

# HUMAN NATURE:

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## THE PHILOSOPHY OF RE-INCARNATION.

### No. II.

HAVING seen that the phenomena of the Universe necessarily imply the existence and action, as their Producer and Sustainer, of All-pervading, Omnipotent, Intelligent, and Beneficent Force, and it being impossible to conceive of such Force otherwise than as the attribute of Being, we have arrived at the certainty of the reality of the Self-existent (and consequently Infinite and Eternal) Cause of the Universe that we call GOD. We have now to show, in the first place, that, although our faculties—standing to that Being in the relation of Effect to Cause—are incapable of defining the essential nature of that Being, or the essential mode of its action, such incapacity on our part affords no argument against the reality of the existence and action of that Being; and, in the next place, that such incapacity does not prevent our obtaining, from the knowledge of its laws as deduced from the study of its works, a constantly expanding knowledge of its attributes and purposes.

In regard to the first of these two points—viz., our incapacity of understanding the essential nature and action of the Causal Being, a moment's consideration will suffice to show us that we labour under a similar incapacity in regard to every object of our thought, ourselves included. For what is there in ourselves, or out of ourselves, whose essential nature is known to us? What is there that we can get intellectually inside of, so as to penetrate and understand its veritable essence? Absolutely nothing; not the simplest object of the world around us, not the simplest fact of life, not even the self-consciousness that says, "I AM." We *know that we are*, because our consciousness tells us so; and we *know that we know that we*

*are*, because, when our consciousness has taken cognisance of itself, we can study this consciousness as something apart from ourself, can reason upon it, can draw from it various inductions, and base upon these deductions various groups of ideas. We also infer, from the phenomena of life around us, the existence of other beings similar to ourselves, because the evidence of our senses, compared and combined with the results of our self-consciousness, assures us of the fact. We extend our power of inferential deduction to the other objects and movements around us, and we admit their reality, because our perceptions lead us to the conviction of that reality. Thus we reason about ourselves, our fellow-men, and the various objects and general scope of the Universe, so far as our perception extends; we weigh, measure, and otherwise investigate; we compare, contrast, and define; we analyse and synthesise, as though we really understood the essential nature of the things with which we deal. And yet, what do we know of that essential nature? Do we even understand the essential nature of the ME on our consciousness of which is based the entire super-structure of our thought? What is this ME? How do I cognize my ME as a thinking, sentient, entity? Of what does this self-consciousness consist? How is it developed through the action of my brain and nerves? What is the essential nature of the relation between these and the ME which uses them to arrive at the consciousness of itself? And how, and in virtue of what arrangements of relation, antecedent to the evolution of my self-consciousness, does my ME use them? To no one of these questions, or the similar ones that might be multiplied to any extent, can all the science of the world give an adequate reply. We know that, in virtue of certain subtle—and, to us, absolutely incomprehensible—relations of adaptation between our perceptive organs and the things outside of us, we receive impressions of hardness and softness, of sweetness and bitterness, of colour and size, of heat and cold, of painfulness and pleasure-ableness, and of the various other qualities which, in virtue of their effect on our senses, we attribute to the things about us; but when we have pushed our analysis to the furthest limit of our possibilities, we have only learned somewhat more of a few of the links in the long chain of instrumentalities by which the working of the Causal Power, in that sphere of its domain which we call Nature, compasses the production, in our consciousness, of those sensations; leaving the questions of the intrinsic “What?” “How?” and “Why?” of sensations and of substances, as far from being answered as before.

And we are in exactly the same predicament with regard to every one of the multitudinous phenomena of the outer world. We cannot define the intrinsic nature and mode of action of any

one of the noumena whose existence is implied in the occurrence of those phenomena; but we can prove, none the less conclusively, that those noumena exist, and that, if there were no noumena, there could be no phenomena. We can go still further and, from the differences of perception produced by the action of the same noumenon on different organisations (as in the case of persons affected with colour-blindness), and even on the same organisation in different states (as in fever and other maladies), we can demonstrate both the subjectivity of our perception of phenomena, and also the fact that such perception results from pre-existing possibilities of co-relation between our perceptive faculties and the noumena about us; while on the other hand, we can demonstrate, from the identity of the perception of any given phenomenon by healthy organisations, the objective reality of the noumena to whose action upon our consciousness the fact of our perception is due. But, when we have done this, we are no nearer to the understanding of the essential nature and mode of action of the noumena of the Universe, or of the essential nature and mode of production of its phenomena, than we were before. The farmer with his plough, his manure, and his seeds, the mechanic with his levers and wheels, the chemist in his laboratory, the astronomer in his midnight questionings of the depths of space, know nothing of the absolute essence, or essential action, of any one of the forms and modes of existence with which they are busy. We know that there is, in intimate connection with the occurrence of any given perception on our part, an objective *something* which, through the medium of our senses, impresses our consciousness with the perception of an appearance to which we give the name (as the case may be) of wood, iron, guano, wheat, of brass and steel, of solids, fluids, and gases, of telescopes, planets, and suns, and so on; but of the intrinsic nature, the real, essential selves, of the noumena whose objective existence is attested by our perceptions, we know absolutely nothing. And yet, while thus utterly ignorant of the inner reality and essential action of everything around us, do we not, through observation and the exercise of our reason, succeed in ascertaining so much about them that we are able to turn them to our uses, and to modify them, by the separation and re-combination of their elements, so as to produce new orders of phenomena; not only carrying on, with them and through them, the entire business of our lives, but deducing, from our experience of the action of these invisible, inaccessible, inscrutable noumena (as manifested to us through their resulting phenomena), the totality of our Science, Industry, and Art?

All our knowledge of the world around us is thus seen to be based, not on the investigation of its objective noumenal realities, but on that of the subjective phenomena by which alone those

noumena reveal themselves to our consciousness. And yet, in assuming the existence, between the noumena and phenomena of the Universe, of a correspondence so close as to amount (so far as we are concerned) to identity, and in reasoning from this correspondence as a reality (although we cannot define its nature otherwise than as Immediate Cause and Effect), do we not feel that we are on perfectly safe ground? And though all our Science is thus seen to be merely inferential, are we not, to all practical intents and purposes, as sure of the soundness of our scientific deductions (so far as they go) as we could be if they were derived from a knowledge of the noumena themselves?

Again, if there be anything of which we are absolutely certain in regard to the experience of our lives, it is the fact that no atom of the material universe, no one of the multitudinous objects of which it is composed, has ever been, or ever will be, seen by any bodily eye. The saying that "every man sees his own rainbow" is literally true; for what each man sees, when he "sees a rainbow," is not the particles of vapour whose juxtaposition in space, combined with the action of the solar rays, constitutes the objective reality of the phenomenon which we call a rainbow, but simply the image produced by that combination on the retina of his eye. And what is true in regard to our perception of the rainbow, is equally true of our perception of everything else in the world around us; our seeing and feeling of all of which, whether persons or things, is not a seeing or feeling of the actual appearance, contexture, or other attribute of those persons or things, but only the perception by us of the sensuous images of those attributes reflected upon our consciousness through the *camere obscure* of our nerves. Thus it is literally true that no spider ever saw the fly, no cat the mouse, no bird the worm; that no miser ever saw his gold, no thief the coveted objects for which he risks his liberty or his life, no sailor the sea, no soldier the foe against whom he is pitted, nor the gun with which he shoots him; that no physician ever saw either patient or fee, no lawyer his brief, no student his book, no painter the landscape he transfers to his canvas; that no friend ever felt the hand of friend, but only the impression produced on his nervous system by the grasp of that other palm; that no Romeo ever beheld his Juliet, no Cornelia the children in whom she exults, no Niobe those she mourns; that no married pair, celebrating their Silver or their Golden Wedding, ever really looked on one another's face. And yet who doubts the truthfulness of our perceived impressions as representations of the unseen realities they imply? of the testimony afforded by the smile, the grasp of the hand, and the vast variety of perceptions that make up the totality of our consciousness of life? That "seeing is

believing" is a truism which has passed into a proverb; and we talk of "the evidence of our senses" as clinching certainty beyond the possibility of doubt. So firm is our intuitive conviction—fortified by all our experience—that our perception is a faithful reflex of the thing perceived, that the reports of external objects, brought home to our consciousness through the medium of our perceptive faculties, give a correct account of those objects, and that our inner picture-book of the Universe is not a collection of lies, but a true representation of the things and relations of that Universe, that all the business of the world all our making, and buying, and selling, our coming and going, our fighting, fraternizing, courting, and marrying, in a word, all the complicated relations and interests of life, are as perfectly subserved by these purely subjective impressions as they could be by the actual sight and touch of the objective realities they imply. And thus, while we see that it is impossible for us, with our present faculties, to understand the essential nature of any form or mode of existence, our own included, we also see that there is nothing within reach of our consciousness of which we may not acquire a relative apprehension amply sufficient for all the practical purposes of life.

Reasoning, therefore, from the fact of the purely inferential character of even our most exact scientific knowledge, and from this other fact—viz., that all we know is arrived at by us through a slow process of discovery (the uncovering by us of something that existed, though hidden from us, before we found it out—our very language implying both the nature of the intellectual process by which we learn, and the anteriority of the facts of existence to those of perception), we see that we occupy, in regard to our knowledge of the noumena of the Universe and of their action, a position exactly analogous to that in which we find ourselves in regard to our knowledge of the Divine Being and Operation. We know nothing, and can know nothing, in our present phase of development, of the essential nature of either; but as, from the indications of the phenomena of existence, we infer the attributes of the noumena of which those phenomena are the ultimatum to our perception, so, from the laws which regulate the evolution of those phenomena, we infer the attributes of the Causal Being of whose aims and modes of working, as perceived in their results by our intellect, those laws are the formula.

Not, however, that the Divine Being can be conceived of as standing to the Universe in a relation analogous to that of the noumena of the Universe to their resulting phenomena; for, the objectivity of phenomena being one with their noumena, it is only by our thought that they can be regarded as distinct: whereas the Divine Being must be absolutely distinct from the

Universe He produces and sustains, as otherwise, being identified with it, He would share the mutations of Matter, and there would be no stability in the government of the Universe; and moreover, being dependent on the latter, He would be an Effect of the Universe, and not its Cause. And here let me remark that the use of the word "He," as applied to the Creative and Sustaining Power of the universe, is merely a result of the poverty of human speech, which has not yet invented a special pronoun for the Unfathomable. We might as well speak of the Divine Being as "She," or "It;" but custom, during the initial period in which Strength (as more immediately needed) is regarded as superior to Grace (the need of which is not yet distinctly felt), having applied the masculine pronoun (as the noblest) to the Creator, we continue, for convenience, to make use of it in that sense.

In order to form to ourselves an approximate idea of the Divine Being, sufficient for the elucidation of the problems of Derived Existence, we have to apply to the Divine Working, as revealed to us by the phenomena of existence, the same process of inferential deduction through which alone we arrive at a knowledge of the world around us; but we have also to carry our thought into the region of Abstract Ideas, and to prosecute our study of this most important of all the problems that our intelligence can propose to itself, through the exercise of that higher and more real vision which consists in the perception of pure, mathematical Truth; of that order of Truth which, being absolute and increate, must be regarded as an essential element of the Divine Self-existent Mind, and our perception of which, being a direct reflex of that Mind, not only constitutes an order of Seeing that is more intimately *one* with our mental consciousness than are the perceptions at which we arrive through the medium of our senses, but also establishes a bond of intellectual affinity between our minds and the Divine Mind; as, for instance, though we may well doubt whether the things of the material universe appear to the mind of the Creator as they appear to us, we see that, to the Divine Mind, two and two must make four, as necessarily as to *our* minds.

The first thing we have to do, in attempting to arrive at an approximate knowledge of the Divine attributes, is to clear our mind of the anthropomorphism which imagines the Deity to be a being resembling ourselves on a larger scale. This erroneous method of representing the Divinity, inevitable in the early ages of humanity, becomes, in course of time, a most serious obstacle to progress. For the persistence of the infantile conceptions of the Divine Being which, in periods of general ignorance, men have thus formed to themselves, not only acts injuriously on the general thought and conscience by maintaining false standards

of truth and of duty, but prepares—as the advance of physical science reveals the absurdity of such conceptions—an inevitable reaction which, in rejecting dogmas erected on fantastic bases, is in danger of going too far, and of failing to discern Realities, the fact of whose existence may, for a time, be brought into doubt, though it cannot be invalidated by the distortions of erroneous creeds.

The Divine Being standing to us in the relation of Cause to Effect, it is evident that there must be, in so far, a certain kind of correspondential correlation between us and Him; and equally evident that there can be, in that correlation, nothing like *resemblance*, in any sense of material likeness. We say “the eye of God,” “the voice of God,” “the hand of God,” because, as we can only manifest ourselves through the medium of organs, those organs stand in our thought as signs both of the faculties that use them, and of the exercise of those faculties. But it must be clearly understood that there can be nothing in the Divine Existence resembling those organs or their action, otherwise than as Cause may be conceived of in relation to Effect; that is to say, as *correspondence*, but not as *resemblance*.

To make this proposition clearer, let us examine the relation between Cause and Effect, in the secondary mode in which that relation occurs in our human sphere; taking, for example, the action of a human hand. Let us suppose that hand to have made something, say, a basket. Every detail of the object thus produced will correspond to some movement both of the producing hand, and of the mental action which guided the various movements of that hand; and yet there is no *resemblance*, but only *correspondence*, between the object produced, and the mental and manual movements which produced it. The basket, as Effect, corresponds—within the limits of its form and properties—to the Cause to which it owes its formation; but it will not, in any sense *resemble* either the hand or the mind of its maker; and it would fall into evident error if, supposing it to be capable of reasoning, and arguing from the neatness of its wicker-work, the strength of its handles, or the implications of its capacity, it conceived of its maker as a larger and handsomer basket. For, while the basket corresponds only to that particular action of its maker which ultimated itself in the production of that particular object, the hand that produced it might produce many thousands of other objects, of most diversified forms and natures, each of which would correspond to some special detail of possibility in the Cause that produced it, as closely (in the same limited, non-resembling way) as does the basket; and each of these might conceive of its maker, with equal truth, and equal un-truth, as an enlarged and perfected similitude of itself. And the same reasoning holds good in regard to the relation between

the Causal Act and its resulting Effect, no matter what examples we may select for analysis. There is no *resemblance* between the flash of lightning and the effects produced by the flash ; between the jerk that sets the bell in motion and the ringing of the bell. The most perfect piece of mechanism that could possibly be put together, even if we supposed it, for the sake of argument, to be endowed with vitality, could only reflect, in an imperfect, correspondential way, the exercise of that portion of its maker's activities which called it into existence ; while all the rest of the attributes of its maker's nature, the rest of his science, will and skill, and the vast extent of the possible ultimations of these, would remain absolutely apart from it. For resemblance can only be predicated of things belonging to the same plane of existence ; whereas, in all cases, the Effect produced, and the Cause which produces it, belong to different planes, and, although intimately connected by correspondential correlation, have nothing but that correlation in common. So that, although any given Effect may be considered as being (in the limited correspondential sense just set forth) an image of its Cause, no Cause can be considered as being, in any sense, an image of its Effect. And we see, therefore, that while there must be, in the Divine Being who created the elements of our personality, something to which that personality corresponds as Effect to Cause (and so in regard to all our human qualities and powers which, as Effects, must necessarily correspond, in a limited, human way, to the Divine operation of which they are the result), there can be nothing in the Divine Being corresponding to our personality ; and that, although we may say, in the limited correspondential sense defined above, that we are "in the image of GOD," GOD cannot be said, in any sense, to be in our image.

