CARL VOGT,

The Darwin of Germany.

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THE DARWIN OF GERMANY.

CARL VOGT has won for himself a world-wide fame as one of the most enthusiastic adherents and exponents of the Darwinian system in Germany and Switzerland. He has for a number of years made MAN his chief study; endeavouring to solve the question of his origin, to describe his present state, and conjecture his future. His lectures upon this subject, which are at the same time as scientific and thorough as they are popular, have attracted the attention not only of ethnologists, but the most cultivated as well as the lowest classes of nearly the whole German-speaking public. His lecture-rooms, whenever he makes a descent from his Swiss home into the neighbouring Germany, and visits the chief cities, are always full to overflowing. His influence thus exerted upon the Germanic mind is enormous, and many German papers have asserted that in the present century no single individual has plunged with the arms of science so deeply through tradition and the views which age has sanctified as he. And he has done this with an energy of character that never permitted him to shrink back at the thought of the crashing of the old edifice, which he must first pull down in order to make room for the new one. Thus he has become the centre of an excitement such as is seldom caused by one individual. The orthodox party have assailed him, because he asserted himself and his views, as a "materialist;" the old academicians cried —"Pitch him out of our circles and ranks, he is a Darwinist, a phantacist!" while even the rough, uncultivated, excited mobs, with stones, shouted—"Beat him dead; he is a denier of God!" Still the number of his adherents has increased year by year, and now he possesses a large share of the German mind.

Vogt's life has been one full of vicissitudes, such as fall to the lot of but few naturalists. He was born on the 5th of July, 1817, at Giessen, Germany, where his father, the author of

several celebrated medical works, was Professor of Medicine in the university, which his son attended, after preparing himself in the Gymnasium of the city. He had originally intended to follow his father's profession, and three of his student years were spent in the laboratory of the great Liebig, in Giessen. Liebig showed him many special attentions, and during the young student's subsequent career never lost sight of his welfare. In the year 1835 Vogt removed to Berne, Switzerland, with his father, who had accepted a call as clinical Professor in the University; and here his life became diverted into the course which subsequently led him to his present standpoint. He studied anatomy and physiology there, under the guidance of Professor Valentin, and was specially attracted to the systematic study of animal and human life—a study which then had only just taken its place among natural sciences. After his promotion to the doctorate, he entered into co-operation with Agassiz and Desor in their labours at Neufchâtel, where he spent five years in natural-historical studies. In the company of these celebrated men he undertook the well-known glazier exploring expedition to the Alps, of which journey he published his In the Mountains and on the Glaciers (Im Gebirg und auf den Gletschern), in 1843. Agassiz's appreciation of his skill is proved by the works in which they both took equal part—"The Natural History of Fresh Water Fishes"—the first part (1839) of which Vogt wrote entirely,—"Fossil Fishes," and "Studies on Glaciers." Agassiz was then busied with his new theory on the movements of glaciers, in expounding his views to scientific societies in Germany, and also employed Vogt in this mission—a mission of which the latter himself relates many humorous stories. In 1840 he was thus sent with the new glacier theory to an association of naturalists at Erlangen, where Leopold von Buch, who had in his earlier days given out an opinion on the nature of glaciers, received his speech very ungraciously. The theory, however, was attentively listened to by the majority of the assembly. Two years afterward, while on the same mission, he met Buch at Mayence; but Vogt had come much better prepared to meet his opponents than before. Buch tried to prevent his getting a hearing, but Vogt appealed to the president, and when the time came he was called up to the tribune. Buch had let something escape him during the day about yellow beaks (Gelbschnæbel*), referring, of course, to the young naturalist. This still tingled in Vogt's memory as he spoke, and, in his youthful ardour, he closed his speech, much to the chagrin of Buch, with the words:

* Gelbschnæbel literally means any young bird having a yellow beak (as have young birds), but is also applied to striplings. Gray beaks apply here to "matured striplings."

"The song of truth yet penetrates, whether it is sung by gray or yellow beaks!"

From the years 1844 to 1846 Vogt resided in Paris, engaged on his favourite studies. He wrote, while there, correspondence on the sittings of the Academy for the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, began his Text Book of Geology and Petrifactions (Lehrbuch der Geologie und Petrefactenkunde, 2 vols., 1846; 3rd Ed., 1866), and published at Gothæ his Physiological Letters (Physiologische Briefe, 1845-46; 3rd Ed., 1862), which were originally designed for the supplement of the above-named journal. He also established, in connection with a number of his fellow-countrymen, the Society of German Physicians in Paris, which still exists, and is of great service to young German medical students during their stay in that city. From Paris he went to Italy, sojourning for a while in Rome, and then for a longer period at Nice, where he began his Ocean and Mediterranean (Ocean und Mittelmeer, 2 vols., 1848). Shortly afterward he received a call, through Liebig's influence, as Professor of Geology to Giessen University, a position he did not long retain, however, as the Revolution was just then preparing to break over Europe (1848), and Vogt joined in with the new ideas with heart and soul. He was chosen by his fellow-citizens as a delegate to the Vorparlament, as well as to the Reichsversammlung, which met in the Paulskirche in Frankfort-on-the-Maine. He took a prominent and active part in the debates, was always ready for the struggle, and distinguished himself for his fearless utterances in behalf of political freedom, though not always as a practical politician. When the Frankfort Parliament was dissolved in 1849, he went with his party to Stuttgart, when he was chosen one of the Regents of the Empire, and was one of the last to give in when Wurtemberg bayonets drove the strivers for popular sovereignty apart. Naturally enough, he lost his position as Professor in Giessen, and must, like hundreds of other true Germans, look for a more congenial home elsewhere.

