revelation of the dry rot in men is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than any; to do nothing tangible, or to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow or the day after."

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.

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CHAPTER LVIII.

THE lack of music was the one substantial privation of this position, which we all lamented at times, but saw no remedy for. It would have been madness to attempt bringing a piano over the mountains I had crossed ; so we could only lament, and listen occasionally to Colonel Anderson's flute, which he played very sweetly, but without variety or brilliancy. He was only an amateur, and had too great a respect for Eleanore's taste, to gratify us often by his modest performances.

One day, after luncheon, when there had been a deal of sharp-shooting between us all round, and Eleanore, as usual, had borne off the banner, just escaping him at the door, with a very saucy speech on her lips, he took me aside, and told me confidentially that he had a little surprise in his hand for her, which he wished me to help him prepare.

Of course I was ready. What was it ?

"A piano."

A piano ! It almost took my breath to think of it.

"You see, dear Miss Warren," he said, "I couldn't endure to keep her here a year, or perhaps two, without one. Music is so much to her life. And beside," he added, solemnly, Eleanore has such a religious conviction of what is due to our child, that I must be a very infidel to neglect any joy or satisfaction for her that might be a blessing to it. I am, after much conversation and thought—the subject was so new and startling to me—convinced that hers is the true philosophy in regard to the offices and powers of your sex ; and with God's help, who has given me so noble a wife, no child of ours shall suffer blight or warping of its nature through lack of aught that may make the mother strong, happy, and harmonious. I have said so much, that you might understand that this apparent rashness is not mere weak indulgence of myself or her."

"I could scarcely judge either of you in that way," I replied ; "but in your view of it I see a higher faithfulness than simply that of affection for her, which alone I should have been little likely to question.

"Your heart is true and always to be trusted," he said, laying his hand upon my shoulder ; and now that you understand all, I know you

will zealously second my plans, and appreciate the importance of keeping from her the possible disappointment that may await me. If we fail, I must leave it to your ingenuity to devise some plan for sealing Phil's lips. *She must not know it at present*, Miss Warren, remember that."

"How do you expect it?" I inquired; "and who is to put it in order, if it comes safely?"

"Oh, I have taken care of all that. Hedding and Huntley are both coming to see the works and spend a few days. I haven't told her of them, either, and I wish to take her a ride and keep her out till the waggon comes, and the thing is proved. So if I may depend upon you to see to it, and receive them in our stead, I shall feel very grateful. Huntley is all sorts of a genius—very musical himself, and could make a piano perhaps, for lack of a better hand at it. He purchased it for me, and understands my wishes perfectly. May I now leave the whole affair to you?"

"I will do my very wisest and best," I replied; and hearing the sound of her coming feet, I immediately spoke on another topic, and the subject was dismissed.

But you may be assured that I did not, with the cessation of speech, cease to think upon and admire the nobleness, delicacy, and true manly tenderness, which were thus endeavouring religiously to fulfil the measure of duty and blessing to the unborn. I knew that he had happiness, great happiness, in pleasing the beloved of his soul; but I saw, by the radiance of his beaming eye, and the glow of his countenance while he spoke, that there was here a holy, elevating, and sacred purpose, higher even than that, which warmed this great true soul. Eleanore had spoken to me, long ago, in one of her exalted, prophetic moods, of the children that would one day be born, when it should be understood how richly ennobling and high influences could flow to them through the daily life and experiences, the susceptibilities and capacities of the mother. I remembered this, and her saying, once, that man could exercise his most potent and beautiful influence over the character and destiny of his children only through pure and divine ministration to woman in this greatest office of humanity; and I rejoiced with joy unspeakable in the assurance thus afforded me, that appreciation, and noble, delicate, and religious aid toward the actualising of these holy hopes, were to be hers. The announcement cheered and exhilarated me more than I can tell, and gave me an almost feeling of importance in the magnitude of the secret entrusted to me.

When dinner was over, and José, Antonio's lieutenant, brought the mules to the door, I hurried them away as fast as possible, for the Colonel had told me that, the roads being much improved of late, the

waggon, which was to us like a train of rail-cars or a steam-packet, might be there earlier than it had yet come, and, in any case, the gentlemen might be expected soon.

"You must make my case good to them," he said, "for deserting in this unusual manner, but there is nothing else I can do to keep her away till the experiment is tried, and I will make all amends when I get back."

As soon as they had turned from the door, I took Phil, who stood kissing his hand to them, to my heart and confidence.

"A piano!" he exclaimed, with dancing eyes; "a piano, Miss Warren! Oh, isn't that nice! I believe mamma will teach me to play on it when I am big enough—don't you?"

"Yes, darling."

"Do you know," he asked, thoughtfully, and seeming to reach far back into the shadowy past for it—"do you know that Harry used to play, away off in the other land?"

"No, Phil, I didn't know it."

"Yes, he did, Miss Warren; and mamma used to show him how."

"But you must not talk to mamma about that, dear Phil. It will grieve her."

"No, I won't; but I 'member it. I am so glad we shall have one here; I like to have mamma play for me to dance."

Antonio was full of business, for he understood affairs also, and was bustling about outside preparations for the extra dinner, and we were both watching for any sign of approach down the mountain.

At last the shouts of the muleteers were heard, and shortly after, the great waggon, with its immense burden, and long train of little patient slaves, rumbled into the street, and stopped before the large storehouse a few rods below. There were no strangers there though; but Antonio soon came in with the cheering news that they were coming. They were to start from —— at two o'clock, and as it was now a little past four, we might expect them immediately. At once there was a little bustle of preparation running through the house.

I shifted a table and some chairs in the parlour, to make room for the welcome arrival; strong in faith that all would be right with it, and the next day, if not earlier, we should hear some of the sweet sounds which Eleanore could make it discourse, to delight us. In my care, I went out myself to see that it was properly handled in the unloading and bringing in. It was certainly well packed, being apparently in the centre of a gigantic bale of some soft material, and all strongly sewed in sail-cloth. When all this was removed, and the exhumation fully effected, I saw a smallish, old-fashioned instrument, which I greatly

feared must disappoint our hopes. It was of antique make, and English, as I judged, from the unfamiliar name, Whitehouse, which appeared upon it.

We had but just got it safely in-doors, when the two gentlemen came, and after being introduced to Mr. Huntley, I proceeded with the explanation of their host and hostess's absence. They accepted it with entire good nature, entering heartily into the spirit of the affair at once, and Mr. Huntley, after returning from his room, put his hand readily to the setting up and tuning, saying, good humouredly, he had done a little of almost everything since he had been in Chili, and it should go hard with him, but he would make this undertaking of the Colonel's successful. He lost not a moment till dinner was laid, and then, taking only the Yankee measure of time for that important event, came back and resumed his labours—examined this and that, groaned here, whistled despairingly there, and by and by muttered a few syllables of encouragement to himself—keeping very busy all the while—tried the keys—tuned the strings, tried them again, tuned a little more—ran over them, caught his breath painfully when some unexpected discord rang out, stopped, set it right, and tried them again and again, growing flushed and heated all the while with the exertion, and the consciousness of the shortening time—called for lights, and went on still more excitedly, but with a calm and steady hand, and at length hurried a chair up to the instrument, sat down and played, from memory, one of the Strauss waltzes.

"There," said he, exultingly, "it's all right but that A," sounding the rebellious key, "and I fear we may have to get a new string for that. I am afraid it will jar Mrs. Anderson's fine ear. I'll try it once again, though. Yes, that improves it a little more—yes that is better, very good, in fact. Now, Mr. Hedding"—this gentleman had been sitting, talking with me and Phil, telling us how he had brought stores of rare seeds and flower-roots for Mrs. Anderson—"now, Hedding, I call that a triumph, by Jove! When Mrs. Anderson comes home, I think she'll be a little surprised. I believe I'll conceal myself, just to see the effect."

"You'll have but little time, sir," I said, "for stratagem; for I think I hear their voices in the still air from that hill-side; and if so, they will be here in a few minutes." And so they were, and you must imagine Eleanore's incredulous look, and how her large eyes opened upon us wider and wider; and how, having shaken hands mechanically with her guests, she allowed her exulting husband to seat her at the instrument; and how, after a few touches of it, she seemed to become convinced that it was a veritable piano, and proceeded to make it tell

the story itself by such an outpouring of sweet sounds as had never before startled that little valley; and how the peons and their dark wives and children gathered around, and pressed up to hear; and how, after this, she rose, and with tearful eyes, clasped and kissed the dear hand that had conferred this great pleasure on her, and then gave a cordial and meaning welcome to both the gentlemen; and how the evening passed in alternate music and talk, till a late hour, when we all retired—even Phil having been allowed to sleep there, with his head pillowed on my lap, when he could no longer keep waking; and how, when he was laid in his little bed, Eleanore came and bade me good night, with such an earnest and religious thankfulness in her eyes, that I said, without her speaking, “Yes, dear friend, you are indeed richly blest.”

CHAPTER LIX.

OUR guests remained a week with us, prolonging their visit from day to day, in pure surrender to the beautiful life we enjoyed. There were rides, and walks, and visits to the works, in which both were largely interested; there were games at chess between the three younger ones, Mr. Hedding generally managing to keep me under a perpetual challenge to backgammon; there were discussions—political, theological, and scientific; there were conversations upon art, esthetics, life, death, matter, and spirit. Mr. Huntley, when tried, proved an accomplished talker. He was a Cambridge man, and the difference in conversational resource between him and our host was well characterised by the latter one evening, when, smarting under a temporary defeat, he said: “Ah, Huntley, you and I are too unequally matched in this ring. The years that went over me in my wanderings on the deserts and in the jungles of the East, were spent by you in the drawing-rooms of London and the salons of Paris. You can level me at one fell swoop with authorities of which I am ignorant, or which I know only by report.”

“And you,” replied his antagonist, “can throw about me, before I know what you are doing, the giant arms of some law, which Nature, in your love passages with her, has revealed to you, and there I am, bound and prostrate at your feet. What are all the musty opinions of the schoolmen—speculations between man and man—compared to a decree which lives and works daily and hourly in the elements that sustain us?”

Eleanore looked proudly at her husband as these words fell upon her ear, and gratefully at him who uttered them. “You have spoken truly, Mr. Huntley,” she said, “and in your self-disparagement have

proved the highest claim to acknowledgment. I admire that soul, which, valuing its own possessions, sees and confesses richer treasure in another. I think it is the secret of deep and true happiness in our relations;" and her eyes turned, as she spoke, to Colonel Anderson's, with a language that needed no interpretation from the tongue.

In some manner, and for some reason—whether of greater fitness in years or tastes I scarcely know—but it often happened, when the conversation was not general, that Mr. Hedding and I found ourselves a little apart, and on subjects less cosmic than our young friends were apt to settle down upon, when once they had loosed their pinions in the field of thought. True, we sometimes sat and listened when a more than usually eloquent strain was falling from some one of those living, hopeful tongues; but, however it happened, it was quite natural and easy for us to treat ourselves as the "old folks." The young ones were all musical; they often sang and played whole hours away; for Huntley had inexhaustible stores of pieces in his memory—English, Scotch, and Irish; marches, lilt, jigs, waltzes; opera pieces, and pieces that were older than opera. He was a cyclopedia, Eleanore said, of music, though not remarkable in execution.

"We want to be inspired now, after all this hum-drum playing," he would say to her. "We must have you here for that."

And then often came a grand, solemn improvisation, or a brilliant and capricious one, or a tender and timid one; but whatever it was, it was living. There was no mistaking and no resisting it. We could chat or pursue our game while Mr. Huntley was doing his best, or even while she was playing written music; but when the instrument was made to interpret her, it was quite otherwise. Then it was as if her soul spoke to us its highest conceptions, and we listened perforce.

Their last evening with us was brilliant in music, conversation, and wit. It was prolonged till a late hour, and as we were parting for the night, I said to Mr. Huntley: "You will return to the gaities of the city, after this seclusion, with a keen relish for them."

"The city!" he exclaimed. "Think of that, Anderson! We are both compelling ourselves to go away from you all, and here is Miss Warren singing the praises of the city. I assure you it has never been so dull as it will be now, to me, and I am quite certain it will be equally so to my friend, will it not?"—addressing Mr. Hedding.

"You are right in that," he replied; "for, really, I have been thinking of trying to get myself into society by asking Col. Anderson to give me a situation here. Have you anything that would suit me, Colonel?"

"Yes, admirably," replied he, looking with that deep smile, as he

spoke, first at Eleanore, and then at me. It brought the colour to my face; and she, too, turned her glowing eye upon me, and pressed my hand on her arm. What did all this mean?

But we were just separating, and so there was no time to ask—only time for speculation and dreamy conjecture after I reached my room.

In the morning our guests took their departure—not without repeated promises to visit Valverde again before the flowers should have faded. Mr. Huntley, with his universal readiness and faultless taste, had laid out and planted a flower-garden and numerous beds around the house, and already vases were in requisition for the *eschscholtzias* and lupines of the wild lands, and we were promised, in a couple of months, to be overrun with the annuals of the garden.

We had visited the “works” many times, and watched with a deep interest the riddling of the great mountains. There were three separate mines being opened, with all sorts of vertical, lateral, and ascending and descending shafts—a perfect labyrinth it seemed to Eleanore and me. There were the old and new galleries, up and down, to the right and the left, winding hither and thither, and all seeming endless in their grim blackness. At all hours of the day and night they swarmed with men, quarriers, drillers, carriers; and many times each day the dull, heavy boom of the great blasts reverberated through the valley and from side to side of the towering mountains in thundering echoes.

The work was driven with an energy and quietness that were admirable to witness; no confusion, no noise, no disorder, anywhere; one potent and enlightened will directing every step and every blow to its exact purpose—one clear eye computing every foot of progress—one accurate and always calm mind comprehending and controlling, without the slightest show of authority, all that vast application of labour. It inspired me with a more enthusiastic admiration of Col. Anderson than I had before entertained, to see how he moved among these men of all grades of capacity and varieties of ambition and desire—labourers, mechanics, machinists, and sub-engineers—governing all perfectly, yet so utterly without pretence or show of doing it, that they were never made conscious of his relation to them.

Mr. Hedding expatiated warmly upon this feature of his capacity. “He has the power,” he said, “to make himself felt everywhere, and yet a stranger might spend a day here and ask at night who was the head man, if it were not that he is so superior in every way, that he could not be mistaken for a subordinate.” There was the most unwavering confidence in his judgment, as well as in his executive ability, so that when he pronounced favourably of any branch of the undertakings he had in hand, everybody was set at rest with regard to

it. And how proud Eleanore was of all this. With what worship she looked on him, when letters came bearing testimony to his judgment, his scientific knowledge and worthiness, in every thing that belongs to the complete man, to be trusted.