And this argument is not invalidated, either in its general bearing or its special application to the elucidation of our relation to the Divine Being, by the fact that offspring, due to re-production, are of the same nature as their parents. In the first place, our relation to the Creator, though, in some of its aspects, not inappropriately likened, in the childhood of science and of reason, and in a purely figurative sense, to the filial relation, is absolutely dissimilar to it ; for, if we were, in any real and actual sense, "children of GOD," we should be able to become, in our turn, parents of Gods. In the next place, it is to be remarked that re-productive action, whether in the vegetable or animal degree, is not Causation, but is merely a means whereby the Causal Power sets in motion the machinery of correlated organs and forces destined to ultimate in the production of offspring ; in other words, is merely a means made use of by the Causal Power for the accomplishment of ends to which, as Effects, the action of the parents (whether vegetable or animal) can no more be



considered as standing in the relation of Cause than the ceremonial opening of the Nilometer at Rodi, by the Viceroy, can be considered the Cause of the irrigation which completes the fertilizing inundation of the Egyptian Valley; that inundation having its Cause in pre-existent co-ordinations, topographic, atmospheric, and fluvial; and the action of the Viceroy, limited to the opening of a passage for the waters by the breaking of a dyke, being merely the means whereby those co-ordinations, pre-existent to, and independent of, the Viceregal action, are finally ultimated into an Effect corresponding—not to the breaking of a dyke, but—to the action of the aforesaid topographic, atmospheric, and fluvial causes; the breaking of the dyke, like the generative act, corresponding merely to the impingement of the basket-maker's fingers upon the surface of the osiers of which he makes the basket, of those of the engineer upon the materials of which he makes the various parts of his machine, of the electric fluid on the bodies which it traverses, of the hand upon the wire that pulls the bell; impingements which, though constituting the intermediary by which the Causal Power finally ultimates its Causal impetus, are a result of that impetus, are, in their nature, essentially different from that impetus, and are included in the totality of its resulting Effect.

But though Cause, in all its aspects, is thus seen to be essentially distinct from, and unapproachable by, Effect, the study of any given Effect must necessarily reveal to us something of the attributes of its Cause. Let us suppose the basket or the machine, that have served as illustrations, to be capable of reasoning about themselves, and desirous of finding out something about the maker whose formative action they would have inferred from their incapacity of having made themselves; it is evident that—although they would not be able to form to themselves any adequate idea of his nature, or mode of action—they could inferentially ascertain the possession, by that maker, of intelligence, skill, force, and the power of adapting means to ends, as proved by the results of those qualities in his work. From the Effects produced by the flash of lightning, by the jerk that sets the bell in motion, by the breaking of the dyke that opens a passage for the waters of the Nile, we infer the nature, intensity, duration, and direction of their determining causes; from the working of the machine, no less than from the perfection of its several parts, from their adaptation to one another, and to the accomplishment of the end their combination is intended to subserve, we infer the science, skill, and intelligence of its contriver. And thus, if we look into the world around us, we are able to infer, from the testimony of its phenomena, something of the attributes, and from the tendency of their evolutions, something of the designs, of its invisible Creator.

The testimony which is borne to the attributes of the creator by the boundless perfections of plan, contrivance, workmanship, beauty, and adaptation of means to ends, that are visible in every detail of every object in Nature—from the crystal, the blade of grass, the forms of the animal world, and the wonders of the sky, to the faculties of the human mind—is at once too conclusive, and too generally recognised as such, for it to be necessary to enlarge on this branch of our subject in this place; while the concurrent testimony which is borne, by the harmonious correlations and co-ordinations of the universe, to the grandeur and beneficence of the Creative design, will be seen to be still more conclusive when we shall have studied that design by the light of the Spirit-teaching which will form the subject of my next communication.

*Paris, Nov. 7, 1869.*

ANNA BLACKWELL.

## CREATION—THE PLACE OF MAN IN THE SCALE OF BEING.

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

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WE have spoken of man, as the only earthly being capable of committing sin. This, of necessity, implies much else. To be so specialised, he must be the only occupant of that moral and rational plane, whose peculiar privileges and endowments imply responsibilities so stupendous. But the solitary type of a whole plane of being is an exceptional fact in our experience of nature. The vegetable and animal kingdoms are constituted respectively of many different, yet variously related groups known as species, genera, orders, and classes. But morally and intellectually, man stands alone, involving species, genus, order, class, and perhaps **KINGDOM** in himself. A position so exceptional can scarcely be permanent, for it indicates that he must be either the initial type of a new and emergent, or the final phase of a waning order of being. "The internal evidence" afforded by his own organism, his structural relation to other and inferior types of sentient life, together with the testimony of the geological record, all combine to demonstrate that he is not final, but initial, and so doubtless the beginning of a vast cycle of moral and intellectual life, whereof, in its higher aspects, he is yet, perhaps, but the faint adumbration. This is a vast subject, in the treatment of which, moreover, we shall obtain but little help from the authorised expounders of either religion or science. The former teach that man was made in the likeness of God, and so, barring the disastrous effects of the fall, is the perfection of mental constitution and organic type. While our men of science, in accordance

with their accepted canons, very properly prefer accomplished facts to vague speculation, and so, while quite ready to investigate the progressive development of structure and function in the past, ignore every attempt at precalculating organic advancement in the future. But as we cannot accept the finality of the theologians, so neither can we agree with the indifference of the savans, and shall, therefore, at the risk of being deemed rash and fanciful, indulge in a few speculations on "the place of man in the scale of being," and "the probable aspect of future organic life on the earth."

It is a most mistaken idea that humanity is yet fully born. It is only the promise, not the fulfilment of the divine idea of man. It is the God in process of emergence from the brute; divinity in the act of resurrection. To fully understand this, however, we must look both before and after, beneath and above us. For let it never be forgotten, life is one, a stream flowing on in exhaustless plenitude from the throne of the omnipotent, and vitalising the successive planes of being in its descent from heaven to earth; or if the figure be preferred, it is light from the central sun, not only irradiating with its splendour, but cheering with its warmth, and pervading all things with its power to the outermost limits of creation. It is this unity of essence, with variety of form and diversity of manifestation, that constitutes the archmystery of being, the One God, omnipresent throughout his multiplex creation, the noumenal reality, underlying all phenomenal appearances, the ever-changing Proteus, the all-embracing Pan, the Infinite One, ultimated in the finite many.

Popular theology, as we have said, in its lowly accommodation to the untutored intellect, somewhat understates this matter. It makes creation a mechanical operation, not a vital process; while in relation to its author, it is regarded as the effect of action, rather than of thought, and so when accomplished, it is spoken of as an external product, distinct from its producer, and not as a spiritual emanation, necessarily partaking of the nature, and so reflecting the character and attributes of its divine source. As ordinarily described, it is something essentially inferior to the composition of a poem, or even the execution of a work of art, for these presumably proceed from the *soul* of the poet or the artist, of whose ideas they are consequently, at least, a faint expression and dim reflection. But creation is, in truth, something much higher than all this, for it is the work, not of a human and finite, but of a divine and infinite poet; and it is, moreover, when accomplished, not a dead effect, but a living result—not something wrought on alien materials, but the very thought of the divine artist projected into visibility, his celestial harmonies transfused into the music of the spheres, his wondrous conceptions embodied in the universe as a sublime epic, and wrought out

through its fortunes as a magnificent drama. Without irreverence, let us say, it is himself revealed to his children on the sensuous plane, God made manifest in his works, the primal cause ultimate and so illustrated in its appropriate effects.

From this, it must be at once obvious that the relationship of God to his creation is essentially paternal, so that not only one, but every order of being must be regarded as his offspring. This parental position is not exceptional, but universal, and consequently the filial does not attach only to men and angels, to the moral and spiritual provinces of existence—nay, is not confined even to the sentient range of brutes, but extends to the entire cosmos, embracing not merely the organic, but also the relatively inorganic planes of being. Hence, there is everywhere unresting growth and unending progression, that is, emergence out of confusion, and conflict into order and beauty, the evolution of the creature into the likeness of the creator, the return of the prodigal to his father's house, no longer in the garb of the outcast, but robed in the splendour, and radiant with the glory of an acknowledged son. Hence, it is not only poetically and figuratively, but also literally and scientifically true, that now is as much the day of creation, as any yesterday in all the uncounted ages of the past; for creation, let us repeat it, is not a mere mechanical making of external structures, but the vital evolution of a divine germ, that cannot cease while God exists as a producing cause, the infinite and so exhaustless source of all the manifold modes of being by which he is surrounded, and in whose forms and functions his several attributes are mysteriously reflected. Hence, too, the profoundly symbolical meaning, the grandly mysterious significance of Nature, whose various realms are wondrous volumes of arcane lore, whereof the wisest have as yet scarcely spelled out the mere alphabet.

We have said that the universe is a vital organism, which implies that it discharges certain functions, whether as a whole, or through its constituent members. Thus contemplated, suns are simply cosmic cellules, while the planets are their infantile, if not their embryonic offspring. This, then, is the status and relationship of our own world. It is a solar child, not yet detached from its parent, because not sufficiently mature to maintain a comparatively independent existence. So daily and hourly it basks in the parental radiance, having neither the light nor the heat that would qualify it for the discharge of solar functions. Now then, perhaps, we may begin to understand something as to the vegetable, animal, and human life on the surface of our planet. These are its several organs, for the discharge respectively of what we may, perhaps, by a rather bold figure of speech, term its vascular, muscular, and nervous functions, as yet doubtless, but germinal in structure, and feeble in form,

arising from the fact that they are embryonic, not mature in character and power.

The senseless fable of the Centaur now begins to take shape and form. It has its foundation in fact. It is simply a highly figurative expression of the law of development.—Man is still a centaur, in other words, he presents us with the seeming contradiction of a rational and morally responsible being, but too often swayed by his animal instincts, and impelled by his brutal propensities. The proportions may vary, so that some men are more human than others; but all have more or less of the centaur element at their basis, and would not be the sinning, suffering creatures we find them, without it. For, let us clearly understand that the half-human, half-brute type of man covers his entire earthly nature, extending to his mind as well as his body, and being as manifest in the constitution of the former as in the organization of the latter. Thus by his capacity for ascending from phenomena, to the laws on which they depend, he lays hold on the eternal principles of things. By his imagination, he rises superior to the limited experiences of earth, and approaches to something like a revelation of, at least, the reflected glories of heaven. Through his conscientiousness, he is endowed with a sense of justice, and can thus conceive, though perchance but faintly, of the absolute truth and undeviating rectitude that of necessity underlie the entire scheme of both primal and derivative being. By his benevolence he shares, however imperfectly, in the kindest of all his infinite Father's divine attributes, that of universal love. While by his veneration, he is rendered grandly susceptible of that highest of all feelings possible to a created being—the exalted sentiment of reverence, by which he grows gradually, though surely, into the likeness of what he worships. And yet, despite these noble endowments, the germ of the divinity that is struggling, now so feebly, and anon so forcibly into manifestation, he has all the wild, passionate impulses, the grovelling desires, and the generally earthward tendencies of the brutes beneath him. Yes, this Son of God, this nursling of the skies, despite his celestial lineage, still bears obvious traces of his vulpine, lupine, bovine, and even porcine relationship to quadrupedal life. An angel in his aspirations, he is but too often a demon in his proclivities. Poet, artist, hero, prophet, what function possible to the timeborn is too high for him? Liar, cheat, sensualist, and murderer, what form of knavery and tyranny, of oppression and cruelty, of self-indulgence and debasement, is too mean or too vicious for his adoption?

Neither is our resemblance to, yet difference from, the animal type wholly moral, and merely figurative. It is a scientific fact, as well as an analogical truth; in other words, man, even physically, is yet only in the process of emergence into the

true human type. To fully illustrate our meaning, we must take a rather extensive survey of the animal kingdom, with its successive gradations of structure and function. All being is bipolar, positive and negative, masculine and feminine, spiritual and material, which, resolved into the highest expression, gives us God and Nature, reflected and reproduced in all the varying forms of subordinate existence. This all-pervading sexuality of things is a vast subject, that would occupy an entire paper, were we to enter with any minuteness into either a statement of its premises, or an enforcement of its conclusions. Suffice it for the present, that as the spiritual sphere of causes is masculine, so the material sphere of effects is feminine, and that as a result of this, organic types are feminine in their earlier forms when they are closer to maternal influences, and masculine in their later, when more effectually pervaded by paternal energies. Thus contemplated, the vegetable kingdom is feminine, and the animal masculine, while the latter is equally divisible into positive and negative sections, profoundly related, yet distinctly dis severed. Thus at the foundation, we have the grub and the papilio, the worm and the butterfly type of insect life; the one, if we may so say, terrestrial, and the other celestial; the one burrowing in the earth and feeding on garbage, and the other, a creature of light and air, scarcely sipping the sweet honeydew, as poised on wings of grace and beauty, it flutters for a moment from flower to flower, in the genial warmth and cheering glow of the summer sun—apt image of the soul as it emerges from the chrysalis prisonhouse of the perishing body, to bask in the splendour and disport in the glory of the everlasting sun, eternal in the heavens.

Now, as the next step in the ascending scale, we have the reptile and the bird; the one no longer susceptible in any individuality of transmutation into the other; but nevertheless, the similarity of their relationship as classes, to that already noticed in the case of the grub and papilio, is unmistakable. The reptile is the correlate of the grub, the bird of the papilio, the one revels in slime, the other ascends skywards to the empyrean; the one is cold-blooded, sluggish in respiration, ungainly in movement, and often repellent in form; while the other is warm-blooded, intense in respiration, rapid in flight, and generally beautiful both in form and plumage. Yet both are oviparous, and have, in anatomical structure and other respects, so much in common, that the advocates of development do not hesitate to speak of the one as derived from the other.