He chose Switzerland, remaining in Berne until 1850, and again took up his zoological studies in Nice in 1851. He wrote there his Researches on Animal States (Untersuchungen über Thierstaaten, 1851), a political satire, mingled with much humour, in which witty comparisons are made between men and animals, and Pictures from Animal Life (Bilder aus dem Thierleben, 1851), both of which were later published in a single volume under the title of Old and New (Altes und Neues, 1859). He remained in Nice till the spring of 1852, when he received a call to Geneva as Professor of Geology. Here he founded a new home, which he still occupies, honoured and respected by his new fellow-citizens. In 1861 he took charge of a scientific

expedition to the Norwegian Coast and Iceland, fitted out at the expense of a wealthy young man of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. During his quieter life in Switzerland, Vogt expended a little of his surplus force on the celebrated controversy with Professor Wagner, of Bonn University, on the relation of the soul to the body, and on the relation of faith to knowledge.

Wagner was Professor of Physiology in Bonn, and had gained a firm reputation by his numerous physiological lectures and publications. In his controversial works, in which he strove to reconcile the extremes of faith and science, he accepted, in all its fulness, the biblical doctrine of an original divine creation. Vogt appeared against him as the champion of the so-called "materialistic school,"—with Moleschott, Büchner, and others, at its head—and issued a pamphlet entitled Implicit Faith in Science (Kœhlerglaube und Wissenschaft, 1853-55), in which occurred this sentence: "Whoever is a friend of science cannot recognise the truth of those doctrines of revelation which contradict the results of scientific research; science shall free itself from the influence of religion and faith; knowledge must exclude faith; faith is a hindrance to science,"—thus expressing what other naturalists had only dared to think in secret. He also asserted that the human brain was originally much less, and had gradually increased in volume with civilisation. Wagner made examinations on a number of skulls, especially on the great-brain, in order to see "whether the human intelligence is connected with the greater weight and perfection of the great-brain, the seat of the intellect." He found, as his result, that in the brain of men, of more or less intelligence, there was shown no especial difference in form. Even the Germans themselves would not admit the comparison of the brain of a cretin with that of their own Gœthe.

The contest at the time excited the greatest attention, and from that day dates the bitterness against Vogt of the orthodox party, who regard him as one of their most dangerous enemies in Germany or Switzerland. In Geneva, his second home, however, he was more and more recognised as an earnest worker for spreading knowledge among the people. He was invited to lecture, first within the bounds of the Canton, but by and by his field embraced the length and breadth of both Switzerland and Germany. The Society for the Promotion of the Public Good in the Canton Neuenburg, invited him to deliver lectures, a request to which he acceded, his theme being—Man: his Place in Creation and in the History of the Earth (Vorlesungen über den Menschen, 1864). The lectures were received with uncommon favour at the time, and numerous calls from the chief cities of Germany was the result. His bold views naturally enough were severely criticised, but in most cases mis-

understood. The popular opinion was that Vogt wished to make the ape the progenitor of the human family, which, however, he has never asserted. On the contrary, he has assumed that the origin of both species—ape and man—must be referred back to a common original type, from which both have gone on in their widely separated paths. He finds a proof for his assertions in the so-called microcephala or ape-men (Mikrocephalen oder Affenmenschen, 1866), which he regards a proof of a single stem.

Vogt's system is comprised to a great extent in the above sentence, as it is the key to the whole structure. We will give, in his own words, the results of his researches, especially upon this connecting link, the microcephalon: "The skull [of the microcephalon], with the two hemispheres of the great-brain therein contained, correspond to the monkey-type in shape, and are developed according to the same law of growth, which with the ape is regular. The great-brain, the seat of thought, is scarcely so large as with the ape; the individual portions are formed like the ape's—the functions corresponding to their organs; the brain of an ape can generate no human thought. Therefore they lack all those properties which characterise man as a thinking being—articulate speech, the capability of abstract thought, and all that philosophers, moralists, and even naturalists have claimed as the special intellectual attributes of the human race. But there the resemblance breaks off. . . There is in the ape-man a mingling of three different types—the ape in skull and the higher thinking portion of the brain, the lower race of mankind in countenance, the higher race in body. The whole in a certain degree unnatural mixture develops slowly amid opposing tendencies; the small head grows but little, is perhaps exposed in youth to many detrimental influences; he, however, often becomes large, attains to a powerful manhood, and reaches a good age." The ape-man is deficient in volume of brain. The cause follows: "There are two laws which permeate the whole of organic nature — transmutability and variability. Both go hand in hand, both can slumber, not appearing in the phenomenon during a long time, but never perfectly annulled. . . If both can remain latent during a certain period, and even through generations, until brought to light by the acquirement of favourable conditions, we can thus explain why phenomena often make their appearance which place themselves outside the usual course of development, and which we in part designate as premonitory formations—referring us to characteristics present in the forefathers—and arrested formations, that is, through the stopping of an organ at a certain phase of development." Now comes the application. "All anatomists are now united, after the most complete investiga-

