

# HUMAN NATURE:

*A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.*

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JANUARY, 1869.

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## HUMAN NATURE—A PRELUDE.

THE fabled knights, who are said to have engaged in physical combat because they differed as to the kind of metal a certain shield was composed of, had a simple matter of dispute in hand compared with that which challenges the modern student of Human Nature. One side of the shield is reported to have been of brass, and confronted Knight No. 1. The other side was of iron, and met the gaze of Knight No. 2. No. 1 insisted that it was a brass shield, while No. 2 as strongly asserted that it was an iron one; and they only found that both were relatively right and wrong after they had unhorsed each other, and thus had an opportunity of changing position in respect to the object in dispute. While this shield—the simple cause of so much contention—had but two sides, Man is a gem of many facets, almost indescribably blended together, and presenting very different and perplexing aspects to the beholder, according to his relative position. No wonder, then, that the chivalrous Knights of Anthropological Science should have ample cause for verbal contention, that ink should flow in black and violet streams, and that the clang of demonstrative eloquence should resound over those literary battlefields frequented by these modern champions of truthful assertion.

Man has been likened to a book written in many languages, and intelligible only to that reader who is acquainted with the language in which the subject is for the time presented. But the comparison does not hold good in every sense. The Bible may be read in any written language on the face of the earth, and it will convey the same history, sense, and series of thoughts and impressions to all readers. It will be the same book in whatever

language it is written. Not so with Man. A very different and even opposite impression is conveyed according to the language in which he is read, as the following synopsis shows:—

In the language of Cosmology, Man is a part of the universe, subject to the various laws and principles that regulate its action in its many spheres of phenomenal development.

In the language of Anatomy, Man is an organised structure—a magnificent physical temple—a unique specimen of architecture, so beautiful in appearance, convenient in arrangement, and suitable in material, that to fulfil all the purposes of ornament and use, no improvement could be effected in it by the cunning and experience of the wisest designers.

In the language of Physiology, Man is a bundle of functions; an instrument of a thousand strings adapted to discourse music of the most exquisite harmony, of the widest compass, of the most celestial altitude, of all keys, expressing in a universal language the most profound purposes of creative power.

In the language of Chemistry, Man is “of the dust of the ground”—a shovelful of earth and a pailful of water; a fortuitous compound of mouldered rocks and condensed rain clouds—agglomerated round a mystic magnetic centre, subject to that inevitable fiat, the laws of matter.

In the language of Hygiene, Man is a wondrous, vitalic, vegetative machine, the normal state of which is change, growth, health; at the same time subject, in whole or in part, to stagnation, disease, death.

In the language of Phrenology, Man is a rational being, an individualised entity distinguished by organic conditions—the laws of the universe, in a state of self-consciousness and voluntary action.

In the language of Metaphysics, Man is an accumulation of hereditary and acquired mental experiences, thought-powers, and processes—an occult chemistry of mind-products in all degrees of union and logical relationship—a great subjective halo enshrouding the sphere of cerebral function.

In the language of Psychology, Man is a “living soul,” extending his influence and individuality beyond the confines of the body, reciprocating the activities of other congenial souls, and those soul forces of the universe which are represented in his being.

In the language of Spiritualism, Man is an immortal being

tabernacled in the flesh, in the germ-hood of existence, preparing for the "second sphere" and holding intercourse therewith, developing within his external form a comely and perfect organism, more intensely a reflex of mental states.

In the language of Theology, Man is the "child of God"—that eternal and inexhaustible source of the principles of being; and, as a necessity, man's mission is for ever, through endless grades of existence, to give fuller and truer expression to the "Deity that rules within him."

In the language of Education, Man is a germ-seed of very limited extension, but capable of infinite development in all directions, in one or all of his powers, and in many degrees of combination.

In the language of History, Man is a series of mental phenomena and social forms, repeating themselves in accordance with the sublime purposes of creation.

In the language of Individualism, each human being is the centre of the universe, God made manifest in a special manner, and to aid in realising which all other things exist.

In the language of Society, Man is a myriad of atoms having common interests and destiny—each one promoting his end in the highest degree by promoting the ends of all.

In the language of Ethnology, Philology, &c., &c., Man exhibits very different characteristics. What a diversity of aspect this mighty subject presents! The greatest that the mind of the investigator can apply itself to. In its many ramifications are embraced all other forms of knowledge and conditions of existence. Each distinct language in which Man can be read, is the imposing frontage of a stately edifice, looking out on a landscape of rare and characteristic beauty. The scene is changed, as if by enchantment, according to the position of the beholder; and to wander amidst these varied glories, and drink in their true significance, is an occupation, a privilege, worthy of the most sublime attributes of intelligence. But, alas! many inquirers know not one-half of the many features of the subject they presume to discourse upon. Like the unsophisticated children of isolated tribes, they vainly think that all the wonders of existence are comprised in the familiar objects that pourtray their native spot, and that their limited horizon is the verge of creation. Hence the students of Human Nature are, in most cases, the assiduous nurses of mongrel hobbies, which they pet and pamper till timely destruction overtakes them. The question may be asked, Is there a science of Human Nature? or are we only

admonishing ourselves as to the advisability of such a thing? That there are ample materials for it, none can doubt; and that they are being brought to light, day by day, is equally apparent. Our task is to collect these precious gems, and set them in their natural order. The past encourages us to persevere in the broad and catholic spirit that has inspired our efforts hitherto; and, with well-founded hopes for the future, we cordially greet our readers and fellow-labourers on this advent of a new year.

## PHRENOLOGY AS AN AID TO THE BIOGRAPHER.

BY J. W. JACKSON,

Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology as an Aid to the Historian,"  
"Ecclesiastics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

BURNS.

THE hierarchy of genius has many gradations, and may be said, indeed, to constitute a Jacob's-ladder of angels, ascending from earth to heaven. So that while some are on its topmost height, robed in the glory and dwelling in the light of the empyrean, others, on the contrary, seem occasionally to touch the mire and clay of the earth with their sacred feet, mingling indeed, not only in the business, but the very orgies of men. It would seem, in truth, that from no province of life can the divine light be wholly excluded. Everywhere, from the palace to the cottage, genius has been, and doubtless to the end, will be manifested. Everywhere, when present, it asserts its regal prerogatives, and sooner or later compels the masses to loyal recognition. Whether in an Alexander and a Cæsar, with royal and patrician antecedents, or in a scrivener's clerk at Stratford, or a peasant ploughman in Ayrshire, the celestial splendour will beam out through the terrestrial nature, giving unmistakable evidence that here, at least, a man has again been born.

Not that circumstances are to be despised. They indeed largely constitute the providential mould in which this "fine gold" is to be cast. They often determine not only the shape which its productions are to take, but the channel through which its energies are to be manifested. A Julius Cæsar excluded from action might have shone as a Cicero in the Forum, and perhaps as a Sallust in history; while the Swan of Avon, trained on the Isis, might have transcended Cudworth in his Platonism, and perhaps Burleigh in his statesmanship. Luther would have been simply a pious and eloquent monk at any other period than that of the Reformation; while Francis of Verulam

might have been only the profoundest of the schoolmen and the greatest of the seraphic doctors, had he flourished in the thirteenth in place of the seventeenth century.

The question of education is yet an unsolved problem. How much, and of what kind, are still unsettled, more especially in their relationship to genius. Model culture in all ages has probably been based on the requirements of talent—that is, of working power—and has ever had but a partial, and, in a sense, accidental, adaptation to the higher necessities of an original mind. How matters were managed in “the schools of the prophets,” it were now, doubtless, somewhat vain to enquire; but certainly in all later and less-inspired establishments, genius has had very largely to provide for itself. Perhaps indeed in this matter, as in those of practical business, the time-honoured system of apprenticeship, had we the requisite appliances at command, might be found, after all, most effectual. It can be in some measure dimly understood how an Elijah, after years of fiery leadership, may ultimately, when about to depart to his everlasting home, cast his sacred mantle on the shoulders of an Elisha. Nor is it altogether impossible to conceive that a Plato, after ten years’ communion with a Socrates, may have entered on his high vocation as the teacher of the ages, with spiritual advantages no otherwise obtainable. But how is it possible to conceive of either of these commanding spirits being effectually helped on his rugged and excelsior path by the most respectable of ordinary professors, or the most erudite of commonplace tutors? The help that such can afford is obviously for talent, to which it may prove a needful furtherance. But in the case of genius, with its wayward impulses and warm enthusiasms, its towering aspirations and terrible defeats, its heart, in short, ever warring with its head—alas! to a soul so constituted, would not the formalities of ordinary tuition, and, above all, the influences of senior but commonplace minds, prove rather a hindrance than a furtherance? It is the old story of a duckling brood, whom their foster-mother cannot lead to the water—can, indeed, only stand on the brink, and, with vain cries, beseech her alien nurslings to forego all the true proclivities of their deeper nature. Genius is an eagle, plumed for the empyrean, while erudite mediocrity is but the most respectable of domestic fowls, that with capacious maw and feeble wing just manages to flutter and fatten round the simple homestead. Let us clearly understand this matter; the highest must ever be self-educated. So far as known, Elijah inherited no man’s mantle, nor was Socrates any sage’s disciple. There is a spirit that needs no master, a vocation that asks no pioneer, a captaincy that never knew a superior, a chieftainship whose commission is not of earth but heaven—whose authority is not derivative but primal, and whose utter-

ances, with all reverence be it said, are not the echo of men, but the voice of God.

Let us not be misunderstood. Learning has its advantages, and to the great mass of mankind education, even in the conventional sense of the term, is a primal necessity of their intellectual wellbeing. Nor would we be supposed for one moment to undervalue the vocation or derogate from the dignity of the great masters of erudition. The scholar is in very truth one of the lights of the world; but then let us never forget it is a *reflected* light, and to be carefully distinguished from the intenser ray of a primary. In fact, the highest commission of scholarship is the *preservation* of the works of genius. It is the sacred cistern in which the waters of life are preserved, but genius is the heavenly fount whence they flow. As to their relative rank, however, there is no difference of opinion, the only question being as to the best mode of educating the highest, and to this the grandest and oldest of all the oracles, speaking with the voice of universal history, has responded, "Sorrow," "Perfected by suffering," is the curt biography of every God-ordained minister of the truth, whatever his titles or his reception among men. For such, indeed, experience is the great teacher, and the world the grand university, amidst whose stern facts they learn that wisdom which no college is privileged to communicate, and which, by no celestial magic, has yet been so transferred to books that he who runs may read its golden sentences.

We hear much, more especially in these latter days, of "resources," meaning thereby of course those of a material character, the "sinews of war"—the money power without. Perhaps, however, this foolish mammon-worship has already attained its maximum. To believe in matter, and to doubt of spirit; to put faith in earth, and to lose reliance upon heaven; to look for alien help from others, rather than for inherent power in ourselves—are the inevitable characteristics of an analytical age like our own. The coteremporaries of an inductive and protestant era, the devout worshippers of Nature and Reason, can scarcely fail to dwell upon the external and the sensible, as being to them the real and the actual. Thence, as a logical necessity, they exaggerate the importance of circumstances. Having sight, but not insight; being familiar with conclusions, but ignorant of intuitions—they regard events as omnipotent; not knowing that our environment is, in very truth, but the soul's reflection cast on the mirror of fate, and that a man's destiny is ever woven in the time-loom, on the pattern of his spirit. That a faith so shallow, a conviction so baseless, should be sometimes rudely shaken, is, of course, unavoidable; and accordingly, wealth, with its gilded pageantries, has been occasionally startled by the grim

spectre of an invincible poverty—the granite barriers which girdle fame and power, melting like wax before the fervent glow of a fiery spirit. Thus did our own immediate fathers see “the little Corsican,” who was seven years a *poor* lieutenant, mount skywards in his flaming war-chariot, till the very sceptre of universal empire seemed almost within his daring grasp. And, even in our own day, a faint echo of this dread thundermarch, a weak repetition of mine uncle’s stupendous achievement has been again afforded, and a *penniless* adventurer is once more seated on the time-honoured throne of the venerable but unfortunate Bourbons. But wealth cannot see it. The magic is too fine for its rude perceptions; and so with a child’s prattle about “fortune,” it once more settles down with undoubting confidence to its day-book and its ledger—its pedigree and its rent-roll.

The feeble in science have said that the field of discovery has been swept clean of all its grand possibilities. The mediocre in art affirm that the masterpieces of painting and sculpture have been already achieved. While the everlasting stars, that shine in the empyrean of song, are thought to have completed their number, and left no space for the burning throne of a new immortal. But these are only the speculations of mediocrity, all too conscious of its own insufficiency. True genius is never old. It is the world-phoenix that never dies. Real poesy awakens, as to a fresh creation, with every dawn, and feels the pulsing life which buds into beauty with the breath of every spring. As the voice of God, speaking through the lips of man, its thunder-tones may be as sublime now as when Palestine listened, in awe-struck reverence, to the solemn warnings and terrible denunciations of her heaven-sent prophets. As the soul-music of Nature, warbled by her sweetest song-bird, in his hour of noblest inspiration, its tones are as thrilling and its notes as harmonious to-day, as when Greece responded in rapturous admiration to the heroic cadences of “the blind old man of Scio’s rocky isle;” or softened into love beneath the dulcet odes of Anacreon, or the lightning lines of Sappho. How should it be otherwise! Revelation is inexhaustible as its infinite author; and only asks a befitting revealer for the utterance of its oracular responses, to dower a listening world with the wisdom and beauty, the power and glory of supernal song, now as of old. Could Hellas produce an Æschylus, then shall Britain own a Shakespeare,—the space between these flaming orbs being but the befitting framework of their celestial splendour.

The infirmities of genius have ever been a prolific subject for the solemn and sombre prelections of mediocre ability, in its stereotyped addresses on the parlour-morality of well-established respectability. Nor is this matter for astonishment. Envy is the shadow which ever attends the footsteps of transcendent merit,

dark and malignant, in proportion to the brightness and intensity of the radiance to which it stands in such decided contrast. It would seem that the dwarf experiences an indescribable satisfaction in discovering and promulgating that the feet of the giant are of clay. To his small soul, it is of no importance that the head is of gold, and the shoulders of silver,—that in thought there is a god, and in action a hero. To the inspired words of such heaven-sent messengers, he is willingly deaf—to their daring deeds he is miserably blind; his only serious concern being the satisfactory assurance that they are nevertheless mortal; that, being in all respects tempted as we are, they were *not* without sin. Alas! does this express the *whole* truth? Were they not tempted *more* than we are? Consider their susceptibility, not only to the agonies, but the ecstasies, of existence. Hapless pilgrims to a better and brighter land—rather shall we say, heart-wrung exiles from their glorious spirit-home, whither, by unutterable yearnings, they are ever prompted to return, even though by the steepest and rudest of excelsior paths, they are yet, despite their loftiest aspirations and noblest resolutions, the too frequent victims of every attraction on their road. They lack the element of resistance. Magicians of stupendous might to evoke the beautiful; they cannot always dismiss the fair spirit that enthalls them. Beholding nature with the visioned eye that sees the celestial beneath the terrestrial, what wonder that they sometimes mistake the perishing flowers of earth for the fadeless splendours of heaven; and that for a season, more especially in the years of their inexperience, they occasionally endow idols of the commonest clay with the resplendent attributes of a divine immortality,—and sing even of women, as if they were already angels. Here, again, stereotyped mediocrity steps in, and, with face of sullen stolidity, lays its leaden finger on the bounding pulse of this ardent courser, and prates in measured words of sin and shame, because, elastic as the air and fleet as the wind, his chest still heaves and his heart palpitates a trifle beyond the recognised standard, while he is still warm and panting from the race.