But we have not yet exhausted the resources of the animate scale. Beyond birds are quadrupeds, immeasurably higher in some points, and proportionately lower in others, obviously belonging to a higher grade of organisation, yet, in certain

specialities, vastly inferior to their feathered predecessors, implying a descent of organic type, Antæuslike to earth, preparatory doubtless, to a yet more soaring flight into the heavens. The quadruped has once more become prone like a reptile, with his spine parallel to the earth, and, save in a few almost exceptional instances, has lost that distinctive attribute of high specialisation—the structural and functional differentiation of his anterior and posterior extremities, both being with him applied indifferently to the purposes of locomotion. He has also lost the intense respiratory power of the bird; and though he has a larger brain, and better developed nervous system, is but slightly endowed with the power of appreciating, and is utterly devoid of any capacity for the production of music. He is, however, a viviparous mammal, and if only from the manner of his reproduction and early nutrition, obviously related to a higher grade of organic and sentient being than the oviparous types. Of this grade, however, he is only the grub and not the papilio phase, the terrestrial and not the celestial division of mammalian existence. For his bipedal and aerial counterpart we must look elsewhere, and, indeed, for its full and effective realisation, elsewhere, that is in the vast remoteness of geologic time; though generically, and as a faintly dawning promise, we find it in man, like the inferior quadruped, a viviparous mammal, but erect in posture, bipedal, with his anterior extremities specialised into constructive instrumentalities, and endowed with a brain, so vast in volume, and so complex in its convolutions, and with such a coronal and anterior development, as to dis sever him by at least the demarcation of a class, from the entire remainder of the animate scale.

This is a vast subject, respecting which ordinary books on natural history, and even anthropology, afford but little information. “The place of man in the animate scale” is in general tritely settled by the simple assertion that he belongs to the *CLASS mammalia*, and constitutes the *ORDER bimana*. Comparative anatomists are great on his extremities, and his viscera; but with the partial exception of Professor Owen, pitifully weak on his magnificent brain and its sublime manifestations. They don’t seem to have mastered even the elements of a true cerebral physiology, and as a result, can see no great difference between the brain of an ape and that of a man; though they are compelled to admit the stupendous diversity in their respective manifestations. Man, with his creative intellect, and his profound sense of moral responsibility, is thus, physiologically speaking, an effect without a cause, his organic structure being, according to the accepted authorities, inadequate to the explanation of his mental manifestations. Phrenology, however, goes far to solve these difficulties, and with the admission of lucidity,

partial or complete, as a result of exalted cerebral action, largely accounts for man's speciality as a moral and intellectual being, thoroughly contradistinguished by his higher mental endowments from the brute natures beneath him.

But is man, as he exists at present, the acme, even of organic perfection? We have said in speaking of his mind, that it is still largely impulsive and passionate; and does not his body bear equally distinct traces of its animal relationship—that is, of its partial emergence from the inferior types? Is he not here, too, a being, imperfectly humanised, the embryonic form, the initial type, not the matured perfection—the fully realised idea of man? To decide this, we must compare him with his correlates, the papilio and the bird, and that, too, in their grander and more beautiful species. Now, in the first place, it may be observed that they are clothed, and this, too, in robes of royal splendour and imperial magnificence, while he is still callow—*bipes implumis*. In the next place they are aerial, capable of rapid and vigorous flight, while he still clings persistently to earth—like the worm, the reptile, and the quadruped. While as far as can be judged by their habits and other manifestations, they are endowed with an ardour, intensity, and quasi spirituality of feeling, to which man approaches only in the poet, artist, musician, and other instances of that ecstatic exaltation, whose results we commonly regard as the evidences of genius.

It is obvious, then, that man is not yet organically, and only in exceptional instances, even mentally, the aerial counterpart of the quadruped, and so the correlate on a higher plane, of the papilio and the bird. As man, he is not yet fully born. Nor is this matter for astonishment, considering the obviously embryonic condition of the planet which he inhabits, and his own comparatively recent advent, as one of its many dwellers.

And thus we are landed at the threshold of a yet grander idea. Is not the earth itself still in a relatively germinal, or, shall we say embryonic condition, as compared with its future possibilities? It is not only a cosmic cellule, but, as we have said, a cellule still at the infantile stage—still hanging on the breast of its solar parent, deprived of whose influence, it would perish as a living and life-sustaining organism in a few hours. It is not yet clothed with light as a garment, like the sun, nor even encircled with those rings and manifold moons, which seem to indicate a higher stage of cosmic development on the part of the outer planets. It is, indeed, but one of the junior branches of a large family, whose elder members, however, are yet apparently far from their majority. And what is the sun, throned gloriously in the heavens, the mighty monarch of a dependent system of attendant planets, satellites, and comets? why, merely a cosmic cellule, as we have said, the very simplest form of organic life



known to science, the unitary basis of both the vegetable and animal kingdoms. And what does the state of our own stellar system, and that of corresponding systems, revealed to us by telescopic discovery, indicate? why, little more as yet than incipient aggregation and imperfect circulation—the preparation for ulterior structural progress of the cosmic order on the celestial plane, akin yet inconceivably superior to the organic types of the telluric sphere.

What then is the conclusion to which we are brought by this vast survey? why, that all material being is still imperfect, only in the process of emergence—a promise, not a fulfilment. It is as yet only the divine idea struggling into manifestation, slowly, yet surely fulfilling that wondrous purpose of the eternal, the supercession of chaos, by the order, the beauty, and the harmony of creation. And what is creation? and we reply the bride-divine, the celestial Eve, the soul-dream of the infinite, now, and for countless ages past, in the grandly assured process of a sublime realisation.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE IDEAL ATTAINED:

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

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM,

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

### CHAPTER LX.

I shall give you but one more short letter from Eleanore, though I have large files of them. She is now living at one of the two important points on the globe where capital, employed by intellect and knowledge, is subduing the hindrances to material civilisation. Her husband is engaged there in work which will record his name to future ages. I have many of her letters from that place, but this is written in answer to my last, informing her of the birth of this little Eleanore Hedding:

"On the whole," she says, after giving me her earnest congratulations and some particulars relating to themselves, "on the whole, my dear Anna, I am glad your child is a daughter. You are beyond any probability—I hope any possibility of want; and a daughter comes so very near to a mother's heart by the sympathies which fall between women, that I think, other things being equal, her life will enrich your age more than a son's would. A happy woman's experience is, I sometimes fear, richer than any man's can be. Is not mine more so than Leonard's, I

wonder? Can I be so much to him as he is to me? I will to be every day, when I feel the wealth of his love, but I fear I must fall short.

"We are still, dear Anna, the same lovers as when you were with us in the dear old mountain-home. There is such a fine and subtle influence flowing from his life into my soul! I feel it in the presence with which he is clothed in approaching me. I feel it in his voice, and in the outpouring tenderness which he bears to every living creature. As a man, he gains year by year in the completeness of the nature I first loved. One feels in him so clearly, now, the great, strong soul, at home and on easy terms with its magnificent tenement, the body, which is equally at home and at ease with the material world.

"If there is any fault to be laid at his door, it is, perhaps, that he is too religiously proud of our daughters—though it would be difficult to see how one could help that, and they such children as they are.

"Nellie, who is now, you know, past five, is wild and grand, and imaginative, and tender, and terrible, all in one, like the mountains that watched over and whispered to her before she was born. And I think the spirit of that dear, blessed old Whitehouse piano lives in her little soul, she is so full of music—trilling parts of choruses and snatches and cadences all day long, as a forest-bird its notes; so that her father thinks that he never did a wiser or truer thing than surprising me with it, as you remember he did, so charmingly.

"We made ourselves a beneficent Providence to her, did we not?" he asks, as we watch her tiny fingers playing over the keys of our grand new instrument.

"She has played more than a year, and actually gets through several little pieces of Phil's, though I have never shown her where to find a single key.

"Dear Phil, no less precious and beloved by each of us than he was, has constituted himself, in right of his age, Nellie's care-taker; and nothing can be more charming than to see them strolling along the beach, hand in hand—for Phil never lets go of her there—when the tide is out—gathering shells and delighting in the endless frolic of the waters.

"Nellie is poetical, too, and loves to personify the sea, finding in it many of the attributes of her human idols; but with all this, Phil cannot persuade her that the waters stood up on each side to let Moses and his host pass through. She insists that their passage must have been effected by means of a 'tanal.'

"But, Nellie, don't I tell you there couldn't be a canal in the middle of the sea! and folks go in boats on canals. They don't walk or ride, as Moses did.'

"Well, then, wasn't it a dry tanal, like papa's, Phil?"

"And then Phil says, despairingly: 'Oh, dear—if you was a boy Nellie, you'd understand it.'

"Bertha, who is now well on in her second year, bids fair to be another sort of character. She is a miracle of beauty, with large, joyous blue eyes—so like her father—and golden hair that lays in loose coils all over her beautiful head; and a mouth so sweet, yet spirited,

even at this age, that we often laugh at her little demonstration—Leo and I—and say: ‘How like that is to Phil!’

“She is born of a more tranquil condition, to which I had grown interiorly in those years of deep-settled happiness, as well as attained externally by the changed conditions of our life. She will have a more native repose, I think, than her sister; and it seems to me that, for the artist in Nellie, may be substituted, in Bertha, the more serious, earnest, loving nature of the philanthropist.

“It may seem absurd to you, dear friend, that I should thus speculate upon the probable character of a young child. But it is not, as you will know when your own daughter has added some months to her age. You will see prophecies, even then, of her future; and beside, if you have been true to God and her, before she saw the light, you already *know* something of what you have done for her.

“You remember how high-strung, keen, variable, yet centered upon ourselves, was my spiritual life before Nellie came to us—how all my *little artistic power* was in vivid and joyous play—how I breathed in the genius of that wonderful mountain-world—all its poetry, all its terrors of storm and tempest, as well as its genial sunshine and tenderness. They were all *daguerretyped* in her being, and are now showing themselves to us every day.

“But the intervening years calmed and settled me much. I looked out upon the world with a clearer vision. Its sufferings appealed to me—its great movements stirred my comprehensive powers to lay hold of and harmonise them with my own hopes of human progress; but chiefly my sympathies were in exercise, towards those who were less happy than ourselves, and toward the millions who are yearly being born to perversion and pain and incapacity, for want of the light I enjoyed.

“Therefore I know, independent of the expression of baby deeds—which *may* mean as much as the deeds of the man or woman—*independent* of broken, lisping chatter, betraying the secret springs of sympathetic tenderness—*independent* of the calmness and almost grandeur of self-poise we sometimes see, with waters of inexpressible gratitude in our eyes—I know, I say, independent of all these imperfect proofs, that Bertha is born to a life of earnest, loving uses. The need to perform them has grown into her body and soul from mine. She cannot live without them.

“Do not laugh at me for this. You will one day *know* it as the divinest and highest truth upon which our life can lay hold for its practical healing and purification—so exalted and revered is the office of womanhood.

“Antonio remains with us—the same self-sacrificing, watchful, faithful creature that you knew him. When I left my room, after Bertha was born, leaning upon, or, rather, in Leonard’s arm, the poor fellow came to meet and congratulate me, with tears in his eyes. ‘Madame have three now,’ he said; ‘rich woman—very rich; so handsome and good.’

“I hardly knew whether the praise applied to myself or my children, which doubt, when I suggested it to Leonard, he said could only arise

from sheer excessive vanity, which, considering all things, he must be allowed to express his wonder at.

"We have plenty of room here, dear friend, and I wish you and our good Mr. Hedding and the young lady who has appropriated my name, could come to share some of it with us. There is the nursery to the left of my room, and Leo's to the right, with his dressing-room beyond; and on the opposite side of the house is a corresponding suite, which I would you were in to-day. Ours overlook the bright sea, and the blue distant mountains; and when Leonard and I sit there by ourselves, voicelessly talking, as we sometimes do, to each other, in our souls, I think—looking on the great, grand world before me, and feeling what my heart leans on there—that God indeed is love.

"Have not our lives proved it so, dearest soul?' I said one day.

"My own dear wife,' he replied, taking me very close to his heart, in uttering the words, 'we have proved God's love in all the common gifts of life that have been ours; but more richly than any man have I proved it, in finding thee so dowered in the soul he gave thee, as perfectly to husband all that life could bring to us. I owe thee a debt for the sweet firmness and high honour of thyself and me, that have preserved this love blooming in my heart as freshly as on the day, long ago, when I sought to make thee mine; I owe thee a debt as the mother of our matchless children; I owe thee a debt for the grand religious culture wherein my soul has risen towards God, with thine; I owe thee a debt for the faith thou hast given me in the capacity and destiny of man; almost I owe thee my own clear and unwavering trust in God and the future, which I feel to be so sufficient an armour against the poisoned arrows of sorrow, should they ever search me out. How shall I pay thee all this, sweet one?'

"So,' I replied, holding his generous heart to mine."

THE END.

## THE GOLDEN DOOR.\*

BY L. MOULTHROP.

ONCE when I was sad and weary,  
Pondering on the prospect dreary,  
That awaited earthly mortals when they reach the unknown shore;  
All at once came gently stealing  
O'er me such a heavenly feeling,  
Turning all my grief to gladness, such as never felt before.

Then the air grew dark around me,  
And the silken chain that bound me  
To the form seemed snapped asunder, and I was of earth no more.

\* The manner in which this sweet poem was produced is worthy of record. We give it from memory as related by Mrs. Moulthrop when she visited London about two years ago. Her son, the author of the poem, when a young man about to finish his education, had a task in Composition to prepare, and was unable to make headway with it. He passed into his room and lay down in a listless mood, which was succeeded by a state of passivity, resembling a trance, when the whole poem flowed into his mind, and he got up and wrote it off. He has, on several occasions, given forth productions of a similar kind in the same manner. It is supposed to be written under the inspiration of Poe.

Sounds of melody came rushing,  
 As of crystal fountains gushing,  
 While through all my quickened senses floods of harmony did pour.

Then there stood a form beside me,  
 A bright being sent to guide me  
 Upward through the starry region to the bright angelic shore;  
 Clothed in robes of shining whiteness,  
 And with gems of softened brightness,  
 While a crown of truth and beauty on her radiant brow she bore.