tions, that the brain of the ape and man are built after the same fundamental principles, and possess, in common, the finest individual parts; that both differ only through the perfection and proportion of the individual parts, as well as in the development of the whole. The brain of the gorilla, whose body surpasses that of man in size and weight, is nevertheless two-thirds smaller than that of man, and this reduction falls especially on the so-called great-brain, devoted to the intellect. The pre-eminence of the human brain is doubtless acquired in part before birth, for the child comes into the world with a weight of brain which certainly exceeds that of the just-born ape, but stands below that of the full-grown one. The superiority, however, is immediately made prominent after birth, and especially in the first year of life. The volume of brain of the new-born child is related to the grown-up man-like ape, as 4 to 5; that of the full-grown man to the full-grown ape, as 15 to 5. Man thus receives his superiority in brain principally through growth immediately after birth, and this alone proves that this pre-eminence is first acquired proportionately late in the history of the race."

"The brains of all men pass through a period where the development can take either a normal or abnormal direction, especially in the first months of existence. Suppose in this period an arrested formation is brought about; the brain grows, in consequence of this arrestment, not in the normal direction, but remains upon a lower grade, partly following the direction of the low grade to which it belongs—it develops in the direction of the ape type. . . The great-brain, the seat of thought, is formed according to the development of the ape, not according to the human law of development; grows, too, after birth the same as the ape type, and the surrounding skull is also subject to this law. This is the reason that we find in the skull of the mature microcephalon the same ledges and ridges of the skull as those found in aged apes. In short, each condition appears characteristic of this connecting link between men and the ape, namely, the so-called ape-men, whose origin is termed at the sametime an arrested formation and a premonitory formation, referring us, in regard to the brain, to a point from which the two branches of a common stock, the ape and man, have developed, though in different directions, and have diverged from each other constantly more and more. Bring into conception for once, young apes and children, old apes and mature men. The young ones resemble each other more than the aged. The skull of a young ape has a far greater resemblance to that of a child than the skull of a full-grown ape to that of a man. In growing both types deviate. By placing two lines representing both these growths, the point at which they separate is, for the brain, the period where an arrested formation led the

organ in a wrong direction. The conclusion from these premises is: The origin of man cannot be looked for in the now living ape; the ape-men lead us back to a stem, to a similar type, which must be looked for in an earlier geological period, and from which the type has divided. But as the man-resembling apes, orang, chimpanzee, and gorilla, approach man from different sides, the first in the brain, the second in skull and teeth, the third in the size of the limbs, and none stand unqualifiedly nearer to man than the other, so also among the different races of men, different characteristics are found which prove their origin and their relationship with the ape. This is clearly authenticated by the excellent circumspect measurements of Messrs Scherzer & Schwarz, made during the Novara Expedition, recently published in Vienna by Dr Wiessbach, who says: 'Even the highest developed races, which stand above all others in volume of brain, are still supplied with such heirlooms as go to prove a common ancestry.'"

Man's attainment to his present intellectual status is thus explained:—Man, in the pre-historic period, had to defend his existence against other species; and work and culture have exercised a great influence upon his mental development. With the progress of civilisation the human figure has developed in symmetry, more especially has the brain enlarged. The skulls belonging to earlier periods are in formation but a degree advanced above brutishness; with many races and tribes these vestiges still remain. As the muscles are made perfect by exercise, so also is the volume of the brain and its corresponding skull enlarged by the process of thought. The increase in the size of the brain during the space of the last six hundred to a thousand years amounts, in the main, to 70 cubic centimetres. This theory of development, from the imperfect to the perfect —whereby individual men and particular generations, by continuous exercise and the proper use of the intellectual faculties, contribute to the higher development of the race—the perfection of man, as a rational being, is much more worthy of him than the idea of a degradation of humanity from an ideal and more perfect state to a more imperfect one. Such, briefly, are Vogt's views.

Personally, Vogt is esteemed by all who know him. He lives still in Geneva, in the midst of his family, chiefly engaged, when not on his lecturing tours, in his favourite studies. His fellow-citizens have honoured him in various ways, and the chief authorities of the Canton have honourably acknowledged his great service in spreading useful science and knowledge among the people. In the German scientific world he occupies a prominent and honourable position. In his system he has assigned to the brain the most important place, and has constantly proved

himself an earnest advocate of the most advanced ethnological research. He is generally styled by his fellow countrymen the Darwin of Germany, though many German writers go so far as to reverse the order of things, and term Darwin the English Vogt.

PHRENOLOGY AS AN AID TO THE BIOGRAPHER.

By J. W. Jackson,
Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology as an Aid to the Historian," "Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

BURNS.

(Continued from page 12.)