Nor is this all. It is, indeed, only one side of the picture, as seen from *within*. But let us only reflect upon it for a moment, as seen from *without*. Has anyone ever yet depicted—is anyone, indeed, able to depict—the resistless *magnetism* of genius? Are there resources in language for the full and effective expression of this stupendous power? We may, perhaps, remotely conceive of it, by its effects—or, shall we rather say, may be dimly conscious of its force, while privileged with its presence; for its all-pervading influence may and must be felt, but cannot be described. In the grand hierarchy of intelligence there are solar spirits, that necessarily lead their planetary dependencies whither-

soever they will. Over such, as by a law of their nature, the ever-present law of gravitation, they exercise a delegated omnipotence. And such a being, beyond question, was he of whom we are about to speak—one in whose presence rank and birth lost their prestige, and learning veiled its superiority; and who, with only the position and antecedents of a peasant, at once took place, as by the right of the strongest, among the noblest and most gifted of the land. ROBERT BURNS was the magnet of every company, the central soul of every circle in which he moved, not simply by the force and brilliancy, the power and splendour of his intellect, but also by the warmth of his heart and the wealth of his affections. He not only moulded the thoughts, but he also ruled the feelings, of others, whose emotions responded to the touch of this master-hand, like the strings of a harp to the fingers of a musician. More especially could he play upon the susceptible heart of woman, not with the polish and finesse, the tact and sophistry, of an accomplished libertinism,—but with the far more powerful enchantment of genius, roused to inspiration by its own emotions, and winged as with fire-pinions, by the resistless fervour of its own exalted passions. We know how he could sing of love. We have the echoes, perhaps far off and faint, of those burning words which were poured, with such a flood of tenderness and endearment, into the listening ears of the Bonny Jeans and Highland Marys' of the past; but where are the lightning glances, the loveliest expression, the varying tones and the gentle caresses that gave life and soul to these now empty, though still unapproachably intense and beautiful forms of rustic affection? They are gone, never to be recalled, till we have another avatar of equally rich and munificently endowed manhood,—for which the silent centuries must wait the pleasure of the supernal.

We hear much of the temptations of rank and wealth, nor would we be supposed to undervalue the dangers with which they doubtless surround their otherwise fortunate possessor, while personal beauty has been ever esteemed by the wise, as a perilous inheritance. But what are these, even when united in the same person, compared with the resistless power of genius, whose subtle magnetism is an "open sesame" to sanctities that would remain sealed to every other form of invasion? Susceptibility of the finest within, temptation of the rarest without! Alas for mortality so circumstanced! What wonder that such sons of God as a Raphael, a Burns, or a Byron, thus surrounded with the witcheries of time, thus lulled by the syren song of beauty, should have sometimes turned aside to the Paphian bowers of earth, oblivious, for the moment, of their grander and sublimer vocation to the altars of heaven. But let us not ungenerously dwell on these failings of the celestial. As men, they had their frailties. Even the sun has his spots, and astronomers

tell us that, without these shadowy imperfections, these seeming blemishes in his otherwise perfect luminosity, we should scarcely have known of his rotation. So, perhaps, without the infirmities of genius, we should have failed to recognise its humanity; such a visitant almost needed some signs of its mortality, ere as weak and fallible men we could claim kindred with its brightness, and find solace in its glory.

Time and place have their power, which only the foolish will attempt to ignore. Do as we may, the spirit of the age will mould us to its likeness, and fashion us into its instruments. We cannot escape from its pressure. If men of action, we must achieve its purposes; if men of thought, we must utter its responses. These are, and ever have been, the only conditions of true greatness. Even the grandest of earth's advents are but the fulfilment of a prophecy—in truth, the satisfaction of a necessity. The great man comes because he is wanted; the hero emerges because humanity demands him. The stage and the actor are prepared for each other. We all see that it was Greece in her hour of reaction, not Alexander in his madness, that conquered Persia. So it was Rome in her colossal greatness and her irremediable corruption that demanded an emperor, not Cæsar who destroyed the republic. It was England that produced Cromwell, and France, in the throes of her terrible revolution, that evoked Napoleon. Even the thinker cannot escape from this law of supply and demand. Socrates would have been misplaced had he preceded the Sophists; nor could Francis of Verulam have taught with effect till after the lengthened reign of the Aristotelian schoolmen. The time and the man cannot be separated. With all reverence be it spoken, the very Highest came at his appointed hour. It may, indeed, be said of every true man of genius, that the ages have waited for him from the beginning. He is the golden harvest of which all previous time was the sowing—the richly-ripened result of the world's slowly yet surely revolving seasons.

We have already spoken of this Protestant era. It eventuated theologically in the schism of the West, and culminated politically in the French Revolution, that great hour on the dial-plate of destiny, at whose stroke the principalities and powers of feudal Europe were called to judgment, and the past, when weighed in the balance of the present, was found wanting. The eighteenth century was the lull before this terrible storm, the stillness which precedes the tempest, that dread pause in the onward march of events when destiny, gathering up her forces, seems like some great captain preparing for the final charge which gives him victory. To the gifted eye, that seeming stillness was but the glassy smoothness of the stream rushing swiftly down its steep incline to the inevitable cataract. But it was a stillness, at least

on the surface, and literature, more especially poetic literature, felt its paralysing effects. Of philosophy, moral and political, there was enough, with David Hume and Adam Smith as its able and fitly representative men. While France had her Voltaire and Germany her Kant, history was very properly in the hands of Gibbon, and fiction in those of Rousseau. It was, in very truth, the twelfth hour of the night, the starless heavens arched from horizon to zenith with blackest thundercloud, from whose dark depths the rumbling thunder of premonition was already heard, and from whose piled armoury the lightning bolts of Marengo and Austerlitz, of Wagram and Jena, were so soon to be launched upon an astonished world. It was the age of incredulity. Faith, except in matter and motion, was at the Nadir. Men believed in their five senses, and, could they have prayed for anything, would, doubtless, have asked for a sixth as a fresh avenue of delight. "The Wealth of Nations" expressed the thought, and "steam-power" embodied the means of that materialistic and utilitarian epoch, which, nevertheless, had its uses, both present and prospective.

Poetry at such a time was necessarily like a flower in winter, either a hothouse forcing or a hardy snowdrop. Pope was the most polished representative of the former, and Burns the most vigorous embodiment of the latter school. If we could see it aright, both wrote under "difficulties," of which the little man at Twickenham, notwithstanding his many worldly furtherances, had perhaps the larger share. He, poor fellow, was hopelessly lost in the shallow artificiality of French examples, a caged canary, sweet and musical beyond compare, but born and bred in enfeebling bondage, the pretty pet of a lady's *beaudoir*, whose wings were for ornament not use, and that never spread his graceful pinions on the breeze, or once inhaled the invigorating breath of a wintry storm. The other was a lark, soaring sunwards from his dewy covert in the light of the morning, and while rejoicing in the summer warmth and matin splendour of the hour of promise, not oblivious of the cold and want, the snowy fields and leafless trees of a sterner season.

Of all vain things, a purposeless literature is, perhaps, the most melancholy. For a be-ruffled gentleman, of scholarly attainments and literary proclivities, to sit down with the deliberate purpose of writing a book, and nothing more, is a perversion of human ingenuity that might seem incredible, were it not, alas, indubitable. To employ the sublime faculty of speech for the small ends of an impertinent gossip, is sufficiently foolish; but to apply all the vast resources of the press to no higher object, is assuredly far worse, and, as a piece of solemn trifling, transcends any other peccadillo of the misguided sons of fallen Adam. Yet to this condition, or to one, in the estimation of some, far worse,

were the major part of the literati of Europe reduced in that singular century of which we are now speaking. The only men who then wrote with a purpose were the sceptics. They knew what they were about. They had a definitive object—to sap the belief of mankind, to unsettle the faith, and pull down the Church of Christendom, now by the subtle logic of Hume, and anon by the courtly sneer of Voltaire. And having thus a well-defined purpose, they wrote with a clearness and vigour, to which all others were necessarily strangers. Possessed by the spirit, they seemed also to be endowed with the energy and devotion, the zeal and eloquence, of apostleship; and, according to their vocation, it is doubtful if any men ever worked harder, or served their master better. Compared with such, even Johnson with all his ponderous force, was but a *blind* giant, beating the air with vast labour, and yet, despite the best intentions and the most persistent exertion, accomplishing nothing,—a stupendous mill-horse, treading the accustomed round of established thought with unwearied assiduity, yet, despite his elephantine tread, marching—nowhither.

In such an age, then, it may be readily imagined how it would fare with poetry, that most refined and spiritual of all the productions of intellect. It was not genius that was absent. Perhaps, among the higher races, genius never is absent, though it may often want the evocative influences by which alone it can be rendered duly vocal. The odes to the Passions, the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, and the Deserted Village—not to mention the luridly grand, though terribly sombrous, Night Thoughts,—amply suffice to show what might have been done under better auspices, that is, with a higher inspiration from the age. But this was wanting. The world was waiting, in the dread pause of expectation, for the first outburst of the impending storm. The very stillness was ominous. It was the hushed silence of an audience, before the tragic culmination of the fifth act. Christendom was listening not for the still small voice of poesy, but for the terrible thunder-tones of destiny, voiced in events. The groves were silent before the tempest, to burst forth in that resistless flood of harmony which accompanied the close of the eighteenth and ushered in the dawn of the nineteenth century. Such then was the stage, and its preparations—and now for the actor. Or shall we rather say, here was the frame—and this the portrait it was destined to contain.

*(To be continued.)*

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Upon some faces, as in a celestial hieroglyph, we may read the assured portent of a great destiny, either here or hereafter.

## A SYMBOLIC PICTURE OF THE ORGANIC LIFE OF HUMANITY, AND IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.\*

As the life of an individual is renewed by fresh supplies of food as fast as the waste matter of the body is eliminated from it, so the life of humanity is continued by fresh supplies of individual souls as fast as others are removed by death. Where do these souls come from daily and hourly, in swarms of new births, all over the globe? and where do they go after leaving this world? The answer to this question is embodied in the symbolic picture of the circulation of souls in the collective life of humanity, not in the natural world only, but also in the lymbic and the spiritual worlds. By the word *lymbic*, we mean life in the womb, before birth, and life in Hades, after death.

*Description.*†—The central portion of the picture represents different phases of life and death in the natural world; a definite scroll attached to it below and to the right, would seem to represent life in the womb; it contains a curved form resembling a human fœtus a few weeks old, and may symbolise the lymbic state of incarnation in which individuals are formed before they are born. This embryo is connected by a line with the right hand of a female figure standing over another female figure kneeling; both being enclosed in a circular line near the embryonic scroll, and to the right.

Outside, and all around the central map and the subordinate scroll, are innumerable groups of human figures in a cloudy atmosphere of scrolls and lines, some below and some above. Those on the right hand side are ascending from the lower to the upper regions of the spiritual world. These ascending spirits form three processions, starting from three cloudy continuations of the womb-like scroll, as if to symbolise the ascent to heaven of souls which die before they are born, and at different stages of embryonic evolution; within three, or six, or nine months of foetal life.

In the central part of the picture are seen numerous small human figures; some neatly arranged in groups, and some in lines of procession, enclosed within outlines of various forms and dimensions, somewhat resembling a diagram of the thoracic and abdominal viscera, in the trunk of a body, without a visible head or limbs, symbolising the present state of humanity as an imperfect collective organism on our globe.

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\* A spiritual drawing by G. Childs, Esq. Photographed by Henry Dixon, 112 Albany Street, Regent Park. Copies may be had at the Progressive Library, of three sizes and at various prices. A magnifying lens renders minute parts more distinct.

† At a little distance the drawing seems more like the map of a town and the country around than a map of the world, of human life and progressive evolution.

To the left of the central mass, at the lower outside corner, stands a female figure, representing Eve or the woman, in whose womb the human body is conceived and formed before it is born. To the right, on the other side, and at the upper angle, stand two archangels, clothed in pure white, who watch over and direct the whole movement of human beings in their earthly career, and in their disenthralment after death.

Within the central mass are several distinct circumscriptions; a general dark border (including the two directing angels) surrounds the whole trunk, and within this border is a lighter coloured general rim turning inwards at the lower part, connecting it with three main subdivisions, which are partly surrounded by a fourth enclosure. A continuous procession of individuals in pairs fills the outside rim of the compartment to the right, which seems to represent the succession of living beings in this world. Outside of this rim, and within the general border limits, are numbers of coffin-shaped forms resembling chrysalids, and representing the unburied bodies of the dead. Within the rim containing the line of procession in pairs, are two secondary subdivisions; one containing two grounds of dark spots, representing something unexplained, and the other representing a number of tomb-stones and spirits risen from the grave, visited by angels in pure white robes, descending from the directing throne.

The two main subdivisions on the left within the central mass, contain human figures, light and dark, arranged in groups or in lines of procession; some enclosed in ovals, and others within curved or convoluted lines. What these represent is not clearly seen; they seem to be secluded from each other in distinct ovals within one compartment, and associated in the other in continuous lines. There is a vast variety of groupings and distinctions indicated in the picture, and showing us how the spirits can convey ideas in a few symbolic words or forms, if we could only understand them. There is more indicated in profusion than we can explain, but a general conception may be obtained by a careful inspection of the drawing, which seems to represent the circulations of human souls through the lymbic, the natural, and the spiritual worlds of mortal and immortal life. This incarnative and decarnative circulation may or may not imply re-incarnation.

From the feet of the female figure on the left hand side, lines are drawn to all parts of the triune picture of natural, lymbic, and spiritual life. Lines ascend and descend from both feet to different places. Two lines surround the figure and ascend to a chaotic region above her head (which seems to represent the spiritual state of minds in this world), in which the figure of a priest or teacher is instructing a group containing the slightly indicated shapes of a woman and child.

From the right foot of the woman two general lines descend

in different directions; one on the left descends to a chaotic cloud below, containing many obscure indications of human figures, representing probably a spiritual lympo of life after death, and the other gradually fuses into a white line and goes directly through the lower border of the central map to the upper part of the womb-like scroll. Numerous white lines descend as streams of light from the feet of the two archangels with wings, to several star-like spots in the trunk, and some of these white lines radiate in various directions from one of seven large stars grouped together within an oval rim in the abdominal compartment. One of the white lines radiating from this group of seven stars descends in a convoluted form (becoming a thin dark line) to a small disc below, on which is inscribed a mark resembling the letter J. This disc seems to divide the darker spiritual lympo of departed souls on the left below, from a more luminous region of progressive spirits on the right.

A dotted cord-like white line seems to connect the line proceeding from the woman's feet to the embryonic scroll with the oval ring in which the two ruling archangels are located. Dotted white lines connect the other white lines with the chains of angels, who descend from the archangels to welcome the risen spirits amongst the tombs already mentioned. These white lines proceeding from the governing archangels to different centres of life in the natural world, and to spirits risen from the grave, denote providential supervision and control of the collective life and evolution of mankind.

The convolutions of a stronger sort of chain or cord connect the archangelic oval with a higher throne of spirits faintly indicated near the top of the picture on the right hand side, and this chain or chord is continued indefinitely to the left above. A similar strong chain runs from the same archangelic quarter across the upper part of the central map, proceeding upwards first, and then downwards to the left, traversing a strongly marked chaotic scroll work above the head of Eve, and connected with a small definite coil on a level with her feet. From this coil a stronger chain of heavy links descends into the spiritual lympo beneath, and separates it from the natural world above, and from the spiritual regions of progressive life to the right.