Upward did this bright immortal,  
 Even to the very portal  
 Of the blest abode of angels, help my new-born soul to soar;  
 Then with love and meekness blended,  
 Ere she to the earth descended—  
 Whispered, "Knock, and thou may'st enter," pointing to a golden door.

"Stay," I cried, "before thou goest,  
 Tell, O tell me, if thou knowest,  
 From the knowledge that is given thee, tell, O tell me, I implore,  
 If the myriad earth-born mortals,  
 When they pass through death's cold portals  
 Enter into life eternal, or are lost for evermore."

Then a smile illumed each feature,  
 As she answered, "Once a creature,  
 Longing, fearing for the future, I too dwelt upon earth's shore;  
 But the mystic tie that bound me  
 Broke at last, yet life still found me,  
 And a high and holy mission hath it now for me in store.

"More than this, O, earthly brother,  
 Would'st thou know, perchance another  
 From a deeper fount of knowledge can upon thy spirit pour;  
 I have now performed my mission,  
 Knock, and thou can'st gain admission;"  
 And again she pointed onward to the shining golden door.

Then I looked, and lo! a vision,  
 Fairer than the fields Elysian,  
 Opened to my wondering spirit, all around me and before;  
 Sylvan shades and fairest flowers,  
 Singing birds and fragrant bowers,  
 While each passing breeze made music as it swept the landscape o'er.

Then toward the entrance turning,  
 Half its beauties scarce discerning,  
 While in chilling quick pulsations, all my life blood seemed to pour;  
 But my courage all appearing,  
 Never for a moment fearing,  
 As I knocked, when, lo! before me, opened wide the golden door.

Then with cautious steps I entered,  
 All my inmost thoughts were centred  
 On the strangeness and the grandeur that the objects round me bore;  
 Mute and motionless, astounded,  
 All my faculties confounded  
 By the overwhelming radiance that the scene around me wore.

Softest airs were round me straying,  
 All the harmonies displaying  
 Of a sphere where none but angel's footsteps press the shining floor.  
 Radiant forms advanced to meet me,  
 And with words of love to greet me,  
 And to bid my earth-born spirit welcome to their heavenly shore.

Those who long since had departed  
 From the earth life, the true-hearted,  
 Those who I had loved and wept for, now approached me as of yore;  
 Then it was my wondering spirit,  
 Knew the joys that they inherit  
 Who have crossed the mystic river, and have reached the unknown  
 shore.

But a darkness gathered round me,  
 While the electric chain that bound me,  
 Seemed to draw my spirit downward to the scenes of earth once more;  
 Then I seemed to lose existence,  
 But, again, by firm resistance,  
 Conscious being dawned upon me, and my vision was all o'er.

Death to me was robbed of terror,  
 Nature seemed a mighty mirror,  
 Where we see, like dim reflections, truths from off the unseen shore.  
 I had looked beyond the curtain,  
 Of the truth I now was certain,  
 That a glorious, bright hereafter lies beyond the golden door.

*Rockford, Illinois, U.S., Jan., 5, 1868.*

## PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

### EVIDENCE BEFORE THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.

*(Continued.)*

MR. J. JONES, Enmore Park, South Norwood, then related what he had witnessed last autumn at Stockton House, Fleetpond, where he was on a visit with three of his family:—The night was dark, as the moon had not risen, but as there was a conservatory at the side of the drawing-room, in which some eight persons sat round the loo-table, and a window in front, he could see all in the room indistinctly. As it was unusual for Mr. Home to sit in a dark room for physical phenomena, he (Mr. Jones) mentally determined to play the sceptic. A sofa behind him moved away from the wall, passed the rear of his and Mr. Home's chair, no one being near it. By the sounds and raps it was said, "Mrs. Cox, rest on the sofa." She got up and did so. He (Mr. Jones) then saw the vacated chair rise in the air, float over the lady, pass in front of Mr. Home (whose hands were on the table), ascend till vertically over his (Mr. Jones's) head; then the chair descended, and the under portion of the seat rested on his head. On mentally declaring himself satisfied, the chair arose again, floated in the air, and descended on to the loo-table, at which the party were sitting.

Mr. Jones also mentioned that he once saw a spirit hand at a seance which was held in the house of a Cabinet Minister. Several persons of note were present. It came between the dress of a lady who was sitting next to him, and her black lace fall. It was clear and distinct. The lady recognised it; tears ran down her cheeks. She said it was the hand of her late grandson. The room was well lighted. I have frequently seen forms like hands under the table-cloth. I have felt them, and, when vigorously pressed, they seemed to dissolve. I have frequently been touched by spirits. The touch is peculiar; like that of a glove filled with air. On one occasion I laid my handkerchief over my hand. The handkerchief was then pulled, and, on looking, I found that a minute knot had been tied in the corner. When I have such phenomena as these, coupled with intelligence, I cannot but believe them to be spiritual. I have seen Mr. Home's levitations. I have seen him rise off the ground, and I have also seen him floating on his back in the air about six feet from the ground. We all saw him clearly. He passed right across the room just as a person might float upon the water. At my request he was floated back again. The window blinds were moved up and down without any one touching them, apparently to tone the light.

Witness then produced a handkerchief which had been tied in a knot by a "spirit." He said—The handkerchief was folded when I took it from my wife's drawer just as it came from the laundress. At the seance that evening, with a lady and gentleman sitting in the room with me, at some distance, I laid it down at my feet, and shortly after in looking down it was gone. It was under the centre of the table; I took it up, and found that it was tied in a country girl's knot. I once had a special seance with the Davenports; thinking they might be impostors I did my best to discover the trick. I helped to tie the young men, and placed paper under their feet on the floor, marking the position of their feet with a pencil. On the table was a pile of musical instruments. I had provided myself with some phosphorised oil, which I poured over them; my party then held the Davenports' hands. When the gas was put out the oil flared, and the instruments flew up in the air and round the room; the light from the oil was sufficient for all to see clearly. I asked *mentally* to be struck on the back of the head, and was so struck with a guitar. So far as my experience went, I did not discover any imposture. The young men's feet had not stirred a hair's breadth.

The witness also stated that he had heard various musical instruments played upon by spiritual beings, and in particular, he had, on several occasions, heard the most exquisite music played upon the accordion, the keys moving in accordance with the tune, without being touched by any human being. This had also been done last night in the presence of two editors of newspapers and two other gentlemen of position, all of whom had entered upon the investigation in the hope of discovering that the phenomena were simply and purely the effect of imposture or self-delusion.

Mr. Jones then proceeded to say that the spirits had demonstrated to him their existence and power in various ways,—by moving tangible

articles, and producing sounds on tables, chairs, &c., in accordance with an expressed wish; answering questions; using the voices of other people to give utterance to thoughts they did not possess; using the hands of others to write down prescriptions, &c.; speaking audibly, appearing in bodily guise, and touching people; playing musical instruments; curing disease by means of mesmeric passes. In each and all of these phases of Spiritualism he had been able to trace intelligence, and intelligence, too, which was evidently supernatural. He concluded by giving an account of a seance which had been held at his house in July last. It was on Friday, July 17th, about ten o'clock, in a carpeted room sixteen feet by thirty-four, two gas-burners a-light. In the room was a heavy loo-table, around which were ten chairs, seven occupied. The other three chairs were meant to represent my late wife, my daughter Marian, and my son Walter. I had placed on my wife's chair her last silk dress, on my daughter's the flannel robe she wore before passing away, and on my son's chair his necktie. I was trying to think of some tune to get us into a state of harmony, when suddenly my thoughts were anticipated; my accordion began to emit sounds, and a most jubilant tune was brilliantly played, exciting in our minds wonder, joy, and thankfulness; bright lights, like stars, were seen moving up and down the keys during the hymn of praise. The accordion then gently rose in the air about four inches, and floated three feet round the table. A hymn was sung by my family, and then my aged mother was raised from the floor in her chair until her knees were on a level with the table top. My late wife's bonnet was raised from the vacant chair and carried to my daughter Edith. My late wife's chair then rose in the air with the dress on it, and leant upon my mother's breast. The chair then floated back to its place. The dress on the chair began to pass over and moved on to my mother's knee. Then my deceased daughter's chair opposite moved round, with the robe extended on it, close to the table, shoved my chair away, and the chair and I were forced aside to make room for hers. Her chair then went from the table, passed by the rear of my chair, no human being touching it. Simultaneously Mr. Home was carried bodily away from the table. It then proceeded to occupy the space vacated by Mr. Home, and gradually, and in sight of all present, rose up in the air. Mr. Jones also said that he had on one occasion seen a large loo-table he was sitting at, at his *mental* wish, rise from the floor as high as the ceiling, and often not so high. These phenomena had been witnessed by several people of high respectability and mental culture.

MISS A. JONES gave an account of certain remarkable phenomena which she had witnessed at a seance held at Stockton-house. Mr. Home, who was present, and while in trance, said that he was ill, the spirits were in him, and did not understand him. She saw a bodily form above his shoulders, and it took the form of a cone. He went out on to the verandah, and was carried from thence right across the lawn, a distance of more than a hundred feet, to a rhododendron bed. He returned, bringing with him a piece of rhododendron, and although it was raining fast he was not at all wet, and the soles of his shoes were dry. He had observed on going out that they would each have a



different perfume given to them, and accordingly, as soon as he was gone, it seemed as if each one present had been sprinkled with a different kind of scent.

MR. BURNS said that both his wife and sister-in-law were clairvoyants; they were able to distinguish in the dark the odic light proceeding from the heads of the people present; they also sometimes wrote prescriptions under spiritual influence; if they happened to be absent from each other the one could always tell if the other were ill or in trouble. His wife had been presented with fruit by the spirits.

MR. ROWCROFT said he had seen a hand playing upon an accordion, while apparently suspended in space. This was at Norwood where witness met Mr. Home; they sat at a table, and in ten minutes the raps came. The initials A. E. R. were then given, and on further questioning the "spirits," the name Albert Edward Rowcroft, a relative of witness, was given in full. Mr. Home then held the accordion, and it played most beautiful music. When the music ceased, the accordion left Mr. Home's hand, and came under the table. I said, "I see a hand;" the instrument then went round the outside of the chairs, and came back to Mr. Home. Witness, in continuation, said, "I consider the agency on this occasion must have been spiritual, because no one present could have produced the phenomena. That was the first seance I had witnessed, but I have since had some further experience; and with regard to messages conveying information, I may relate one fact. A sister of mine was on one occasion coming from America. I did not know when she would arrive, but I asked the table, and the answer was 'the first week in July.' At the time I asked the question she had not started. The prediction was quite true."

MR. WALLACE—With reference to the accordion, was there sufficient light to enable you to see clearly? Witness—Yes. Six gas-burners were lighted. The hand was visible to me about a minute; it accompanied the instrument round the chairs. I was the only person who saw the phenomenon of the hand; there were nine others present. When Home held the accordion I saw it open and shut, and he frequently exclaimed, "They are pulling;" indeed, he was obliged to exert considerable force against the unseen player. Home's disengaged hand was resting on the table. All present saw the accordion floating in space. At Mr. Jones's suggestion we sang a hymn; the accordion gave the key-note, and accompanied us. On the same evening I saw something like a hand creep between the cloth and the table; I felt the fingers distinctly, and my friends saw the shape also; every one present touched it.

DR. EDMUNDS—Have you ever seen apparitions? Mr. Rowcroft—I once saw a form at the foot of my bed; it was a beautiful spirit.

MR. HOLYOAKE—Why do you call it a spirit? Witness—Because I can attribute it to nothing else. No other person was in the room, but the door was not locked. It remained about three minutes. It was quite opaque. I could not see through it.

MR. HOLYOAKE—Did you uncover the hand which crept between the table and the cloth? Witness—No. I was perfectly sceptical when I went to Mr. Jones's; only the night before I was ridiculing his son for believing in the phenomena.

THE MASTER OF LINDSAY was next examined. He said—I saw Mr. Home elongated. The top of the hip bone and the short ribs appeared to separate. In Home they are unusually close together. There was no separation of the vertebræ of the spine. The elongations were not at all like those resulting from the expansion of the chest with air. The shoulders did not move. He looked as if he was pulled up by the neck, the muscles seeming to be in a state of tension. He stood firmly in the middle of the room, and I placed my feet on his instep. I'll swear he never moved his heels from the ground. When Home was elongated against the wall Lord Adare placed his foot on his instep, and I marked the place on the wall. I once saw him elongated horizontally on the ground: Lord Adare was present. Home, on one occasion, was sitting next me. In a few minutes he said, "Keep quiet; I am going up." His feet touched my shoulder, and I afterwards felt something like velvet against my cheek. On looking up I was surprised to find that he had carried an arm chair with him, which he held out in his hand as he floated. He went round the room, pushing the pictures out of their places as he passed along the walls. Some of them were far beyond the reach of a person standing on the ground. The light was sufficient to enable me to see clearly. I saw the levitation in Victoria Street when Mr. Home floated out of the window; he first went into a trance, and walked about uneasily; he then went into the hall; while he was away a voice whispered in my ear, "He will go out of one window and in by another." I was alarmed and shocked at so dangerous an experiment. I told the company what I had heard, and we then waited for Mr. Home's return. Shortly after he entered the room, and then I heard the window go up, but I could not see, for I sat with my back to it. I however saw his shadow on the opposite wall; he went out of the window in a horizontal position. I afterwards saw him outside the window, in the next room, floating in the air eighty-five feet from the ground. There was no balcony outside, merely a string course. I have no theory to explain these things. I have tried to find out how they are done, but the more I studied them the more satisfied was I that they could not be explained by mere mechanical trick. I have had full opportunity for investigation. I once saw Mr. Home in broad light standing in the air seventeen inches from the ground.

DR. EDMUNDS—Have you ever obtained any information which could not have been known to the medium or any other person at a seance. I may say I have received scores of letters from people who are utter strangers to me, asking the committee or our spiritual friends to assist in finding lost wills and registers of birth and baptism—do you know of any facts of that kind? The Master of Lindsay—I know of one such fact which I will relate to you. A friend of mine was very anxious to find the will of his grandmother, who had been dead forty years. He could not even find the certificate of her death. I went with him to the Marshalls and we had a seance. We sat at a little table and the raps came; my friend then asked the question mentally, and he went over the alphabet himself, and sometimes I did so, not knowing the questions. We were told the will had been drawn by a man named William Walker who lived in Whitechapel; the name of the street and

the number of the house were given. We went to Whitechapel, found the man, and subsequently, through his aid, obtained a copy of the draft. He was quite unknown to us, and had not always lived in that locality, for he had once seen better days. The medium could not possibly have known anything about the matter, and even if she had her knowledge would have been of no avail, as all the questions were mental ones.