For an effete world there is but one remedy—a living man. He lights the aged Phœnix to her doom. Like a sun between the cloud, he casts the Iris bow of hope upon the darkness of despair, and belts the mantle of the storm with the radiant hues of joy. Behind him is the hopeless desolation of an outworn and exhausted past, before him the glorious promise of a renewed and regenerated future. Like some master musician, he strikes the keynote of a grander anthem, and leads the choral bands of humanity to nobler strains than they had previously accomplished. Such an one, though in the rudest of all possible guises, that of a simply reared and untutored peasant, was he of whom we are about to speak. And yet, in very truth, is it not of such that the world's great saviours are ever formed? When the genius of Greece was sinking under eclipse, and lifeless sophists, with their laborious pedantry, had superseded the earlier sages with their living inspiration, was it not a poor Athenian stonecutter that restored the force and freshness of Hellenic intellect; and, despite the paralysing influence of a previously decadent philosophy, at once endowed the world with the exhaustless wealth of his disciple Plato? And when the dramatic genius of Europe, grandly awakening from the death-trance of the dark ages, needed a richly gifted hierophant for the utterance of its inspirations, did the schools and colleges respond to the invocation? Was it the men who had mastered Æschylus and studied Sophocles that were found adequate to this great occasion? Was it a deeply-read and thoroughly-accomplished scholar that supplied the demand of modern intelligence for the romantic drama? Again, the reply of destiny was the wool-stapler's son of Stratford, with his "little Latin and less Greek," that made him the pity of pedants who could never have composed a line of Hamlet or furnished a single suggestion towards the composition of Lear.

There are epochs in history, or shall we rather say crises in the growth of humanity, when a new man is the necessity of fate; when the established has become the antiquated, and the accepted is the lifeless. Such was the state of things in Europe during the earlier part of the eighteenth century. Matters had passed beyond the remedial agency of scholarship. Literature, or shall we say more definitively, poetry, was a defunct Lazarus, whom only the God-commissioned could recal to life. No weaker voice would suffice. And the prophet, in this instance, was the inspired ploughman of Ayrshire. What other advent, indeed, would a world, lost in the enfeeblement of a corrupt though cultured age, have demanded? It wanted, not a man reared in all the artificiality of a perverted pedantry, but as nearly as possible, a richly-endowed child of nature, one in whom native gifts should immeasurably transcend educational attainments, and through whom, therefore, the divine might again become vocal. It wanted a man of vigorous faculties and powerful passions, of intense affections and exalted principles; one of Nature's proudest nobles, nay, her greatest kings, but born in a station which courtly refinement had never reached, and where even the prevalent fashions of thought had been but feebly echoed. It wanted a commanding genius, whose experience, nevertheless, should be of the cottage and not of the college, and whose principal tutors were facts in their sternness and life in its reality. It wanted an intelligence of the highest order, reared so close to Nature that her sunshine and her shade, her running streams and bosky woods, her green fields and her lowing kine, should have entered into his very heart and constituted the basis of his consciousness. It wanted a veritable poet, with the dew of the morning on his brow and the stars of the evening in his eyes, a grand, bare soul—the baptist spirit of a new dispensation, able, Elijah-like, to bring down the very fire from heaven on the sacrificial altar of the true God. And it obtained this in Robert Burns.

What manner of man, then, was it that fulfilled these vast demands; that accomplished this great achievement; that wrestled with the corruption of an age, and prevailed; that found a world in darkness and in death, yet Prometheus-like brought fire from heaven; that breathed on the dry bones of pedantry and tradition, and they lived? Of what race and kindred was this son of the North, this child of the mist, this sweet singer of the mountains? And we reply, a Teutonised Celt—that is, a nervo-fibrous Caledonian; very effectually baptised with the bone and muscle of the Scandinavian invader. Robert Burns had all the susceptibility of a Celt and all the manhood of a Teuton. He had the delicacy, the refinement, and the intensity of the one, combined with the breadth, the strength, and the vigour of the other. As

a cast direct from the hand of Nature, independent of all accessories, he was of the largest mental mould, of the greatest calibre; shall we say, the grandest man of his century. Decidedly, and beyond compare, the noblest Scotchman since the time of William Wallace and King Robert the Bruce.

Burns had a head of the largest size, whose magnitude and contour we are enabled to test by actual admeasurement and manipulation, having a cast from his cranium, taken with all care and reverence at the interment of "bonnie Jean," the widow of the poet. From this we are enabled to assert that the distinctive feature of his character was its greatness and power in every direction, amounting almost to universality. The world knows him as a rustic poet; but, under other circumstances, it might have admired him as a powerful advocate, an eloquent senator, an able statesman, or a victorious general. He was great in thought, but he might have been still greater in action. It was, indeed, the strength of his impulses and the intensity of his emotions that ultimately destroyed him. He died like a chained lion, or a caged eagle—of his bonds. Some of his finest songs are, in very truth, but the soul-wails of an expiring prisoner,—the outpouring of a grief that only such poetry could express; the heart-rending groans of a legitimate and honourable ambition everywhere cruelly repressed; the lava-flood of an indignation demanding all the boundless resources of genius for its effective utterance. And yet some of these same songs are the embodiment of a love so deep and tender, that we might almost fancy, as we listen to its gentle plaints and melting tones, his soul could have had no room for any sterner passion. Everywhere there is the real man—earnest, powerful, commanding, and resistless—as by victorious force, by the right of the strongest, compelling the audience of an unwilling world.

In affirming that Burns was a universal man, we do not say enough; for he was endowed also with those finer sympathies which usually attach to the gentler nature of a devoted woman. His fiery passions, with all their masculine intensity, never thoroughly invaded, never wholly absorbed and destroyed his purer affections. He emerged from what might have been supposed their consuming fervour, spiritually intact, with all the simplicity of an unperverted child. This fierce and apparently relentless master of all the terrible resources of satire and sarcasm—who wielded the very thunderbolts of wrath like a second Jove—could, nevertheless, descend in his gentler moods to the upturned daisy and the dispossessed field-mouse. This roystering profligate, this profane jester—the terror of all virtuous, and the abhorrence of all pious, households—could rise in his loftier moments to "Mary in heaven." A large man, as we have said, many-sided beyond the most, and so covering not

only a great area of actuality, but a still wider range of possibility.