*Explanation.*—As the human body is formed of atoms, so the collective body of nations is formed of individuals; and as the atoms of the individual body derived from the blood are gradually associated into tissues and organs in the womb before the child is fully formed and born into the world, so the collective souls of humanity derived from an unseen world are gradually associated into families and corporations, towns and villages, provinces and national communities in the womb of time before the whole human race is completely organised as a collective unity,

and born into a conscious knowledge of its duties, as an instrument of divine Providence to cultivate the earth, and "make the desert blossom as the rose."

In the human foetus aggregations of organic cells and granules are formed into simple tissues, and these are variously folded and combined into simple organs, which are connected in series to form special apparatuses, such as that of the blood vessels, the air vessels, and the water vessels of the vascular system; the cranio-vertebral column, the ribs and the bones of the arms and legs in the osseous system; the muscles of head, trunk, and limbs in the muscular system; the central, intermediate, and peripheral nerves of the nervous system; the stomach, intestines, and lower bowels of the digestive system; the ovaries, the womb, and the breasts of the generative system, not to mention the five senses or special groups of organs of sensation which are associated with the different systems of the body to form one complex unity of organism.

All these are formed by metamorphic processes of evolution, and gradually brought together as an organic union in the womb before the child is born, so that the spiritual body clothes itself with matter by slow degrees, to form an instrument of physical activity, a heat-making machine, to perform physical work at the bidding of the mind within, as a locomotive automaton performs mechanical work under the control of the mind which governs it.

But what is a spiritual form, and how does it clothe itself with a natural body? This is a question which can only be answered by comparison and inference.

The known forms of matter are solid, liquid, and gaseous, and the same substances may assume any of these states. Water is known as solid ice, liquid water, and invisible vapour. Invisible gases permeate visible liquids and solids, and visible liquids permeate solids, so that one form of substance can penetrate into the pores of another, surrounding the constituent molecules in every direction as well as interpenetrating them. Invisible ether is much more subtle than invisible gas, and as gas can permeate liquids and solids, so invisible ether, like heat and light, may permeate, surround, and interpenetrate atoms of gaseous or liquid or solid substances of any kind; and thus the ethereal body of a spirit, in the process of incarnation, may surround, penetrate, and control material atoms, moulding them into organic cells and tissues, organs and systems, until a complex organism is formed; as a mechanician builds a locomotive engine for generating heat and converting it into mechanical work: or, as the vital force of tree, whatever that organic force may be, builds up the cells and tissues of wood and bark, leaves, flowers, and fruit of the vegetable organism. New

supplies of heat-generating substance are constantly required to sustain each of these automatic mechanisms in working order, without which they soon become paralysed and useless. The human body is an automatic organism of physiological life which may be sustained in a state of torpid vitality for a certain length of time, without conscious connection with the spirit in a state of deep sleep or trance, just as a tree lives by physiological vitality alone, during summer, as well as in the torpid state of hibernation during winter. The spiritual body lives either in the natural body, or apart from it, at times, within the limits of magnetic rapport during natural life, and can build organic cells and tissues, organs and systems, to form a physical organism, and sustain physiological life in the body by new supplies of food to replace waste matter in the living automaton, just as a mechanician builds, and feeds, and works a locomotive, or as a plant sustains vitality by absorption, circulation, respiration, &c.

The evolutive processes of formation in the womb are well explained in manuals of embryology, to which we refer the reader for details, observing merely that all the organs are formed more or less separately, in rudimental shapes at first, and gradually brought together in series and systems, until the whole body becomes one complex unit of organic life, and is born into the world to grow and prosper for a time, and then decay and disappear at death. All we need notice further here is, that the ethereal human form clothes itself with a material body as an instrument, and then the mind contrives other automatic instruments more powerful for work, such as guns and locomotive engines, hydraulic machinery, railways, electric telegraphs, &c. The whole human race forms a collective unit which clothes itself in terrestrial bodies first; then organises individual atoms of humanity into families and corporations, cities and communities, nationalities and national alliances or federations; and these collective bodies further organise and provide themselves with instruments of working power, more potent than the physical energies of men. A due proportion of the souls of spiritual humanity incarnates itself in terrestrial bodies to form a social organism, and then surrounds itself with an artificial organisation of automatic instrumentalities more powerful than living bodies. And as the work of individual incarnation is a work of time and progressive evolution, so the work of social evolution is a work of time and progressive transformation.

The terrestrial organisation of mankind is not yet far advanced towards collective unity, either socially or industrially. Nations are not united in holy alliances for peace and progress, nor are the external instrumentalities of intercourse and creative industry yet developed in every nation and in every quarter of the globe. The automatic wires or nerves of the social organism in the electro-

magnetic telegraph do not extend far beyond the limits of the most civilised centres of activity, and the railways and canals or channels of circulation for commerce and industry (analogous to the blood vessels of the human body) do not extend to all parts of the globe, and to all the families of mankind. These nerves and vessels of the social organism are not more developed than the nerves and vessels of an individual human fœtus during the third month of gestation; whence we infer that a week of centuries in the evolution of humanity is only equal to a week of days in the metamorphic evolution of an individual organism. "A thousand years are as one day with the Lord" in creating and governing the world. It is important, however, to know and understand the laws of organic evolution, and to obtain some notion of our present phase of progress, which is wonderfully pourtrayed in the symbolic picture in accordance with the present state of physiological and embryological science.

Sixty or a hundred centuries of sociogenetic evolution correspond, then, evidently to as many days of early embryonic evolution; and as we know all the phases of metamorphic change in a human fœtus, we may see how far collective evolution has progressed already from incipient chaos towards organic unity, and how much remains to be accomplished before the social organism of humanity can be born into a life of universal unity, peace, and happiness. As arithmetical progression may rule individual embryogenesis, so geometrical progression may rule collective sociogenesis, and proportionally increase the relative velocity of social evolution in its more advanced phases. As 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, &c., are to 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, &c., so may be the ratios of progress in these parallels of metamorphic evolution. The present century has made much more progress in wealth-creating power than the last, and, not improbably, the next generations may progress much more rapidly.

*Argument.*—This explanation may startle those who believe all kinds of force to be convertible with matter. All forces are associated with some kind of visible or invisible substance, in phenomenal existence; and whether convertible or inconvertible, there can be no doubt that, within given limits, automatic forces are controlled by human intellect.

Chemical forces are controlled by physiological forces in a plant, and chemical forces in the human body are controlled by automatic vital forces just as much as in a plant; and both these kinds of automatic forces are controlled in their mechanical work by the intellectual and moral forces of the mind or spirit. Not our automatic bodies only, as instruments of locomotion, but electric telegraphs and locomotive engines, the instruments of collective intercourse and locomotion, are constructed and controlled by human intellect.

The physical elements of living bodies and artificial locomotives are derived, for temporary uses only, from the matter and the automatic forces of the planet on which we live, and are not inherent in the human mind, which forms them and uses them as heat-making machines to convert the heat into motion for mechanical work.

The spiritual body may be able to convert light into mechanical motion in an ethereal medium, but requires a heat-generating body in the natural world. Physical science has already advanced thus far in accordance with the teaching of spiritual science and experience. The *cui bono*, or use of Modern Spiritualism (which is not a new religion, but a new reading of the gospel of truth), is to conciliate natural with spiritual laws and phenomena, to satisfy those minds which have renounced superannuated creeds and dogmas, and seek for more light on the laws of human nature and society. The word "miracle" requires a new interpretation, not as a fact contrary to natural law, but in accordance with it.

The churches which cannot receive new light from science and experience will pass naturally into a state of harmless senility, to embalm and conserve some ancient forms of truth, just as the mysteries of the astro-mythical religions of ancient Assyria and Egypt have been preserved to some extent in lodges of Freemasonry, after the spiritual religion of the Israelites had supplanted them in the East. The Jewish nation in its turn was scattered by Pagan Rome, and the Bible supplemented by the Gospel. Protestant communities have abandoned Popery, and introduced civil and religious liberty; but some sects are manifesting signs of decrepitude, while others newly born are growing with new life and vigour, to promote the onward evolution of the race, which moults dead languages, religions, and governments, with obsolete laws, customs, and beliefs of sects and communities, as it throws off and buries the dead bodies of each passing generation of individuals, some holding long and others short leases of organic life, while none exceed the allotted limits of a natural career, in the successive generations of individual and collective organisms.

The truth of all religions becomes gradually overlaid with crusts of rigid dogmatism, which have to be cast off continuously, that principles may reappear untrammelled, as the world progresses from one phase to another in the social and religious evolution of humanity; and hence it is that Spiritualism reappears, with its "miracles," in Christendom as a new reading of the Christian Gospel of religious faith and life. A spiritualist may commune with Freemasons, Druids, Jews, and Christians in all countries, or worship with his own family at home, or in his own heart alone with God, yet not alone, in full view of the spiritual world.

H. D.

P.S.—All religious sects believe in a future life, and these pages are addressed to believers in the immortality of the soul; but unbelievers may cavil at some of our definitions and explanations. What is meant by the words *force* and *ether*? We will define our meaning:—

$$\left. \begin{array}{l} 1. \text{ Time, ..... } \\ 2. \text{ Space, ..... } \\ 3. \text{ Substance, } \end{array} \right\} = \text{Mass, } \left. \begin{array}{l} \\ \\ 4. \text{ Motion, ..... } \end{array} \right\} = \text{Velocity :}$$

thus time, space, substance, and motion are conditions of life in nature; space and substance are implied in the word *mass*; time and motion are implied in the word *velocity*; the word “force” means mass and velocity, in a mechanical sense, and these are controlled by intellect, which is a mode of motion, *sui generis*, and represents another *kind of force* than mechanical force. Something fills universal space which is more subtile than the solid earth, the liquid ocean, and the gaseous atmosphere of our globe; and this invisible something is called *ether*, as an hypotheticalal substance, known by the phenomena of heat and light as modes of motion.

## CONCLUSION ON LIGHT AND ITS CORRELATES.

It is time I should bring my letters on this subject to a close; possibly I have transgressed somewhat beyond limits, but have been induced to give more attention to the subject than I first contemplated, fully aware of the high order of interest the study of light possesses.

What has been said brings us to the final consideration of the dynamic properties of light, and its translation into other forms of force—such as electricity, heat, magnetism; each ruled by distinctive laws, nevertheless analogous in their character; and more marvellous yet, each of these forces producing, under given conditions, one or more of the correlated forces. I use the term ordinarily employed, though I feel all but tempted to substitute another expression, more descriptive of the true character of these properties of the physical dynamic powers. Accompanying the action of these is motion; it is essentially an exponent of their presence: for instance, we cannot conceive of light without movement; nor sound, unless by the vibration of the medium conducting the wave of sound. The divergence of the electrometer, the deflection of the magnetic wheel, the revolution of the electrical wheel, or chemical affinity, changing in its process particles of matter, all belong to one class of

phenomena, which can only be conceived when accompanied by motion. Mere friction will produce heat, or in other words, mere mechanical action will translate itself into other forces—become converted into caloric.

The well-known experiment of Mr Joule, with paddles set in motion in a bath of water or mercury, proves that friction causes an elevation of temperature; and though subsequent tests have varied in their result, the fact of heat being generated in the stated proportions in fluids has been established beyond question. But the friction of solid substances is even more remarkable. Homogeneous bodies produce, by contact, heat; heterogeneous bodies produce electricity; following electricity, magnetism is created at right angles to the electrical currents. I am now speaking of the magnetic flow through an ordinary horse shoe of soft iron. The magnetic currents of the earth, the magnetic needle and its deflections to the poles of the earth, are phenomena of a kindred nature, but do not at present come before us. These have been examined by Bache, Matteuci, Forbes, Quetelet, Erman, Gauss, the latter whose theory of terrestrial magnetism I especially draw attention to. The properties of magnetism, however, belong to the inquiry I have to grapple with. Magnetism produces, through the medium of electricity, heat, light, and chemical affinity—it will even do more than this: it will deflect, according to Faraday, a ray of polarised light; and Mr Marrión discovered that when iron or steel is rapidly magnetised, a sound is produced; and Mr Joule's experiment is even more startling, iron magnetised elongates.

I have thus before me, in my laboratory, within reach of experiments we can repeat at will, the great marvellous phenomena of the translation of light. Taking this force—for I may be allowed to designate it as such, it is nought else as the initiative quantity of the solar power—and first manifested as light, we have light producing magnetism, motion. The rotation of our globe is dependent on the action of light; for it may be conceived that its operation, sunning the half of the globe at a time, causes a negative change on the semisphere, producing repulsion, motion; and in the dispersion of the flow of the magnetic stream, the north and south currents of terrestrial magnetism, at right angles to the direct line of direction, we witness an exponent of this law. Possibly for this reason, the magnetic poles are not the true poles of the sphere, and possibly the shift of the magnetic poles may be in connection with this law of influx of light, deflecting at right angles from the equator as the earth rotates round its axis. I am not burdening your readers with the consideration of these laws—perhaps the most wonderful of all that surrounds us—without an object.

My desire is to show that the dynamic properties of light are all but boundless; that the translation of forces meets us at every point; and that, accepting solar light to be the primary motive agency, we have this astounding fact before us—that a mere undulation, a vibration of an unseen ether element, a wave point, a something I cannot weigh or grasp, is yet so potent that it will uplift all the mountain chains and ocean beds of this globe we live on, and hurl them through space.

Take in illustration the mighty “locomotory” agent “heat.” Light arrested, passed through a transparent and denser medium; a prism refracts light; colours are formed, each possessing different heating properties. The rays of sunbeams focalised by a lens will burn wood fibre and smelt gold, so constant an attendant is heat on light. We know of no form of light, unless accompanied by heat. Here, then, the immediate translation of a luminous wave point into a force—into a great power. The laws that regulate the action of heat are very similar to those that light obeys; and refraction, reflection, and even polarisation of heat, submit to the same rules that regulate light. The spectro analysis, to which Fraunhofer, and, of later days, Kirchhoff, Brunsen, Huggins, have devoted so much attention, show us that at every step on each field of the spectrum light changes into heat; alters, translates into another phase of power; becomes chemical in its action; takes a higher or lower temperature, strictly in accordance with the colour assumed. Heat invariably accompanies chemical affinity—that force by which bodies of different character combine together, producing new compounds. We have thus heat, chemical affinity, resulting from light. But more, electricity follows as an immediate sequent to the latter, and electricity produces magnetism, and magnetism, though static in its nature, transmutes into motion under given conditions, and will again produce electricity, or change the temperature of bodies, according to Dr Maggi, or lengthen a bar of iron, as already mentioned.

Now what are these agencies of nature, and without whose aid none of its mighty operations could be proceeded with—operations which, in their revolution of constant recurrency, bring life and food to all that is material and phenomenal; these great nurses of kind creative nature, who nourish the material on the bosom of an unseen, unmeasured, unweighed world? There is no denying that this iron-bound matter, the heavy ponderable material, is ruled by unseen ether waves—nay, more, transmuted into these forms of force on its passage from one condition to another. The formative and resolute processes of nature, in the creation of the material, all obey the law of the dynamic forces, from which matter has arisen. For I maintain

that that which we designate as material is but a form, an expression, an exponent of the ether element, from which all this many-coloured materiality, varied in shape and consistency, has arisen.