DR. EDMUNDS—Have you ever seen any apparition of deceased persons?

THE MASTER OF LINDSAY—When I first saw Mr. Home we had a seance. I was late for the train, and stayed the night with him; he gave me a shake-down on the sofa in his room. There were no curtains to the windows, and the ground was covered with snow, the reflected light from which made objects in the room distinctly visible. After I had been in bed twenty minutes I heard raps, and my pillow went up and down in a curious manner. That might have been the effects of imagination. A few minutes after I saw an apparition, which seemed like a cloud of vapour or an indistinct shadow, which grew gradually into a definite shape, and I saw the form of a woman standing *en profile* to me. She stood between me and Home; I saw the features plainly, and should have recognised them again anywhere. She seemed to be attired in a long flowing gown, which hung without belt from the shoulders. The figure seemed quite solid; I could not see through it. I spoke to Home; he said he saw her plainly, and that it was the apparition of his late wife, who often came to him. She moved and stood by his side; she then walked to the right of the bed and rather behind it, but not out of my sight, and then slowly faded away like a column of vapour. The next morning I found an album, and on looking over the pictures carelessly I saw a photograph exactly like the figure I had seen. Edward Jencken said it was the likeness of the late Mrs. Home. When I saw the apparition I remarked that Home's eyes shone in the dark with a very singular lustre.

DR. EDMUNDS—Have you ever seen the apparition of the lower animals or of trees? The Master of Lindsay—Never! I was once subject to a singular optical illusion. I frequently saw the spectre of a black dog, which seemed to glide along the ground; I never saw it walking. I afterwards went up to it, and sometimes passed a stick through it. I knew it was an illusion. It was the result of over-work. I was at that time studying for the army, and reading sixteen hours a-day.

Mr. C. F. VARLEY, electrician, made a long and interesting statement. He said: I came here under the impression that I would be put in the witness-box and cross-examined; and I, therefore, did not prepare any statement before-hand. I mention this in order to explain any want of order or consecutiveness in what I state. To begin, then, I was a sceptic when these matters first came under my notice about the year 1850. That was the time when table-rapping and table-moving were set down as the results of some electrical force. I investigated that theory and demonstrated that it was altogether unfounded—no electrical force could have been thus applied, no electricity could be evolved

capable of moving one-thousandth part of the weight of the tables moved. I may mention that I had mesmeric healing power, and three years after these experiments I came to London and made the acquaintance of Mrs. Varley. She was subject to nervous headaches, and I got the consent of her parents to mesmerise her, with the view of effecting a cure. She was only temporarily relieved; and one day while she was entranced on the couch I thought how I could permanently cure her. She answered my thought. I considered this very strange, and I asked her—still mentally—whether she was answering my thought; she replied, "Yes." I then asked her whether there were any means by which a permanent cure could be effected. She replied, "Yes; if you bring on the fit out of its proper course you will disturb its harmony, and I shall be cured." I did so—by the exercise of will—and by bringing on the fit in a fortnight's time, instead of waiting the month, she was cured permanently. She had a strong objection to being aroused out of the trance state. To ascertain whether the influence could be exerted through solid substances, I made transverse passes through folding doors; she ran out and caught my hands to stop me. Another time I made passes through a brick wall; she was instantly conscious of it. I relate these matters because they may help us to a clue in relation to some of the phenomena. A wall, it will be seen, was transparent to what passed from my hand. Some three or four years after, a chest disease of my wife's became much aggravated; she became very thin, and was supposed to be suffering from consumption. She could not inspire more than 7-8ths of a pint of air, and it was stated that she would not live more than three months.

#### THE SPIRITS PRESCRIBE.

One night she addressed me in the third person, and said, "If you are not careful you will lose her." I asked who? She replied, "Her, your wife!" I said, "Who is now speaking? The reply was, "We are spirits; not one, but several. We can cure her, if you will observe what we tell you. Three ulcers will form on the chest. The first will break in ten days at thirty-six minutes past five o'clock. It will be necessary that you shall have such and such remedies at hand. No one is to be with you, and you must not tell *her*, for the shock would kill her." On the tenth day I went home early. I had set my watch by Greenwich time. Exactly at 5.36 she screamed; that happened which had been predicted, and she was relieved. The second was foretold three weeks in advance, and the third a fortnight. The latter was predicted for the day of the annular eclipse, which was visible from Peterborough. I had promised to take her to Peterborough, but I found that the ulcer was to break just at the hour when she would be in the train. The spirits, however, said that it would not do to disappoint her, and she went, I taking the remedies in my pocket. Half an hour before the appointed time she became ill, and precisely at the hour named the ulcer broke. I produced the remedies, much to her surprise, for she knew nothing of the prediction. These were my first spiritual experiences. It was not my wife, but the spirits who told me what to do, and by acting on their instructions she was so restored that in nine

months her inspiration was increased from a pint to nearly a gallon, and she became quite stout. Later, after the birth of my wife's first son, I was aroused one night by three tremendous raps. I thought there were thieves in the house, and I searched everywhere, but found nothing. I then thought, "Can that be what is called Spiritualism!" The raps answered, "Yes; go into the next room!" I did so, and found the nurse intoxicated and Mrs. Varley rigid, cataleptic. I made cross passes and restored my wife.

#### EXPERIENCES WITH MR. HOME.

These things made me very anxious, and I resolved to see if there was any truth in what was related of Mr. Home. I called upon him, and told him what I had seen. He made an appointment, and I went to him with Mrs. Varley, Mrs. — (a lady of distinction, whose name we withhold), and some two or three others were there. Mrs. — said that her son, who was dead, was there. He gave raps. She wore a white stomacher, I think it is called, and it was inflated. The child was asked to touch me; he said he was afraid, but later he said that he was no longer afraid, and my hands were touched under the table, and my coat was pulled three times. I said to myself, "That is not satisfactory, for it is all under the table." Instantly the lappel of my coat was lifted first on the right and then on the left side. I was then, in answer to a mental wish, touched on the knee and on the shoulder quite distinctly.

A MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE—Was this in the light?

Mr. VARLEY—Yes, in the light of five gas burners. Mrs. — and Mr. Home requested me to make a thorough investigation, and to get under the table and apply any test. In the course of the evening a large ottoman, at a distance from any of the party, began to move towards us, and finally shoved us in the direction of the piano. A heavy side-table, seven feet away from the nearest person, also moved. These were the first physical phenomena I saw, and they impressed me, but still I was not satisfied. Fortunately, when I got home, a circumstance occurred which got rid of the element of doubt. While alone in the drawing-room, thinking intently on what I had witnessed, there were raps. The next morning I received a letter from Mr. Home, in which he said, "When alone in your room last night you heard sounds. I am so pleased!" He stated that the spirits had told him they followed me, and were enabled to produce sound. I have the letter in my possession now to show that imagination had nothing to do with the matter. The eye is treacherous and may deceive; therefore the testimony of a single individual is never conclusive. It is only when there is corroborative evidence that we can be safe. The fact that I had heard the raps was confirmed by the letter of Home. I shall confine my instances to cases in which there was corroborative evidence.

#### THREE REMARKABLE CASES.

In the winter of 1864-5 I was busy with the Atlantic Cable. I left a gentleman at Birmingham to test the iron wire. He had seen something of Spiritualism, but he did not believe in it. He had a brother

whom I had never seen in life. One night in my room there were a great number of loud raps. When at length I sat up in bed I saw a man in the air—a spirit—in military dress. I could see the pattern of the paper on the wall through him. Mrs. Varley did not see that. She was in a peculiar state and became entranced. The spirit spoke to me through her.

A gentleman asked how that was supposed to be done?

Mr. VARLEY—While the person is in a trance the spirit slips inside\* the body and speaks and acts through the muscles and organs. He told me his name, and said that he had seen his brother in Birmingham, but that what he had to communicate was not understood. He asked me to write a message to the effect, "The thing you are doing is the right thing." I did so, and I received an answer from Birmingham, "Yes, I know my brother has seen you, for he has come to me and was able to make known so much." The gentleman, as I have said, was at Birmingham, and I was at Beckenham.

In a second case—My sister-in-law had heart disease, and I went into the country to see her. I had a night-mare, and I saw my sister-in-law in the room. I knew that she was confined to her bedroom. She said, "If you do not move you will die." I said, "I cannot move." She said, "If you yield your will to me I will frighten you and make you move." I did so, and she exclaimed, "Oh! Cromwell, I am dying!" I moved then. I told my wife that her sister had been in the room, and cautioned her not to say a word to her about the matter but hear what was her version. In the morning her sister told her that she had been in great trouble about me at a quarter to four o'clock, that I was in danger of dying, and that she could only arouse me by crying, "Oh! Cromwell, I am dying!"

Again, in 1867, I was in New York. I had an agreement with the Atlantic Telegraph Company for an instrument of my invention, and as the time came for the payments to fall due the agreement was repudiated. Of this circumstance, however, I knew nothing. I went to a medium, Mrs. Manchester, and she told me that I was about to have law proceedings; that papers of importance relative to the matter were then on the way. That was on Monday. The following Wednesday the mail arrived, and I received a letter stating that my lawyers would file a bill in Chancery in consequence of the sudden proceedings of the company, unless I ordered the contrary through the cable. It was impossible that either I or the medium could have known anything of all that.

#### OUT OF ONE'S BODY AND BACK AGAIN.

While experimenting with earthenware, I was attacked with spasms in the throat from the fumes of fluoric acid. I had to use chloroform, which I generally applied by holding the cloth so that it fell on the ground when insensibility supervened. One night, however, I rolled on my back, and the cloth rested on my face. Mrs. Varley was in the room above nursing a sick child. I became conscious, and saw my body on its back. I went to my wife above, and aroused her by making

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\* Pervades like electricity.

a distinct impression on her brain. She came down, and I used my body and spoke to her. She took off the cloth, and was much alarmed. I said, "I shall forget how this came to pass, but be sure to ask me all about what made you come down, and I shall then recall it." She did so, but I could not recollect anything. During the day by degrees my recollection came back.

A MEMBER—Where was your spirit while you were on your back?

MR. VARLEY—In the room. Mrs. Varley has had similar experiences. She has said to me while in a trance, "It is not the spirits that now speak but myself. I make use of my body the same as a spirit does." At Havre Grace, when I arrived in the evening, I was very cordially received; there was a supper and speeches and so forth. I was fearful of not waking in time to catch the steamer next morning, and I therefore willed strongly that I should awake. In the morning I saw myself asleep, and tried all means to arouse myself. I saw two men lift up a plank, and I made my body dream that they were going to explode a bomb. When the plank fell I dreamed that the bomb was exploded, and I awoke. I laughed at the device, but seeing that it would be well to test the matter I went to the window and there I saw the two men and the pile of timber. I had no previous knowledge that there was any timber at all there. It was evident then that I had seen the timber and the men while my body lay in bed asleep.

Mr. Varley then related several instances in which his children and he himself had been cured of illness by the directions of spirits. He also detailed a number of scientific experiments which he had instituted to see whether the mesmeric or spirit force was the same as magnetism or electricity, and he found that it was quite distinct. The odic force of Reichenbach was similar or identical, and was quite distinct from magnetism and electricity. The whole matter required, he said, most careful investigation, and, unfortunately, but few were capable of investigating at all. I have been, he added, careful not to believe anything until forced to believe it. What I have stated is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

#### INGENIOUS THEORIES.

Mr. Varley was then subjected to a long cross-examination by the committee. He stated that he was not a spirit-rapper, for he could not produce raps. I firmly believe, he said, from the cases detailed that we are not our bodies—that when our bodies die we exist just as much as before. The spirits can communicate with us. My phenomena were produced not by the spirits of the departed, but by those of the persons present. I do not believe in Spiritualism as it is understood from Buddhism to Roman Catholicism. The spirits are not magnetism and are not electricity. There is a point of view from which much can be explained. A man finds air not solid at all; he can move through it as if it did not exist. But when he comes to an ironclad ship he is stopped; he cannot go through the iron. Well, electricity finds air the most solid substance possible; it cannot pass through it, but it passes through the ironclad ship as if it were not in existence. An iron wire is to an electrician simply a hole bored through a solid rock of air, so

that the electricity may pass freely. Glass is opaque to electricity but transparent to magnetism, whence we may infer that everything is solid, in respect of some things, and that nothing is solid in respect to other things. In answer to questions, Mr. Varley stated that there was no co-relation between electricity, &c., and the spiritual force. Electricity had no weight, no gravitation. It passed along a wire; light was the vibration of a substance. As to magnetism, he did not know what it was; he had not the ghost of an idea. He believed the mesmeric trance and the spiritual trance to be the same, save that the first was produced by the spirit from a body (person), and in the latter by a spirit not in a body.

A MEMBER—I think you have seen the colour of the clothes of a spirit as distinctly as the features?

MR. VARLEY—The pattern of clothes. I think I see the drift of that question, and I will meet it. I have explained that all known powers have to be treated as solid in regard to something—iron to man, air to electricity, &c. Therefore, thought in itself may be in some sort solid.

THE EXPERIENCES of Mr. and Mrs. Varley are of unusual importance. They in the body, have come out of the body, left it for a time, yet the body performed its vital functions, pulsation, breathing, &c. The life-power continued to act; the soul with the body; the spirit apart, away from them. Many of the mysteries of psychological power could be unveiled if we would experiment in this portion of the field of man.

We have given fully the evidences produced before the committee of the Dialectical Society, by some of the more bold spiritualist witnesses of phenomena, who, fearless of literary dustmen, have declared that they have seen, felt, and heard of the wondrous phenomena produced by intelligent beings—unseen by them—having will, power, and wisdom.

We have effected our object by placing on record, for reference, the evidence. This is the more necessary, as we believe there do not exist in the possession of the committee full minutes of such evidence. Spiritualists have to thank the *Eastern Post* for the full reports we have so freely copied, and as we were present at nearly all the several meetings, we frankly state we have had to make very few alterations. As a rule, there has been expunged all the theories broached by the witnesses, under the cross-examination of the committee. Many more witnesses would have given evidence, but some two or three members of the committee seemed determined to look blear-eyed at the facts, and quick-eyed at the theories; wasting much time in hearing themselves and others trying to prove that the theories were open to objections.

The second portion of the committee's investigation has in part oozed out through the weekly newspaper called *The Queen*. That portion is, the *personal* experiences of the sub-committees of the committee. We purpose to give a condensed narrative of the "experiments" in say the two following months' numbers of *Human Nature*. By that time, the recess having given tone to the physical of the Committee, we may be able to extract knowledge from their resumed deliberations on Spirit Manifestations.