To the phrenologist, such a combination, although so rare, is by no means inexplicable. He sees in the powerful combativeness, destructiveness, and secretiveness of this massive organisation, united as they are with a brain so grandly developed in the anterior lobe, the adequate sources of that antagonism of thought and feeling by which the irritable poet was occasionally characterised. He finds here the elements of that force by which his writings are pervaded, and, we may add, of that intense reality by which they are distinguished from the tamer productions of closet scholars. Fierce invective and withering sarcasm, lightning wit and cutting irony, are never solely the fruits of intellect, however gifted. They demand in addition the fire of passion and force of impulse, ere they can be launched in all their blighting, blasting, and scathing influence upon the hated foe. But, combined with these sterner qualities, which made him so formidable to his enemies, there were generous affections and deep-toned emotions, kindly sympathies and genial resolves, that made him proportionably the idol of his friends. In his affections, as we have said, he was a veritable woman. The occipital region is so feminine, that, contemplating this alone, the phrenologist might well mistake the sex, and conceive that, in the predominant philoprogenitiveness and powerful adhesiveness here manifested, he had unmistakable evidence of a most effective development of the maternal instincts and the domestic attachments. If ever there was a man who could interpret woman by himself, that man was Robert Burns.

The social power of an otherwise great and gifted man, so constituted, must have been stupendous. As by a law of his nature, he compelled you to fear and hate, or to love and admire him. With a being so strongly pronounced, so terribly decisive, there could be no medium: you must be either his friend or his enemy. He had too much heart to be indifferent himself; he had too much energy for you to remain perfectly neutral. If great and noble, broad and expansive—that is, if sufficiently exalted to sympathise with and appreciate him—he drew you, as by a resistless magnetism, to his solar centre. If, on the other hand, cold and suspicious, narrow and bigoted, he alarmed you by his warmth and repelled you by his breadth, and you fled from his presence in terror, as from a devouring fire, in which you, with your respectabilities and conventionalities, would otherwise infallibly be consumed. Here was a man before whose lightning glance hypocrisy was unmasked, and pretence rendered transparent. He was hated because he was formidable, but he was also loved because he was princely—a

royal soul, towards whom loyalty was a true devotion, and fealty a paramount duty—at least, on the part of some, and those perhaps none of the meanest.

It must be at once obvious, that for the effective control of such susceptibilities and impulses as those which we have just enumerated, a more than ordinary development of the moral nature was imperatively required. Here was an excelsior spirit that could not fail to walk on the very edge of the precipice, with heaven above, but, alas! with chaos beneath him. Here was a man with vast possibilities in every direction; ennobled by powers that could scarcely fail to lead him to distinction, yet endowed with susceptibilities unutterably perilous on the side of error; enriched intellectually with all the priceless gifts of genius, yet stirred by passions that happily, in such force and intensity, seldom fall to the lot even of the most wayward of the sons of men. What strength in the governing principles, what a degree of self-command, was needed for the due regulation of such powers, combined with such impulses! And this man, so marvellously endowed, be it recollected, was only a peasant, with rustic examples and rustic tuition to help him in the solution of life's great problem.

Again, ere becoming unduly censorious, let us recollect the age in which he lived and the examples by which he was formed. It was, as we have said, the latter half of the eighteenth century—that great age of dissolution, when faith and loyalty were at the lowest ebb, and an all-devouring chaos, like a universal flood, threatened to swallow up not only the time-honoured authorities, but the olden sanctities of society. In such a period of civil and religious anarchy, when the throne and the altar are alike shaken by the earthquake tread of revolution, private morals cannot fail to suffer. The bit is taken out of the mouth of Leviathan, and humanity, liberated from the restraints of tradition, rushes madly into a wild saturnalia of boundless sensualism. A previous age of preparation had produced Louis XIV., and called him *le Grand Monarque*. The age of Burns had produced a Prince of Wales, and esteemed him the first gentleman in Europe! Such were the gods enthroned in this night of time, to whom the men of that day could bow the knee in profoundest adoration, and to whom a civilised and Christian Europe daily offered the intoxicating incense of ardent and enthusiastic admiration. If such were the deities, we may conceive what were the worshippers. If such were the royalties, what must have been not only the nobilities, but the democracies of the world. A thoroughly insane time: when the hospitality of the host could only be duly honoured by the inebriety of the guest, and when a suicidal profligacy was esteemed the surest evidence of superior ability. Into this

seething cauldron of gold-laced grossness and beruffled iniquity was launched the noblest and most gifted, but also the most excitable and susceptible, spirit of the eighteenth century.