The intro-existing ether world is so near us, so constant in its action, we cannot move nor see without its pulsate of luminiferous ether waves. The transition from this state into the ponderable—the transmutation to that state from the ponderable, speak in unmistakable language of a world of mighty, all-present, all-permeating intro co-existencies, that have created this world, and which, could they be but stayed a moment in their action, made to withhold for an instant the supplying nourishment, the influx of feeding powers, the cataclysm of a final day, which the superstition of an infantine mind has accepted from a cunning priesthood, would come to pass. But happily for them, happily for us, this great God-created world is an harmonious whole—a totality of which we form a part, and hence indestructible. Am I, then, saying too much if I maintain that we who have accepted the truth of an ether wave, of an unseen power, of such might that it can hurl this little world our feet are glued to round its sunny centre, hold the sun itself in its place, peal forth in the full chorus of voices of billions of suns, as they travel onward through space, the praise of these great laws, the ether intro-existences, that undulate into space in waves, and pulsate the life-throb of the created, sustaining the ponderable and visible—am I saying more than is needed if I assert that we Spiritualists are right in asserting, as a proven fact—proven by the evidence of our senses, proven by the higher evidence of our reason, resting upon proofs science has furnished, founded upon convictions of our inner self, a conviction cradled upon the arms of religious faith—that there does *absolutely co-exist*, act with, and support this world, an intro co-existing ether world, that has sent its messenger Light to tell us of its presence?

And with these remarks I will conclude, and in doing so claim but one word of apology for having said so much, but the necessity of the case warranted the space I have taken. We Spiritualists are accused of lack of scientific proof. I could fill volumes with such taken from the pages of Huyghens, Fresnel, Brewster, Biot, Faraday. They have all accepted the presence of the unseen, the ether wave, as a great fundamental law of nature—have all worshipped the unseen agencies of life—those mighty parents that have created the ponderable and visible. It is their power and presence the Spiritualist admits in accepting the truth of the marvellous phenomena the present age is offering to mankind to learn from. HONESTAS.

Dec., 1868.

## THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

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

## THE AUGEAN STABLE.

REFORM BY THE PROCESS OF REVOLUTION.

It is a prevalent misapprehension that the violence of a crisis is adequate demonstration of its being forced and unnatural; for, whether in moral or physical disease, there is a stage of aggravation which can only be remedied by a supreme effort. Mild processes and gentle applications will no longer suffice. The malady has passed beyond the reach of such simple means, and nothing now remains but death or cure—the former being imminent unless the latter be immediate. Under such circumstances, nature delights to gather up all her powers for a conflict with the unrelenting foe, and, like some desperate gamester, casts all upon the hazard of a die, where the only alternative is renovation or destruction.

Reform or revolution, such is the choice presented to every body politic that has arrived at a certain stage of corruption and degeneracy. If the evil be taken in time, before it has hopelessly destroyed the efficiency of existing institutions, or utterly sapped the virtue and patriotism of the upper and ruling classes, it may be removed by reform; but if the functional vigour of the state, and the public spirit of its leading citizens, be lost, then revolution is the only resource. The effete constitution of things can only undergo the necessary process of restitution by the terrible ordeal of death, as the price of a glorious resurrection. The Augean Stable of iniquity and injustice, that despised the influence of public opinion, and either perverted law, or set its edicts at defiance, is at last swept out by the violence of a revolutionary flood, whose waters are, alas! but too often tinged with blood.

At other times, the cleansing flood is not so much revolution from within as conquest from without. The gangrene of corruption has diffused itself from the upper to the lower classes, from the agents to the instruments of vice, until at last society becomes thoroughly and hopelessly demoralised throughout its entire mass, and in all its varied relations. There is not only a want of public principle but private virtue—the corruption which has long pervaded the state having now entered the family, so that the shekinah no longer burns on that holy of holies, the last retreat of purity among men, the domestic hearth. The ties of marriage are disregarded, parental duties are neglected, filial love and obedience are almost unknown, and so the sanctities having fled, the angel of destruction is invoked to purge the earth of an iniquity no

longer endurable. It was thus that the voluptuous Babylonians fell before the comparatively simple Medes, when Belshazzar and his nobles saw that handwriting on the wall, which premonished them of their doom at the hands of Darius and his Persians. What, indeed, was the fall of any of the ancient empires, but the cleansing of an Augean Stable of social abomination and political corruption, the longer continuance of which would have been fraught with present injury and future danger to the best interests of humanity?

And are we to suppose that these terrible processes of purification have ceased? Are dead branches no longer lopped off? Are barren fig-trees not cut down? Are tares no longer cast into the fire? This were indeed a foolish imagination, whereto history gives no countenance. What was "the decline and fall of the Roman empire," but a repetition of the Babylonian tragedy by new actors upon another stage? And did this stupendous collapse of bloated power and putrid refinement close the list of catastrophes, to which the abuse of authority and the misuse of privilege are the sure precursors? Are there no Augean Stables now in the world, awaiting the resistless flood of revolution, or the destructive deluge of war, to cleanse them of their impurities, and rid mankind of their abominations? The fate of Constantinople and the French Revolution give no support to such an idea; for they show that Hercules has not yet forgotten his vocation, or fallen short of his power, and that, whether under Heathenism or Christianity, the moral law of retributive justice is still fulfilled with the undeviating regularity that attends every divine edict, which, being founded on the nature of things, cannot be otherwise than for ever.

As, then, the past is the mystic mirror of the future, we shall not perhaps wholly lose our time in directing attention to some of those evils which threaten us with a fate akin to that of our predecessors, the former possessors of wealth and civilisation, and the earlier heirs of empire and distinction. In a sense it may be said that the entire world is at present more or less an Augean Stable, demanding an Herculean reformer for its effectual renovation. Let us glance at its religious condition. What can we say of Buddhism, with its consecrated amulets, and its rotatory contrivances for the saying of prayers by machinery, but that, despite its maxims of mercy and morality, it has degenerated into a puerile superstition, calculated only to retain its ignorant devotees in a condition of permanent childhood. And what shall we say of Brahmanism, with its grovelling idolatry, second only to that of ancient Egypt, but that, despite the subtlety of its metaphysics, and the sublimity of its esoteric doctrines, it is practically an

obstacle to the advancement of its votaries, whether into that higher knowledge or purer life, which the slow progress even of Asiatic existence at last demands. And although Mohammedanism, with its monotheistic creed, implying a spiritual God, omniscient, omnipotent, just and merciful, has higher claims on our regard, from its abstract principles; yet, judging of it according to that unerring test, "By their fruits shall ye know them," we find that it everywhere not only arrests progress, but conduces to desolation—the entire domain of the Crescent being at this moment little other than a moral desert. What can we say of such a creed, but that it is fossilized and effete, an oppressive burden to its professors, and a most serious impediment to the onward march of humanity. In very truth, all these Asiatic religions are hopelessly moribund, and merely await the advent of the destroying angel, to become subject matter for history.

As Christians, having our own especial area in the world, and our own peculiar standpoint in time, it is comparatively easy to see these truths in relation to others. That every creed save that of the Cross seems virtually defunct, is thundered from our church pulpits, proclaimed from our missionary platforms, and embodied in our religious literature. It is a truth of which no good Christian has the shadow of a doubt. But when you come to apply the same principles of judgment to his own hereditary faith, he very naturally pauses, hesitates, and withholds his assent to a condemnation so universal that it boasts of no exception. It is true that your zealous Protestant reflects with unspeakable satisfaction on the impending destruction of the Church of Rome, that Aceldama of Christendom, that home of every unclean beast, most fitly personified by the scarlet lady, drunk with the blood of the saints, and holding in her hand a cup full of all unspeakable abominations! Of *her* fitness as an Augean Stable of ecclesiastical iniquities for the purifying process of a revolutionary flood, he has, of course, not the smallest doubt, and duly waits in faith and patience for the great day of account, that will see her stand trembling and aghast at the judgment-seat of God. While, conversely, your good Catholic regards the great Disruption of the West, the unholy schism of the sixteenth century, which destroyed the unity of Christ's visible church on earth, and crucified the Lord afresh, as not only the subtlest work of Satan, but as in itself that grand achievement of evil which was to result from the enemy of souls being loosed yet a little time, after his thousand years of unwilling detention in the bottomless pit, under the guardianship of Michael, and in the safekeeping of the Pope. Entertaining such a view of our origin, and holding, in addition, a thoroughly orthodox opinion

of sectarian divisions, it is no wonder that he regards us as on the high road to perdition, as existing simply on the long-sufferance of an all-merciful God, but doomed inevitably to utter destruction in the end, as a just retribution for our theological errors and ecclesiastical rebellion.

Now, without endorsing either view as based on reason and justice, we simply state them as farther evidence of the world-wide fact, that not only are all men sitting in judgment on all men, but that each distinctly marked section of religious believers regard every division save their own, as not only already doomed, but about to suffer almost immediate annihilation. Nor is this expectation of a universal judgment devoid of its logically correlative idea, a lively faith in the approaching advent of a Universal Judge. The Christian awaits the millennium, accompanied by the personal reign of Christ; the Jew expects his Messiah; the Mussulman anticipates the return of Mohammed; the Brahman regards the tenth, or great Avahtar of Vishnu, as already due; while the Buddhist equally believes in the speedy appearance of some unusually grand incarnation, which, like that of Heri or Gautama, will inaugurate the prophetically foretold restitution of all things. Now, what are these expectations of judgment, and these anticipations of deliverance, but the voice of universal man proclaiming the end of one era and the beginning of another; or, in classic phraseology, the cleansing of the Augean Stable of the past by the Herculean champion of the future, the purification and regeneration of the world by a revolutionary flood, that will achieve in a day what ages of isolated effort on the part of individual reformers could never have accomplished.

While religions are thus corrupt, it is no wonder that governments are effete, the source of weakness being the same in both—namely, their unsuitableness to the age, their inadaptation to the present condition, and their inadequacy to the existing requirements of society. Religions are not sufficiently enlightened and expansive, and governments are not sufficiently liberal and progressive, to satisfy the needs of living men. They are a bequest from the past, not an outgrowth from the present. They are dead branches of the living Ygdrasil, now in the very process of being lopped off by the relentless shears of destiny. Let us state the simple truth in this matter, without those euphuistic circumlocutions, whereby the force of a veracity is lost, from the polished feebleness of its enunciation.

What are existing governments? And we reply: the moss-covered ruins and ivy-mantled towers of a once heroic and commanding, but now hopelessly superannuated, past. They are all essentially Cæsarian in origin—that is, they began with

the power of the sword, they are based on force, and are simply a manifestation of the right of the strongest. This is only saying, in other words, that they were a product of barbarism, the embodiment not of moral, but military power; and as such, must cease in an age of intellectual civilisation. We see this in connection with the East. Nobody ever dreams that its dilapidated despotisms are permanent. From the Bosphorus to the Yellow Sea, we know that they are doomed, and we see that they are falling. It is simply a question of time when Asia will be relieved of her antiquated autocracy, which is now only the less endurable because it is enfeebled and inefficient. And what are the modified and now, for the most part, constitutional monarchies of Europe? We reply, that they are merely autocracy in transition. Let us clearly understand this matter. A constitutional monarchy is simply a republic, disguised with the trappings of royalty, in which a crowned semblance rides in the state-coach, while an uncrowned reality rules in the senate, where the king is not he who holds the golden sceptre, but he who wields the premier's pen. These are patent truths which everybody knows, though few care to proclaim them—"open secrets" that cannot be hidden, whether from the monarch or his subjects. And what are republics, whether of ancient or modern times? And we reply: organised anarchy, chaos, thinly veiled with the semblance of creation. They are simply government in negation, and so hastening faster or slower to that affirmative reaction which consists in the development of a military despotism.

But wherefore dwell on the shortcomings of religion or government, as if these were the only stalls in the Augean Stable imperatively demanding ablution. What is modern society, under many of its aspects, but a cesspool of corruption? With the exception of slavery, which of the great evils of heathen antiquity has it effectually redressed? War, crime, pauperism, and prostitution, are as rife under the Christian as under the Olympian dispensation. While our standing armies are the terror of the world, our streets are a disgrace to humanity. We enrol youth for slaughter, and devote beauty to dishonour. We profess to be governed by the law of love, while our entire commercial code is based on the principle of "enlightened self-interest." What is all this, but saying by detailed instances, that modern society is "an organised hypocrisy." And what was ever the end of such? Why, simply, that of all Augean Stables—to be swept out by the flood of revolution or conquest, leaving, like Babylon and Rome, but the wrecks of their splendour and the echoes of their greatness as a warning to posterity.

## 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 XLII.

ELEANORE and I breathed more freely as we watched her walking up the street, and at last she said: "It is an inestimable thing, is it not, to be so safely and humanely freed of her—poor child! But I have little hope of her future well-doing, Anna. Not that I think her actually base or depraved now—but her strong affection for this wretched murderer and seducer will carry her back to him, I fear, in spite of everything: in which case, we know too well the bitter lot before her. She will be degraded in her own esteem by that fatal step; upon this will shortly follow his scorn and brutal abuse—and, ah, what an existence will be hers then!"

"She seems to have been badly treated throughout, if her story be true—that she married to please her father and sister, and came here to please them, too, instead of following her own attractions. I think that is one of the greatest and most universal wrongs which woman suffers or does against herself, Eleanore—that trading in marriage—giving her freedom and self-respect for a support or a position, or feeling constrained to allow herself to be united for life to a man who is chosen for any reason but because, of all the world, he comes nearest her heart. This poor child already, young as she is, has been doomed, by that sin against herself, to immeasurable horrors and suffering."

"She is one of thousands, nay, millions of our sex, Anna, scattered over all the globe, against whom this fearful wrong is daily perpetrated in the names of prosperity, happiness, and love. I tremble for womanhood when I think how constantly it is outweighed in the balance against these poor, paltry shams and lies, and, going blindly into the balance, comes out, after a season, with eyes full open to its dreadful lot, struggling in vain against the fetters that have been thrown around it, and bleeding at every pore. It is fearful to consider what burdens we assume in the blindness of our ignorance, and have to bear through all our subsequent life, or to throw off with an effort greater, even, than our endurance. Consider for a moment how society treats a woman, who, knowing in her soul that she is shamed and tortured in her marriage, seeks to cast the yoke that becomes at last intolerable; and consider how men, high and low, from honourable seignors to such mis-

creants as this, do almost ever regard one who takes such a position. Forgetting that Nature speaks in her bosom, as well as their own—forgetting that a slavery which they would loathe themselves for submitting to, may be as galling to her—forgetting that her soul, too, must grow, if at all, in freedom like theirs, how coolly and cruelly worldly men and happy women can set down such to neglect and coldness and scorn! They have, in the judgment of society, committed the unpardonable sin in asserting their self-respect, and they become, in consequence, fair targets for the sneers and the arrows of every heartless or scoundrel marksman who chooses to entertain himself at their expense.

“But do not ask me to say what I feel toward men who are capable of the baseness of deliberately casting a woman out of the citadel of her social relations. No language which I could use would convey an idea of the execration in which I hold such, and the monster we call Society, when I see it smiling on them. If I thought my son could ever grow to a manhood so base as would let him deliberately set about winning a woman’s love, careless whether it might be shame or glory to her, I could rejoice to see him buried a child. The highwayman or burglar is noble in comparison with such! And yet there is no punishment or hindrance for these men, if they stop short of murder. “In other countries than this the law would hang this creature for stabbing a man, but would scarce lay its finger upon him for the greater crime of destroying the poor girl. In England, if he were rich, he would be made to pay a price for the chattel he robbed the husband of, but everywhere society, with very scanty exceptions, would open as wide its arms to him after, as before the deed. Few fathers and mothers would hesitate to invite him, for their sons to emulate and their daughters to admire.