Enmore Park, South Norwood.  
8th Nov., 1869.

JNO. JONES.



# SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS AT CLIFTON THROUGH MR. HOME.

*To the Editor.*

DEAR SIR,—I have for many years made it a duty to carefully embrace every opportunity for the study of spiritual manifestations. My mind being naturally metaphysical, I was led away from my early religious bearings, and restlessly passed through every phase of thought peculiar to a freethinking mind, and found no resting place. Refusing to believe fully that the universe was nothing more than the play of mechanical and chemical forces, or that these were only one unintelligent force moving through all things, exhausting all conditions, yet itself unspent, unsatisfied, I still kept groping after something that would convince me that the infinite universe must have an intelligent Creator and Governor. At that time I was led to think that if there was but one force moving behind all phenomena and eluding all analysis, the real and only type of that force must be Mind. The more I read and thought upon the subject the more I saw it to be right that causation must be pushed from nature, and, as I thought, must be delegated to the spiritual plane. I was introduced about this time to Swedenborg's books, which did much to reduce my spiritual chaos to order, and teach me the difference between spiritual and natural existence; yet all seemed to me merely pleasing hypothesis. On careful inward examination, I found my mind did not and could not realise such as positive knowledge, until Spiritualism came to my aid. My mother then "passed away," and while doing so (although in body two hundred miles distant), visited me. Henceforward, as above stated, I lost no opportunity afforded me to sift the phenomena. My long acquaintance with mesmerism well prepared me for such study.

I am not here going to give a history of my spiritual experience, which I hope sometime to be able to do, but simply to state that, after about three years' fruitless inquiry as to positive results, I was blessed by many rare opportunities granted me for examination. The only difficulty remaining was a desire for more evidence as to the identity of spirits.

For many years I had desired to see Mr. Home, and to be the witness of the strange manifestations I had so often read about, but I never had the vanity to believe that I should have the privilege of having that remarkable man as my guest. Yet it is to give the history of his residence with me that I now write, and I purpose doing so chiefly because it bears considerably upon the question of the *identity* of spirits.

I arranged for Mr. Home to give readings in Clifton, and on the 13th of September he came to reside with me. He was then totally ignorant of all connected with me and my relations.

At our first seance, on September 16th, manifestations took place of a physical character, which would have told strangely upon material thinkers. At the second seance there were four persons present besides Mr. Home. We had been sitting but a few minutes when heavy pulsations were felt in the floor, the table heaved violently, and loud raps were heard. I observed that Mr. Home became affected, much as a

subject would be when passing into a mesmeric trance; the pupils were locked backwards, and the whole man seemed for a time in a state of complete unconsciousness. Shortly, as if some invisible magnetiser were influencing him, the head, which had fallen backwards, slowly began to take its proper position, and the muscles of the face to lose their passive and lifeless appearance, and to assume a most sweet expression; then, rising from his seat, he walked round the room in conversation with beings invisible to us. His eyes were completely sealed from physical light, yet he walked, as if by sight, into the next room, removing objects out of his way, and apparently talking with individuals; he returned and came to me, laying his hands on my shoulder; then began a conversation with my father, mother, brothers, uncle, and aunts, long since passed away, while their names and individualities were most familiarly given. An aunt's name was given, but I did not know that such a relative had ever lived. Much connected with my mother that I had long forgotten was mentioned; her manner of sitting, and "trotting her hand" when speaking of anything sad; her very mode of expressing endearment was significantly her own; and her whole idiom was so completely rendered that *I could not doubt of her presence*. Mr. Home's attention was here attracted as by some stranger approaching, when he said, "What is this man doing here? His name is Hunter"—(the brother of a lady present who passed away many years ago.) "There is an old man, David Beattie." I then thought of a brother who passed away when about fifty years of age; but I found afterwards, from the appearance so minutely described, that it was an uncle, who passed away at ninety years of age. Mr. H. then went to a young man present, weakly in his health, and prescribed for him. Turning to me, he said—"Tom" (a brother) "has much to say to you, but we cannot keep Dan longer now." He (Mr. Home) then sat down and said—"Don't tell Dan what he has done." He shortly passed into a similar state as when passing into the trance. To those who had never seen the trance state it was most strange. The head slowly moves forward and gives signs of returning consciousness; the eyes begin to come forward and the pupils reach the centre, and then remain fixed on vacancy; at this moment, when his own self seems labouring for possession, it is a relief when the eyes begin to move freely, and Mr. Home is himself again.

A seance took place at Miss Jones's, on September 21st, when eight persons were present. They had been seated at the table but a short time when the room began to pulsate and shake; the table, a large one, after strong movements, was raised from the floor full eighteen inches, and suspended for about one minute, then gently lowered down; after which Mr. Home became entranced, a soft pale light playing over his face, which the half illuminated state of the room enabled us to see clearly. His eyes were closed, yet he walked round the room placing his hand on the head of each as he passed, and removing any impediment from his path. He then seated himself in the chair by the side of Miss E. Jones, remarking that there was some difficulty in communicating; for they were surrounded by such a number of friends and ancestors of many generations back, all anxious to be understood, but

strangers to that mode of communication; his trance state being much the same to them as it would be to us to see a person for the first time in a faint. Then their brother William was near, whom he represented to us by certain peculiarities of manner and address, which were exactly characteristic of him and known only to themselves, for he had passed away twenty years ago. Their mother wished to communicate with them, and turning to Elizabeth, reminded her how she (her mother) had before told her that she was not called Elizabeth after any friend or relative, but that circumstances attending her birth had caused her mother great mental suffering, from which she had been relieved by the promises of holy writ; which likewise induced her mother to call her Elizabeth, after the mother of John, in the hope that her life might be holy and blameless as her's had been. She then spoke of her long illness, great weariness, constant yearning for rest, their watchful care and love, to which she had always responded, though to them it had sometimes been obscured by the suffering and weariness that had worn her frame away. She then reminded them that she had passed away in her sleep, and spoke of the rest into which she had entered. At this time Mr. Home leant forward and placed his elbows upon the table, and clasping his hands together, he seemed to be transfigured, his face becoming indescribably beautiful, while upon and around it played a pale bluish light. He then breathed forth one of the most sublime prayers they had ever heard uttered, and Mr. H. returned to a state of consciousness. They had seen Mr. Home for the first time but a few days previous to this, and had never spoken to him of any personal friend or circumstance. They could not therefore avoid the conviction that they were in direct communication with the glorified spirit of their mother.

*October 4th.*—About eight o'clock, while myself, Mrs. Beattie, and Mr. Home were sitting, writing, and chatting, raps were freely heard. The alphabet being called for, the following communication was given:—"You must sit to-night, but not until eleven o'clock." I sent for four individuals to be present. At 10.50 we went into the drawing-room, and by the time we were seated eleven o'clock was striking. The manifestations at once began (in fact, Mr. Home seemed in a state of semi-trance from the time the intimation had been given). The house was shaken, and the table strongly moved. Mr. Home saw an individual walk across the room. I was repeatedly patted and stroked by soft hands; four individuals were similarly treated. An accordion, which had been procured shortly before from a music shop, was held by Mr. Home in one hand, the other hand being on the table, when music of the highest order was heard, sometimes like a concert far in the distance, then it would swell and come near. The alphabet was called for, and the sentence given—"We are waiting to welcome you to our"—as the last letter was rendered, the instrument began to play "Sweet Home" in the most lovely manner, thus making the sentence complete, "*We are waiting to welcome you to our sweet home.*" The instrument was then carried by the invisibles across, under the table, to E. Jones, when, in her hand, it played quite as well as before. Here Mr. Home became entranced, in which state, after passing several

times round the room and walking into the next room for a short time, he laid his hand upon the head of Mr. J., and uttered one of those speeches which cannot be described. He spoke of us on earth being attended by our guardian spirits, but when we did wrong and would wander from the great centre, God, then brighter spirits came to us to win us back, finishing with "It is not so on earth." He then came and stooped down, and putting his arm around me he clapped me on the shoulder, and looking at Miss Mary Jones, who was next to me, he said in broad Scotch—"Tom says you must not be vexed because you did not get soon enough to see him before he passed away. You know John was going for a long time to see him, but did not get there in time; and John cried sadly over his body, and it has given him much trouble since." Then slapping me heartily on the shoulder, he said—"Oh, man, I knew you could not help it." He then sat down, and at 12 o'clock he awoke.

*Friday, 8th October, 1869.*—This evening, myself, Mrs. Beattie, Mr. and Mrs. Rutland, Rev. A. N. B——d, and Mr. Tommy were present. After sitting some little time at the table, two or three of us felt a strange vibratory motion in our chairs as though it had been produced by an undulating movement of the floor. We had been engaged in general conversation about an hour, when Mr. Home fell back in his seat, his neck resting on the back of his chair; in a few minutes he passed into the trance state, then slowly rose, crossed his hands on his breast, and walked two or three times round the outside of the company; stopping behind myself, he personated my mother, so that I instantly recognised her voice and manner; then passing to the Rev. Mr. B——d, he elevated his arms and uttered over him a most eloquent and impressive prayer. Having finished this, he said in a subdued voice, "You will become a medium." On reaching Mr. Rutland he drew back, exclaiming, "Why is this? you have no faith! you are all in confusion, but it will not always be so!" He then went to Mrs. T., and kneeling behind her on one knee he appeared to be receiving something in one hand which he transferred to the other, and then poured it on her head. He then quoted from the 12th of 1st Cor. 9th verse, "To one is given the gift of healing," and added, "Your healing power will be greatly increased from this time." He then uttered the following address, during which he was greatly moved even to tears, his whole manner, expression, and intonation combining to produce an effect so sublime as to impress us with the conviction that he was uttering it by inspiration: "Oh! pray—not by kneeling down and asking God to forgive your sins; not for earthly blessings or benefits—but pray as the flowers pray—pray as the birds pray—pray as all nature prays—giving forth the life-principle that God hath given you for the good of others! Pray to be a sunbeam—a ray of light, penetrating the darkness of sorrowing and suffering humanity, with an atmosphere of healing love—consoling those who mourn without hope, and who, in the selfishness of their sorrow, can find no gleam of consolation. Oh! if you could but understand all that lies about you, and perceive all the rich treasures from our Father's hand, you would know that they are all within the reach of man. Oh! see that your

lives correspond to the principles that you teach. See that you live out that which you profess to be, standing as it were on the threshold—no, not the threshold—but as actually on the shore, waiting for this earthly shell to drop off and disclose the beauties of the spirit-life.” When Mr. Home had finished this address, he went to Mr. Tommy, personated some one, whom he announced as an old friend of his; his Christian name was James, but he did not much care about its being called a Christian name; he would not give his surname then, but said he should afterwards know it. He then went through a series of expressive movements to enable him to identify him, which he failed to do at the time. He said that everything went wrong from a certain time; that he ought not to have passed away so soon; and that they did not treat him rightly; also, that he used to be very positive when on earth, and that when he took an idea into his head, neither heaven nor hell would move him from it. He also gave several peculiarities of gait and manner, which Mr. T. subsequently recollected were very characteristic of an old friend of his who died many years ago, whom they always called “Captain,” and whose Christian name Mr. Tommy was not certain about, but has instituted an inquiry in order to ascertain it.

Seance at Mrs. H.—’s, *October 20th*. Present—Mrs. H., Miss H., Capt. Campbell, and myself. We sat down by a large drawing-room table. In a short time the floor of the house began to vibrate; currents of cold air were experienced; the temperature of the room became sensibly lowered, and the atmosphere felt frosty (the evening outside was mild). The table was moved in many ways from the floor, and from one place to another, loud raps were heard in the floor and table; after which we were touched and patted by the hands of the spirits—Mr. Home telling us that he saw them, and pressed us to the severest examination. Mr. H. was many times clasped on the arms and touched in various ways. An accordion was then brought which Mr. Home had never seen nor handled; without any ceremony he hung it in one hand by the keyless end, his other hand being on the table, when the spirits played upon it the richest music. Before the seance Miss H. had been playing on the harp. Mr. Home asked if the spirits present heard her; if so, could they play any of the pieces the lady had performed to us? At once they played part of every piece that had been played by her that evening. At this time a chair, then standing about six feet from the table, was by the invisibles placed beside the table next to Mrs. H., and we all saw the bottom of the chair pressed or moved as by the weight of an individual sitting upon it. Mrs. H. here exclaimed, “Where are all my dear children?” The alphabet was then called for, and the answer was given—“Praising God and waiting for you.” The manifestations continued some time longer, when Mrs. H. specially asked, with great earnestness, “Where is my darling boy?” meaning a grandson who fell in the Balaclava Charge—in answer to which the retreat was most correctly beat, as on a small drum, by the spirits, as if under the floor at first, and kept beating as if marching away and becoming lost in the distance. The manifestations here ceased for the time.

In conclusion, let me say—manifestations more wonderful than the above have been recorded before, but it is by the repetition of facts as witnessed by various individuals in various places that principles depending upon conditions so occult in a physical and so mysterious in a spiritual sense, can be established. Much of the above, I know, may be set down to mind-reading—although this is but giving a class of spiritual phenomena another name; but, on the other hand, the major part cannot be so set down. In fact, I could no more so completely set before myself, even in my mind's eye, the forms and manners of my mother and friends passed away, than the untutored hand could produce on the canvas the high illusions of the cultivated artist. I, however, have no desire to comment, but to state facts in the simplest manner.

I must give my testimony that Mr. Home insists on the severest investigation being made; and since being with him I have formed the opinion that truth would gain much if some meetings were recorded where no manifestations took place, and all the conditions stated, with the most probable causes of failure. For instance, one evening, Dr. Dr., the Rev. B., S. D., Mr. Home, myself, and one lady, sat one hour and a half and had no manifestations. A gentleman, a *great spiritualist*, had an engagement and left the room, when almost immediately manifestations of a defined character at once took place.—I am, sir, yours respectfully,

JOHN BEATTIE.

2 Westbourne Place, Clifton, October 30, 1869.

#### SPIRITUALISM IN GLASGOW—TRANCE PAINTING, &c.

THE following are extracts from a letter just received:—The Association of Spiritualists have held a number of fortnightly meetings during the summer months in Whyte's Temperance Hotel, the attendance at which, though not large, was as good as could be expected. By the kindness of a gentleman in town, however, who has granted us the free use of an empty apartment, we are now enabled to meet on any and every evening of the week that suits us. The meetings are of a very interesting character, seldom a night in which there are no addresses from mediums in trance; as yet, however, we have still a lack of physical phenomena, so much desired by "anxious inquirers."