"We leave all to you, sir," was the constant language of those whom he consulted. "We are convinced there can be no greater safety than this. Employ whatever force and capital you think best suited to develop our interests, and advising us of your wants as early as you can foresee them, rest assured that they will be supplied."

From our friends came pleasant epistles to us all, filled with delightful recollections of their visit, and pitying themselves that they were no longer of our circle, "which I assure you," said Mr. Hedding in his note to me, "it would not be easy to match in this city." With the second post after their return, came a letter from Senor Senano, very polite and stately, containing a formal application to me to come to them in the capacity of governess. He hoped for a speedy and favourable answer, from what my friend, Mrs. Anderson, had told them, before she was herself taken away by the excellent Colonel.

"What shall I say, dear friends?" I asked, when the letter had been read in full session at supper.

Phil voted *instanter* no.

Colonel Anderson followed on the same side, with reasons and arguments as plenty as blackberries. Even Antonio, who was serving us, put in his nay. But Eleanore was silent. Have you no voice on this question, my queen?" asked the husband.

"Yes, Leo, my voice is ay."

We were all betrayed into an expression of surprise.

"Why, Nelly," begun Colonel Anderson.

"Oh madame," exclaimed Antonio, catching his breath and subsiding into instant silence.

"Mamma, mamma," cried Phil, "don't let Miss Warren go away. I want her to stay here. I believe she ought to stay here."

"One at a time, my darling," she replied to the man and the child. You, good Antonio, wish her to stay, I know, because we all love her, and are so happy to have her with us; and that would be right if there were nothing else to be thought of but our happiness for the present time. But we must think of Miss Warren as well as ourselves, and though we shall miss her very sadly, from our table, and our house, and our garden, we ought not to keep her here, if it will not be best for her. I think so, Antonio, and so I vote ay on this question. Will you come to the parlour now," she said, rising and leading the way with Phil in one hand and myself in the other. "Leo, come and sit down here and

let us consider." For my own part, I remained silent. I was not in the least hurt by her decision; for our affection for each other was above every doubt. Not a shadow could possibly fall on that. But I was curious to hear a more explicit statement of her thoughts than she had given to Antonio.

"Well, Nelly," said her husband, "what is it? I know you are thinking of something that would be worth hearing. Will you give it us?"

"I did not propose to argue this question, dear friends," she said, taking a hand of each of us. "I asked you, Leo, to sit down and consider. That did not mean to discuss. Now reflect for a little, and see if you do not vote with me. We are talking, dear Anna," she said, "as if you were absent, and I endeavour to think and feel about your going, as far above the level of the present hour as possible. I try to forget how much I shall long for you—how much we shall feel your loss from this blessed household, and think of your future only, and I am persuaded that you ought to go to the city."

"I am more than half inclined to agree with you," I said, "because I have so often found you right heretofore. Nevertheless, I do not care so much for pecuniary interests now, that I need to sacrifice so much as I should in giving you all up for the sake of a salary."

"It is not pecuniary interest alone that I consider," replied Eleanore. "But I should like you to enter upon a social life in the city, which will never be possible to you here. You are able to speak Spanish passably now, and therefore you will not be so isolated in the Senano household as I was. You will not have the same reason that I had, in this worshipful master, for shunning company, and, in short, I feel assured that we shall all be much happier a year hence if you go. Now, Leo, you shall have the privilege of withdrawing your former vote and reversing it if you choose."

And so it was settled, with the clear concurrence of all but Phil, that I should reply affirmatively to Don Alexandro's letter, which I did, promising to go to them at the end of a month. What intense enjoyment was compressed into that period! What hopes and plans of future meetings there or in the city. How the packet was to be charged with parcels to Mr. Hedding's care for me; and in return, how I imagined myself picking up now and then a choice book, or a gem of a picture, or, with Mr. Huntley's help, a piece of rare music to delight these dear souls, in this secluded little house. At last the morning of the day came. The Colonel was to accompany me to ———, and his second foreman, a very gentlemanly, quiet man, was to act as my escort to the city, whither he had to go on business.

When I parted from Eleanore, her swimming eyes smiled into mine as she said, "I hope I am not afflicting myself so much in vain, Anna. Keep your heart alive, dear friend, and think what a bright, beautiful, and sufficient world *home* is to a woman." The calmly spoken words startled me, and returned to my inner ear, hours afterwards, in the heat of that day. Was I travelling towards a bright and peaceful home? I asked myself, with a vague, wide wandering of my imagination into the future. There came also an occasional memory of the past—streaks of something like light across that misty expanse. On the whole, my journey was accomplished in a state of mind pretty nearly balanced between expectation and pleasing memories. I had at the least a new home and new persons before me, and if life should offer me nothing more than it had already, a perpetual membership in the beloved household I had just left, that indeed was much. But why was it now, as it would once have been, enough? Why did I look beyond?

When we reached Hotel du Nord, I was following my companion, Mr. Burney, up stairs, to the parlour, when we met Mr. Hedding going down. His undisguised pleasure in meeting me, his hearty cordiality and his endless praises of Mrs. Anderson's generosity and kindness in urging my coming, quite touched my heart. So much appreciation, so much pleasure derived from my presence, warmed my blood into strange pulsations. Would it not be happiness always to be able so to give happiness?

I retired late, but did not even then sleep till I had questioned myself thus many times, and recalled many times the earnest, lingering clasp, in which my hand had been taken that night.

The next day I was installed in my new post, but although I liked my employers much, and they liked me, and the children were particularly fond of me, I remained there only four months. At the end of that time, I received the following short note from Eleanore:

"VALVERDE.

"Your cards were received with great joy, dear Anna. Leo and I have talked of nothing else all the evening. We have laid all sorts of delightful plans for your future days, which we feel assured cannot fail to be happy. If they are as much so as you both deserve, and we wish they should be, you could not, I am sure, ask more. As this will not reach you till after the wedding day, let it bring to your home the assurance of our congratulations, and of my joyous, heart-felt sympathy with you, dear friend, in this long deferred experience. I feel happier in thinking of you as the wife of that good, noble, genial man, than I should if you had been placed upon a throne, and thereby cut off from following your heart in this leaning of it. Leo and I hope to see you before the rainy season sets in. Will you not come to us? Phil begs

for a visit, and Antonio smiles brightly when your name is spoken, and seems to approve as warmly as any one of us the new relation.

“Our hearts are full of love for you, and here is the little queenly flower of pure white—*cyclobothra*, Leo calls it—which he has carefully pressed to offer you. Put it in your herbarium, and under it write the language which he intends it to express to you from himself: ‘May you be happy and beloved as I am.’ It is the type of a victorious, exulting heart, and never had any a better right than he to send it, unless it were your rejoicing friend, ELEANORE.”

(To be concluded in our next.)

SABBATH MUSINGS.

HERE, by this stream, I fain would lay me down;
 Methinks its friendly murmur bids me stay,
 While the cool leaves invite me to repose.
 A scene more lovely scarcely could the soul
 Look out on from its earthly tenement,
 Just such as for itself it would create,
 If by an arbitrary act of will
 It could control the stubborn elements,
 And shape its outer world to that within.
 Deep in the solemn shadow of this large
 Leaved sycamore, I'll lay me down and rest,
 Now that the regal orb hath all but reach'd
 The burning key-stone of the day's blue arc,
 That fervid hour when Nature seeks repose,
 When birds and beauteous living things grow mute,
 And seek the cooling shelter of the shade.
 And yet, not all, how mellow, from the ford
 Down yonder, where the level waters glide,
 Ring out upon the air the laughter-chimes
 Of sweet child voices—sweet to listen to,—
 Captives escaped a while from city homes,
 And the restraint unhappily imposed
 Upon the restless energies of youth,
 Glad to emerge into the higher range
 Of Nature's more congenial repose,
 That rest of motion, wrongly deemed unrest,
 Revealed in the activities of life.
 Things wanting life no less, the balmy breeze
 That stirs the azure pool, and waves the wheat;
 In swaying woods, and dancing summer leaves;
 In leaping lambskins and in browsing herds;
 Or in that living mystery, the light,
 Angel of wide-spread wing, first-born of God,
 Sustaining, blessing, beautifying all,
 By all things welcomed, worshipped, nor withheld
 From meanest of God's creatures, hence divine—
 The smile of God's own countenance benign
 Shed down in love as he well pleased beholds
 The myriad forms of beauty he hath made,
 Bathing the rocky ribs of Mother Earth,
 Flooding her valleys, while her mountain peaks
 Swim in this ether of the Infinite.

No wonder children revel in the light,
 And take delight in happy living things,
 From light derived, the bird, the leaf, the flowers,
 With pendant bee or insect on the wing.
 How deeply in my soul I sympathise
 With you, with all rejoice! My God!
 This is the very ecstasy of rest.

Who prates to me of law? I know no law
 Higher than that which God hath written on
 This deathless spirit,—rules me from within,
 Which bids me live unfetter'd, fearless, free
 To choose the path that leads to heaven or hell.
 Laws are for children, timid fools, or slaves;
 Sermons for sucklings; creeds, the leading-strings
 Of such as lack the courage to be free.
 Perish the law would interpose between
 My soul and God. God present in these woods,
 Those silent rocks, this leafy solitude,
 This stream which still keeps talking to itself
 As I with my own thoughts hold converse now.
 Thou Nature, art to me, religion, law;
 Thy hills my Sinai, and wide space thy fane,
 Thy Author, mine no less, the mighty God,
 On whose fair foot-stool—Earth, I lay me down
 In deep humility to kiss his feet,
 While all around, where'er I turn mine eyes,
 I read his autograph, and there revealed
 That gospel once proclaimed on Calvary,
 Older by ages than the decalogue,
 Which is at best, alas! and that no more
 Than the faint echo of the law within.

But, hark! again those bells of innocence,
 Like seraph music pealing from afar,
 Known only to the ears of dying men.
 I see them now, down yonder at the bend,
 Where, widening out to kiss its pebbly marge,
 The stream presents to little paddling feet
 A glassy pathway to the other side;
 Where all aglow the thickly blossomed furze
 Strews the green carpet with bright flakes of gold;
 Where waving azure bells sweetly awake
 The mystic melody of fairy chimes;
 Or where yon hawthorn copse inviting hangs
 Its odorous wealth; or where the meadow sweet
 Uplifts its lace-wove banners to the breeze.
 O bliss to infant souls, beyond compare!
 Would for your sakes I were a child again!

How swift the hours speed when the soul is pleas'd!
 Yonder, already, from the rustic church
 Wend hitherward the village worshippers,
 Uplifted with a sense of having done
 God service—having each submitted to
 The weekly drill, so strenuously enforced,
 Of sitting, standing, listless, or asleep;

Or, if awake, to listen dreamily
 To utterances of the olden time—
 What men of old believed and taught of God—
 Forgetful that in every human soul,
 Still more or less, the Godhead is revealed.
 To heaven, how many paths! Yet men love most
 Those beaten by the footsteps of dead sires.
 Perhaps 'tis well such souls are spared the pain
 Of thought-birth, and the travail long endured
 By those who hew an opening for themselves.
 And yet, methinks, no pathway can be wrong
 That leads the weary wanderer home at last.
 Nearer they come, nor less a pleasing sight,
 A motley throng—young, old, and middle-aged—
 The aged, with tottering steps and looks austere;
 The peasant maiden, whose sweet looks bespeak
 Pure thought, warm heart, and all that makes
 The crown and glory of true womanhood;
 The stalwart youth, intent to catch her eye,
 Strides past, and feels himself a king if she
 But deign to bless him with a passing look;
 The lagging young folks, more intent to watch
 The minnow-shoal manoeuvre in the brook,
 Or nests in leafy nooks they dare not scan.
 But why on me thus bend your lowering brows,
 Ye favourites of heaven, elect of God?
 Doubtless my presence here, on this blest day,
 Disturbs the current of your pious thoughts;
 Disturbs calm Reason's ray, and makes you see
 In me a desecrator of God's day,
 A child of evil, vessel of God's wrath,
 Brand for the teeth of unrelenting fires—
 That endless prey upon the non-elect.
 What matter, brethren, if God wills it so?
 But, see! in refutation of your creed,
 Behold his blessed sunlight falls on me;
 To me, caressing, come the waving winds,
 Bringing love-offerings from the sweet-breath'd flowers;
 To me the streams, the woods, sing soothing psalms,
 The birds chant melodies, all things speak peace;
 And thus to superstitions, old and new,
 Nature, indignant, ever gives the lie.

Glasgow, Sept., 1869.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

EVIDENCE OF THE WITNESSES BEFORE THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY (*Continued*).

Miss Houghton—I will give some account (she said) of how the drawings are done, of which I have brought the tracings here for inspection. They were produced at a seance which was held at the residence of Miss —, about two dozen persons being present. Two sheets of

drawing-paper, a lead pencil, a sable hair pencil, some water, and a tube of water colour (madder brown), some of which had been squeezed into a saucer, were placed on the table. After the gas had been extinguished, we heard the sheets of paper, which by an accident had been drenched with water, fluttering about the room; presently one of them was brought to me, and laid between my hands, and we heard it being patted for some time, as if to dry it. The spirits then made me hold it lengthwise before me, with the finger and thumb of each hand. We then heard the brush dipped into the saucer of colour, and applied to the paper, the movements being very rapid. The paper was laid for a little while flat on the table, and I feared the moist colour would be smeared; however, it was lifted up, and again worked upon. A light was then demanded, and we saw the sketch of "The Guardian Angel," which was still moist. To my surprise I found that the drawing had been done on the side of the paper next to me, as if the spirit executing it had occupied my place, or been, as it were, within me; so that when laid upon the table it would have had the wet colour upwards, instead of running the risk of being spoiled, as I had feared. There was but one colour upon the table, but a second was employed in the drawing, so that our spirit friends must have themselves supplied it.