“It is the crying sin of our civilization—this against the love of woman. It hurls yearly into the dark ranks of the irredeemable, hundreds, if not thousands, of the best natures of our sex. Love is a woman’s life and nobleness. Humble intellects, penetrated and vivified by a pure and self-respecting affection, are often the most beautiful and harmonious spirits in the circles where they belong. Women are called angels, and there is a truth at the root of that hyperbole, as of all others, for there is nothing nearer to our conception of the angelic than a loving, tender-souled woman. To draw her down to shame through this high attribute of her nature, is a treachery so base and damnable, that one continually wonders why the ages have not stamped it as the one ineffaceable infamy of a man’s life!”

“That is a question I have often considered,” said I. Why is it true that all you say may be, and is continually done, in all the countries of Christendom, and of the whole earth, for aught I know—an enormous

and recognised sin—without any human penalty attached to it, or any that is worth so naming?”

“Because,” she said, “society proceeds upon two opposite assumptions in regard to woman—one, that she is inferior to man, and the other, that she is superior to him. Both are true, too; but the inferiority—which is in the personal and lower life, and which will ultimately constitute her highest appeal to his nobility of soul—has been, and, alas! still is, the universal appeal to his perverted and degrading selfishness; while the eminence that he concedes to her in love and the whole affectional nature, is the theme of his poetry and the unsuspecting minister to his baseness.

“I do believe, though, Anna, that this wrong has had its day. I believe that women are receiving preparation for a clearer and truer development, and that shame will not henceforth be the fruit of their highest life to so many thousands of women.”

“I would hope so,” was my slow response; “but I confess I see no very decisive indications of that good time.”

“Day does not dawn in a moment,” she replied. “If ever you have watched the eastern sky in the hour when night was folding his dark pinions in the west, you have rather accepted the approach of light as an undemonstrated than a visible fact, so faint were its first advances. By-and-bye came manifest gleams, shooting hither and thither; afterward palpable bars of illumination, which spread into a radiant whole at last, and the day was inaugurated. Our horizon has as yet only gleams of the coming time, but they are, I think, unmistakable, and whoever lives to see the twentieth century ushered in, will, I believe, find our sex on a vantage-ground of true freedom and self-sustaining development, which will prove the first step in such a social revolution as time has never yet seen.

“I feel a prophetic fire warming me, Anna, when I think of the future of woman. I am so entirely convinced of her superiority in the scale of being, and that, with the gentleness, piety, and love, which characterise her more angelic nature, she is to lead in the civilisation of the coming ages, that my hope of her era is boundless.”

“Do you, indeed, receive that extraordinary doctrine, Eleanore? I should scarcely have suspected you of it. To my judgment it seems to belong to minds of less reason and greater capacity of fanatical warmth than I have attributed to you.”

“That is because you misconceive the truth of it and its relations. It rests upon irrefutable proofs, both material and spiritual, which we have not time to consider now, for they are linked in a beautiful chain, which may be touched in every backward era, from this day to the

creation, and the truth itself, coming to us, now is—contradictory as it may appear to superficial observation—the chief element in solving and harmonizing the mystery and discord of the past. It enables me to understand, better than ever before, the hard and bloody features of strife, revenge, and violence, which have come out upon, and made apparently hideous, the human career. The first ages of Progress were necessarily material; they were inevitably man's—man's, as distinguished from woman, I mean: he being the material worker—the inventor, the discoverer, and the warrior; disposed in his nature, and well able by his strong body to carry his conquests into every kingdom where they were needed. In all this our sex was undeniably secondary and inferior; and if human progress were to be an endless succession of physical labours, inventions, discoveries, and wars, we should be doomed to remain so. But it is not; and whenever, by man's work on those planes, the race shall have reached a condition in which higher and gentler and more divine dominations are needed, these being woman's, she will come naturally and harmoniously to exercise them. And they will be more potent and catholic than man's have been, in so far as spirit is more diffused than matter, and love more irresistible than war."

"You do not claim, then, that women are superior logicians or more powerful reasoners than men?"

"No; but reason is not the most divine attribute of humanity, nor is logical power its most godlike development. Neither of these was the distinguishing trait of the divine Nazarene. Nor do I mean that they are superior in the executive capacities; nor merely in the intuitions, which men, however jealous of their sovereignty, universally concede to us; but I mean greater elevation in the scale of being—higher offices, and relations of greater power to the life which flows from and surrounds our own."

"Something—an inference, if not a conclusion—in favour of your argument," said I, "it seems to me, might be drawn from the state of things we see here—the swift and fearful degeneracy of these men, separated from the conservative and refining influence of women."

"Yes," she replied, quickly, "for no one believes that women of the same rank would fall thus, under like circumstances. Did it ever occur to you, Anna, that we *praise* a strong, rugged man, when we say earnestly and feelingly of him, that he is like a woman, or is womanly in his nature? We express, by the words, a noble manhood, with a woman's tenderness or love or endurance added thereto; but when it is said of a woman that she is manly, or like a man, how one's heart recoils! This, I think, is because we feel delight in seeing the higher

embodied in the lower : but it pains us to see that the truest verdict we can pronounce upon the higher, is, that it is like the lower."

"Yet, Eleanore," said I, a little startled by what her statements would lead to, "there certainly are very few women who are, in elevation of life, in earnestness, and in the expression, either by deeds or words, of the loftier sentiments, comparable to great numbers of men. You must acknowledge that, I am sure."

"Yes, with pain and grief; but it does not hurt my argument, because woman has not been acknowledged or proved in the position I claim for her. She has been always the slave of man—more or less abject, according to his position, but ever the slave; permitted this liberty and denied the other; educated by his prejudices—warped and belittled by his ignorance: not criminally or cruelly on his part, but inevitably, because of his ignorance and darkness—he the active and she the passive agent of her own feebleness and degradation."

"And what," I asked, "is to make their relation different now?"

"The light that has come into the world, Anna," replied my friend, "and that which is coming. We have heretofore bowed to man's sovereignty, because physical power has been the proof of superiority, and he has had the bone and muscle to assert and defend this for himself; while we have scarcely inquired whether it was the highest evidence of his claim, or whether the progress for which we hope could be the fruit of such rule so maintained. Man, first, laying the material substrata of life—woman, last, uprearing on these solid foundations of reason, science, and system, the beautiful ideals where truth and love shall dwell in religious harmony with us."

"Your ideas would meet with little welcome," said I, "in the world of men, or of women either, I fear."

"But that would be no proof of their unsoundness, Miss Warren. There will be a certain displeasure toward them at first, I have no doubt, because a preposterous notion is entertained, since this question has arisen, that, whichever sex shall prevail in the war, the other must be humiliated by its victory. We have been wronged and injured by the supremacy of man, and he naturally distrusts us. He has not learned that they who are superior in truth, in love, and in real elevation, *cannot* enslave inferiors; as a man's best powers cannot enslave his baser appetites. But setting all minor considerations aside, see how much *more* the female principle is to all life, than the male. The relation and power of the one is momentary and undignified by any lofty sense of use and patient service to the coming being. Throughout the organic world, reproduction, which is the highest function of life, is the paramount law and service of the maternal

principle. Beauty, which is the highest material expression of life, is generally its concomitant ; and organic nurture and development, which stand next to God's power in creating, are its chief employment and grandest happiness. The mother-bee produces all the innumerable young, and the drones perish when their very temporary office has been filled. The mother-bird rejoices through her long incubation in the happiness which is to come ; and if her mate sings a sweeter song than she does, is it not that, by that lower performance, he may cheer and lighten her sacred one ? ”

“ That is quite a new, and not flattering view,” said I, laughing, “ of Cock Robin and Bob-o-link's sweet gifts.”

“ But it is a true one, Anna, I am sure,” answered my friend, with undisturbed seriousness. “ The highest instinct of all unprogressive life, it seems to me, is to preserve to itself the perfection which God has given it. The loftiest purpose that progressive life can entertain, lies beyond this : and both are intrusted to the mother. The father comes nearest to her power, and most entirely seconds it, when, by careful tendance upon her, he sustains in all her life, interior and exterior, the fullest vigour and most harmonious play ; when he gives her conditions of health, freedom, and self-respect ; surrounds her with the beautiful, the pure, and the noble ; and, by his superior strength and intellect, commands the world for this creating mother, of whom he is the care-taker. Thus his position is secondary and ministrant to hers, which comes first after God's. I believe in this superiority of my sex, Anna, everywhere, from the highest to the lowest. Do not you ? ”

“ Certainly, dear Eleanore. It cannot, I think, be disputed ; but it is not often that one gets back of the conventionalities and errors of the ages, to take a clear view from Nature's stand-point. In all the vexed and stinging discussion one hears and participates in, we are too apt to stop at our own door, or not to look beyond our grandmother's usages, into the past. It seems to me that no man or woman would reject this interpretation of God's purposes in regard to the sexes. It is too evidently true.”

“ Yet, dear, there is no practical adoption of it anywhere. If there were, all the freedom that their nature could use would be at once accorded by all rational men to women. They would not fear to remove restrictive laws from their statute-books ; on the contrary, they would become sensible of the wrong of ever having placed them there, and they would hasten to repair, by their just recognition of it, the injuries which the sex and society have both sustained in the ages that are past. The proudest achievements of man, in art, in statesmanship, in science, in discovery, in invention, in all that proclaims his civilization, can

minister to no higher purpose in this life, surely, than this one of developing and elevating woman to true and right conditions for maternity. The noblest woman, in all senses, is the best mother, as the noblest man is the best father; and the universe contains no legacy equal to that which such parents give to their children."

"But all women are not mothers, Eleanore."

"I know and lament that, dear friend; but the fact makes no weight against the argument. It strengthens it, rather; for the woman to whom the power and joy of motherhood are denied, is, if possible, the more entitled thereby to all else that life can give her. Its richest riches, exclusive of this, can only mitigate that unfortunate lot. Is it not so, dear? Would any advantage which you could reap in strife with the world—any fortune, power, or distinction—still the demands of your heart? Dear Anna, I know how large a woman-soul there is pent up in this slender form, and I know how bitterly it suffers in this perpetual denial of its strongest instinct. But you do not the less demand all that I could enjoy or appropriate nobly in the exercise of motherhood. Because one calamity has fallen on you, I would not condemn you to all others—to a withered, narrow life, cut off from the sympathies, uses, and respects to which all pure life is entitled. You call yourself an 'old maid;' but if women enjoyed the freedom and recognition I ask for them, there would be none or few such; and they, if good, would be objects of strong sympathy and earnest respect, instead of such feelings as are commonly entertained toward them. But I have talked you to tears, and we will say no more to-day on these subjects."

#### CHAPTER XLIII.

THAT day completed our second month, and Eleanore, in the evening, told me she was unwilling to commence on another, if we could see any quieter way of earning a livelihood. "I have been watching the papers lately, Anna," said she, "for anything that might offer a better position to us; and though I have not found it for both, I have faith to believe that it may come by-and-by."

"For both!" I said; "have you, then, seen something that would do for yourself?"

"No, dear, but for you, in to-day's *Alta*. Here it is, and if you think of it, you had better answer to-morrow morning."

It was an advertisement for a teacher in Stockton. Applicants would get further information by applying at that office.

"And if I should go," said I, "what would you do?"

"I would get a situation as governess, if I could—perhaps in some Spanish family." Her eyes filled as she spoke, but she brushed the

tears indignantly away, and said: "I am not so weak as this makes me seem, but I cannot think of our separating, dear friend, without pain, and almost dismay."

"Nor I; and we will not. Something will come, if we are only a little patient. Let us remain where we are yet a few days, and be watchful."

"I told young Peters," said Eleanore, "this morning, that I did not think we should, either of us, wish to stay longer than till they could supply our places. You know we felt alike about it yesterday evening, Anna."

"Yes, and I feel so still; but I am loth to look for an employment that will separate us at once, and leave you idle. I almost feel you could not do so well without me."

"And you are right, my dear, good sister; I could not; but I must not hinder your prosperity. Go in the morning, and see what you can learn about this place. Perhaps you could engage it, and yet have a week or a fortnight here; in which case, we could remain a little longer without inconvenience. If it is a situation where you can be well paid for the labour you ought to be doing, instead of this drudgery, I could not be content to have you lose it for my sake."

So it was agreed, with a good many sad words, that we should, the next day, begin to take steps looking toward a separation of our ways.

In the morning, Mr John Harding came to settle his account, and have some further conversation respecting Caroline. Eleanore told him that she had gone to the Marsden's who would be prudent and kind in their dealing with her, and that she hoped a few weeks' quiet, under the pure and friendly influence of Mrs Marsden, would restore her to her right mind, and prepare her to return to her friends at home.

He was of the opposite opinion, however, but made no warm argument about it.

Eleanore requested him to deposit the money he had promised for her support, to the account of Mr Marsden, or some other person whom he might prefer, as there was a probability she and I might both be elsewhere before it would be drawn.

"Are you going away, then?" he asked.

"We do not expect to remain here much longer," was her reply.

"Going to the country?"

"Perhaps so. We are not fully decided yet. In any case, it might be a serious inconvenience to either of us to feel any further responsibility in this matter. All that we can do in a friendly way for the poor girl, we will; but the business part can be better attended to by some

one who is settled here. I hope you will not abandon the good you purposed toward her," said Eleanore, seeing his countenance change, 'in consequence of this necessity.'

"No; I promised you she should have the money, and so she shall—to go home with, if she wants to. But she won't do it; you will see that she won't."

"That is possible," said Eleanore; "but you will always have the satisfaction of reflecting that, so far, you acted right."

"So far!" he echoed. Isn't that enough? What else could I do?"

"You could see her, Mr Harding, and by a little gentleness of speech and manner, mitigate the pain and horror under which she now labours. You, more than any one here, could make her feel that she is not for ever separated from all hope in those who have hitherto made her world. You could make her respect your nobleness, and lead her to think of some other refuge than among the guilty and outcast, to whom, I fear, her weakness now inclines her."

He heard her with silent amazement. "Really, ma'am," he said, after a pause, when she had ceased speaking, "you surprise me. I should not have expected anybody to speak so to me about her. She ought, I think, to ask my forgiveness."

"She hasn't the courage," said Eleanore quickly. "She is a child, overwhelmed and crushed by horrors she never before dreamed of, but which, if she is not very tenderly cared for, she may grow familiar with in the years to come. If you will permit me to advise you a little, sir, I would urge you to go to her and make her feel, that, though she has done very wrong, she is not a monster, and that return to the path she has left is yet possible. You should remember, Mr Harding, that the great guilt here is a man's; I mean the first guilt—not that alone which struck the murderous blow—and that this young creature was thrown, by the injudiciousness of your brother and her friends, unguarded into his power. If I could be utterly unrelenting toward any human being, it would be such a monster as he is, but not his victim."

Mr Harding rose, and took a turn across the office. Then he stopped at the window, with his hands in his pockets, and looked out. At last he turned, and walking up to the desk, where Eleanore was engaged in making up the accounts, that should have been finished on Saturday evening, said, with his face slightly flushed and confused: "I will go, Mrs Bromfield, because you make me feel that I must. Nobody else could, though. Where is the house she has gone to?"

She gave him the direction, and said: "Inquire, when you get in the neighbourhood, for Mr Marsden's house. Anybody there will show it you. And, pray, say some kind word to Caroline for me."

“And tell her,” I added, “that, if it is possible, I will come up and see her to-day or to-morrow.”