Sometime ago we had a little wholesome ventilation given to the subject in the columns of the daily and weekly press, caused partly by the erratic course of a young man, who, after making some ridiculous attempts to hold "*public seances*" here, went off, as he announced in the papers, on a "tour of the English provinces." . . .

But the *Trance-Painting* continues still to be the most interesting phase of Spiritualism in Glasgow. The friends of Mr. Duguid in London and elsewhere will, doubtless, be glad to know that he is making progress, not only as a medium, but (under the guidance of his spirit masters) as a painter. A pretty large painting, three feet by two—Ravensraig Castle, on the Frith of Forth—was finished some months ago, and evinces a considerable degree of progress, both in drawing and general effect, and the same may be said of a smaller

picture (2 feet by 18 or 20 inches), a view from the head of Loch Long. Mr. Duguid is at present engaged on two fresh pictures—both scenes on the Rhine—one of these about the size of the prize painting in the Progressive Library, under the influence or direction of Ruysdael; the other, a little smaller, under the influence of a spirit (an English painter) who promises to give evidence of his identity in Ruysdael's fashion—that is, by re-producing one of his pictures through the medium. These paintings are all done in the trance state in the medium's own house, in the very few leisure hours he can devote to that purpose. Meanwhile, opportunities as hitherto, are afforded to inquirers in my house, for witnessing the interesting manifestations. The large picture entitled "*The Pool*" (under Ruysdael's influence) is still on the easel, and promises to be a very fine one. A very excellent method of deepening the impression produced on the minds of witnesses was, by the suggestion of our spirit friends, adopted about a year ago. After doing his work for the evening on the large painting, the medium would get a card (business size), and in the course of 10 or 12 minutes would paint thereon a landscape, and hand it to one of the visitors. Sometimes two or three of these were done the same evening. Talking, about five or six weeks ago, with the spirit of Jan Stein, I made a remark on the inequality of execution observed in these little card pictures, and wondered what could be the cause. He said that it was very likely that our handling of the cards before being painted was the cause. He knew, he said, that at times, there was such an amount of cross-magnetism that it was almost impossible to get any kind of picture. But he promised, if we would keep our hands to ourselves, and on no account to touch the cards before they were used, and have *total darkness*, the little card pictures would be done much better and quicker. At the following sitting these conditions were strictly observed and resulted in the production of a neat little sea-piece (a shipwreck on a rocky coast) in five minutes. At the next sitting, under the same conditions, an equally good picture was done in four minutes; at the following sitting there was one done in *three* minutes; and at the last two sittings, we had two pictures, each painted in *two* minutes, besides three likenesses—one, a black pencil drawing, in *one* minute, the others in red crayon, in a minute and a half. These little picture tracts, carried away by the parties present, cannot but deepen any impression that may have been made; and as the date, names of parties present, and the conditions under which they are executed, are generally inscribed on the back, they will doubtless effect a work which the printed tract can never accomplish.

Some very satisfactory tests have recently been got by Mr Murray, a member of the association. The spirit giving the information, professes to be a son who died in infancy. On several occasions, Mr. Murray has received information regarding his brother (a sailor)—the day and hour of his arrival at a foreign port—circumstances occurring on the voyage, and intimation of his arrival home at the nearest British port—all confirmed as truth by the seaman himself. Indeed, in no instance, Mr. Murray affirms, has he ever been deceived or misinformed. In December last, when the prizes for the trance paintings were drawn for,

he was told by his spirit friend before the drawing, that he would get a picture, and curious enough, his name was the first drawn. There was only one other drawn belonging to Glasgow. Some time ago, Mr. Murray purchased a ticket for the subscription sale of the Literary Art Union, when he was again informed he would be successful in getting a prize; and accordingly, on the arrival of the London *Daily Telegraph*, in which the prize numbers were published, our friend had again the satisfaction of seeing the information of the spirit confirmed.

Taking everything into account, there need be no hesitation in saying that spiritualism is, slowly it may be, but surely, spreading in the community here, notwithstanding the opposition with which it has to contend.

H. NISBET.

### A. J. DAVIS ON THOMAS CARLYLE.

#### OBJECTIONS TO THOMAS CARLYLE'S DEFINITION OF SPIRITUALISM.

*To the Editor of the World.*

Sir,—My attention has just been called to a "remarkable letter" copied into your columns from the *American Scotsman*, in which the strong-minded Mr. Carlyle scornfully denominates Spiritualism (a thing he never mentions unless when compelled) as "*ultra-brutalism*," and as the "*Liturgy of Deadsea Apes*."

This exceedingly gross and vulgarly vague definition of Spiritualism is unworthy the transcendent talents and acknowledged attainments of the Scotch philosopher. It is narrow and bitter in its injustice and disgustingly incomprehensible in its insinuations.

Concerning Spiritualism, Mr. Editor, permit me to remark that the *reality* of nothing in this world is more certainly established. It is as certainly TRUE as that man is endowed with a mental and spiritual constitution. The history of Spiritualism begins where the human race began its eternal career. 'The supernaturalism of all ages and peoples is nothing but "this thing which calls itself Spiritualism."' It is the foundation of all absolute knowledge concerning the world beyond the tomb. Deprive the religious world of its so-called miracles—put out the clairvoyant eyes of the world's seers of spiritual existence—and instantly, "in the twinkling of an eye," the glory of immortality is extinguished, and God's beautiful universe becomes an empty circle of materialism and everlasting death.

The overbearing character of Mr. Carlyle's denunciation may, in part, be pardoned because of the vexatious mysticism of Wm. Denovan's bewildering pamphlet entitled "Temple of Isis." In this little work the facts of Spiritualism are accounted for by a perplexing hypothesis, enough to throw a man of Mr. Carlyle's dogmatic temperament into a fit of uncontrollable "disagreeability." One year ago I addressed Mr. Denovan a note regarding the unscientific character of his "explanation of Spiritualism;" and I had hopes that, from motives of disinterested kindness, he would not disturb the calm repose of Mr. Carlyle with spectral hypotheses sent forth from the "Temple of Isis."

#### MY DEFINITION OF SPIRITUALISM,

however, is considerably different from that given by the majority of spiritualists. It is generally esteemed as the name of a new religion. On the other hand, I employ the term "Spiritualism" as applicable to a revival of "evidence," appreciable by the physical senses, that a person is not destroyed by the chemistry of death, but *exists* as much of an individual as before, and enjoys the privilege of travelling in the spiritual universe, and of revisiting the earth and holding converse with friends still in the flesh.

Spiritualists hold very generally that "circles" and "manifestations"





By volit<sup>n</sup>, or effect passively and by accid<sup>t</sup>, I never did & never have  
 the least intent<sup>n</sup> of ever doing.

T.C.

FAC SIMILE OF MR CARLYLES LETTER 15

MR TOMMY RECEIVED OCT 25 1869

should be multiplied and continually evoked. On the contrary, I hold that beyond establishing the momentous question, "If a man die, shall he live again?"—beyond a sensuous demonstration of the fact of personal immortality—the holding of "circles" and the accumulation of repetitious "manifestations" are not at all beneficial, but rather weakening to both the nerves and the judgment.

## DARK CIRCLES UNPROFITABLE.

Excepting for scientific investigations—to test the delicacy and wondrous power of spirits over material things—I hold that "dark circles" are valueless and injurious. As means of carrying conviction to sceptical minds, the lightless sessions amount to nothing. Persons convinced of Spiritualism by such evidences usually require an endless repetition of "facts" to keep their faith from languishing. Perhaps Mr. Carlyle's mind has been disgusted with the weakness and superstition of persons calling themselves spiritualists. Of this class I think Spiritualism can show as large a percentage as did early Christianity, or as can the juvenile years of any sect in Christendom.

But, although Spiritualism is not, according to my definition, a *new religion*, it is the *herald of a higher era of spiritual development*. It makes possible and hospitably welcomes every fresh thought in philosophy, and inspires every advancement in science, society, and life. A free religious development of the essentials of Christianity is one of the effects of "this thing which calls itself Spiritualism." An age of new ideas is dawning beyond the ocean of this Spiritual agitation, and I had some hope that a mind so large and far-seeing as Carlyle's would be touched with at least *one* ray from the new sun.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Orange, October 19, 1869.

The "hope" of our benevolent brother, A. J. Davis, was also entertained by Mr. George Tommy, of Bristol, a spiritualist of great experience, and a gentleman of considerable mental culture. He describes himself as appalled at the "horrid-looking compounds" employed by Mr. Carlyle to pourtray Spiritualism, and tried to account for these being used. In a letter to the *Bristol Times* of Nov. 1, Mr. Tommy thus gives his reflections on Mr. Carlyle's letter:—"The oracle who gave forth these utterances is evidently in possession of some new light; he has penetrated the arcana of Spiritualism, and dived into the recesses of its hidden lore—vastly deeper than truth, which is said to lie only at the bottom of a well; doubtless he has investigated its whole phenomena, and is in a position to hold it up to the scornful gaze of a contemptuous public. Yes, I will seek this mystery-man, peradventure he may disenchant me of my delusion, and be as 'a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.' Having thus resolved, in the simplicity of my heart I penned the following note, and enclosed it, with the printed letter, to Mr. Carlyle:—

" 'Gallery of Fine Arts, 12 Clare Street,

" 'Bristol, October 23, 1869.

" 'Dear Sir,—If you will kindly answer the following question, I shall esteem it a favour—Have you at any time, by the aid of your own senses, investigated the phenomena of modern Spiritualism?—I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

" 'GEORGE TOMMY.

" 'Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.'"

"Imagine my surprise and astonishment when the next post brought me the following courteous and lucid confession:—

"*By volitn., or except passively and by accidt., I never did; nor have the least intentn. of ever doing.*"

"T. C."

Mr. Tommy has kindly lent us the original note of the "Scotch Philosopher," a fac-simile of which is given on the opposite page. It is one of the

most remarkable documents we ever set eyes on—a great literary curiosity—an opinion which will be concurred in by all who behold it. We would scarcely have dared to print the above account had we not been armed with testimony of its genuineness in the veritable letter itself. Just look at it! No date, no superscription or salutation, and scratched with a blue pencil! Well, we cannot feel it in our heart to be cross with the dear old gentleman; if any damage results from this act it must recoil on himself. We have read with delight the wondrous history and musings of his philosophical tailor, and have felt that a deep vein of genuine Spiritualism is Thomas Carlyle's pivotal principle. We are sorry to confess, however, that his "CLOTHES" are getting rather bare and seedy on some of these angular projections of his nature where the friction has been excessive. But he will lay these tattered garments aside with all their old-fashioned cuts and obnoxious patches ere long and appear in a new dress, and Carlyle will be more of himself than ever he was in his former life. Tut! you stupid critics, Spiritualists, and all the rest, it is not Thomas Carlyle that is to blame for these foibles, *it is only his clothes* made originally of husky homespun stuff, now sadly dilapidated and out of fashion, and incapable of representing him to advantage in the light and style of to-day. But what shall we say of our brethren the Spiritualists, who will be "down upon him" like a vulture on a carcass. Are you dressed out in the newest style? and have you no unseemly patches of old cloth almost obscuring the new garment in which you fancy you are clothed? Let us look at you. First we behold much uncharitableness, backbiting, and proneness to find a "hole in another's coat" as old as the skin which the mythical serpent wore when he tempted Eve. Then our good Christian brethren, with their "I am better than thou" distinctions expressed or implied, are hideously patched with mud-bespattered fragments from the flowing cloaks of ancient scribes and pharisees. "The children of Moab," and those who sent their "young ones through the fire," furnish them with their theological vestments, while the rags of Hindoo mythology are eagerly conserved and spun into a shoddy coat of artificial salvation. The Phallus, symbol of the orgies of heaven worship, unnameable, dating before the dawn of history, hangs from their necks in the form of the modern cross. Many more specimens of "rags, bones, and old iron" "gathered away" from the rubbish heaps of ancient vulgar belief, but without a glimmer of the esoteric meaning from which they sprang, form the chief clothing and personal ornament of our most conceited and high-bred spiritualists, and yet they are just as blind to the deformity of their dress as Thomas Carlyle is to the unseemly rent whereby he makes himself ridiculous to all beholders.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us!  
To see oursels as ithers see us."

## WHISPERINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

### MR. AND MRS. SPEAR IN CALIFORNIA.

We have been privileged to see a letter from Mrs. Spear, addressed to Mr. A. Leighton, Liverpool, from which we make a few extracts. It is dated San Francisco, Sept. 14, 1869:—