Happily, as we have said, he was a peasant; still more happily, perhaps, he was a Scottish peasant, who in after years, from the sacred recollections of his religiously trained childhood, could give an unbelieving world "The Cottar's Saturday Night." Strange inversion and dislocation of matters social, when it is, to all spiritual intents and purposes, better to be reared in a cottage than a palace, and when rank and wealth furnish hindrances rather than furtherances to that growth, which is not so much for time as eternity. Happily, then, we repeat, Robert Burns was born a Scottish peasant, and still more happily, we would add, of the eighteenth rather than the nineteenth century. Calvinism and the Covenant were no doubt great things in their day, heaven-sent and of adequately divine import, but yet only for a season: a stern school, through which it behoved the Scottish mind to pass, and without which we had never known either a Robert Burns or a Thomas Carlyle, in the fashion, at least, under which Providence has seen fit to present them: a verily Sinaitic dispensation, propounding the Law under the guise of the Gospel: the extreme left of the Protestant movement—that in its utter abhorrence of idolatrous ceremonies and Papal indulgences—not only cast the organ out of the church, but well nigh eliminated mercy out of the creed: the thoroughgoing protest of a very earnest and decisive people, fully determined on no half-measures with a corrupt church and a profligate hierarchy: perhaps, like all extremes, a little too violent to last—carrying, indeed, the seeds of its own dissolution, at no very remote period, in its very framework and constitution; but, nevertheless, a system which, at least in the childhood of the poet, was still sufficiently in its vigour to rear not only an outwardly devout, but a practically moral peasantry, of whom that princely patriarch, William Burns, was so magnificent an example.

Old-fashioned morality *versus* modern scepticism—the olden sanctities dying out and the new veracities not yet fully enthroned. Truly a time of terrible confusion, through which our poor, weak, erring humanity could scarcely pass quite unscathed. Paternal principle of the noblest, though somewhat of the sternest at home; popular habitudes, gradually becoming of the freest, abroad. Stoical severity at the domestic hearth; Epicurean laxity at the village club and at the laird's mansion. A gloomy and forbidding creed—the hard and pedantic echo of mediæval scholasticism—preached from the pulpit; a Godless philosophy and a utilitarian economy blatant through the press. Authority degenerating into despotism; and liberty not yet

superior to licence. Such were the Scylla and Charybdis through which the youth of the eighteenth century had to pass in their voyage of life, and wherein, therefore, it is not wonderful that some suffered shipwreck.

With what endowments and equipments, then, did our rustic bard face these conflicting influences?—with what steerage power did he attempt self-pilotage through this waste of troubled waters? Phrenology at once replies, that his moral was not equal to either his passional or his intellectual nature. The head is too long in proportion to its altitude. The median is not proportioned to either the posterior or the anterior lobe. There is a want in the coronal region, which although not absolutely, is relatively, deficient. His principles would have amply sufficed for an ordinary man, but they did not suffice for him. His impulses were too strong and his affections too fervid, and perhaps we may add, his logic too subtle and his imagination too vivid, to permit of effectual restraint, even by the combined power of all his sentiments. Perhaps a nobler age, one of edification, might have built him up into a great saint, a St Francis of Assisi or an Ignatius Loyola —moulding the molten metal, red and scathing from the furnace of passion, into somewhat of angelic shape. But what could an eighteenth, or indeed, any modern century, do with him? Simply, we presume, what it accomplished—that is, leaving him in the hands of Nature, a sinning, suffering, repenting David, the very wails of whose remorse, however, constitute the anthems, and might be grafted into the litanies, of common men.

Of all the moral sentiments his caution is the strongest, being indeed so powerful as to decidedly dominate the sustaining qualities of self-esteem and firmness. And we know, both from the outward records of his life and his own self-revelations, that he was often the victim of needless anxiety and causeless gloom. The sunshine and the shade, in ever-alternating variation, were his especial allotment. At times, indeed, this contrast became so marked that it might almost be defined as the lightning flashes of genius illumining the midnight blackness of despair. In this he was a true Scotchman—terribly earnest in all things, even in his misery and his forebodings. The organisation, as a whole, indeed, has this national peculiarity attaching to it, that the lateral wholly preponderate over the central organs, though this is not so strongly marked as in some of his countrymen. The wonder is, that with such a proportion in his cerebral development, he should have manifested so marked a tendency to fearless independence both in thought and action. But in his case, as perhaps in that of the elder Napoleon, volume of brain, combined with quality, sufficed to produce a general con-

sciousness of power, of which a certain form of self-reliance was the inevitable result. And it is observable of both, that while they instinctively took the lead of others in virtue of greater weight and force of character, they were yet easily cowed by adverse *circumstances*. They felt their right to rule *men*, but they needed to be sustained by success ere they could rise to the conscious mastery of *events*. They were born for prosperity rather than adversity, and while possibly great as conquerors, were not particularly heroic as martyrs.

Much has been said about the religion of Burns, in reference to which there cannot fail to be considerable diversity of opinion. Like nearly all the master-minds of the eighteenth century, he was decidedly heterodox. Perhaps in no age could so grand a soul have been cast in a sectarian mould. He was too great for shibboleths; but, in common with all true poets, he was inherently and essentially devout. A priest of the beautiful, gifted with the profoundest insight into the divine, how could he be otherwise than worshipful? To him the whole universe was a God-built temple, of which the dew of the morning was the matin incense, and the song of birds its evening anthem. Such spirits can never be wholly wanting in true devotion. They may despise the creeds of men and bid defiance to the discipline of churches, but they have that within which is the root of all religions, and in whose presence the professions of formal piety sink into utter insignificance. Let it never be forgotten that they are of that order whence prophets are called in the hour of necessity. Revile it as we may, genius is still the shekinah illumining the holy of holies with its sacred flame, and affording by its supernal light, unmistakable evidence of the immediate presence of an indwelling divinity. Poets, indeed, are the great revealers, the primal spokesmen of the Infinite, of whose oracular responses even the most widely accepted creeds are but the expiring echoes. The religion of such is ever vital, even though informal. It may not accord with the catechisms, but it is in harmony with nature. It may be opposed by conclaves and synods, but it is responded to by the soul of universal man. Burns, then, was not irreligious, any more than Shakespeare, although his piety may not be quite so prominent as that of Milton, or so acceptably framed as that of Young; but it was certainly not of a kind to please the elders and ministers. It would scarcely have passed muster at a kirk session. It was not in the fashion. It did not bow down to the established idols. It was sadly in the minority. Perhaps it was not pre-eminently illustrated even by his own life; or if so, then chiefly by his deep and heartfelt contrition for acknowledged errors. For here was a man who certainly sinned, but as indubitably repented, and whose whole life was little other than a hopeless conflict