“There,” said Eleanore, after he was gone, “that is something gained for him, if it does not save her—of which, I think, there may yet be a hope. She naturally thinks of this miscreant, should he escape, as her only refuge and protection. This visit may draw her thoughts in another direction, and, with the helps she will otherwise get, *may* lead her to see the future more truly than she does now, and to appreciate more correctly her relation to persons. Now, dear Anna, I must send you off, for you must not fail to see what they want in Stockton—and get a little time to stay with me, if you can. Mr Peters will be here by noon, his brother thinks. I shall speak to him at once and then I shall feel free to go also, in search of other employment.”

By a rare coincidence, I met at the office of the newspaper the person who had inserted the advertisement. We had a talk, which seemed quite satisfactory to him, and was entirely so to me, and I engaged to commence my school a fortnight from that day. I would not say less, though he urged it, because I would not risk the necessity of leaving Eleanore, until there had been time to look about for her settlement. As it was, I returned very heavy-hearted, thinking of her, and not at all of myself. She was very much pleased when I told her what I had done, and we began at once to make the most of the time that was left us, by canvassing the possibilities of the future and reviewing the past.

When Mr Harding came in the afternoon to take his leave he expressed a great deal of interest in both of us, with thanks for our kindness—especially Eleanore’s—in having shown him what he ought to do. His visit to Caroline had made him a happier man. She was very grateful for it, and Mr Marsden had promised to write him sometimes how she went on, till the trial, when he should be in the city himself, and hoped to see us again. He parted from Eleanore very reluctantly, and lingered till the last moment for reaching the wharf, in hope, as I saw, of an opportunity to speak to her alone. But her eye kept me there. She did not look at me once in a noticeable way, but I could not go out of the room till he was gone.

“There is a good deal of latent nobility in that soul,” said Eleanore; “pity some congenial and more developed one should not cultivate and educate it.”

“Yes,” I replied, “and I think he would be quite willing to put himself in certain hands, that would do it efficiently.”

“May be,” she said, “but do not speak of it. I am weary of such experiences here, and of the thoughts they bring to me. They make common the most sacred things of life.”

## MESMERISM AS A CURATIVE AGENT.

IN conducting a magazine like this, both editors and contributors are apt to forget that they have readers at all stages of knowledge in regard to the subjects treated. We must also remember that there is a growing class of people (however much to be regretted) who depend for the greater part of their information on the periodicals of the day. They can't be troubled reading heavy, formal books on science. It is important, then, that the elementary parts of our subjects be brought before them occasionally.

The above thoughts were suggested to me by conversations with some of our readers, and a perusal of the learned discussions on Spiritualism and Mesmerism which have been appearing of late. In these debates, various things are postulated, especially by the mesmerists, which are almost unknown to many readers; so that they are unable to fully appreciate the value of the arguments. Thus, we have the spiritual theory of pre-vision, thought-reading, and such like, met with the statement that these are quite common phenomena to experienced mesmerists. And when the spiritualist talks of a "healing medium," the mesmeric devotee smiles sympathisingly at what he considers the ignorance of his spiritual friend.

The spiritualists have not been slow in making use of this magazine to present *their* facts to the public, so that regular readers know pretty well the various weapons in their armoury. But, strange to say, very few mesmeric facts have been recorded, perhaps under the idea that they were already well known, and would be considered commonplace. But I am sorry to find, from experience, that such is not the case. At the risk, then, of wearying some of the more experienced mesmeric readers, I intend, as time and space permit, to give a few of the facts common to mesmeric operators; holding, as I do, that no spiritualist can be a philosophic defender of his system who is not well posted up in mesmerism.\* I shall draw as much as possible from my personal experience, and from the records of our local mesmeric society; so that I may be able to vouch for the authenticity of the statements made. The most common aspect of the phenomena is that indicated in the heading of this paper; and as it is the most practical, and thought by many to be that most easily understood, I shall give a few instances of its power, and then endeavour to "point the moral."

I well remember the first good case I had. My mother had been ill for several days with a severe cold, which had merged into influenza. She had got no sleep for two or three nights previous to my operating. She had tried the usual remedies to "sweat it out;" but without effect. Severe pains affected the trunk of her body, while the limbs were free from them. On returning home one night from a lecture on mesmerism, I heard her groaning considerably from the pain. Up to this time I had scarcely thought of personally applying mesmerism,

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\* I would take this opportunity of recommending students of mesmerism to take advantage of the very cheap rate at which several standard works on the subject can be had just now at the Progressive Library, such as Townshend's Facts, Deleuze, Teste, &c., particulars of which will be found on the cover.

although firmly believing in it. But I resolved to try it here, thinking that I might at least soothe her to sleep. Getting her to lie to the front of the bed, but not taking off any of the bed-clothes, I made long passes from the head to the feet. I continued this silently for ten minutes, when she stopped me by saying that I had removed all pain from her body, but that it had gone into the legs. I now shortened my passes, making them from the thighs downwards; and in other ten minutes she astonished me by saying that the pain had entirely left her. I mesmerised her about ten minutes longer, when she seemed to go into a gentle sleep, and I then left her. She told me next day that she had a most refreshing sleep, and awoke at two A.M. (I operated at half-past ten P.M.) drenched in perspiration! She was out of bed next day, and recovered rapidly.

I once unwittingly gave a boy a severe blow over the eye, which immediately began to swell up quite perceptibly. Beneath the orbit, in about a minute, there was a large red lump formed, which no doubt would have become discoloured in the usual way within a very short time, had it been left to itself. Dropping my work, I washed my hands, and commenced at once to mesmerise it. Though not operating under very favourable conditions, in an open workshop, the swelling disappeared within ten minutes, leaving the part a little redder than usual. Having to go out into the cold air immediately after, it being winter, I was afraid it might swell again, or discolour; but on his return, I found it much in the same state as before, perhaps a little more inflamed. I again mesmerised him for about ten minutes, when the parts resumed their natural appearance. I feel almost certain, and the lad thought so too, that I saved him from an ugly black eye.

A customer called at the office where I was employed, suffering acutely from rheumatism in the shoulder and arm. He was a powerful muscular man, who might under ordinary circumstances have thrown me out of the window with ease. His arm was lying across his chest, powerless, and the slightest movement gave him great pain. He was quite unfit for his occupation, that of a window-cleaner. My employer requested me to try the effects of mesmerism on the arm, which I did; and in fifteen minutes he was free from pain, and could swing his arm without inconvenience. He began to stretch his arm gradually while I operated. He had no relapse.

In the same office, one of the female employees had a very violent headache one day, and was about to go home, being unable to stand at her work. At the request of our employer, I took her into a side room, and made a few dispersive passes, when the pain immediately began to leave. I then made several passes down over the head and body, which made the headache as bad as ever. Being apprised of this, I desisted, and made them as at first; and in a very few minutes she was quite free, and returned to her work. She had never been mesmerised before.

Calling at a friend's house, I found a young girl suffering dreadfully from toothache. She had been ill for some days. I at once offered to try and relieve her (I never absolutely promise to cure *anything*, however simple), and had the great satisfaction of freeing her from all pain

in about twenty minutes. I ascertained a year afterwards that she had not been again troubled with it.

I might go on multiplying cases, but these will suffice for illustration. Many of our mesmeric friends may think them insignificant; but I purposely select them on account of their freedom from detail. A straw shows the current of a stream better than a heavy log. I always feel between the horns of a dilemma in recounting mesmeric cures to strangers. If you mention rapid, striking effects, as above, you are apt to produce the impression that it is something magical, and to raise too high hopes in beginners; while if you narrate cures of greater magnitude, perhaps, but which have taken many sittings to complete, you are very frequently met by the reply, that most likely they were getting better of themselves, and that the result would have been the same had you not interfered. "Imagination" will hardly account for any of the above cases; while only in one instance was there anything like "faith."

But what relation has this with the Spiritualism *versus* Mesmerism argument? Simply this: these are the kind of cures generally performed by so-called "healing mediums," and we should be careful not to lay much stress on them as evidence of spirit power. I protest most emphatically against this mighty agency for good being rendered almost useless by being talked of as something depending on the spirits of another sphere. The peculiar healing properties belong to the individual, as such, and not to his being a spirit medium. It was the peculiarity in his magnetic or mesmeric relations that made him the medium for the spiritual manifestations. Spiritualism is not the only study that evokes this healing virtue. While I cannot, of course, deny the *possibility* of spirits mesmerising one person through another, I think many of our spiritualist friends carry this notion to a ridiculous extent. The tendency of all experiments goes to prove, that our mesmeric powers depend as much on our bodily and mental organisation, as do our muscular abilities. Mesmerism is a matter, or property of matter, as really as the terrestrial magnetism, and can be transmitted from one object to another.

A specimen of the spiritual style of reasoning on this subject appeared in the last No. of this magazine (Dec., 1868), under the heading "Mesmerism a Spiritual Power." The author of the remarks is Mrs Fanny Allyn, an American trance speaker; but I have heard the same sentiments expressed nearer home. We are told in one sentence that "mesmerism is a power and force of the mind," and in another that it is the "disembodied spirit acting on the embodied;" while a mesmerist is defined as a "reservoir into which disembodied spirits convey this power, to be in turn distributed as required." This looks exceedingly like a contradiction, and anything but flattering to us mundane creatures. Just carry the reasoning a little further, into other than mesmeric powers (and I see no reason why they should not), and we lose our identity or independence altogether, and become mere automata for spiritual wire-pulling. A *reductio ad absurdum*, surely. We are also told by Mrs Allyn that "when we go to a cattle show, and gaze on the animals, we are mesmerised by them, and

throw off our disease ;” and that “it is a well-known fact that if we take a dog into close intimacy with a sick child, the child will often recover, and the dog die.” Do the spirits of disembodied oxen or dogs operate through the bodies of those still on this terrestrial sphere? or is *their* magnetism merely a vital process, dependent on their animal organisation? It would surely be *infra dig.* for the spirit of a human being to “possess” a dog, and mesmerise through him. I would not be very much astonished to hear some ardent spiritualist affirm that chloroform is but a convenient form for the spirits to assume under peculiar circumstances, for the purpose of causing anæsthesia, and thus getting power over the individuals who come under its influence.

Mrs Allyn touches the core of the subject in the following sentence, which I urgently recommend to those of our readers who are merely spiritualists, but who might also be “healing mediums” if they so desired. She says—“O ye strong men who do not believe in the mighty healing power of mesmerism,—out to the fields, out to the sunshine, the flowers, and the running brooks! inhale the pure and fragrant breath of Nature; then back, back to your homes! to the homes of your friends, where some poor sufferer cries for that which you—ay, you! can give; but which, in your stubbornness, with padlocked eyes, you *will* not see!” I can thoroughly recommend the above “circle” as the very best means of becoming developed as “healing mediums.”

There is an important principle involved in this discussion, which I should like some able contributor to take up, such as Mr Atkinson, Mr Jackson, or Mr Bray. I think it is part and parcel of the great theological dogma of “vicarious sacrifice” and “imputed righteousness.” Spiritualists generally believe in what may be termed the Unitarian philosophy on this subject; but many of them seem to have changed the form of their belief merely. What orthodox Christians expect from Christ, they hope for from guardian spirits. If anything goes wrong, instead of relying on their own judgment, they “consult the spirits.” It must have a weakening effect on the powers of those who continually do so. Instead of “watching,” they are continually “praying.” We should keep in mind the philosophic and characteristic answer of Lord Palmerston to the Edinburgh Presbyteries, when they requested him to appoint a day of humiliation and prayer, as a means of arresting some plague that was raging. He thought it would be wiser to whitewash and fumigate their dirty lanes and houses. By all means, let us trust in Providence (or the spirits), but let us not forget to “keep our powder dry.”

From a considerable experience now, I believe that *nearly every healthy person*, male or female, may become more or less a “healing medium,” and that without ever engaging in a spiritual seance. Let us not rob the world of a great power, by giving it a wrong and misleading name. If we will use the term “healing medium,” let us apply it to the mesmeric power, not to the individual who wields it; or we may with equal propriety apply the term to every surgeon who ties a wounded artery, or even to the great dogs of St. Bernard, who are said to keep benighted travellers alive by the heat of their bodies.

W. A.

## THE "LEADER" ON "HUMAN NATURE."

IN noticing our September number, the *Leader* gives utterance to the following:—

"This magazine, though we never before saw it, has been doing its very peculiar work for the past eighteen months. It is a congener of the notorious *Spiritual Magazine*, and introduces us into the heart of spiritual affairs as they are now being conducted. In the section devoted to correspondence, information as to the actual labours and prospects of prominent professors of the spiritual, or "mediumistic" science, is freely and exultingly given by the editor. 'We are pleased to observe,' he writes, 'that the practice of medical clairvoyance and mesmerism are coming much into use, Miss Beauclerc, of Birmingham, and quite a number of correspondents and friends, have acquainted us of their success in relieving pain and promoting health by laying on of hands and making passes. We hope this laudable agency will receive more attention.' In Glasgow, we are informed the Spiritualists have been stirred into renewed activity by the advent of a Mr and Mrs Everitt from London, 'remarkable phenomena' readily appearing in the presence of the lady. A great desideratum, we learn, is the finding of a 'good test medium.' Those interesting gentlemen, the Brothers Davenport, and their excellent friend and expositor, Mr Fay, have, it appears, recently taken their departure with their wives and children, and with lively and indignant remembrances of the rough treatment they met with at the hands of mobs in Leeds, Liverpool, and other places on English ground. 'They have now,' says the writer, 'gone out on the trackless ocean, and we trust that the same benign Providence which has hitherto preserved them from the dangers of the deep and the murderous attacks of unlicensed (!) mobocracy, may bear them in safety to the arms of the thousand friends who await to receive them in the land of the setting sun.' (And keep them there we sincerely hope.) The paper most noteworthy is one detailing the results of a séance with Mr Home, at which, according to the account reported to be given by that gentleman, 'superior and scientific spirits were present,' manifesting their superiority and scientific skill by imitating (the word is used by the writer of the article) military trumpet calls on an accordion held in Mr Home's hand, sound of cannon—'upwards of twenty boomings'—which shook not only the room in which Mr Home operated, but were heard and the vibration distinctly felt by the servants in an adjoining house; 'infantry and cavalry vibrations, &c., &c.' We feel no inclination to comment on all this; only we must express both regret and surprise at seeing a writer of the *status* of Mr Bray in such company."

Notwithstanding the aimless sneer implied in the above notice, the newspapers are quite glad to give their readers interesting scraps of spiritual news. The reason is plain, there is nothing in the wide field of incident so thoroughly new and startling. During the last few weeks, we have received small sums from friends, which has paid postage on a considerable number of copies of *Human Nature* which have been sent to the press. We know of no better or cheaper way of spreading a knowledge of these facts, and hope our rich and earnest friends will enable us to send out a few hundred copies monthly. We have to thank our contemporaries for many kindly notices and pertinent extracts.

## A FRIENDLY CRITIC.

A LETTER from Mr Coulter contains the following:—

"I am rather interested in *Human Nature*; but more with the matter-of-

fact manner of H. G. Atkinson than with the elongations of D. D. Home. There seems to me to be very much imagination in the columns of *Human Nature*; but I am sceptical on these matters, and, therefore, cannot see with the eyes of a spiritualist. There also seems to me to be a deal of useless twaddle amongst the least informed of your writers. I am much interested in 'The Ideal Attained,' etc., etc."