"We were just six weeks from London to San Francisco, and encountered not one storm the whole of that time! Our passage from New York here was said by our Captain to be unprecedented—gulfs and points of which it was said to be always more or less rough, were

smooth as mill-ponds. We left London the 3rd of August, arrived in New York the 17th, spent three days there, sailed the 21st at noon, arrived the 30th at Aspinwall, and the 14th of September at this place. On arriving, Mr. Spear called upon a Mr. Mackie, who wrote a letter from here to *Human Nature*, I think in April, and found in him a fine, straightforward, earnest Scotchman, who told him many things that he wished and needed to know of the city and its people. We found in Mr. Mackie's employer a man whom we had met in Glasgow, and who, though not a Spiritualist, had visited us there, and was told that he would come to this country, but at the same time had not the most remote idea of it. He said he had been thinking of Mr. Spear for several days, and had shown Mr. Mackie his declination given by Mr. Spear only the day before he called. We found our much esteemed friend, Mrs. Laura Cuppy, married again, and out of the lecture field, which she has so long had in San Francisco; and Rev. Mr. Todd and wife, both of whom have also been speaking here regularly, about to leave for a year for Salem, Oregon, called by a society of Spiritualists there. Mr. Spear was invited to speak to a body of persons on Sunday, who met for free discussion, composed of Spiritualists and others. He accepted, and was greatly pleased and surprised when a man, after speaking to the question, said he had come to the meeting because he saw that a very old and valued friend was to be there, and then went to the platform and allowed Mr. Spear to recognise him, which he did as John A. Collins—now a member of the California Legislature, and a friend of social reform always. He eulogised Mr. Spear very highly, which was not unpleasing and not altogether unmerited. Soon after another man arose in whom we recognised Rufus Elmer, of Massachusetts, one of the oldest and most prominent of the New England Spiritualists. He had just arrived overland on a visit, and seeing the advertisement had come in. Mr. Spear opens the meeting again next Sunday; and if he has things to utter which the people need to hear, it will seem as if this too had been prepared for him. There has been a flourishing society of Spiritualists here, and a Lyceum with 150 members. But at present neither exists. Divisions and bickerings have occurred, some objecting to prayer, some to reading from the Bible, &c., until union of effort seemed out of the question. One woman and two men, however, had taken a hall for a number of Sundays for free discussion of things pertaining to the improvement of man, and this was their first meeting in that hall. The weather here is becoming perfectly delightful. The winter is considered the finest season—there being no wind, no fog, no flies. The rain sets in about December, and the rainy season is over in February. Showers are expected next month, and as soon as they come all vegetation becomes green, and remains so until the wind and sun of summer parch it again. Not a drop of rain has fallen here since last April, and the hills are brown as the sand, the trees laden with dust, and everything in nature looks most uninviting, except, of course, private gardens and the public park. We are told that during the rainy season most of the rain falls at night, and the days are perfectly delightful—ice very seldom forms in the streets. The fruits are most luscious—oranges, limes, figs,

bananas, melons of all kinds, apples, pears, peaches, grapes, and what more I don't know, grow here luxuriantly, and are for sale in the market very cheap. . . . Aspinwall is a miserable looking place, unhealthy and low. The houses of the English residents look comfortable enough; but nothing except hope of gain, I am sure, induces them to live there. The native huts are built of poles stuck in the ground in the form of a circle, thatched on the top, and nearly destitute of furniture, except some few cooking utensils, which are often left lying on the ground outside. It is 47 miles from Aspinwall to Panama, and we were nearly four hours going across. The first part of the way was very flat and marshy—ponds, lakes, and streams of muddy water were everywhere. Cocoa nut groves, orange and lime trees loaded with fruit in all stages of growth, were abundant, and when the engine stopped for water some of our passengers went out and brought in hats full of them. The other part of the way was over, under, and around high and rugged mountains, and finally we came to Panama, mostly, as we saw it, of red brick—houses low and very old looking. Here the whites seemed to outnumber the blacks, but the same style of native huts and living was apparent. The town has a population of about 5000, being somewhat larger than Aspinwall. At Acapulco little boats surrounded our ship with fruits, shells, parrots, and native animals for sale. The women were richly dressed in some instances, and handsome, and so upon the Isthmus. *Lace* seemed to be an article greatly liked, and we were told that some women who were barefoot had on several hundred dollars worth of it. On the Atlantic side we travelled with a passenger who was Spanish, and was on his way to take his seat in the Congress of the United States of Columbia as a senator. This republic consists of nine states, one of which is Panama, of which he had been governor. He is interested in social reform—in giving women the suffrage—in all that we consider humane and just. He says they make no prohibitory laws, have no complexional distinctions, and aim to have as little legislation as possible. He had Mr. Mill's 'Subjection of Women,' which he intends to translate and publish in Spanish. He took my little book [it forms part of the First Convention report], which he said he would at once translate and publish at Bogota, the national capital. He thinks he may visit England another year, and will like to know our friends in Liverpool and London. [He is welcome.] Mr. Spear got his letters sent to New York asking for delineations, and has not been situated so that he could do anything of the kind since he left until now. I shall copy and forward them at the earliest moment after their coming. Our address is San Francisco, California. [Persons desiring delineations from Mr. Spear may forward their letters direct, or leave them at our office; also remittances for Mr. Spear.]”

#### SPIRITUALISM IN NOTTINGHAM.

IN Nottingham there is an association of working men and women, spiritualists, who are in many respects the most advanced inhabitants of Great Britain. This is very strong ground to take, for these good people are not learned, nor highly trained, except in hard work for a living—are obscure in origin, humble in occupation, of but medium

capacity, and without a farthing's superabundance of that which the world calls wealth. Why do we accord to them such a high position? it may be asked. Because they know how to improve themselves, they are inspired by the true spirit of progress, they are rational and human in their desires, while the great mass of institutions around them are dead in conventionalities and time-service. To our mind they most eminently represent the genius of Spiritualism, and therefore of human life in its highest aspects. They are the leading spiritualists of this country, and in that respect set an example to the many millions of Victoria's subjects. While our besilked and carriage-caged grandees in the West-End, are with excess of breeding and pomposity of manner begging to purchase the Holy Ghost of every respectable medium, and are in excess of anxiety to be the first to patronise the next new wonder from the heavens, our Nottingham friends are specially blessed with spiritual riches, and have it to bestow without money and without price; mediumship of all phases is plentiful amongst them. But they are not content to be the babes and sucklings of spirits, for while some of our Christian would-be spiritualists are in great spiritual terror that any one shall believe and teach above and beyond that which is written, our Nottingham friends with faith and confidence knock at every accessible door in the mansions of the Eternal. They have chosen subjects and discussed them, subjects which few other institutions in Great Britain, theological, scientific, or philosophical, would have dared to inscribe on their programme. We care not a straw how lame and impotent their conclusions may have been; even if much nonsense was talked over the questions raised, no matter, the fact stands that these good people have the desire and the spirit to progress, and undoubtedly they will find the means. And why is it, let us ask, that they have been able to assume this high position? We answer, because they have builded upon the true spiritual foundation of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. Herein is the secret of the constancy, fraternity, and progress of the Nottingham Association; but that their doings may be better appreciated we allow the secretary to tell his own tale:—

93 Union Road, Nottingham,

October 23, 1869.

Dear Sir,—It is the desire of the members of the "Nottingham Progressive Mutual Improvement Class," that I should send you a short report of the proceedings of last Friday night, October 22. We met at the Lyceum at 8 o'clock, after which we partook of a supper of fruit and bread, which appeared to be enjoyed by all present. After the cloth had been removed, Mr. Herrod, secretary, was called upon for the first annual report. He said—At a meeting held by a few friends, at the Lyceum, on Friday evening, October 16, 1868, it was agreed upon that a class should be formed for the purpose of cultivating our minds upon the subjects of the day, moral, spiritual, religious, scientific, and political. The class was opened on October 23, 1868. Each member was to pay 1d per week, and when the funds amounted to 3s there was to be a draw. Each member was to purchase a book with his draw, which was to be read by all in the class before it could be claimed by the owner. The result has been, each member has got a good book by this easy method. The total amount of contributions was £1 16s 8d, the expenditure, for members' books £1 16s 6d, leaving 2d in hand. Some had put a little more to their draw and had got some very good books. For instance, Mrs. Hitchcock's was the "Stellar Key;" Mrs. H.'s, "A Woman's Secret;" Mr. Stretton's, "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World (an excellent work);" Miss Gamble got "Alice Vale;" Miss Hefford, "The Education of the Feelings;"

Miss Hitchcock, "Life of D. D. Home;" Mr. Herrod, "Life of Two Great Statesmen;" Mr. Ashworth, "Sir Henry Holland on the Mind." Among the subjects we have discussed are the following:—Oct. 23, 1868, "Phrenology," introduced by Mr. Hitchcock. Nov. 6, "What is Reason?" by Ashworth. Nov. 13th, "How far should we be guided by Reason?" by Mrs. Hitchcock. Nov. 20, "What constitution is best adapted for a healing medium?" by Mr. Morton. December 4, "We cannot have too much reason," by Mr. Morton. December 18, "How are we to know what is right and what is wrong?" by Mr. Hitchcock. January 8, 1869, "Man is a progressive being," by Mr. Stretton. May 7, "Does God exist as a person or a principle?" by Mr. Ashworth. May 21, "The growth of the intellect," by Mr. Herrod. May 28, "Education, is it essential to our happiness?" by Miss Gamble. June 10, "What is the difference between life and intelligence?" by Mr. Stretton. Aug. 6, "Objections to Phrenology," by Mr. Swain. August 27, the same, by Mr. Herrod, continued for three nights. Sept. 17, "That we cannot judge a person's motives by their actions." September 24, "Can the soul leave the body during sleep?" by Mr. Morton. October 1st, "Phrenology is best proof of Spiritualism," by Mr. Hitchcock. October 8, "Instinct the perfection of Wisdom," by Mr. Stretton. After supper we had interesting speeches from most of the members, but I am sorry I cannot give you them. After a vote of thanks had been given to Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock for their kindness in allowing us the use of the room free of charge, the meeting dispersed highly delighted with the evening's recreation—I am sir, yours truly,

JAMES ASHWORTH, Secretary.

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## REVIEW.

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**SOCIAL FETTERS:** a Novel. By MRS. EDWIN JAMES, Author of "Wanderings of a Beauty." Popular Edition. Handsome Cloth, ornamented. London: Burns, Progressive Library.

OUR energetic publisher, ever anxious to promote the interests of his patrons, has resolved on putting the readers of *Human Nature* in possession of a suitable Christmas book, and lately handed us a copy of "Social Fetters" that he might have the advantage of one matured opinion thereon. Now we have a constitutional aversion to all such books as have for their second title "a novel," especially if the work be the performance of a woman, author of never so many of the same kind. So instead of bothering our sapient brains with the new and somewhat distasteful task, we handed it over to a corps of ladies, young and old, who form part of our staff, and awaited the result of their investigations. In a few days, nay hours, in some cases, these faithful helpers bounded into our sanctum enthusiastic with the results of their mission. "What a stylish binding," exclaimed a fresh recruit, "such a nice tale," "was she not brave," "yes, and so clever," "I am so glad they got married at last," "what a pity we have not got another book to tell us how they got on since." Remarks of a somewhat graver hue led us to look into the handsome volume, and would you believe our report, it was scarcely laid aside a moment till every page was devoured. We were agreeably disappointed. It is a novel to be sure, but its facts are, alas! of too frequent occurrence! The bane of society—a weak succumbing to approbateness, pride, and conventionality—is ably portrayed, and its remorseful results vividly shown. Do not suppose, however, that it is a dry didactic bore of a sermon from beginning to end; no such thing. The descriptions of persons, situations, society, and scenery are power-



fully depicted on every page. It will interest many when we state that Rev. T. L. Harris is one of the characters of the tale, and the general principles of the theology of Spiritualism are stated in the concluding chapters. Though not so philosophical or deeply interesting as some progressive tales we have read, yet "Social Fetters" is worthy of a place in every reformer's library, especially where there are young people, and it will be found a pleasing relaxation to the matured and thoughtful, as its picturesque scenery blends pleasingly with many practical thoughts on social anthropology. A certain degree of interest attaches to the author, Mrs. Edwin James, as many will remember the newspaper popularity accorded to her husband when member of Parliament for Marylebone. We wish our readers a merry Christmas and much pleasure in wandering amidst the pictorial effects and transformation scenes—the creation of this lady's facile pen.

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### MISCELLANEA.

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Dr. F. L. H. Willis after remaining a few days in Paris, went on a tour to Italy with Mr. Andrus. He will winter in the South of France with an agreeable party of friends.

Professor L. N. Fowler is in Hull lecturing on phrenology, &c. He never was in better health, or had better success. He is a genuine English institution. His tour may be seen in the circle of lecturers.

The veteran father of American phrenology, O. S. Fowler, has a publishing office in Boston, United States, America, and has already finished several volumes of his new edition of his works, which are completely revised and enriched with his great experience.

Mr. Peebles has found his way from London to Paris, thence *via* Marseilles to Constantinople, and at date of his last was enjoying the blessings of his consulate at Trebizond, a queer old city of about 50,000 inhabitants—Turks, Persians, Georgians, Arabians, Greeks, Arminians, and a few Frankish fragments, altogether forming a very motley patchwork of humanity. But our brother does not feel all this kind of thing in accordance with his tastes, either socially or politically, and if we may trust the promptings of our prophetic bump, it may be accepted as a veritable revelation that a resignation will occur soon, or a deputy will be appointed, while our pilgrim will make a tour by Babel's streams, the hills of Zion, the isles of Greece, and other notable spots bearing the footprints of an ancient inspiration. Then, in say two months, he will be in England again, when we hope a goodly number of calls to be in waiting for him, for truly his mission to Europe may promote the cause of Spiritualism much, if the apathy of spiritualists will not prevent them from taking advantage of Mr. Peebles' superior talents.

Mrs. Hardinge is busy with her great work "A Twenty Years' Record of North American Spiritualism." She does not expect it to be ready till the new year. It will be one large octavo volume of 600 pages, on fine paper, superbly and profusely illustrated with first-class portraits, and bound in extra cloth bevelled boards. It will be a rich gem in execution.

The steel engraver, wood engraver, lithographer, vie with the printer in producing a work which will be a credit to the cause it so ably portrays. But we have been favoured with a copy of the table of contents, in itself something like a small newspaper, and promising an extended course of rich and varied intellectual dishes in the 49 chapters which are therein comprised. Our dear friend, the author, will be out of pocket even if she sells the whole impression right off, but she looks for recompense in future editions. This spirited woman is her own publisher, but she accepts the services of agents; and the Patriarch of *Human Nature* is eagerly at work, collecting an extended list of subscribers, and our publisher will be able to supply "wholesale and retail," all who desire to be possessed of this goodly production. Subscribers pour in rapidly, for who would not stand by a brave soul who has the rare pluck to take the labour and risk of writing and getting up such a work unaided and unendowed? We hope the spiritualists of Great Britain will not only on the score of intellectual appreciation and artistic taste, but also on the plea of gallantry and fair play, speedily send in their addresses for copies of this work, and see that the talented and courageous author and publisher is appreciated and recompensed. The price of the work will be 15s.

THE ST. JOHN'S ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS had the pleasure of listening to a very interesting lecture delivered on their behalf by John Jones, Esq. of Norwood, at the Temperance Hall, Corporation Row, Clerkenwell, on the 4th November. The subject was, "The blending of the Supernatural with the Natural," and was illustrated by a series of dissolving views, painted by Mr. H. Bielfeld from subjects supplied to him by Mr. Jones. These views give representations of emanations proceeding from sea shells, magnets, human hands, &c., show how tables have been floated in the air and the accordion played on by direct spirit power, at seances when Mr. Home has been the medium, and accounts of which have appeared in *Human Nature*; they also portray spirits directing the hands of writing mediums, the soul leaving the body at death, &c.; and great credit is due to the painter for the beauty and truthfulness displayed in their execution. The hall was crowded by a very respectable audience, and, at the close, a hearty vote of thanks was awarded to Mr. Jones for his instructive lecture.

"WHAT crucible," says Dr. Alger, "shall burn up the ultimate of force? What material process shall ever disintegrate the simplicity of spirit? Earth and plant, muscle, nerve, and brain, belong to one sphere, and are subject to the temporal fates that rule there; but reason, imagination, love, will, belong to another; and immortality fortified there laughs to scorn the fretful sieges of decay.