Mr. Coleman gave a remarkably lucid and interesting narrative of certain phenomena which, he declared, he had himself witnessed, and under circumstances which entirely precluded the notion of imposture. Some years ago, he said, soon after he had arrived in New York, he called upon Miss Kate Fox, the celebrated American medium, and expressed his curiosity to learn something of this latest and most remarkable phase of Spiritualism. While seated by her side on the sofa three loud raps were heard on the table (which was in the centre of the room), apparently in answer to some jocular remark he had made. "It seems we have listeners here," he said. The three raps were repeated. It may be remarked, for the sake of the uninitiated, that in the spiritualistic system of telegraphy three raps are generally understood to imply an affirmative. "Shall we come to the table?" Three raps. "Is there any spirit here waiting to communicate with me?" Three raps again. "Will you tell me your name?" he asked. The answer was spelt out by means of an alphabet, "Your stepson Harry." (The medium could scarcely have known the fact of his having a stepson of that name, for he was an entire stranger in the city.) "How happy I am to be able once more to converse with you." Here there appeared to be a break in the sentence; for the table proceeded to rap out the words "let me speak;" and Miss Fox suggested that it was perhaps another spirit who desired to speak to him. The table rapped assent. "Is there another spirit present then who wishes to communicate with me?" I then asked. "Yes," "Are you a friend of mine?" "Yes." "A relative?" "Yes." "Your name?" "Annie." Mr. Coleman assured the committee that he had been unable at the moment to recollect any one in his family of that name, and that he had accordingly denied stoutly that he had any such relative. The words were then spelt out—"O how your voice recalls the memory of the past. How rejoiced I am to be able to thank you for your kindness to my

daughter Eliza." It was his wife's mother who had "passed away" twenty-five years ago. He also mentioned a rather remarkable fact that had occurred while he was staying at Malvern. He had been conversing on Spiritualism with the family at whose house he was lodging, and had afterwards gone out to see a friend in the neighbourhood. On his return he was proceeding straightway to bed, when the master of the house came rushing into his room, and asked him, for Heaven's sake, to come down stairs immediately. He accordingly went, and upon entering the drawing room a strange sight met his gaze. Miss —, a young lady who was staying in the house, was lying on the sofa in violent hysterics. Mrs. — appeared overwhelmed with terror, and a small tripod table was dancing frantically up and down the room, as if delighted beyond measure at the consternation it had created. On Mr. Coleman's entrance the table ambled towards the door, made a low bow to him, and then proceeded to execute a series of Terpsichorean extravagances of a most curious and remarkable description. He then strove to calm the young lady; she was just beginning to recover when the table came bobbing towards her in a most extraordinary manner, and sent her off again. Mr. Coleman then went to the table, and placing his hand upon it, said, "We have had enough of this nonsense. In God's name, go;" when the movements instantly ceased. Upon explanation, it appeared that during his absence they thought they would try for themselves whether there was any truth in Spiritualism or not. A circle was formed, consisting of the father, mother, and daughter, her friend Miss —, and a bluff, incredulous Yorkshireman. The most surprising results were obtained. "It was the most extraordinary thing I ever saw," said the Yorkshireman afterwards to me, "that table talked to me and told me of my father and mother for all the world like a human" [*sic*]. At another seance at which Mr. Coleman had been present with Mr. D. D. Home, the table rose right up to the ceiling, he all the time holding Mr. Home's hands firmly in his own. This, too, was in a private house, where all the persons in the circle were friends of his own, and incapable of trickery or imposture. He had also seen, while sitting with the same circle, a beautiful hand and arm, which he was certain could not have belonged to any one present, appear above the table and ring a bell. The same hand was afterwards placed in his hand.

Mr. Sergeant Cox, a member of the committee, remarked that he had heard of a woman who could make people believe they were tormented by a wasp, that they could smell flowers, &c., by the mere exercise of her will. He desired to ask Mr. Coleman how he could be certain he was not biologised at the time, and merely imagining these things.

Mr. Coleman said—Biology might explain some of the phenomena, but there were others that it could not possibly account for—such, for instance, as spirit drawings. He had been present at the production of several elaborate crayon drawings in spaces of time varying from seven to ten seconds. He had himself previously marked the paper so as to enable him with certainty to identify it. These drawings were still in his possession, and he would be glad to exhibit them to the committee.

The *modus operandi* for the production of these spirit drawings was very remarkable. Clean pieces of paper, with crayons, &c., were placed in a covered box; a rapid scratching of the paper was then heard, and in a few seconds the crayons were heard to fall, and the drawing was ready for inspection. He would like to know how biology could account for this.

Mr. Borthwick said that without desiring to propound any theory with regard to the phenomena, he could certainly substantiate the statement of Mr. Coleman with regard to spirit drawings. The blank paper was marked by those present and placed under a shawl which had been tied round the table; a scratching noise was then heard, and in from seven to nine seconds the drawing was completed.

Mrs. Rowcroft stated that in July, 1860, she had seen the apparition of her husband. "I was lying," she said, "on the sofa, at about six and seven o'clock in the evening, perfectly awake, and not thinking at all about my husband, when I heard three distinct knocks at the door. Thinking it must be one of the waiters, I said 'Come in,' and my husband, who had been dead five years, entered, dressed in the morning dress prescribed for British consuls—a blue coat, with Victoria buttons, a straw-coloured waistcoat, and a white hat, such as he always used to wear in the summer. He had also a walking stick with a chamois-horn handle. I jumped up and advanced towards him. He then went into the next room; and when I had recovered myself sufficiently to follow him, he was gone." In answer to questions, the lady stated that she was unable to say how long the apparition lasted; she had every reason to believe that her husband was poisoned on board a ship; the door actually opened when she said "Come in"; the door was not open when the apparition disappeared.

Dr. — narrated that a medical friend called on a lady patient. She said, "Do you believe in dreams? If so, last night I dreamt that the winner of the Derby would be No. 19 on the racing card." He made inquiry, found No. 19 was "nowhere;" 20 to 1 against it; he took the bets, and cleared £2,000.

Mr. Jones narrated that, when his late wife was ill, early in March, he heard a voice, as if in the centre of his head, repeating at short intervals, "The 7th, the 7th." The sound was clear, like a silver bell,—"the 7th." Considering it a prediction as to the fatal crisis day of his wife, he went to the three attendants, told them that the crisis day with Mrs. J. would be on the 7th of April, and requested them to remember the date. When his two sons came home in the afternoon he informed them. Time passed on. On the morning of the 7th, when his wife was leaning on the breast of one of her sons, she was seized. The scene was fearful.

Mr. Percival made a statement. His experience dated from 1829 or 1830, a period long antecedent to the development of Spiritualism in America. He was an officer in the Guards, but he felt very anxious about religious truth. He could not reconcile the tone of Christianity in society with the tone of Christianity in the Bible. He went to balls and parties, and never heard the name of God mentioned. He determined to leave the army and study religion—not necessarily to become

a clergyman, for that should only be in obedience to a call from the Holy Ghost. He had heard in Ireland some excellent Evangelical teachers, and he wished to enter at Trinity College, but his mother preferred that he should enter at Oxford or Cambridge; and he therefore knelt down by his bed and prayed for guidance. He saw a vision of his friend Harrington, whom he had known at Harrow; he was dressed in the canonical gown, in a peculiar room, strangely furnished, and he took down a folio book from the library shelf to show him. Well, he went to Oxford, met his friend Harrington, and while in doubt about two of the Thirty-nine Articles, he asked his friend for counsel, went to his rooms, and there he saw Mr. Harrington in canonical gown, and with all the surroundings which had been shown to him in the vision. A second time, he saw visions when going to Brussels. While passing through Canterbury he knelt down in the coach to pray for guidance as to whether he should go *via* Calais or Ostend. He saw three heads—very remarkable ones. Well, he went by Margate and Ostend, and at Margate he saw two of the heads of the vision. The third—one at which he had shuddered—was not to be seen; but no sooner had he got into the cabin of the boat than the person entered, and sure enough began swearing and using the most profane language.

Mr. Chevalier stated that he had seventeen years' experience of Spiritualism, but it was not till 1866 that he commenced experimenting on tables. He obtained the usual phenomena, such as raps and tiltings and answers to questions. On one occasion, the answer which was given being obviously untrue, the witness peremptorily inquired why a correct answer had not been given, and the spirit in reply said "Because I am Beelzebub." I continued my experiments (said Mr. Chevalier) until I heard of the Spiritual Athenæum. About that time I lost a child, and heard my wife say she had been in communication with its spirit. I cautioned her, and yet was anxious to communicate also. I placed one finger on the table; it moved, and the name of the child was given. It was a French name. I told a friend of mine what had happened, but was laughed at by him; he however came, sceptic as he was, and placed one hand on the table, asking mental questions, which were all answered. He then asked where my child went to school, not knowing himself, and the answer, "Fenton," was given; this also was correct. Frequently after this I obtained manifestations in French and English, and messages as a child would send to a parent. At my meals, I constantly rested my hand on a small table, and it seemed to join in the conversation. One day the table turned at right angles, and went into the corner of the room. I asked, "Are you my child?" but obtained no answer. I then said, "Are you from God?" but the table was still silent. I then said, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, I command you to answer, are you from God?" One loud rap, a negative, was then given. "Do you believe," said I, "that Christ died to save us from sin?" The answer was "No!" "Accursed spirit," said I, "leave the room." The table then walked across the room, entered the adjoining one, and quickened its steps. It was a small tripod table. It walked with a side-long walk. It went to the door, shook the handle, and I opened it. The table then walked into

the passage, and I repeated the adjuration, receiving the same answer. Fully convinced that I was dealing with an accursed spirit I opened the street-door, and the table was immediately silent, no movement or rap was heard. I returned alone to the drawing-room, and asked if there were any spirits present. Immediately I heard steps like those of a little child outside the door. I opened it, and the small table went into the corner as before, just as my child did when I reproved it for a fault. These manifestations continued until I used the adjuration, and I always found that they changed or ceased when the name of God was mentioned. Reflecting on these singular facts, I determined to inquire further and satisfy myself that the manifestations were what I suspected them to be. I went to Mrs. Marshall, and took with me three clever men, who were not at all likely to be deceived. I was quite unknown; we sat at a table, and had a seance; Mrs. Marshall told me the name of my child. I asked the spirit some questions, and then pronounced the adjuration. We all heard steps, which sounded as if some one was mounting the wall; in a few seconds the sounds ceased, and although Mrs. Marshall challenged again and again the spirits did not answer, and she said she could not account for the phenomenon. In this case, I pronounced the adjuration mentally; no person knew what I had done. At a seance, held at the house of a friend of mine, at which I was present, manifestations were obtained, and as I was known to be hostile I was entreated not to interfere. I sat for two hours a passive spectator. I then asked the name of the spirit, and it gave that of my child. "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," said I, "are you the spirit of my child?" It answered "No!" and the word "Devil" was spelled out.

Dr. Edmunds—How were the names spelled out? Mr. Chevalier—The legs rapped when the alphabet was called over. Mrs. Marshall used the alphabet herself, and the table rapped when her pencil came to the letters. My opinion of these phenomena is that the intelligence which is put in communication with us is a fallen one. It is of the Devil, the prince of the power of the air. I believe we commit the crime of necromancy when we take part in these spiritual seances.

Dr. Edmunds—Who called the alphabet when the answer "Beelzebub" was given? Mr. Chevalier—I did.

Mr. Berghiem—Is it your belief in Christianity that makes you believe these manifestations are of the Devil? Mr. Chevalier—At the Spiritual Athenæum I saw written up as a motto the words, "Try the spirits." I remembered the text and did so, and found that they were not from God. Of course I believe in the New Testament. Any spirit which denies the atonement or does not believe in the Trinity cannot be from God. When we pronounce the name of God we must mean what St. John meant the three persons in one.

The Countess de Pomar, in reference to an opinion of Mr. Chevalier's, that a spirit that did not believe in Christ must be bad, said that it was hard to suppose that good Mahomedans or persons of other non-Christian faiths should not have good spirits.

Miss Anna Blackwell then spoke. Her sister, she said, was very incredulous, and would not believe in Spiritualism in the least. Never-

theless, she herself became what is called a writing medium. The spirit would use her hand to write what communication had to be made. The spirits wrote what was good and bad. One wanted to sign himself Satan and Beelzebub. But, continued Miss Blackwell, my sister did not believe in the least in the existence of such a spirit, and she said, "No;" if you are permitted to come to me it is not to tell such outrageous lies. If you persist in trying to impose on me you shan't write." I have been present at many of these little fights. She would resist the spirit, and when she saw the capital S of Satan being written she would resist, and twist her hand about to prevent the name being written. The spirit has then written, "I hate you because I cannot deceive you." I have on some occasions heard beautiful raps in my drawing-room—in the air, on the wall, in the ground—no one being near the furniture. We never begin without prayer. We say to the spirits that wish to deceive us, "Dear spirits, we are all imperfect; we will endeavour to benefit you by our lights, in so far as they are superior to yours." Sometimes they will overturn and break the table. Yet they were rendered better by our kindness. We would never dream of addressing one as an "Accursed spirit." From one which was very violent, and by whom I have been myself struck, we have received progressive messages, showing how he has become better. They have often sent us messages, saying "We are going up higher now; we have, through your help, broken the chains of earth; and we leave you!" When my sister found the S being written, or the great B for Beelzebub, she would say with kindness but firmness, "Dear spirit, you must not deceive; it is not for such tricks but for a good end that you are permitted to come!"

Dr. Edmunds—How can you distinguish between a spirit that thus deceives and a devil—a mild devil, if I may use the word? Miss Blackwell—I do not believe in a special devil, but imperfect spirits are all in a manner devils.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY FOR THE
INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUALISM.

GENTLEMEN,—In a late number of *Human Nature*, I am reported (in reply to your president's question—"How can you distinguish between a medium who is an impostor, and a spirit that is a liar?") to have said—"One cannot distinguish." If these are the words I uttered they ill expressed my thoughts; for such an answer implies the idea of some suspicion on my part of having, in the course of my investigation of Spiritualism, been made the dupe of unprincipled individuals, pretending to mediumship. If such an idea has been conveyed to your mind, I beg, in the interest of truth, that you may dismiss it. For I most emphatically declare that I have not the most distant suspicion of having, at any stage of my investigation of the new philosophy, in any country, by any medium or means, been made the victim of deception; and although it is humanly possible that I may have been so deceived, I have not the shadow of an idea that I was so deceived. Mrs. Marshall, I suspected in the beginning, but after sitting with her scores of

times, I found her perfectly genuine. This I say in spite of the assertions of Messrs. Addison & Co., who presume so much on the gullibility of the world as to suggest that it is possible for a woman to take up a pencil, place it between her toes, indite legible lines, written every time in a different toe-writing, under a table, and without using hands or eyes ;—nay, more—that with a seven yard crinoline at her command, this *cunning witch* would allow Messrs. A & Co., not only to *see* but to *catch* her toe ! Fie ! Mr. Addison—rude boy—you boast of having done that for which many a puerile adventurer has been soundly birched. It is easy to say you caught the foot, but you shall not so easily clean your hands.—I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

G. DAMIANI.

London, 11th October, 1869.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

YESTERDAY a small party from this town, including Mr. and Mrs. Everitt of London, proceeded on a tour of inspection to a house reputed to be haunted, and situate at Willington-on-Tyne. Voices and apparitions of various kinds have been heard and seen in and about the house for many years ; and it is with difficulty that the owner has been able to procure tenants for his property. The house has recently been divided into two dwellings, one only of which is at present occupied. No disturbances of any kind having recently been heard, the owner surmised that the spirits, as he believed them to be, had resigned their tenure ; that this is not so, however, the sequel will prove. The son of the owner accompanied us to the place, and communicated some curious facts in reference to the spiritual visitations.