Here is an honest reader giving his opinion in friendly phrase. He exhibits a type of those strong-minded men who consider it is a proof of strength of intellect to be able to deny a fact; while nothing is easier than to do so. To accept a fact and understand its relation is a positive act of the mind, and the only mental process which indicates power. We here make the declaration, if such may be considered necessary, that everything which appears in *Human Nature* purporting to be a fact is a fact, and not of an isolated description either, as most of the matters stated can be amply corroborated by the experience of others. We do not know what is referred to by "the twaddle" indulged in by the "least informed" of our writers; but, if our correspondent considers such well-established facts as the elongation of Mr Home, etc., as tricks of the imagination, he has got to acquire a form of experience which would enable him to judge competently of the certainty of such phenomena. When we look around, and find the well-informed community exhibiting the same mental attitude as Mr Coulter, we are convinced of the great utility of thundering these important psychological facts into the ears of the people with all the vehemence at our command. But that is not enough. Let sceptics experiment for themselves under suitable conditions, and they will have all the testimony they can desire.

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#### WHAT THE SPIRITS SAY.

A GENTLEMAN thus writes respecting his drawing mediumship, recently developed:—I have no doubt, judging from the progress I have already made, I shall do something worth looking at in time—something that will astonish people. Already, I believe, my manifestations have been the means of bringing conviction to numerous minds; and, as the power increases, the more readily shall I give evidence that will be satisfactory and conclusive. After reading, the other day, Mr Atkinson's letter in this month's *Human Nature*, my hand wrote out these words, without any volition on my part:—

"I do not altogether see the drift of his writing. He appears to be in a fix as to what to do with the spiritual phenomena. I only hope you will be able to convince him that it is spirits that are at the bottom of them, and then you will do a great good. He is evidently a very clever, honest, and intelligent man, and one who wishes to arrive at the truth."

I wonder what would be Mr Atkinson's explanation of this? I certainly had no idea what was coming as the words appeared on the paper. All I know is, that the same power that produces my pictures, which are far beyond my capacity to do of myself, produced the above words.

[The spirits have, through diverse mediums, given utterance to

opinions on the notions of various objectors to the facts and inductive evidences of spiritualism, which we may produce at another time.]

## PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

### THE QUESTION OF DESIGN.

*To the Editor.*

MR ATKINSON seems afraid to touch the argument on the question of design, excusing himself by pleading a doubt of my ability to appreciate what he might say in reply; I am therefore driven back to his book on "Man's Nature and Development."

He says (page 228) that "fitness in nature is no evidence of design;" and that the fact of the lungs being fitted for the purpose of breathing "is no more evidence of design," than is the fact that "the two halves make the whole." So that he founds his assertion upon a supposed analogy between a physical form endowed with vitality, and a mere mathematical abstraction. As well might he argue that, whereas a point hath no parts, therefore a human being has in reality no existence. He apologetically speaks of his work as "merely intended as a slight exposition of scientific method applied to the study of man;" and treats man's desires, aspirations, and intuitions as wholly unconnected with any design in his formation. He says that "nothing in nature indicates a future life, unless men will take their desires for evidence;" and he complains that "men listen to the voice of intuition—are carried away by the delusion—and delude the world with their wanderings." He says that if men had the ordering of things, they would have been very differently "fashioned from what they are;" but that "no good comes of trying to escape from our nature, and rise in fancy above ourselves;"\* and this is his mode of treating the question of man's development!

He also complacently informs the world, in alluding to himself and Miss H. Martineau, "that a predominance of the religious faculty has been manifested in a marked way by both of us, from our youth upwards, and has borne us past all the forms of fiction which are the offspring of ignorance and a false philosophy, to seek out and respect the real substance of faith as found in man's nature"—but with what scientific result I leave to others to determine.

He admonishes spiritualists not to be hasty in forming any counter theory to his theory of man's annihilation, and says: "Supposing these phenomena, and all that the spiritualists believe in, were caused by some spiritual agency, would that solve the mystery?" "Certainly not," he says; "but only add to the perplexity and difficulties of science." But does he not perceive that if it were proved that the phenomena are

\* Does not this indicate a plan in the nature of man: all parts subservient to a fixed purpose—a design—an inevitable destiny? What is science but the discovery of design? It would be impossible to apply scientific investigation to that which has no "design." All "designs" are imitations of nature.—ED. H. N.

caused by spiritual agency, this would necessarily solve the mystery, however much science might be perplexed? Truly, "the subtility of nature is far beyond that of the sense, or of the understanding."

A. B. TIETKENS.

### EVIL SPIRITS.

*(To the Editor of Human Nature.)*

SIR,—Sitting at my desk one day, busily engaged in my official duties, my mind fully engrossed with my business, a good spirit came, and used my hand to write out the following message to the troubled ones—to those searchers after truth who are besieged with (so-called) evil spirits. I leave the message to your readers without comment, merely saying that some of the ideas are contrary to those held by myself:—

"To the troubled dear ones. My earth friends, you are troubled—you are beset with influences you cannot understand; you are searching after truth, and up to the present all has gone on smoothly and pleasantly, and you begin to exult, the mystery is explained, the grand secret is yours—when, lo! a change comes which mars your pleasure, and you suddenly find yourself involved in as great a mystery as ever. A good medium of old said—'Great is the mystery of godliness,' and so it is. Briefly, I want to tell you why it is that the undeveloped ones come to you and torment you.

"1st. You trust the spirit intelligences too much; you place too implicit confidence in them.

"2nd. Your minds are inharmonious (either through your business cares or other matters).

"3rd. You do not exert your will powers sufficiently to keep away undeveloped ones.

"4th. You do not, in your little gatherings, recognise sufficiently the goodness of our Great Father in permitting you to converse with those you loved in the earth life.

"5th. You do not remember the teaching of the Great One when he said, 'By prayer and fasting ye can do these things;' live purely, and pure influences will come.

"My friends, I leave you to discuss the subject with your earth-wisdom, while we will watch you, and try and correct you by our spirit light. Do not despair; all is for your good; a great day is dawning upon your earth; men shall see and talk with those across the border; 'all shall not die, but some shall be changed.' Move along, ye loved ones—mighty changes are coming, socially, morally, politically, and religiously. Strive after the good, and the Great Father of all spirits will abundantly reward you.—Your spirit friend,

W. W."

To the readers of this message, I can only say that I hope those who are able will fully discuss the subject of evil spirits, and their visits to us. Hoping that we may soon know the truth, I am, sir, your well-wisher,

M.

It is the nature of weak souls to regard those who tell them unpleasant truths, as their worst enemies.

## A CLERGYMAN'S MEDIUMSHIP.

*To the Editor.*

DEAR SIR,—For some time past I have been very considerably interested in “Spiritualism,” but am at a loss what steps to take in order to develop my mediumistic powers beyond what they are at the present time. I have many evidences of being “a medium.” *Human Nature* is a new publication to me. Having read the October number, I am induced to write and ask if *you* can give me any advice as to the course I ought to adopt. I have never met nor corresponded with any person more advanced than myself. In a number of sittings at different times, in different places, and with different persons, I have been invariably selected as “the medium.”

On some occasions I have been very powerfully and seriously exercised—*e.g.*, table rapping and moving, so that *two strong men* could not hold it; writing; drawing (which I could not understand); hearing noises; seeing lights; hands, arms, and body violently exercised; head much shaken; seemingly efforts have been made to speak through me; cried and sobbed bitterly; my hands have been repeatedly placed in the hands of other persons present at the sitting; I have felt a consciousness of the presence of “spirits,” and have strained my eyes to see them the hour round; soft and gentle breezes have blowed over my hands, and, like unto strong electric currents, have passed through my body, down my arms, and out at my finger ends. Things have been told me which *were true*, and others which were *not true*. Again and again the “spirits” have told me to go on, but I have a difficulty in finding suitable persons to take part therein.

I feel *intensely* interested in this matter, but am at a loss what to do, or how to act for the best. There is a friend of mine here (the Rev. ————), who feels as much interested in this matter as I do. The favour of your advice, or any suggestion which you can give, will be highly esteemed.

ONE WHO DESIRES LIGHT.

[We shall be glad of some words of instruction to such as are in the above position of development. We receive such letters frequently. —ED. H. N.]

## “GHOSTS ARE NOT SPIRITS.”

*To the Editor.*

SIR,—Tell your readers that ghosts are not spirits, and some of them will stare, but others will see the propriety of observing the distinction. The shadow of the moon on the placid waters of a lake might be called a moon, but only children would do so. Now, let me say, a ghost does not so much predicate the presence of a spirit, as the shadow of a man indicates that he is personally present. A ghost is not a shadow, therefore, nor does it require a spirit to be present in order that it may appear. It is ghosts that haunt houses and old graveyards, and create sensational subjects for newspapers, and otherwise do much good to the press, but the public are never a whit wiser for the doings of a ghost. Yet there is philosophy in the subject, if they would let us bring it out, but they dare not. We would tell them the difference

between a ghost and a spirit, but we should be simply contradicted, and, therefore, we abide by our rule, and let them find it out. Ghosts are not intelligences, and require either spontaneous or artificial conditions to develop them. It requires a certain state of the atmosphere to see a good many very striking ghosts that exist on the earth; but it requires magnetic circles and good mediums to bring out others. The great difficulty with many of your contributors and readers seems to be this:—Certain things are done which imply intelligence, and certain defunct persons are said to be present and actually performing the wonders: therefore, they say, we must accept this spirit theory, and contend for its reality. When they find out the difference between a ghost and a spirit, they will know better than to advocate so unscientific a position. Ghosts no more act intelligently than other inanimate things in nature—no more than the grass that grows. There is something done which looks like design when observed superficially; but the design argument will be found as fallacious in the one case as in the other. It is all nature, or nature and mediumistic art combined. It is all natural or artificial ghostology, and spirits must not be mixed up with the matter at all. The spirits of things are the things themselves; but the ghosts of things are the *exuvia*, so to speak, of physical forms. Take it coolly, friend; all things take the spirit form in the ethereal state, and are identically the same, but not physically so. Ghosts are what men and animals throw off, and leave behind them. Unfortunately, they have become the chief engineering implements of spiritualists, which is a great pity, as it damages the cause very much, and looks as if we were no wiser than the old necromancers. O, but your theory, say they, does not account for very much of the well-known facts of spiritualism; and you must be morally depraved to deny that the manifestations are done by the direct agency of spirits of the departed. I am not saying that ghostology is everything. We have mediumship besides to account for the phenomena; and we have natural laws and conditions, which are always necessary for the production of any phenomenon. However, say what we will, many will not be content except we say the spirits of the departed are coming back for our amusement or edification, as the case may be. They beg the question; for they cannot prove they are right in the face of present experience—I mean of advanced thinkers on the subject. It is clear enough to my mind that a ghost and a medium can do anything that they say the spirits perform. It is clear enough also, that if you eliminate all mediumship and ghostology, modern spiritualism is a myth. When we get on a bit with the subject of ghosts and mediums, we will write chapters on spirits and spiritualism proper. We must get through the clouds before we can see the sun. It has been the custom to gather up ghost stories from all quarters, and we are much indebted to the compilers of such books, but we do not believe that is spiritualism. We learn from them that ghostology is a natural science, and that ghosts are as natural as fossils of plants and animals, which mediums, like geologists, may raise up any way; at least, that is all the lesson I can see in them. Spiritualism will be discussed in the next generation.

A. GARDNER.

December 6, 1868.

*PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.*

## MR HOME'S MANIFESTATIONS.

LIFTING OF A HEAVY BOOKCASE—EXTRACTING ALCOHOL—LEVITATION OF THE BODY—SPIRIT VOICES, ETC.

SIR,—I have now to record one of the most remarkable seances that has ever come to my knowledge; for the particulars of which I am indebted to the kindness of the Hon. the M———. I will render his statement with as little variation from the picture his narrative presents as may be possible, without textual transcript.

Late in the month of November last the Hon. the —— was engaged sorting papers at the family residence in —— Square; my friend was alone in his library, and deeply intent on his work, when loud raps aroused his attention; on looking round he noticed that the book-shelf, which was 12 feet by 3, full of books, and must have weighed upwards of half a ton, raised itself horizontally off the ground 12 to 15 inches, and then bumped on the floor as it descended with a crash,—so loud as to bring up the housekeeper and servants from the adjoining rooms, who, alarmed at the noise, thought some accident had occurred. After a short pause raps came, and on asking what was meant the raps spelt out—"Go to Daniel." At first the gentleman doubted his senses, but finding the message quite distinct and intelligible, at once went to Ashley House, Victoria Street, where Mr D. D. Home resides. On entering the room he found Mr Home absent, only Lord —— present, who had been for sometime an invalid, confined to the house. Not finding Mr Home, the Hon. the —— left, but being strongly impressed, as he describes it, returned about 11 p.m. By this time Mr Home had returned, and, strange to say, all but impelled by the strong influence exerted upon him. So strangely brought together, the three seated themselves to see if the influences intended any manifestation. After the usual preparatory movements of the table, and raps unusually loud, Mr Home passed into a trance state; suddenly rising up he stepped into the adjoining room, with a bottle of cognac and a wine glass; this he filled with brandy, and then, holding the glass high over his head, proceeded to the window. From the centre of the glass a bluish light appeared, increasing in intensity until finally a flame two to three inches long rose out of the glass, flickering up and down, at times becoming extinguished. Mr H. was now raised bodily off the ground, so high that the flame point rising out of the glass appeared to touch the ceiling. After two or three minutes he descended to the floor, and then the extraordinary phenomenon occurred of the brandy being extracted from the glass. The Hon. the —— says he could visibly see the brandy as it was extracted, but to satisfy Lord —— of this Mr Home inverted the empty wine glass upon his lordship's hand. The same agency that had removed the liquid now poured it back into the glass, and the fluid, as it filled the glass, could be seen falling. The manifestation was repeated, accompanied by the click-clack sound of water falling; but this time, in all probability to satisfy Lord ——, the fluid was poured over his hand, then

over Mr Home's hand into the glass. Mr H. then said they would extract the alcohol, and which at once took place, filling the room with the disagreeable odour of spirits of wine.

Mr Home now placed himself at the window, and behind the curtains, which he drew back, and was then raised high up in the air, his feet level with the second pane of glass, about four feet off the ground, and his form distinctly outlined against the window, moving slowly up and down; he was then raised up to the ceiling, and as his form passed along the wall, he touched and disturbed the pictures. Strange enough, a discussion appeared to be going on between the spirits as to their power of performing the experiment, some suggesting the placing of D. D. Home on the table, and pushing him off; others replying, "Why, this would break his legs." The voices heard were at times distinctly articulated, and a voice repeated several times, close under the Honourable the ———, "Uncle Danny, uncle Danny!" an expression Mrs Cox's boy had used whilst on earth to his godfather, Mr Home. Spirit forms now showed themselves—not so clear in outline as seen on former occasions, but as grey or luminous figures, well-known to spirit-seers, clothed in robes, with a girdle; the whole appearance not sufficiently distinct to enable those who saw them to say whether they were male or female. At the sametime globes of phosphorescent light were seen to pass through the room large as a small gourd, raps and movement of the furniture accompanying these wonderful phenomena; and those strange spirit-voices—at times clear, at times half articulated, which I have so often heard on other occasions.

Mr Home had placed himself at the window which he opened, and deliberately stepped upon the ledge outside, looking on to the street, some 80 feet below, with utter unconcern. The Honourable the ——— said he shuddered, alarmed at what he was witnessing. Mr Home noticing this stepped down and reproached his friend, saying—"Little faith, little faith; Daniel will not be injured!" After a few minutes the medium deliberately stepped down from the ledge and re-entered the room, much to the relief of his two friends. The manifestations now closed, and Mr Home awoke, as usual, very much exhausted. The first thing to do was to verify what had occurred with the brandy, and on examining the contents it was found that the alcohol had been completely extracted. This test was so far satisfactory, as it evidenced a former fact which otherwise might possibly have been questioned.