with powerful impulses that continually overmastered his better promptings and higher aspirations.

The gravest sins of Burns, however, in the estimation of the Church, were decidedly not those of conduct but composition. The lapses of the man would have been easily condoned but for the offences of the poet. "The Holy Fair," and "Holy Willie's earnest Cry and Prayer," were sins of a far deeper dye than those personal peccadilloes for which the author had already suffered a public rebuke. Heresy, in all ages, has been esteemed far worse than immorality. A dominant priesthood can forgive everything except difference of opinion, implying a doubt of their infallibility. And yet, what after all were these literary sins of the inspired ploughman but an attack on hypocrisy? a withering exposure of the hollowness and deceit of pharisaic formalism? for which, with all reverence be it spoken, he had the highest possible example. For looseness of conduct he might doubtless have been matched in nearly every parish throughout the length and breadth of Scotland; but there was not another man, either north or south of the Tweed, who could have so effectually winged his poisoned arrows home, or with equal ability have held up the Kirk and its proceedings to the profane ridicule of the vulgar. Here, indeed, was the unpardonable sin—that he did not respect the cloth, but with unparalleled audacity exposed both ministers and elders to the jeers of the undiscerning multitude. Not, then, for his actions, but his writings, was Burns esteemed an irreligious man; and when we consider by whom the verdict was pronounced, we shall be the better enabled to judge of its value.

The phrenological indications lead to the conclusion that veneration was not the most powerful of his moral sentiments. Benevolence, indeed, completely dominates it. Here, beyond question, was a man to whom was individually applicable the great saying that of "Faith, Hope, and Charity, the greatest of these is Charity." The religion of such a man could not consist in the easy and uninquiring reception of dogma, in a slavish submission to authority, in the loud profession of a creed, or in a bigoted adherence to orthodox doctrines and established formularies. In faith as in practice, here was a soul too large for accepted moulds. With his unusually powerful intellectual faculties, combined with such a balance of the moral sentiments, Burns could not help thinking for himself in matters of religion. In addition to this, let it be remembered that we have here to do with genius, which is ever of an essentially primary and solar, not dependant and planetary, character. The masses may be led, like sheep by their appointed shepherds. But here, as we have said, was a born king of men, a chieftain from the hand of Nature, of whom blind obedience was not to be ex-

pected, and by whom it could not be rendered, even to the Church. Let it be distinctly understood by all whom it may concern, that dogmatic teaching is for the many, the flock. But here was a being endowed with higher prerogatives, not nominally, but veritably, gifted with "the right of private judgment," and in whose presence, therefore, the pretensions even of the grandest hierarchy to teach with authority were little other than a ridiculous usurpation.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

By J. W. Jackson, F.A.S.L.,
Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology, as an Aid to the Historian,"
"Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

PAN,

THE INFINITE ONE,—GOD MANIFEST IN HIS CREATION.

All ordinary minds are lost in the concrete. By no effort of their own can they rise to the abstract. They are at home with incidents. They are alien to principles. They dwell on phenomena, and, by their own unaided effort, never rise to a mastery of the laws on which they depend. Philosophy and science both endeavour to remedy this defect, the radical difference between them being, that while philosophy contemplates ends, science only investigates means; and while the latter is satisfied with sequences, the former endeavours to discover causes. In a sense, religion is, or rather ought to be, a summation of the two, with the higher element of intuition superadded; that is, it should embody the profoundest conclusions of reason, and crown them with the light and glory of inspiration.

Pan was the highest expression of classic antiquity for unity in multiplicity, for the one in the many. At an early age of the world, the profounder class of thinkers could not fail to observe that most things are obviously but copies, perchance of some divine original. One oak is like another; diverse as individuals, they are nevertheless one in principle. They are obviously but manifestations of the same idea. And a similar remark applies with equal force to the horse and the man. Gradually the abstraction advances, and it is found that not only all oaks but all trees are fundamentally alike in structure and function. Nay, it is at last discovered that even the simplest plants have certain attributes in common with the largest trees—have a certain typal resemblance, as if but varied expressions of the same thought; and so the generalisation gradually advances till at length we are enabled to grasp with ease the magnificent con-

ception of a vegetable kingdom, all whose species, genera, orders, and classes are similarly characterised. By a like process of generalisation we also attain to the distinct conception of a mineral and an animal kingdom. But even this does not fully suffice the higher needs of the synthetic intellect in its endeavour to discover unity of design and oneness of thought in the plan of the universe; so we cautiously advance to the still higher generalisation of the organic and the inorganic sphere, till at length the suspicion is dawning upon us that even these are only terms of comparative differentiation, the inorganic being in reality only the organic upon a larger scale; that is, the cosmic in place of the telluric, the earth being in reality but an embryonic cellule, for the discharge of whose higher vital functions plants and animals are simply special instrumentalities, or, as we otherwise phrase it, appropriate organs. And thus we are gradually familiarised with the stupendous truth that even the stellar sphere does but afford a repeating cycle of processes, with which we are already comparatively familiar on the nearer plane of earth. Pan is everywhere present, the same yet different, the one in the many.