The following may prove of interest :—Some years ago the father of our informant resided in the house, and carried on business in the corn mill adjoining. One day, his wife being seated at her work near one of the front room windows, observed a well-dressed lady pass along the gravel walk in front of the house ; she knocked at the door and was admitted by the servant. After some short time had elapsed Mrs. ——— was startled by a loud scream proceeding from the staircase landing, and on rushing to the spot discovered the maid lying in a swoon at the drawing-room door. On recovering she stated that, on opening the front door, the lady visitor, without speaking, walked in, and proceeded upstairs into the drawing-room. Although surprised at this cool proceeding, the girl followed with the intention of seeing her seated and taking her name down to her mistress. To her terror and surprise, however, on following into the room she could see no one, the visitor had vanished, and being overcome by her feelings, she swooned away. It is scarcely probable that both mistress and maid could have been labouring under any hallucination or mistake at the same time.

Our party now visited a dark pantry at the back of the house, where raps and knockings were heard, but no answers to questions or communications through the alphabet could be elicited. We then returned to one of the front rooms looking into the garden, and having procured chairs and a table proceeded to hold a sitting in the usual manner.

After repeated confusedappings we got answers to various questions, of which the following are a sample:—Have you been here long? Yes.—Do you intend to stay? Yes.—But the property is not yours? Yes.—No (we said), it belongs to Mr. —? No.—But he has the deeds? No.—Have you the deeds? Yes.—Do you think you are yet in this world? Yes.—But (we expostulated), this is a mistake, you are passed away? No.—We assure you it is so, and we are coming to try to do you good and elevate you—are you alone here? No.—Is your wife and family with you? Yes.—After wrangling on in this manner for some time we tried the alphabet, but all we could elicit were the messages:—“Go out and let me alone.” “This is my place.”

Thus ended our investigation, not very satisfactory, perhaps, but interesting as showing the low state in which it is possible for beings to remain after leaving the body, and therefore inciting us all to live up to an increasingly higher standard.

Bishop Auckland, Sept. 15, 1869.

APPENDIX TO THE ABOVE ACCOUNT GIVEN BY SPIRIT AGENCY THROUGH
MRS. EVERITT ON THE DAY FOLLOWING THE VISIT.

“We went with you yesterday but could not approach near, as there were too many evil influences or adverse spirits for us to manifest, but I find the house inhabited by some of a lower class very material—not wicked. They have had more possession of it before when it was inhabited by the family, as they could then take from the material bodies and gain nourishment from them, but now it has been unlet there is no strength for them to manifest themselves. They gain power from mortals, and now it is uninhabited they are literally starved, so to speak, and are in an almost pitiable condition. If they cannot get life to remain near the earth they are sent further into the spirit world; as soon as they gain power they return again. So it was yesterday; if you had remained longer they would have gained more power—hence the state of the medium—they took it from you. I should like to explain this a little more fully when you have a little longer time to stay.”

GEORGE FOX A HEALING MEDIUM.

The following remarkable narrative is taken from the journal of John Banks, of Whinfell Hall, Cumberland. The first date in the book is “25th September, 1673,” the last date in it is “15th August, 1678”:—“About this time (1676) a pain struck into my shoulders, and gradually fell down into my arm and hand, so that I was wholly deprived of their use. The pain increased both day and night for three months. I could neither put my clothes on nor off—my arm and hand began to wither. I applied to some physicians, but could get no ease by any of them. At last, while asleep on my bed in the night, I saw in a vision that I was with dear George Fox, and thought I said to him,—‘George, my faith is such that if thou seest thy way to lay thy hand upon my shoulder my arm and hand shall be whole throughout.’ This remained with me for days and nights so that I felt as if the thing was a true vision, and that I must go to George Fox, until at last, through much exercise of mind as a great trial of my faith, I was made

willing to go to him, he being then at Swarthmoor, in Lancashire, where there was a meeting. Some time after the meeting on first day, I called him aside out of the hall and gave him a relation of my dream, showing him my arm and hand. In a little time, as we walked together silently, he, turning about, looked upon me, and lifting up his hand, laid it upon my shoulder, saying, 'The Lord strengthen thee both within and without.' I went to Thomas Lowers, of Marsh Grange, that night, and when I was set down to supper, immediately and before I was aware, my hand was lifted up to do its office, which it could not do for long before. This struck me with great admiration, and my heart was broken into tenderness before the Lord. The next day I went home with my hand and arm restored to its former use and strength, and without pain. The next time that George Fox and I met he said, 'John, thou mended?' I answered, 'Yes, very well in a little time.' 'Well,' said he, 'give God the glory.'

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

WORDS TO THE WISE,

BUT SIMPLY TO CORRECT MISCONCEPTIONS.

I HAVE NO wish to continue the discussion on the unknowable nature of the efficient cause and fundamental formative principle in universal nature, a discussion which I did not provoke; but in justice to Mr. Wallace, whose published opinion I have referred to, as well as to myself, I must claim the privilege of a few concluding remarks. In the September number of *Human Nature*, "Anthropologos" says—"What then are we to make of Mr. A.'s further 'experience,' implying that this 'formative principle' is the result of formation! Was there ever a greater absurdity perpetrated in the pages of a 'Philosophical Periodical!' One is apt to fancy he is reading *Punch* or the *Toma-hawk*. But further, Mr. Atkinson confounds the 'formative principle' with 'mental phenomena,' which shows he has not the least notion of what he is talking about. Verily, the subject is to him 'unthinkable.'" Now there is not a word of truth in this statement. What I have said is, that the mental phenomena are the result of cerebral unconscious conditions; but how it all comes about, and the fundamental reason of such manifestations, is unknown as in respect to all other effects in nature, and utterly beyond all the powers of human conception.

With regard to Mr. White, what I protested against was the vulgar anthropomorphic conceptions prevailing with theologians, and I am glad to find that I am now supported in my protest by the writers of the leading articles this month both of *Human Nature* and the *Spiritual Magazine*. In *Human Nature*, p. 494, Mr. Jackson says—"As men we cannot, even in imagination, rise above the human plane when we would embody our abstract conclusions in a definite form. Thus it is that we are compelled, like the old Catholic painters and heathen sculptors, to image forth absolute perfection in finite beauty, reducing the universal to the limitations of the individual, and so, in reality,

confounding effect with cause, and mistaking the symbol for that of which it is but the index and the exponent. We suppose it is almost needless to say that this anthropomorphism of thought, when formulated into a doctrine, and so propounded as an absolute veracity, proceeds on the principle of ignoring the unconscious sphere of man, the most important province of his compound being—that, probably, through which he is more especially related to the spiritual and inspirational sphere, whence he obtains at least the germs of all his grander ideas, and where, morally and intellectually, he is rooted as a tree in the soil whence it derives its nutriment.” Now, sir, these are precisely my own opinions, and the same that I have propounded in my “Letters to Miss Martineau,” and in the *Zoist* and elsewhere, more than twenty years ago, and which I have never ceased to uphold.

In the article referred to in the *Spiritual Magazine*, are these words—“We do not overlook the services which the processes of materialism have rendered to science, nor would we veil the mischiefs that have sprung from an unregulated belief in the supernatural, from anthropomorphic conceptions of Deity, and from abasing the reason before spiritual authority, supposed or real” (p. 449). This is very true, and my object has ever been to protest and endeavour to prevent such abasement; and surely my brave friend Harriet Martineau and myself deserve some little respect for having done so when the world was not quite so lenient towards the free expression of opinion as in the present day, even if we went a little too far in the estimation of some.

None of us can be sure that we have arrived at the exact truth; but those who have acted disinterestedly, and with absolute and fearless truthfulness, ought not to be despised and misrepresented by writers in the pages of *Human Nature*, with minds not sufficiently catholic and large to compass and tolerate the opinions of other thinkers, whom they do not even take the trouble to understand—inquirers who, like Professors Jackson and De Morgan, have not yet been able to accept a solution of certain novel phenomena, by attributing their source to the agency of the spirits of the departed; and I trust to the good sense and fairness and propriety in the Editor of *Human Nature* to insert this remonstrance, and, as far as I am concerned, let the matter rest.

The writer in the *Spiritual Magazine* concludes by saying that “Chemistry tells us that the diamond, which to our senses is inert, ponderable matter, can be volatilised in the fire of the burning mirror so as to develop neither smoke nor cinders. On the other hand, fire essentially volatile can be condensed in the calcination of metal so as to become ponderable.” Matter is not and cannot be inert, whether regarded as a correlation of forces or not; nay, were it so, how could it hold together or our senses perceive it? And by fire I presume that Mr. Epes Sargent means heat, and heat is not a substance, but merely a condition, or particular action or motion, as with light, and as discovered by Bacon and confirmed by Professor Tyndall. But I shall be curious to hear what the learned writer really refers to. Certainly, materialists of all people have the least reason to question the inconceivable subtlety of matter, or its infinite power and properties—the very basis of their belief; and I can assure the writer that I at

least have no need of being reminded of the fact—(see my Letter to Miss M., 22, on Spirit and Mediums). But the question is—Whether all effects proceed or not from a material germ and base, whatever may be its ultimate condition and fundamental principle of action?—which the human understanding is not capable of, I will say, appreciating or apprehending, if the terms unthinkable or unknowable be objected to.

What I think and feel and believe in opposition to Comte is, that there is a universal and fundamental cause, or principle, or power, or spirit, or effective substance, call it what we will, on which we are dependent, and towards which we are responsible in the consequences of our actions, and that all misuse or abuse of our powers and faculties is desecration. And I do not think that such a belief, avoiding all definite and mere imaginary notions, can be very far from the truth; and is at any rate an individual opinion at least worthy of respect, and such as could only be censured, when understood, by the most bigoted and intolerant, since it is the opinion of the deepest thinkers of mankind—whom it is quite unnecessary to name, since a reference to authorities has been so strongly objected to and disregarded, even to making ignorance a boast! But Mr. Sargent gives us a pretty array of them in his article in the *Spiritual Magazine* on “No more Metaphysics;” and on which question I am quite opposed to Comte and Professor Storkes, in his late address at the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

When Mr. White says that “if we do not think of God as man, how shall we think of him?” we may reply, how indeed? and we turn in vain to Mr. Jackson and to Mr. Sargent—who both, like myself, protest against the unreasonable assumption of Mr. White’s anthropomorphic conception—for any intelligible definition. And no fault if these, both so far above the average in learning and intellectual gifts, yet vainly endeavour, in vague and unintelligible terms, to convey an idea of that which is *sui generis*, and absolutely incomprehensible; for if we are not to fashion our conception of the Universal Cause “in the likeness of any thing in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth,” we have no other material wherewith to clothe the idea. And as for Mr. White’s assertion, that we see the nature of the cause in its effects, there never was such a monstrous fallacy, even in regard to what are called second causes or conditions; and the metaphysical idealists to this hour deny the external world, and a physical cause and basis of life and mind. All we can say is, that whatever the conditions are in regard to any effect, they must include an adequate cause and reason for whatever comes of them as a consequence. But why—that is, by what innate principle—fuel burns, the sun shines, worlds gravitate, and the body thinks and feels, and the animals have instincts, we have not the faintest conception, because the nature of the cause and the principle of action is not exhibited in the effects or to be inferred from them; and what we call an explanation is no more than a re-statement of the facts observed, the fundamental reason for which is an absolute mystery, and ever must remain so to the human mind as at present constituted; and all the deepest thinkers have thought so, from Democritus to Bacon, and from Bacon to Mill,

Hamilton, Humboldt, and the rest. It is the one thing most certain—the profound mystery of all that lies behind the screen of nature or phenomenal appearances, as presented in the impressions in the human mind—that there must be a cause, and a sufficient one, is all that we can infer; and Comte even denies this. But the real question remaining now is, not what matter and spirit is, but have we clear and reliable evidence of the existence of the spirits of the dead in our midst? And I at least am taking all the pains I can to come to a right conclusion, in company with those who already believe.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

REMARKS ON THE CONTROVERSY WITH MR. ATKINSON.