I have given this account as briefly as I could. The truth of these marvellous phenomena will be confirmed by the testimony of men of the highest position—men incapable of any falsehood; and too accustomed to witness these phenomena to be carried away by what may be passing.

I suggest, then, in the face of such facts, has not the day arrived for a thorough scientific and earnest investigation of these phenomena? The phase which the manifestations have latterly assumed take them out of the realm of uncertainty, they have become demonstrable to the dullest understanding. The time has passed for men to hesitate to sign their names to their published communications, and I for one am

prepared to verify all I have said and written upon the remarkable phenomena I have had the good fortune to witness.

Norwood, Dec., 1868.

H. D. JENCKEN.

### A LECTURING TOUR.

Dear *Human Nature*,—I have just completed a six weeks' lecturing excursion, during which I have delivered thirty-four public lectures, preached three sermons, and made some hundreds of private phrenological and physiological examinations. I was two weeks in Bishop Auckland—my third visit to that town; one week each in Shildon, Spennymoor, Crook, and Guisborough. The first three are large villages, supported by the coal trade; the last is an old fashioned town in the Cleveland hills, with iron mines near. I have been deeply impressed with the prevailing ignorance of the people concerning their organic conditions, even in the most practical and every-day aspects; and their great desire for information, where it is presented to them in a popular and acceptable style. By request, I have lectured and preached on spiritualism; also on phrenology, physiology, hygiene, politics, social questions, and gymnastics with music. This latter subject forms quite an entertainment, and evokes much enthusiasm. This country wants a few thousand lecturers on these topics, who would be well supported; and I think of opening a college soon to educate young men and women for the work.

J. BURNS.

### MRS HARDINGE IN EAST LONDON.

THE first of a course of three lectures, with which Mrs Hardinge has favoured the East London Association of Spiritualists, was given on the evening of Wednesday, December 15, in the Temperance Hall, 103 Mile End Road. The officers and members of the Association did all that lay in their power to make the matter a success, in improving the hall, getting an audience, and giving their respected instructor a cordial welcome. A well-merited triumph was the agreeable result. A large, respectable, and attentive audience listened while the lecturer gave a luminous and instructive answer to the question—"What is Spiritualism?" Mrs Hardinge was in a happy mood of inspiration, and carried her hearers along with more than ordinary power. Her genial, sympathetic manner, and the deep hold her words took of the convictions of the meeting, showed that she was well sustained by her surroundings. We rejoice at the fact that Mrs Hardinge has been enabled to occupy the platform under the auspices of an Association of Spiritualists in London, and the kindly manner in which she has proffered her valuable services shows that she has the warmest interest in the progress of spiritualism in the form of an organised movement. Other two lectures are announced—on January 6, "Spirit Mediums," and on January 20, "The Mission of Spiritualism." An early application for tickets will be necessary, which may be obtained from the secretary—Mr William Cresswell, 11 Emma Street, Hackney Road, N.E.

## CONFERENCE OF LONDON SPIRITUALISTS.

FIRST SITTING—MONDAY, NOV. 30.

A SERIES of the most important meetings of spiritualists that has yet been held in England, or indeed in Europe, was inaugurated on Monday evening, Nov. 30, 1868. Lawson's Rooms, at 145 Gower Street, W.C., commodious as they are, were full. A most influential company was assembled, amongst whom we noticed nearly all the oldest and most active English spiritualists.

Mr Luxmore, who had been elected chairman of the Conference, briefly stated its origin and object. A few friends had met at his house a few weeks previously, to consider how the cause of Spiritualism could be best promoted in London; they then decided upon holding these meetings, and directed Mr Thomas Slater, of 136 Euston Road, N.W., as hon. secretary, to call together the spiritualists of London, which he has done most effectually.

Mr Shorter, the vice-chairman, was called upon to deliver the inaugural address. He said it was highly desirable that spiritualists should meet oftener. In New York and in the whole of the United States, conferences had been carried on with the greatest success for many years, and he thought their example might be profitably imitated in this country. By meeting frequently, he said, spiritualists would be able to understand each other much better, and able also to cultivate habits of social intercourse. To meet at the house of a friend was not enough, as in that case conversation was confined to the experiences and circumstances of that particular circle, instead of to the success of the cause generally, and hence the cause was crippled in one of its most essential elements. He said the opinions of spiritualists differed on many points, and it was well they should. This Conference was instituted that all might state their opinions, and to afford opportunities for laying our minds together and discovering wherein we differ, and why we differ. We should thus be able to look on the subject from a wider view. He went on to say that much remains yet to be done in the publication and circulation of tracts, in the diffusion of spiritualistic literature, in the delivery of sound and popular lectures, and above all in a proper system of education. He then introduced the subject for discussion that evening—"What may be considered reliable evidence that spirits commune with man."

Mrs Hardinge, who was called upon by Mr Luxmore to open the discussion, rose and said, that, assuming she was addressing an assembly of persons who for the most part believe that spirits commune with man, the question might appear superfluous, almost impertinent. In treating this subject, she desired that some standard truths might be arrived at, somewhat analogous to those we possess in physics. We find that in every department of physical science absolute reasons are required for every statement presented to the world, and so it should be with Spiritualism. But in the present state of the popular mind, there are many difficulties in the way of presenting the subject; some of these would be pointed out in the course of discussion. As regards the evidence of spiritual communion, she said that Christianity

had existed for 1800 years upon the assumption that it is true, and upon the fact that it was given through spiritual revelation. That such a belief should be the basis of Christianity answered the question at once. Every civilised nation has accepted this belief—not in one place, by one nation, or at one time; but as age after age had rolled away, and as the march of intellect had spread through the world, each era and each step had discovered new facts, and delivered new testimony that spirits do commune with man. But since the reign of inductive science (?), it had been deemed a mark of insanity to acknowledge a faith in the ministry of spirits; and, strange as it may appear, the very power that upholds Christianity is ridiculed and denounced by professed Christians. Twenty years ago, however, a few humble individuals pretended, claimed, and maintained that they spoke with spirits—a fact which stood in direct opposition to the collective wisdom of centuries, and of the foremost minds of Christianity. That simple fact was a rock. On that rock they had stood, and had been able to assert before all the world that they had reliable evidence that spirits do commune with man. She then went into the nature of those evidences. She found that certain sights and sounds were presented to her, for which she could not account on any other than the spiritual hypothesis. She found that these sights and sounds were always accompanied by intelligence. Intelligence, she said, is mind, and mind is the element of that mysterious power which moves creation. She reviewed the various theories that had been brought forward to account for the facts of Spiritualism, but found them all wanting and inadequate to the collective facts they attempted to explain. She asked for a fair field and free platform, fully assured that sufficient evidence would be elicited to convince all that “spirits do commune with man.”

On the conclusion of Mrs Hardinge's address, Mr Spear rose and gave a very valuable narrative of his spiritual experiences. He said it was his fortune to be one of the pioneers of the modern development of Spiritualism; and he gave the details of his conversion to a belief in spirit communion, every particular of which was corroborated by Mrs Hardinge, who was well acquainted with the circumstances. Under spiritual monition, he had gone thousands of miles, travelling from continent to continent, and crossing the Atlantic several times. He added much interesting evidence that Spiritualism was a fact.

A gentleman in the audience asked if it was considered by spiritualists that spirits were present in the room at the time they were working their manifestations, or whether they worked from afar. Mrs Hardinge, in a brief and pointed reply, stated her belief that spirits were present.

Mr Home, in a forcible and trenchant speech, said that every one there assembled had come together for the illustration of one of the most glorious, or else one of the most infamous, causes that had ever been presented to the world; and he would not believe there could be any one so degraded as to force such a belief on a fellow-man, knowing it to be untrue—tampering, as it did, with most sacred feelings of the human mind. He could not conceive of a being who would stain his soul with such a lie. But he said Spiritualism was a fact, and he knew that angels were then in our midst, ay, living in our very hearts.

Referring to brotherly love, he said if we seek to love *God more* we shall love each other a *little* more.

Mr Simkiss of Wolverhampton also tendered a narrative of his experience in Spiritualism. He also had first become acquainted with the subject in America, and he recounted the many tests through which he had worked his way to belief. He became a medium himself, but after a time the power left him as regards communications; but, strange to say, that nearly every one he touched at a spirit circle became mediums. In that way he had developed many test mediums; but, curiously enough, he could not all the time obtain a test for his own satisfaction.

Mr Spear bore testimony to the indefatigable labours of Mr Simkiss, both in England and America. His first word of greeting was always on behalf of the cause of Spiritualism.

Mr Cooper spoke as regards a question of the identity of spirits, which had been brought forward during the discussion. He gave several instances in which the identity of spirits was fully tested and proved. On one occasion he was in bed, when his hand was moved to trace on the wall the name of a friend of whom he had not been thinking. He also traced a message to the effect that that friend was dead. The morning's post brought the news of her decease, though he did not even know she was ill. This power of writing had only come to him quite lately; and within the last two weeks he had become possessed of a faculty for drawing with the most extraordinary facility. He had never previously discovered any aptitude for art, and yet artists told him that these drawings were very well done.

Mrs Hardinge then proceeded to sum up the evidence that had been offered, and the arguments that had been developed, in the course of discussion. She took each speaker in turn, and in her courteous manner kindly pointed out the weak portions of their arguments, and at the same time dwelt upon their more logical points. She placed herself in the position of a sceptic, and step by step reviewed the whole position of Spiritualism as it stood in the eyes of the world at the present time—in the end proving, in a clear, logical, and forcible manner, that there was reliable evidence that spirits do commune with men, and that much of that valuable evidence had been brought forward that evening. The subject, however, was not exhausted, and would be adjourned until the next meeting. She expressed her satisfaction at the manner in which the discussion had been carried on, finding fault only with the fact that it was far too unanimous, and too spiritualistic. She had hoped and expected to have had far more from the other side. She hoped that at the next meeting that would be the case.

After carrying the resolution that the same subject should be discussed at the next sitting, the meeting broke up—terminating one of the best and most cheerful gatherings of spiritualists that has yet been held in London.

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In conservative ages, and among the conservative classes, scholarship will always be more appreciated than genius.

*HEALTH TOPICS.*

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Mrs H., aged 78, was attended by me for inflammation of the lungs, accompanied by the usual symptoms—quick pulse, hot skin, hacking cough, rapid breathing, and prune-juice expectoration. She complained of great weakness and prostration. She was treated principally with hot stupe to the chest, followed by wet bandages, and a tepid wash down night and morning, with the scrupulous avoidance of drugs and stimulants. She made a steady and satisfactory recovery, and has, for the last two years, enjoyed excellent health, taking the Turkish Bath regularly two or three times each week.

Mr L., aged 40, came to my establishment, completely paralysed on one side of his body, mouth drawn on one side, dragging of the leg, and unable to hold anything in the hand or put on or take off his clothes, his speech being also quite inarticulate. He stated that the attack came on suddenly that day, whilst in the act of rowing a boat across a river, the oar falling from his hand. His mind was quite clear and unaffected. I put him at once in the bath, and afterwards applied hot stupe and wet bandages to the stomach, with cooling head bath, &c., and hot stupe bag to the feet, &c. After remaining under treatment here about two months, he left perfectly recovered in every respect, and I have often met him since in the enjoyment of the soundest health. This was a case of undeveloped gout—his recovery dating from the development of an acute attack of it. Whilst under treatment, he took the bath twice a-day regularly, with sitz-baths, and wet packing occasionally; a strict diet was observed, and complete avoidance of all stimulants and medicines.

Miss G., aged 19, was under medical treatment for some months, with tubercular deposit in the apex of the right lung. She was much emaciated, with rapid pulse, profuse expectoration constantly tinged with blood; hectic fever, night perspirations, great debility and loss of appetite, were also prominent symptoms. I at once stopped all drugs and stimulants, of which she had taken a large quantity. I put her under hydropathic treatment. She steadily improved, and after a short time was enabled to travel from her home here. With the daily use of the Turkish Bath, she rapidly regained her strength and flesh, losing all unfavourable symptoms, and is now married, has a large family, and enjoys robust health.

RICHARD BARTER.

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PROHIBITION.—One year ago the Massachusetts Legislature repealed the Maine Law in that state, and enacted a strict licence law. The results of this policy have been so evident in the demoralisation of the people, that at the recent elections anti-licence men have been elected, constituting a large majority, who will at once re-enact the Maine Law. This experiment has convinced many of the folly of the liquor traffic in any degree; and those who at the previous election sustained the licensing policy, now vote heartily for Prohibition.

THE PLANCHETTE is thus spoken of by Colonel Boyd in a note to our publisher :—"I thank you very much for the well-finished planchette you were kind enough to send me. We had a seance last night with it, before retiring to bed, and received a most beautiful message. It is *far* superior to the planchette we brought from Germany, being decidedly more easy for the intelligence to work with, and, therefore, an immense improvement, an advance in the right direction."

A HEALING MEDIUM.—Mr F. Hern, 3 Tyssen Place, Shacklewel Green, Kingsland, London, N., is described by a correspondent as being "a very remarkable medium in several ways—physical, trance seeing, healing; in fact, every known phenomena almost has been shown through his agency. 'Dr Forbes' and 'Mesmer' are the names given of those who use him for curing diseased persons. At home only from 3 to 6 P.M." We shall be glad if our friends will investigate the merits of this medium, and report.

MR FOWLER'S SECOND PHRENOLOGICAL CLASS in Manchester was brought to a termination on Saturday, the 28th of November, by a soiree of members and friends. The affair went off pleasantly. Sixty persons sat down to tea. That part of the programme being got through, the proceedings were opened by Mr Wilson being proposed to occupy the chair. In his speech, he dwelt on the utility of phrenology and physiology to men in various spheres, presenting facts confirmatory from his own experience. He also gave a general account of the forming of the Phrenological Society after Mr Fowler's last visit, with its proceedings until, from a waning of interest, it suspended its sessions. He now proposed that it should be revived. Mr Budge then read a paper eulogistic of Mr and Mrs Fowler and their labours, and tendered the gratitude of the class in the present of Chambers's Encyclopedia in ten volumes. In his reply, Mr Fowler said he considered this course of lectures the most successful one he had ever delivered. At no time had he ever given in one town sixty-four lectures; and for twelve years he had never been so long in one place as he had now been in Manchester. Mr Cunliffe proposed, and Mr Sutcliffe seconded, a motion that the present class form themselves into a nucleus for the purpose of getting up a large class at some future time, so as to induce Mr and Mrs Fowler to return. He thought that a class of from 150 to 200 members might be got up. Mrs Fowler, being enthusiastically called for, made a long speech; when, replying to Mr Cunliffe, she said that a class of 200 would certainly be a strong inducement for them to return; and she promised, if such were the case, that she would dissect the brain for them, and give them all the information on physiology and anatomy possible. Mr McLachlan proposed that the secretary be instructed to draw up, on the part of the class, a notice of this meeting, with the strong testimony of the members to the use and truth of phrenology, to be inserted in the daily papers, as a reply to the inimical and derogatory article on phrenology published in the *Guardian* a few days before. This motion was allowed to fall through, because some of the members objected to having their names published in connection with the affair. The meeting was enlivened by vocal and instrumental music; and, on the whole, the evening passed off cheerfully.