We are sorry that the demand upon our space prevented the appearance of a letter from Mr. Atkinson, which he prepared for last number. We much prefer using the above, however, which is in better taste; and in dismissing this discussion we desire to briefly state our position, as our correspondent lets drop some animadversions on our policy. First, we hold that Mr. Atkinson has a perfect right to maintain what opinions he pleases about causation or anything else. We have no desire to convert him or any other person, and we deprecate discussion, correction of mistakes, and rejoinder. For all such actions, as far as they have occurred in this controversy, Mr. Atkinson is answerable. He was not contented with stating his opinion and letting the wise and the foolish abide by their various interpretations of it; but he would have all to think as he did himself. Thus he intruded his individuality, and obscured the truth by his own personal shadow. Secondly, he commenced his communications by a jaunty attack upon spiritualists (*Human Nature*, Vol. II., p. 240), touching in a captious, self-sufficient way, upon absurdities which spiritualists are 1000 years ahead of; and yet, in very questionable taste, attributing the puerilities which he flippantly ridiculed to the spiritualists. At that time he was many leagues out of their camp. He took part in the seance with the Davenportes at the room of the Anthropological Society (*Human Nature*, Vol. II. p. 393), and had not the courage then to contradict the false report of the committee, that “no manifestations took place that were not capable of easy explanation.” Now he closes his letter with the declaration that he is ready to investigate the question of the return of spirits “in company with those who already believe.” Thirdly, Mr. Atkinson’s first letter was followed by a postscript (*Human Nature*, Vol. II. p. 242), in which he very freely spoke of a writer, and thus laid himself open to the same kind of treatment. Fourthly, Mr. Atkinson began his first letter by quoting Comte; he closes the above by repudiating him. Taking all these points into consideration, we think that Mr. Atkinson has much to thank providence for in bringing him through all this experience. He has learned something. He has progressed, improved; and the spiritualists have also learned something—viz., that the school of the negativists is a thing of history. Before the advent of spiritualism Mr Atkinson could have made considerable havoc amongst the assumptions and superstitions of the theologians. But that day of

triumph has passed, and our friend must experience in his consciousness that sense of transition which is for ever putting an end to all things, and yet maintaining every individuality. Some things he does Mr. Atkinson supposes that he boasts of his ignorance. Mr. Jackson is not yet see. For instance, when "Anthropologos" reproves pedantry, also quoted to disadvantage. This writer alludes to man's unconscious sphere as being towards the spiritual—away from the organic. Mr. Atkinson, locates this unconscious sphere in the matter of the organism and as supplanting spirit. Here is a great difference—the point of divergence. Mr. Atkinson's definition of The Cause is an improvement upon his previous utterances. All thinkers are agreed that we cannot think of "God," as He is, neither can we think of ourselves as we are. We can only think of God as he appears to our mind, and we can only think of ourselves and the objects around us as they appear to us. Yet God, ourselves, and these objects, are not to be explained away on that account, but are quite as real to us as they may be unreal in some respects, if observed from the divine point of view. We are finite, and in speaking of existence we must do so as it affects us, and not as it would affect the infinite.

We consider these investigations of great importance and the basis of all philosophy and science, and have great pleasure in announcing that these subjects will be continued in this magazine by a succession of able writers.

DR. WILLIS AND HIS EXPERIENCE AS A MEDIUM.

ANOTHER eminent American gentleman, a spiritualist and medium, has just passed through London on his way to the south of France. We refer to F. L. H. Willis, Esq., M.D., who has lately been introduced to the spiritualists of Great Britain by the publication of his celebrated communication from Theodore Parker, which appeared in a recent number of *Daybreak*. Dr. Willis's organisation is a type of the Man, mental and spiritual. The physiology is light, nervous, and highly susceptible, and the brain is indicative of great thought, power, and spiritual aspiration, combined with much energy and affection. Such an organisation tends to exhaustion and decay of the vital powers. The Herculean labours which Dr. Willis has undertaken and triumphantly accomplished, have so far reduced him that, by the advice of his medical brethren, he has been obliged to resort to the south of France as the only means of prolonging his earth life.

Dr. Willis is descended from a distinguished New England family, a member of which was the late poet N. P. Willis.

After his career at Harvard Dr. Willis was, for some years, speaker to a society of spiritualists at Cold Water, Michigan, where he gathered a congregation round him of great power, number, and intelligence, and was the pioneer of spiritualistic organisation in that State. He subsequently graduated in the medical profession, was professor in a female medical college for several sessions, and had just accepted an important appointment in a New York medical college when ill health necessitated his leaving for Europe. He arrived in London from Liverpool on Wednesday evening, October 13th, and though the notice was short a large and highly influential gathering of London Spiritualists met him on the following evening at the Progressive Library to extend to him their warm and cordial welcome, and to sympathise with him for all he has suffered on behalf of Spiritualism.

Mr Coleman in a few introductory remarks characterised Dr. Willis as one of the most remarkable mediums known amongst American spiritualists.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis then rose and said,—I thank you sincerely for your cordial reception of me, a stranger,—and yet not a stranger, for surely spiritualists are not strangers to each other, or should not be, even though oceans roll between them, for we are connected by one of the most beautiful bonds that can be conceived. I did not expect to be called upon to address you this evening, and as I am obliged to husband my strength I will dispense with formalities and address you in a conversational manner.*

Perhaps I can say nothing that will be of so much interest to you, as to give a brief account of the manner in which I was first developed or “brought out” as a medium. I was a student at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., in the Theological department; had passed through the course and was fitting myself for the ministry. I had known nothing of Spiritualism—literally nothing. I had seen some comments upon it, but if I gave it any thought at all, it was to regard it as a delusion that only the most ignorant and superstitious could participate in. During my course of studies my health failed me, and my medical advisers recommended a sea voyage. Accordingly, in the year 1854, I took a passage to South America. I was excessively sea-sick for fourteen days on the passage, and during that time was conscious of some very singular experiences, such as I had never known before. I heard very strange and unaccountable sounds around me in my state-room. I felt, at times, as if a hand were laid upon my forehead; several hands were laid upon my person, and the contact seemed to relieve me in my sufferings. I gave but little thought to it, however, fancying it was probably owing to my diseased condition; but I finally learned what it was. I had some of these experiences after I arrived at Rio de Janeiro; but returning to Boston, I called on some friends, and in the course of conversation with them, I was giving some account of my experiences during my absence, when suddenly one of the ladies interrupted my conversation by saying—“Mr. Willis, I believe you are a medium.” I had scarcely ever heard of Spiritualism, and I looked at her and said, “What do you mean?” “Why! I mean a medium for tipping, rapping, and so on;” but still I expressed my opinion that it was a contemptible delusion. It was, however, proposed that we should sit and see what resulted. The table was drawn to the centre of the room—the sun was shining, and we took our seats, the lady, her two daughters, and myself. We had not been sitting at the table any length of time before I observed some curious movements. I thought the young ladies were producing the movements in sport, but they assured me they had nothing to do with them, and they sat back from the table and drew their skirts away so that I might see that no foot was in contact with it; and you can imagine my surprise when I knelt down on the floor and saw that the table was suspended from the floor at least 14 inches and was not in contact with anything to cause such elevation. My moving from my seat undoubtedly broke the influence, and the table fell to the floor. I resumed my seat, my right hand lying on the table, and was in deep thought as to what that phenomenon could mean, when suddenly I felt a peculiar sensation in the muscles of the right arm descending to the hand, which then commenced an involuntary movement over which my will had no control whatever. One of the ladies who had seen something of the manifestations said, “Why! it is going to write.” In my ignorance of the whole thing I had not even heard of a writing medium. A pencil was placed upon the table, which my hand eagerly seized by involuntary action,

* On account of his weak condition, Dr. Willis had to resume his seat during his address; and as this report has not been revised by him, it is hoped the public will excuse any faults of expression or composition which may be noticed.
—Ed. H. N.

and commenced writing in different handwritings. Each peculiar style of writing had attached to it the signatures of a particular friend of some person present, and among them was the handwriting of my own mother, who went to spirit life in my infancy; and it had so chanced that I had never seen her writing; but upon my procuring some, afterwards, and comparing it, it proved a fac-simile. The messages were assurances of their love, interest, and continued presence. That was my first introduction to Spiritualism.

In the evening some gentlemen came to dine with me, and hearing of the remarkable occurrences, of course their curiosity was excited, and they wished to see something of the kind. We sat, and phenomena occurred of a character even more remarkable. I felt something inducing me to go to a piano-forte, and I took my seat at the instrument—a grand piano, weighing at least 1000 lbs—and at that time my health was as frail as it is at present. I commenced playing a simple air on the piano, and to my surprise the instrument rose up and down upon the floor, and with sufficient force to jar the windows of the house. I commenced playing a march, and the piano kept most perfect time. Then I changed to a waltz, then a polka. I had no knowledge of music at that time—and at every change of the music the movements changed—and so violently was the instrument moved that the gentlemen took hold of it and endeavoured to stay its movements, but they could not. At last five of them got on the top of it, and the instrument was taken up and swayed about, evincing great power.

Speaking of that manifestation reminds me that an evening after, a sceptic who had seen it, advanced several theories, the first of course based upon the assumption that Mr. Willis was a trickster, and that the movements were produced by my feet acting as levers; but I told him I would kneel on the floor and that would, perhaps, prove to him whether his theory was correct or otherwise. I did so, and also allowed him to hold my hands over my shoulders; and yet whilst in that position the piano was taken up and violently moved. He then advanced the theory that I was a biologist, and that there was really no movement in the piano. "Well!" said I, "will you be so kind as to put your foot under it?" which he did, but he limped for two months afterwards. My mediumship rapidly advanced. I passed through the trance state, and in this condition the impersonations of character were indeed remarkable. One of the earliest influences I had was that of an old eclectic or botanical doctor who had passed from life in the city of Boston some 25 years before. I was then about 19, and was, in my normal condition, quite ignorant of medical matters; had never studied physiology, and except a mere smattering knew nothing of it. My studies had been in quite a different direction; I had never even looked into a medical work but when influenced by this old physician. There was no question that could not be propounded by me, none that I could not answer correctly and promptly; and under that influence I made very many remarkable cures indeed, cures considered miracles at that time.

You must know that at that time very little was known of Spiritualism; that is, it had been working many years quietly against every obstacle among the more uneducated class of the people; but it had not made its way into aristocratic circles. Therefore, from my position as a student of Divinity in Harvard College, these manifestations which could not be kept quiet created an intense excitement, and the noise of them came to the ears of the Professors at Cambridge, and it was felt to be a disgrace to the institution.

Some of the most remarkable manifestations I have had were the appearance of spirit hands of various sizes, from the large brawny muscular hand of the labourer to the delicate exquisite hand of the lady, and these hands were seen manipulating instruments which were played upon in a remarkable manner. The instruments were usually placed upon the floor

beneath the table at which we were seated. Our seances were never dark, but more or less light. Usually the rooms were as brilliantly lighted as this one is at present. Sometimes the spirits would request that the light be dimmed, but I never, except upon one or two occasions, went into a dark room; darkness, however, always intensified the power, but it was disagreeable to me. The instruments at these seances consisted of an accordion, bells, a drum, a guitar, and so forth. They were all played in perfect tune, and oftentimes in response to the mental requests of those forming the circle. One of the most beautiful manifestations of that kind was the hand of a lady which was often seen manipulating the strings of the guitar. I could not, nor can I now, use that instrument; the music was ravishing, and this beautiful hand was always seen in the dim light beneath the table. It terminated at the fore-arm in the most exquisite drapery. Sometimes these hands would be placed beneath the table-cover, never in the light, and in this way we could take hold of them and receive their grasp.

Then I had the flower manifestation. I was seated one evening at the house of a friend who had lost (as we sometimes very inappropriately say) a lovely child of four years, named Johnnie. She had heard that at a seance in the neighbourhood leaves had been brought, and she thought that flowers also could be presented; she propounded this question to the little boy, Johnnie—three raps—he had a peculiar rap. “Johnnie, can you bring mamma some flowers? Yes.—To-night? No.” We were holding these seances every Saturday night; and for six Saturday evenings the lady asked that question. On the seventh Saturday night we took our seats at the table; the doors of the room were locked, no ingress or egress being allowed. The question was asked, “Will you bring mamma’s flowers to-night.” “Yes,” was the answer. We had a great variety of manifestations. At eleven o’clock we rose to break up the circle, when suddenly I felt a peculiar sensation like the chill of death, and sunk into my seat. My friends, supposing I was again influenced, resumed their seats. I involuntarily took a pencil and paper, and after writing a sentence on it I placed it beneath the table. Every eye was on the paper, there was light enough to see it distinctly, and while we watched a dark shadow traced the form of a flower—a fragrance of flowers filled the room, and when I put my hand down, the paper was covered with geranium leaves, with all the freshness of having just been broken from the plant. The writing on the paper was—“Darling mother, Johnnie has brought you flowers.” That was the first flower manifestation I ever witnessed.

Soon after that I was in Boston one night, and shared the bed of a friend with whom I was very intimate. It was nearly half-past eleven when we retired. We conversed nearly three quarters of an hour after retiring, and I had just turned from him and said good night, when this chill came over me, and I clung to him. He was frightened, thinking I was ill; and just as he was going to spring from the bed to light the gas, we perceived the fragrance of flowers, and felt something like flowers falling.—this was in mid-winter when flowers could not be obtained—rose-buds and violets, with all the freshness of having just come from the greenhouse. The counterpane was literally covered with them.

On another occasion I was at the house of a Mrs. Davis in Worcester, Massachusetts. Mrs. Davis is the widow of one of the governors of Massachusetts, and the sister of George Bancroft, the United States Historian. She is a very remarkable person, and one of the most intellectual women in America. I was in the habit of visiting her during my vacations. She was a very enthusiastic believer in spiritualism and very fond of having mediums at her house, and she had many very wonderful manifestations there. On the evening I refer to Mrs. Bancroft was present as well as some of our most distinguished literary men and women—T. W. Higginson among them. That evening I had been controlled by different poets—Byron,

Shelley, Southey, and others. The improvisations were very brilliant and beautiful—so I was told at the close of the seance by persons upon whose judgment I could rely. One influence rapidly succeeded another, and Mrs. Bancroft thanked me for the most brilliant evening she had ever passed. After these had ended, flowers were brought; but instead of being thrown on the table they came about the floor and seemed to spring out of the carpet. And I remember on another occasion we had been sitting three or four hours in a close room, the door had not been opened, and the most curious ferns, camelia japonicas, &c., all covered with rain-drops, were presented. The room was as light as this one. How could they have come into the room?

I have also had the independent spirit writings, one or two remarkable instances of which I will give you. One morning when on a visit to Mrs. Davis, two lady friends called and we were seated in conversation on spiritualism. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning. These ladies were sisters—the one a spiritualist, and the other a sceptic; and this latter had what she thought a very plausible theory, and that was the wonderful theory of mind acting upon mind. She asserted that there never was an instance of a communication coming that was not already existing in the mind of either the medium or one of the persons sitting round, and it was transmitted in that way. Mrs. Davis proposed that we should take our seats at the table. We did so. The table was somewhat larger than the one we have before us, and in the centre of it was a pencil and paper. We continued our conversation, and I was presenting this lady with facts which her theory did not and could not account for, when suddenly our attention was attracted by the movements of the pencil on the paper. There was no hand near it; but gradually the pencil rose till it assumed a writing position, and commenced sketching, with a great deal of skill, a pestal and mortar. When that was completed, some letters were written on a line with the base of the mortar; the letters were thus—E N — M I N. As soon as the pencil dropped the paper was seized, but it was an enigma; it was passed to the next lady, who could see no meaning in it; she passed it to her sister, and she to me, but it remained unsolved. At last Mrs. Davis said—“Well, suppose we place it back and see if they will give an explanation.” We did so, and in an instant the pencil traced, in the blank space, the letters J A—the pestal and mortar represented the initial B—the whole forming the name (Benjamin) of the spirit father of this sceptical lady, and who in earth life was a druggist.

Now, at Mr Coleman's suggestion, I will give an account of levitations. I had some very remarkable manifestations of that kind. I will narrate one. There were twelve or thirteen persons present, and it was at a house where they had had some very remarkable manifestations through a medium named Squires. After Mr. Squires' seance, some of my friends wanted to prolong the sitting in order to have some demonstrations through my mediumship; and so we formed another circle, and that was the first time I was ever taken up bodily. I was lifted from off my chair and placed, chair and all, on the table. I was thus lifted entirely above the heads of the persons present, and floated about in the atmosphere up to the ceiling. My sensations were very singular. My body felt as if it were made of cork, so strangely buoyant, and I felt almost terrified at the novelty of my situation, and extremely nervous lest I should receive injury; and then I felt as it were some hands touching me, until these sensations passed calmly away, and I was floated as if I had been a feather. I was carried away to a marble dressing table that was in the room, covered with a great many articles of vertu, some rare and costly. There was a space not a foot in width in front of these articles, upon which I was laid by the spirit power, and there I was held and sustained. It was an exceedingly delicate matter to place a man on that table without breaking any of the articles. These manifestations took place in the dark.

These seances were held at the houses of friends in Boston and vicinity, and of course the notoriety they created reached Cambridge, and as I have already said, the professors were very much scandalised that one of their students should be giving himself to such foolish performances, but still they said nothing to me as I was faithful and never neglected my studies. I kept my position in my class. But one morning as I was getting ready to go into the recitation room there came a knock at my door; I opened it, and a lady stood there dressed in deep mourning, and announced herself as Mrs. Hall, of Boston. She said,—“I am a spiritualist, and my son is also an enthusiast in Spiritualism. My daughter, the wife of Professor Eustis, is a medium, but her husband is very violently opposed to the whole thing. We are anxious and desirous of convincing the professor of the reality of these phenomena. Because he is a scientific man he believes there are no phenomena; he asserts it is all fraud and trickery. We have heard of your manifestations, and are desirous that you should meet him at my house in Boston.” I said,—“Madam, this power forces itself upon me. I have never gone to the house of any stranger since I became aware that I possessed it.” But she urged her case so much that I consented. She told me I would find the professor a gentleman of position, and she would endeavour to make everything as pleasant as possible. I went on the appointed evening and met the party, and among them Professor Eustis of the scientific school. I took my seat at the table, and had previously told Mrs. Hall what instruments were required—an accordion, drum, hand-bells, and guitar. The manifestations soon commenced with raps, and then some slight changes were made in the formation of the circle, at the dictation of the spirits. The first manifestation a large hand-bell was seized and put up through an open space in the table made by removing a portable leaf. We were seated in a brilliantly lighted room, much more so than this one. The hand-bell was put up and violently rung, and an opportunity was given to a gentleman to take hold of it, and he tried to take it away from the spirit but failed; he handed it to Professor Eustis, an immensely strong muscular man, who tried his utmost to pull the bell from the spirits. The room, as I said before, was brilliantly lighted, and both my hands were upon the table, and not the slightest muscular movement could be perceived on my part, as the professor afterwards testified. The bell then dropped to the floor, and the instruments commenced playing, and that manifestation continued for some time. There were a variety of other manifestations. When the seance was over Mrs. Hall came to me and said, “We have all been very much delighted with the manifestations of the evening, and I think Professor Eustis has been most profoundly impressed. He has keenly and closely watched every movement and sound during the whole evening.” I thanked Mrs. Hall for her courtesy and kindness, and left.

I found that the frequency of these seances, in addition to my mental labours, was affecting my health, and I thought they must be postponed till my course of studies was finished, and I came to the determination to sit for no one till that time. But about two or three weeks afterwards Mrs. Hall came to me again and said, “Mr. Willis, Professor Eustis was profoundly impressed, and we think if he could meet you once again he would be fully convinced of the reality of these phenomena, and we wish you to meet him.” I said, “Mrs. Hall, I find my health suffering from these manifestations, and have decided to give no more sittings to any one.” But she seemed to deem it of such importance, not only for the happiness and comfort of her own family, but for the whole world, that the professor should be convinced of the reality of the phenomena, that I consented to meet the same company, and on the evening appointed went to her house and we took seats at the table. It seems that before I arrived the whole matter had been discussed, and the professor had pronounced it to be “all Mr. Willis’s feet,” but nothing was said to me of this—he made that declara-

tion at the end of the seance. But I had been assured by Mrs. Hall that I should meet with the utmost kindness, candour, and courtesy, and that everything should be as pleasant as before. When I took my seat at the table she said, "Mr. Willis, before you came we resolved that we would all sit with our feet underneath our chairs and not move them—not that we doubt you, Mr. Willis, but you can guess our reasons." I said, "I wish it to be remembered that I have always held these seances in the presence of friends, those who have confidence in me, and I in them, and I have never been subject to any restrictions, but I will do my best to conform with the expressed desire of the company." The whole company pledged themselves to keep their feet under their chairs during the seance. The instruments were upon the table, placed as far from me as possible, and unless I was endowed with the extension of the limbs, it would have been impossible for me to have touched them. I was seated at the centre of the table, the professor seated next to me, and the rest of the company ranged around. We sat nearly half an hour but nothing occurred; but all that time I was in an agony of torture, and felt as if a thousand needles were pricking my flesh. Nothing had been said to me of his doubts of my integrity, nor had he expressed anything himself, but my sensitive nature felt all that was going on within him, and just as I felt I could endure it no longer, there came the blessed sounds of the raps, and the spirits indicated that the circle was improperly formed. It was accordingly reformed, according to their direction, which placed a lady between the professor and my myself; then as soon as quiet was restored the manifestations commenced with the manipulation of the drums. The accordion had been placed at the other end of the table, but I now felt it press against my hand, I drew it up and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is to indicate that I am to take it." During the accordion manifestation my left hand was resting on the table with the accordion in my right hand and the keys directed towards the open space. It was extremely difficult to hold the instrument at arm's length, so I always rested my arm on my knee, the instrument hanging down in front. I had never before been under any restriction, and entirely forgot the arrangement about keeping my legs under the table; so I violated the rule innocently enough. I gave the company opportunity, in turn, to think of some tune they would like to have, and as soon as the wish was formed in the mind, the response would come, giving the desired tune. This seemed to impress the company very much; they could not understand how the "foot" theory could account for it. Had I been sharp I should have placed my foot back under the chair, but it did not occur to me. Now it is my habit to place my left limb over my right one, and on this occasion I did so, giving the hanging leg a slight nervous movement. The drum was next manipulated with two little drumsticks in a most wonderful manner. The professor was educated as a military man at West Point, and he said it was done in a scientific manner, and a lady present said she could not see how it was possible that a man with his boots on could play in such a manner, and at her request our national air, "Hail Columbia," was drummed out. As I sat I felt a peculiar sensation, unlike what I generally experience from being hit by instruments, and it excited my curiosity. It seemed to proceed from something between the professor and myself, and it pressed my foot firmly to the under surface of the table. Had I dreamed that the professor had violated his own conditions, as he had declared he would, in order to detect me, I should have said, You have my foot, but I did not think anything about it; but the professor jumped up, and in the grossest language denounced me as a villain and an impostor. Said I, "Professor Eustis, will you meet me again?" He said, "Never." I said, "Professor Eustis, I demand that you meet me again." Again he said "Never." "Professor Eustis," I said, "do you intend to make public your charge of imposture?" "Yes, sir." Then said I, "Sir, in the presence of this company I demand that

you meet me again, when I will submit to any condition you may choose to impose upon me. You may put me in a wire cage; you may bind my hands and feet to my chair, but I demand you shall meet me again." Mrs. Hall then said, "Professor Eustis, Mr. Willis is my guest, and I demand, as a matter of justice, that you meet him again." The rest of the company also expressed their desire, and he at last consented. The excitement threw me into a violent fit of hysteria. As soon as I had recovered, and a carriage was called, I turned to Professor Eustis and asked him if he would be in his room the next day at noon. He said, "Very well, I will be there." I went to my room at Cambridge, where I had another of those fearful attacks. I went through it alone, and was found next morning nearly dead, and was too ill to think anything about my engagement; but about four o'clock I happened to remember it. I said to a friend, "I have a very important engagement, will you go to Professor Eustis and tell him how very ill I am; tell him I am scarcely able to drag myself from my bed." But Professor Eustis, when he found I did not come, went directly from his study, and instead of spending an hour in giving his scientific lecture, he spent it in denouncing me as a villain and an impostor, thus prejudging my case and prejudicing the whole committee against me, while I was lying helpless in my room trusting in his honour.

I was very ill for several days. When I resumed my classes the professor who was lecturing, and who was one of the faculty, said to me, "Mr. Willis, you will please remain behind; you are doubtless aware of the grave charges that have been made to the faculty, seriously involving your moral character." I said, "Doctor, I am not surprised, but I am ready to meet them when ever you like, and the sooner the better, for my health is suffering from the doubt. Whom shall I meet?" "You will meet no one but your faculty—the faculty of the divinity school—the president of the college, and the professors of the divinity school, and your accuser." "Very well, sir, I will be present." I was then very feeble in health, but I felt what was coming. Dr. Walker assured me I should meet no one else. On the morning of the day there came from him a most informal message, saying, "Professor Eustis has requested the privilege of taking a friend," and had I received the shadow of a hint as to who this person was and the purpose for which he was to be brought, I should have procured the services of a lawyer. I had been summoned before my teachers, men whom I had learned to love and respect, almost to reverence, and I could not believe they would summon a weak, sick, defenceless young man into their presence and allow him to be tortured. I sent for a friend of mine, the late Rev. B. S. King, and explained to him the circumstances, and asked him to go with me. He said, "I am very sorry I cannot go with you as I have to lecture at that time, but don't you give yourself the slightest uneasiness, I will go and see Dr. Walker and will come back and tell you the results of my interview with him." Hour after hour passed away and Mr. King did not return, and I began to feel something was wrong. In his interview with Dr. Walker, Mr. King found I was already tried, convicted, and condemned unheard, and he felt so badly about it that he had not the heart to come back and tell me, so he went on to Boston without seeing me. It was four o'clock, and I sent to another clergyman and related to him my circumstances. He said, "I will go with you, I do not think you ought to go without some one."

The man Professor Eustis had taken with him was a Dr. Wyman, intensely bitter against Spiritualism, and he took him with him for the express purpose of having his aid in browbeating me and inveigling me into self-contradictions. The Professor had his charges all drawn up; he gave a very literal account of the manifestations of the two evenings, but he acknowledged in response that many things occurred for which he could not account in the slightest—and said he, "I even watched the shadow of Mr. Willis on the wall, and I could not see that he moved." When he came to the

accordion manifestations, they seemed to stagger the Rev. Doctors; they could not see how accordions could be manipulated by my toes, or how it could possibly respond to mental questions put by different members of the circle. They put some questions to the Professor, and Dr. Wyman took them up and said, "Oh! ask Willis about that," and turning to me he said, "Willis, how do you do that trick?" assuming at once that I was a scoundrel. Said I, "Dr. Wyman, when the faculty are ready to hear what I have to say, I will tell all I have to tell, and I will address my reply to them," and even then my teachers allowed their prejudices against Spiritualism to lock their ears against me. Finally my friend, seeing how the investigation was being carried on, and being a man of position and influence, put a stop to the whole thing. He took Dr. Wyman on one side, and said, "Dr. Wyman it is outrageous the course you have pursued." "Oh," returned he, "Mr. Willis is not a rascal; he is a gentleman, his countenance shows that, but he is insane." The next morning I was summoned to the study of Rev. Dr. James Walker, a metaphysician and a celebrated divine. In the most wily and shrewd manner he said—"We have come to the conclusion that the investigation held last evening was not of such a nature as to warrant our drawing any inference from it, and that we were not the tribunal to carry on the investigation, and until you can go before such a tribunal we wish you to withdraw from the institution. This will be the best course as nothing will be put upon our books." They were ashamed to put upon their records the transactions of that evening. I could scarcely believe my senses. I looked at Dr. Walker in silence. Finally I said, "Every man has a right to be deemed innocent till his guilt is established. You have constituted yourselves as a jury, have listened to the Professor with a man to act as his counsel, and now I demand that you hear me, and until you do so I shall resume my position in my class." A meeting of the faculty was summoned and they effected my expulsion, but I had the sympathy of the whole of my country, and even from abroad came letters of sympathy. The entire press with the exception of the *Boston Courier*, which was inspired by my accusers, was on my side.

But the thing broke me down completely; old and young friends whom I had known from my childhood passed me by. I had a tender loving heart, and it was death to me in its worst form—the crucifixion of every sensibility of my nature. I was broken down in health and have never been well since. But the work of Spiritualism has become endeared to me by these sufferings, because at this day Spiritualism has become to some degree popular and respected. You can form no idea of the bitterness of the persecution in that early day.

For eleven months after my first experience in these manifestations I was fighting with all my energies with these influences, for I knew not where they would lead me to. I had passed from the views received in my early childhood and had gone to the opposite extreme. I was a materialist, and had no faith in immortality, because I had no demonstration whatever. The Bible afforded me no demonstration, neither did nature, and I knew if I accepted Spiritualism just what it would bring me to. I saw that I would have to give up my position, reputation, friends, everything; and I confess I did not feel equal to it, because I possess a very sensitive nature and organism as you can all perceive, and I am exceedingly tender and strong in my affections, and naturally conservative. After I had been fighting eleven months against these things, and had been reading everything I could get hold of against the folly of Spiritualism, one evening, in perfect despair, I went to call upon a friend, and I explained the whole phenomena to him in his study, and gave a narration of my experiences from beginning to end; and at the conclusion I said—"Now, my dear friend, what shall I do, if I am insane I want to know it and to be put where insane people belong." Said he, "My dear boy, since this thing is entirely beyond your control, I advise you to give yourself up to it, follow where it leads."

That evening I had just extinguished my light, and was turning from my study to my bedroom when I mentally exclaimed—"Take me, ye powers, whatever ye be, and do with me as you will;" and I felt the struggle was over, and before me I saw a beautiful phosphorescent light filling the atmosphere before me, and as I looked it expanded until it became large enough to contain a bust, and there I saw the most beautiful being I ever beheld, and I knew it was my mother who died in my infancy, leaving me to the tender mercies of others. Oh! how I had longed for a mother's love! Many and many a night I have gone to bed and wept myself asleep for the love of a mother, such as I saw constantly lavished upon other children. She told me she had long endeavoured to make me feel her presence, and that her love had not been inactive because she could not make me realise her presence. But in the midst of this manifestation, so beautiful and chaste, the thought flashed over me—it is my folly. The terrible idea seized me that these things were the precursors of insanity, and I said to myself this is part of the same hallucination that has been upon me for the past eleven months. My mother saw these things passing in my mind, and she said, Listen and I will demonstrate this matter to you! and she went on to state circumstances in her life—circumstances known only to herself and my grandmother, then living about three miles from the university. She told me she had taken these means of convincing me, and also that it might arrest the attention of minds not otherwise easily attainable. The next day, after I had fulfilled my duties at the college, I called on my grandmother, and propounded certain questions to the old lady, and I shall never forget her amazement. "Why!" said she, where on earth did you get that information, it was known to no human being but your mother and myself." Said I—"Grandmother, my mother came to me last night and told me these things;" and the old lady declared she must believe me. And never from that day to this have I had one single doubt. Why! I should just as soon doubt the sun in the heavens or my own existence.

On the following Thursday evening Dr Willis again favoured the members of the Spiritual Institution with his presence. He kindly read an essay on "Life," which was produced under very peculiar circumstances. Dr. Willis explained that he was in the habit of taking a book in his left hand and reading aloud, while with his right hand he would be writing very rapidly matter of a very thoughtful and philosophical kind. His essay on "Life" was thus given, and is of the most instructive nature—revealing facts of the utmost importance, and of a kind quite unknown to science. We understand that the Doctor has a great store of such writings on hand, and we feel assured that if they were published they would achieve a position far a-head of Carlyle, Emerson, Herbert Spencer, or any of the intellectual notorieties of the age. We can give no description of them. They are simple as a matter of fact, profound as the deepest philosophy, interesting as a tale, and conveyed in language the most sublime and impassioned. The interest of Dr. Willis's reading, however, culminated when, in a deep trance, he arose, and, under spirit influence, recited a poem with marvellous effect, such as is found in no book. Its scope embraced a consideration of all science, philosophy, and religion, and their use to man in his pilgrimage towards Deity. Those baubles—priest-made creeds and artificial schemes of salvation—were gracefully but effectively superseded by sentiments, compared with which the popular theology is the darkest blasphemy. The impression produced was intense. It was the grandest manifestation of spirit power, on the highest plane, that we have ever witnessed; and those who had sufficient intelligence were deeply impressed with the important fact that a pure and high-toned organisation is indispensable to lofty manifestations of spirit. To know Dr. Willis is to love him dearly and truly. As an invaluable instrument in the education and elevation of mankind, we

hope his life will be spared to put the human family in possession of those glorious truths which his pure organism, like gold doubly refined, is capable of reflecting upon the world. He is preparing a history of his life-work. It cannot appear too soon, and the same may be said of the treasures of manuscript from the spirit world, which form an invaluable storehouse of light and knowledge.

Mr. Andrus, a very interesting young gentleman, accompanied Dr. Willis. He is a native of Poughkeepsie, and his father was the first who received a medical clairvoyant examination from Andrew Jackson Davis, when that great seer was developed in his boyhood. It is peculiarly satisfactory to listen to the enthusiasm and respect with which Mr. Andrus speaks of that great and good man, and which is re-echoed by all who know him. Peebles, Willis, Davis, are types of a glorious brotherhood, dissimilar in many respects, but of which the world will yet be proud. When we look around the circle of our timid, spiritually blind, and bigoted brethren, many of whom profess to be ashamed of Spiritualism, we feel that Spiritualism and these good and pure souls who herald its sublime truths, have more reason to be ashamed of them. It is evident that our English "Christian Spiritualists" are so far wise in qualifying the term "Spiritualist," a term, which, in many respects, they can lay very little claim to.

REVIEWS.

SEERS OF THE AGES, EMBRACING SPIRITUALISM PAST AND PRESENT.

By J. M. PEEBLES. Boston: White & Co.*

Mr. PEEBLES's "Seers of the Ages" has only been published three or four months, but it has already passed through two large editions, and has been very favourably reviewed by more than thirty American periodicals, receiving the compliment of hearty abuse from two or three of the stiffly orthodox. We do not wonder at this book's success, for it undoubtedly supplies a desideratum in spiritualistic literature, and is redolent in every page with the atmosphere of the *New World*, transatlantic as well as spiritual.

There has been a demand, for some time, among those interested in Spiritualism for something new in the way of an exposition of its principles. We are sick of seeing "extinct satans" in the shape of imposture and devil-theories opposed by serious argument, and scarcely less so of hearing arrayed in wearisome repetition all accounts of supernatural occurrences, from Genesis to Revelation. It was pleasant to study in Mr. Howitt's "History of the Supernatural," and Mr. Shorter's "Two Worlds," the many-sided belief in mysterious powers lying at the back of human nature. It was profitable to observe how so-called supernatural gifts have always appeared within the Christian Church, when faith has been sufficiently real to dissipate selfish pre-occupation, and to lay open the soul to spiritual influence. But the time has arrived for a deeper probing of the subject, and at least an attempt to discover the relationship which exists between the Spiritualism of to-day and that of past millenniums. Happily Christianity is only a portion, and a very small portion, comparatively speak-

* May be had at the Progressive Library, price 8s.

ing, of the universe of human thought, yet contented with the eventful, though short-lived, history of Christendom, we are prone to forget that Europe was only tenanted by savages, human and otherwise, when Asia had, for thousands of years, possessed its varied civilisation and therewith its Spiritualisms. And we cannot estimate, at its proper value, the influx of influence from the Unseen, which, at the present moment, is acting so wonderfully in the region of ideas, unless we are conversant with historical antecedents of a similar nature.

Parallel with the proofs which are cropping up on every side, that man has very probably been on the earth 100,000 years, evidence arises of the extreme antiquity of philosophical and religious systems. When men of science were discussing physical and metaphysical problems 6000 years ago, in India or Egypt, among the masses of the people, symbolical embodiments of philosophical ideas were laying the foundations for the present faiths and superstitions of Europe. An endeavour to show how all this may have happened occupies the earlier portion of Mr. Peebles's book. He is posted, to use the American phrase, in most of the latest results of modern criticism; every chapter bristles with quotations, and is suggestive of a volume. Now Spiritualism is a very exciting study, especially to the novice, and it is most desirable that the tranquillising, if somewhat humiliating effect, of historical investigation should be coupled with it. The ardent neophyte who has just been introduced into a sphere of things where all known natural laws are superseded, needs to be taught, that in the sphere of ideas, as well as that of mere phenomena, there are laws of birth, maturity, and decay; that all conceptions, even the most transcendental, have a *history*, and that no idea can be properly appreciated until something is known of its genealogy. And this, we fancy, is the general impression which will be gathered from the first section of this volume, entitled "Ancient Historic Spiritualism."

The next question discussed is the very centre of Christian Spiritualism, in other words, Christology in all its phases. The point of view from which this serious matter is considered by Mr. Peebles may be easily surmised from his opening sentence:—

"Thinkers of the living present will necessarily study the man of Nazareth from three planes of thought:—

"I. The historic Jesus, copied from the Chrishna of India.

"II. The theological Jesus, a Church monster of the Christian Fathers.

"III. The natural Jesus, an enthusiastic Spiritualist of Judea.

"The close and almost perfect parallelism between the Chrishna of the Bhagavat Gita, and the Christ of the Gospels, is of itself sufficient evidence to show that one was borrowed from the other, or that they were both copies from some older myth. Chrishna, considered originally the Supreme God, condescended to take upon himself the sinful state of humanity, as Christ is said to have done by orthodox theologians. Immediately after his birth he was saluted by divine songs from the devatas—angels, as was the Nazarene. Surrounded by shepherds thoroughly impressed with his greatness, he was visited by the Magi—wise men—among whom was an Indian prophet, called Nared, who, hearing of his fame, examined the stars and declared him of celestial descent. His parents, 'Nauda,' the father, and 'Deba Maia,' the divine mother, were compelled to flee by night into a remote country for fear of a tyrant who had ordered all the male children of those

regions to be slain. 'This story,' says the eminent author of the *Anacalypsis* (b. iv., s. 2), 'is the subject of an immense sculpture in the cave at Elephanta, where the suspicious tyrant is represented destroying the children. The date of this sculpture is lost in the most remote antiquity. Chrishna is called Heri, and Heri in Sanscrit means shepherd. Christ was termed the shepherd of the sheep. Chrishna had a forerunner in his elder brother Rom, as had Jesus in his cousin, John the Baptist. Rom assisted Chrishna in purifying the world from the pollution of evil demons. To exemplify humility, Chrishna washed the feet of the Brahmins, so did Jesus those of the disciples. Upon one occasion a woman poured on Chrishna's head a box of ointment, for which he cured her of an ailment. There are many further similarities in the lives of Chrishna and Christ.'

"The mythologic and theologic Saviour aside, then, we come to Jesus the spiritualist, Jesus the natural man, the child of love and wisdom. That Jesus was an Essenian is susceptible of the clearest historic demonstration. The Essenians among the Jews, the Magi among the Persians, the Hierophants of Egypt, and the Gymnosophists of India, were all co-related by a common system of science, treasured wisdom, and profound mystery; all *one*, with such variations as periods of time, change of language, and country would necessarily produce. At the time of the Maccabees, 180 B. C., on the Western Coast of the Dead Sea, the Essenes, made the doctrine of community of goods, and a life in common, a religious and social dogma. Lodged under the same roof, taking meals at the same table, clothed in the same dress, they observed celibacy and lived in continence, abjured oaths, and all violence, contemned riches, rejected the use of the precious metals, were given wholly to the meditation of moral and religious truths, and subsisted by the labours of their hands, were content with one meal a day, and that of bread, vegetables, and fruit. Jesus being interiorly harmonial, in fellowship with the Essenians, schooled in the Asian mysteries, and a medium, how natural the explanation of the genuine teachings, doctrines, and wonderful works ascribed to him!

"Jesus taught the world no new truths. Denis, in his learned work on the moral teachings of antiquity, shows clearly that the highest moral sentiments of humanity, brotherhood, and self-sacrifice, thread the ethical and religious codes of every cultured age. Yet in a sense the spirit and doctrine of Jesus were original, for 'by the light of the spiritual philosophy we are instructed not to look *exclusively* to anterior races for the origin of the Hebrew, Christian, or any subsequent religion.' It was in the power of ancient spirits, and natural to their communicative relationship, to re-construct their religious wisdom, to be mainly *original* to their media."

After stating his impressions on the origin of the Christian Church, Mr. Peebles, in a series of rather unconnected biographic sketches, shows that what are now called mediumistic gifts were almost invariably enjoyed or recognised by the most prominent of saints and doctors up to the nineteenth century. And so at length we are fairly introduced to modern Spiritualism in its relations to the religions of the past.

"Progress underlies all things, and Spiritualism, though ever majestic in its past windings, may be compared to the ocean waves that rise and fall. Each spiritual wave, in accordance with the laws of accelerated motion, rose above the preceding, bearing the masses higher up the altitudes of wisdom. The impetus was greater, the spray from the wave more glittering, the principles were, during each succeeding period, more widely diffused.

"Under some name, and in some form, Spiritualism, as herein demonstrated, has constituted the basic foundation and been the motive force of all religions in their incipient stages. The Spiritualism of to-day differs from that of five thousand years since, only in the better understanding of

its philosophy, the general conception of its naturalness, and its wider dissemination through the different grades of society. It has been and is God's visible seal of love to all climes and ages."

Such subjects as the existence of God, inspiration, repentance, evil spirits, heaven, prayer, love, have each a chapter in this volume devoted to them. Their treatment is, to our thinking, though brief, yet satisfactory, exhibiting, it must be confessed, much looseness of thought, and still more looseness of expression, but for all that very suggestive, and worth whole libraries of orthodox teaching on these matters. However, if Mr. Peebles's work falls into the hands of Saturday reviewers, and sundry other gentlemen of the press of similar stamp, his sometimes incongruous metaphors and other evidences of too rapid composition will be likely to subject him to rather rough horse-play, and a too confiding public will be led to suppose that there is nothing in this book but matter for jeers and laughter.

When we have concluded our quotations with a definition of Spiritualism contained in the last chapter, our readers will be in a position to judge of the scope and character of this remarkable production, which we cordially recommend to every lover of freedom of thought and progress. As a general definition of Spiritualism, the following is submitted :—

"Its fundamental idea is God, the infinite spirit-presence, immanent in all things.

"Its fundamental thought is joyous communion with spirit and angels, and the practical demonstrations of the same through the instrumentality of media.

"Its fundamental purpose is to rightly generate, educate, and spiritualise all the races and nations of the earth. Spiritualism, considered from its philosophical side, is rationalism, from its scientific side, naturalism, and from its religious side, the embodiment of love to God and man, a present inspiration and a heavenly ministry. In the year 1900 it will be the religion of the enlightened world.

"It underlies all genuine reform movements, physiological, educational, social, philanthropic, and religious, and spanning all human interests with holy aim, it seeks to reconstruct society upon the principles of a universal brotherhood, and the strict equality of the sexes.

"Desirous of greater knowledge touching the relations of spirit with matter, and of men with God, and the intelligences of the surrounding world of spirits, spiritualists study and reverently interrogate the laws and principles that govern the phenomena and occult forces of the universe, the histories of the past, and the experiences of the present, anxious to solve those psychologic and spiritual problems of the ages—man's origin, capacity, duty, and final destiny.

"Interrelated with spirit and matter in their varied evolutions, and with the highest interests connecting all worlds, Spiritualism is neither supernatural in philosophy nor sectarian in tendency, but broad, catholic, and progressive—the voiced truth of God through nature to the rational soul—a science, philosophy, and religion."

S. E. B.

MARRIAGE AND ITS VIOLATIONS. By JOHN ELLIS, M.D., &c., Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A. Glasgow: M'Geachy, 90 Union Street; London: Burns, Progressive Library. Price 6d.

THIS is a reprint of an American pamphlet, as is almost every respectable work on the above subject in this country. Medical etiquette, at

present, strictly forbids the issue of any popular information on such questions. Why there is this persistent effort to keep the public in the dark on such important matters, it would be difficult to say. Certainly it would spoil the trade of the doctor to some extent, were the people less ignorant than they are; but we should like to give them credit for higher motives than those of a mercenary character. Their plea that such subjects belong specially to themselves, and that their public discussion would only tend to prurient excitement, we think quite erroneous. It should be the aim of every medical man to keep his patients well: not to be allowing them to fall into the mud, and then cleaning them. But this can never be done so long as the present ignorance prevails on many of the most important social and physiological questions of man's nature. That the public desire information, is evident by the eagerness with which they purchase many of the quack publications pretending to treat of "private medical matters."

That the greater part of the stupendous evils connected with the reproductive nature of man, are wilfully brought on, there can be little doubt; but there remains so much due to innocent ignorance, that it were well worth some effort to remove it. We have not the shadow of a doubt, that hundreds who violate nature's laws in various ways, would cease to do so, were they made fully aware of the dangers they incurred. Especially is this the case in reference to the deadly vice peculiar to boys and girls. They go on for years, ignorant to a great extent of the almost irreparable injury they are inflicting; and often knowledge comes too late. We have had special opportunities of seeing the effects of this ignorance among the lower classes in one of our large cities; but we feel confident it is not peculiar to one order of society. The wards of our large hospitals tell fearful tales of the ravages produced by ignorance of the laws which govern the reproductive organs. Clearly something is needed. The pulpit is silent on the subject, being far more interested as to whether we should kneel or sit while praying, or the colour of the minister's vestments. Perhaps it is not the church's duty to look after these matters; but it appears to us of more consequence than sending catechisms and coloured cloth to the interior of Africa. The periodical press keeps its fingers clean of all such questionable subjects, throwing the burden on the shoulders of the medical men, who we have already seen dare not touch it, but for what reason is not plain.

Believing thus in the great importance of the subject, and the necessity for the diffusion of light regarding it amongst the public, we hail with pleasure the appearance of even the feeblest ray having that object. We feel sorry we cannot regard the pamphlet which heads our notice as a brilliant production. There is nothing new in it, neither is the subject presented in a clear and striking light. Had there been less theology and more physiology, it would have been more profitable for the general reader. There is a hazy Swedenborgian tone about some parts which cannot be very edifying to the uninitiated. Coming from a M.D., and a Professor, we should have expected some better hints as to the treatment of some of the cases arising from the evils he speaks of. But doubtless it was not meant to be exhaustive. The work is divided into chapters on Marriage, Divorces, Abuses of Married Life, Fœta]

Murder, Licentiousness, and Solitary Vice. Under each of these heads will be found some useful information and sensible remarks, including interesting statistics of New York prostitution. There are some good ideas on the subject of hereditary descent, although they are dimmed by the verbosity of the writer. The last chapter on Solitary Vice, is specially intended for parents, and it would be well for the rising generation if the hints therein given were attended to. He makes some startling statements as to the prevalence of this vice in our public schools, showing a state of matters loudly calling for some remedy. We think the thanks of the public are due to the publishers, for reproducing this work, as in the present state of society some risk of character is run in doing so. Being cheap and of a handy size, it is well suited for distribution by post.

This work was offered at a nominal cost with the October number of *Human Nature*. See certificate in that number.

THE ADVANTAGES OF PHRENOLOGY.

AN intelligent clergyman in the country who is about to take unto himself a wife, sent a photograph of himself and young lady to Mr. Burns for phrenological diagnosis. After receiving the delineation the rev. gentleman thus writes in corroboration of the statements therein contained :—

“You tell me to take the delineations for what they are worth (their worth is invaluable) and compare them with my experience. I have done so, and I must say that they are singularly correct; if you had lived with her you could not have better described her leading characteristics. What you have said as to her physical, mental, and moral parts is strikingly true, and several pieces of the interspersed advice is only the echo of what I have told her myself from my own observations. You state that she ought to be possessed of good conversational powers—that she has wide sympathies, and that she can adapt herself easily to different positions and individuals. I may tell you that on account of these characteristics she is a general favourite in the circle of society to which she belongs; she is as much at home in a gentleman’s drawing room as in a humble cottage; hence she is as much respected and beloved by the one party as the other. Could you see her on Sundays going her rounds visiting, how kindly she is received by all, and how she enters into the circumstances of the most forlorn cottagers, and see how she sympathises with them in their troubles and difficulties, you would have ample proof of her disinterestedness and desire to do good. [It was stated in the delineation that she was well adapted to aid in the duties of a pastor.] I did not think that such a correct delineation could have been given from a portrait. My faith in phrenology increases daily. I wish you God-speed in your noble work. I look upon you and all who are devoting themselves, like you, to the study of man as being the greatest of all benefactors.”

It is a great pity that there is not some special machinery in society for imparting to the people a knowledge of the science of man. We rejoice at the establishment of classes at the Spiritual Institution, and are pleased to find that they are being attended by earnest students.

THE OPPONENTS OF SPIRITUALISM.

A MAN of very exceptional manners and address, styling himself "John H. Addison," has been vilifying Mrs. Marshall and those who promote Spiritualism generally, in the columns of the *Standard*. His letters are most violent, reckless, illogical, and contradictory. He is a trickster with ropes, and some years ago, in company with the actors Sothern and Toole, he visited Mrs. Marshall and other mediums, when this choice band of philosophers made fools of themselves in rather an offensive way. Mr. Coleman had correspondence with Addison, and Mr. C. thought proper to insinuate that he was a medium and did his mighty works by the aid of spirits. If so, the less that peace-loving and truth-loving men and women have to do with him the better, for his letters and statements are so highly diluted with sheer inaccuracies of fact and expression, that we avoid the dirty work of writing the term which would most fitly characterise them. Some of our timid friends are afraid he will damage Spiritualism! Our advice is, give him rope and he will put a very proper end to himself. He has done so already in the estimation of all decent people. The most fitting treatment that spiritualists can visit him with is to "let him alone severely."

Since the foregoing was written the absurdities of the Addison party have culminated in a letter by a "philosophical instrument maker," who luxuriates in an obscure tenement verging on one of the most notorious slums of London. This philosophical tinker states in his letter, that he has been in the habit, in years gone by, of supplying "considerable numbers" of electrical apparatus for spiritualists to do their rapping with. He has had, he says, "a large sale for spirit-rapping magnets," and specially enumerates "magnets and batteries constructed expressly for the pocket, and, of course, these will rap at any part of the room." "All these were obviously used for spirit-rapping," "but of late years the demand has ceased, owing, I trust, to the march of intellect which has exposed the imposition." These exposures must have taken place a long time ago, as intellect has marched so far a-head of the circumstances that they are entirely forgotten—but there is no evidence that such exposures ever occurred. But what is more to the point, this son of Tubal Cain has been put to the test, and he can give no evidence of having supplied any such "batteries expressly for concealment," except to his inspiring spirit, "John H. Addison." We are quite at a loss to know for what purpose our "wiry" antagonist should give himself so much trouble in thus helping to fool and enlighten the world alternately. If he had any character for truthfulness at stake, he has been a sad loser by his late correspondence, if reports are to be credited; and we venture to make him a suggestion which may become remunerative to him, and establish the truthfulness of his remarkable assertions. We recommend him to lose no time in bringing the merits of his pocket-rapping magnet before the Postmaster-General. It would be of incalculable service to the weary postman. By having one in his pocket, the deliverer of letters might rap on half-a-dozen doors in advance of his position, and have the servant waiting ready to receive packets too large for the letter box, and also to receive the letters where no box existed. When we hear of the above suggestion having

taken effect, we will know of a certainty that our philosophical tinker is a man of undoubted veracity.

Several able letters have appeared in the *Eastern Post* entirely confuting the groundless allegation of Addison & Co.

MR. D. D. HOME.

WESTON-SUPPER MARE.—Mr. D. D. Home was here at the Assembly Rooms last night, and I went, of course, to hear him. The night was very dark, and it rained heavily just before the commencement of the entertainment, and consequently there were not so many present as there would probably otherwise have been. I was much pleased with him as a reader; there was no straining at effect, he seemed to have a very intelligent conception of his author; and endeavoured to express that and nothing more. This is, I apprehend, as it should be; more than this becomes not the reader, but the actor and the stage. My great gratification in going to the Assembly Rooms was to see the man rather than hear the reader. I had never seen him before, and all my knowledge of him had been derived from my limited acquaintance with spiritual literature. I found him a very different man from what I expected. I had prefigured to myself one passive, listless, almost apathetic; I saw before me a man active, wiry—what the French call *éveillé*—with a sharp piercing eye. And so I had really before me, at last, the man through whom the highest manifestations of modern spiritualism I have yet read of, have been given! This was the prodigy who had shown me that the partition between myself and invisible intelligences is so thin as not to prevent their coming to me! This was the man in whose presence the phenomena occurred mentioned in Mr. Hall's letter to Judge Edmonds, which had swept away the last traces of a long life of cherished semi-materialism! After nine minds had become cognisant of the same fact at the same time, I felt that the only thing unreasonable was the unreasonableness of doubt. "If this be not conclusive," said I to myself, "what in the name of all that is astonishing is the nature of rational evidence?" I would gladly have shaken hands with Mr Home, but living, as I think I have previously told you, pretty much the life of a solitary, I could not summon courage to introduce myself to him. I could only wait on the stairs and take a good stare at him sideways as he passed on his way, and I followed on unobserved in mine. And where next, thought I. Light is indeed thrown on the future by the discoveries of modern spiritualism, but after all, how dim! Hope in the all surrounding intelligence remains, and this must be the best light to cheer our way.

WHAT IS THE NUMBER OF SPIRITUALISTS IN GREAT BRITAIN?

THIS is a most interesting question, and one which often occurs to spiritualists. We are certain of the fact that Spiritualism is making rapid strides, and that numbers of individuals belonging to all classes of society are continually augmenting its ranks. A plan has been suggested whereby the number of openly professing spiritualists may be approximately ascertained. This is by issuing census papers to all known

spiritualists, asking them to be so kind as return them at a convenient time supplied with the information in their possession. These schedules might contain a number of questions to be answered by the person filling them up, thus:—How many avowed spiritualists are there in your neighbourhood? How many are there who sympathise deeply with the movement? Give their names and addresses as far as possible. Also the names and addresses of spiritualists at a distance. How many mediums do you know? Give their names and addresses. Give the particulars respecting any circles that you may know of. Do spiritualists in your district combine in any form? If so, describe it. What meetings have you held, and with what results? Has any lecturer visited you, and with what results? What attention do you give to literature—books and periodicals—and with what result? Give name and address of the leading spiritualists of your district.

These are some of the items of information that it is thought proper to ask for. We shall be glad to receive suggestions as early as possible, that the schedules may be issued with next *Human Nature*. It may also be stated that this information would be given in strict confidence, no part of it would be made public except at the desire of the party furnishing it, and no names would be published without personal permission. Only the result would be published in a general way, and no ulterior use would be made of the information in any shape, while it might lead to very useful results in bringing about some practical form of co-operation amongst spiritualists. If the more active spiritualists will aid in this matter many gratifying facts may be elicited. Reports from foreign countries are solicited.

MISCELLANEA.

“L. M.” desires to know “why the accordion is so constantly used at spiritual manifestations.” It is only used occasionally, and because of its convenience. Thus it has been seen suspended in the air, playing without any physical contact. It has been played upon while resting on a table. It is often used to produce exquisite music while the bellows end is held in the hand of a medium; and in the darkened room spirit lights may be seen on the keys; yet these manifestations with the accordion take place in the light. Those who have read accounts of Mr. Home’s seances in *Human Nature*, must have observed that a piano is sometimes lifted by the spirits; and at Mrs. Everitt’s it is sometimes played upon even while shut. At Mr. Childs’s the spirits play on several instruments; at Mr. Champernowne’s they sing in several voices as well as play. It is thus seen that though the accordion, from its construction, is a very convenient instrument for these experiments, yet the spirits can with equal facility play on others.

THE names of subscribers for Mrs. Hardinge’s new work, “The History of Spiritualism,” are dropping in quite frequently at our office. We hope to see this work in the hands of every spiritualist, and shall be glad if our friends will send on their names immediately, and mention the matter to their acquaintances.

INVISIBLE LIGHT.—Many years since, says Professor O. N. Rood, a photograph was made at Berlin of the well-known bronze statue of the Amazon; and it was observed that, in the negative, a black streak occurred at the tip of the lance (held by the figure in an almost vertical position), while two other analogous marks appeared in other locations. This picture was sent to Professor Dove (Berlin), whose investigations in connection with light are widely known, and he came to the conclusion that these markings might be due to electrical discharges going on from prominent points of the figure at the time the picture was taken, and which though invisible to an observer, would, nevertheless, by reason of the high actinic power of electric light, produce an impression on the photographic plate. This conjecture has been fully confirmed by the author, who, in a series of ingenious experiments, proved that electric discharges, entirely invisible to the observer in the presence of daylight, might, nevertheless, produce images of themselves in a picture of the adjacent objects taken at the same time, the photographic plate being relatively more sensitive to these impressions than the human eye.—*Chemical News.*—[The above facts are similar to statements which we extracted from the British Journal of Photography in our August number. If invisible light can be photographed, why not an invisible spirit?]

WE have had the pleasure of receiving a note from Mrs. Hardinge. She experienced rough weather on her passage to New York, but her health has not been impaired thereby. Her great work—*The History of Modern Spiritualism*—may be expected soon. Our publisher is receiving the names of subscribers, and already a good number of such have come forward. We would not only recommend our readers to subscribe for the work, but to do all that they can to introduce it to their friends.

THE SIXTH NATIONAL CONVENTION OF AMERICAN SPIRITUALISTS has just been held at Buffalo, New York. It is reported that the cause has made more progress during the last twelve months than in any former year. Many excellent speeches were made by earnest speakers to large and attentive audiences, for reports of which we gladly refer our readers to our indefatigable contemporary, the *Banner of Light*, copies of which may be had at our office.

WE have just seen a letter from Mrs. Spear, written on board ship near the Bahamas. Mr. Spear and herself were on their way to California; they only remained two or three days in New York, and had no time to answer the communications which there awaited them. Letters addressed to our office will be forwarded as usual.

A NEW INTERPRETATION.—A correspondent says:—"Lately reading the mystical account of the six days' creation and seventh day of rest in the book of Genesis, it appeared to me to be significant of human progress in the spiritual world, pointing to the six great spheres of progress, and the seventh, or angelic, rest from all earthly imperfection. Divide each of these six spheres in half, and each as representing a different measure of progress, we have the twelve gates of the Apostle John, leading to the heavenly Jerusalem."