There is no doubt that some ideas are racial; that is, there are certain thoughtforms in religion, philosophy, politics, and morals, that having been developed by men of a special type of organic structure and mental constitution, are easily received and appropriated by those of a similar type, though alien to those of different descent. Pantheism, as one of these, is the special product of the Aryan race. It pervades all their principal religions, under the form of God manifest in creation, eventuating, among other things, in the cardinal doctrine of incarnation. But such an idea is eminently offensive to men of the Semitic type, who, accustomed to conceive of the Deity as distinct from his creation, regard the attempt to confound them as horribly blasphemous. The divine-human is to them a specification without meaning, an affirmation involving absurdity and contradiction.

But this apparent opposition, like most other forms of antagonism, is the result of insufficient generalisation. Theism and Pantheism, as generally taught, differ only because the former regards the universal scheme of being principally from the higher or spiritual side, and the latter from the lower or material. Each proclaims and emphasises a certain phase of truth, which, rightly contemplated, does not exclude the other. They are in combination, the bipolar aspect of the same veracity —Theism being the positive and Pantheism the negative side. God and Nature are simply the masculine and feminine, the central and circumferential, the spiritual and material phase of universal being, which, so far from excluding, imply each other.

The great religious mission of the future is the effectual reconciliation of these contradictions of opinion, by a doctrinal revelation so exalted, as to involve the affirmation of both without denying the truth of either. This is a necessity of humanity. Pure Theism is stern and barren. As Judaism, it excluded the fine arts and warred against the due æsthetic culture of its disciples. As Mohammedanism, it goes a step farther, and desolates the land in which it prevails, eventuating first in the intellectual stagnation, and finally in the political decline of its votaries. Pantheism, on the other hand, ultimates in speculative materialism and popular idolatry. Under its influence the few become sceptical and the many superstitious. It appeals to the intellect rather than the sentiments. It promotes poetry and art, philosophy and science. It conduces to *breadth* of culture, but is not equally favourable to elevation of thought and feeling. The Greeks are an instance in point, no less apt than illustrious. Gifted with all the attributes of the highest genius, they have yet failed to assume the supreme place as teachers of posterity. Our literature and art are Hellenic, but our religion is Judaic.

Perhaps the last sentence requires some modification. The truth is, the process of reconciliation has already commenced and is far advanced, and we may say, speaking historically, that Christianity is the result. This, perhaps, demands some explanation. Aryan philosophy and Semitic Theism have interacted from an early period. Persian influence is clearly perceptible in the later prophets. From the conquests of Alexander, Hellenism dominated as the intellectual element of Western Asia, while the Roman rule which succeeded it, was but another and confirmatory wave of Aryan power. The combined effect of these two invasions was the engrafting of Aryan Incarnationalism upon Semitic Theism, and the consequent product of a faith so superior in moral grandeur and purity to the Olympian creed, and indeed we may say to Druidism, Odinism, and the Aryan religions of Europe generally, that they have one and all succumbed to its influence, and are now no longer extant among the things of time. They yielded because they were morally inferior to their Semitised rival. But although so potent as opposed to the grosser Aryan Polytheism of Europe, Christianity has hitherto failed in making an equal impression on the Semitic Theism of Asia. The strictly unitarian faith of Islam has practically superseded it, to the utter exclusion of all true scientific and æsthetic culture, from the entire area dominated by the Crescent. The material prosperity and intellectual advancement of Europe, as compared with the desolation and stagnation of Western Asia, is nevertheless an adequate proof that the Aryan element is a necessity of humanity. It is so, as one of the poles of universal truth. The Aryan worships Nature. To him she is divine.

The Semite worships God, to the exclusion of Nature. To him she is simply a creature, reverence for whom would involve the sin of idolatry. Without the elevating influence of Semitism, the Aryan grovels in Materialism and Polytheism; and without the fertilising and vivifying influence of Aryanism, the Semite revels in destruction and sinks into barbarism.

We thus perceive that the process of reconciliation is still incomplete. The Aryan has not yet been fully redeemed from his idolatry. When a believer he is a tritheist, when a sceptic he is prone to the deification of Nature as the one supreme. The Semite has not yet been cured of his fanaticism. He is deaf to the music, blind to the beauty, and indifferent to the order of Nature. To him she is not the bride but the slave of God, a dead *thing*, not the peerless reflection and living emanation of her divine creator. What the world awaits is the marriage of these veracities; but this can only be accomplished by their approximation, through the more effective development of their respective principles. Hitherto Aryanism has been lost in the many, while Semitism has been absorbed in the one; but the Pantheism of the former implies the ONE in the *many*, as the Theism of the latter implies the *many* in the ONE. But ere these higher truths can be recognised as but the Janus-face of the same veracity, the philosophy of the Aryans must become more profound, and the religion of the Semites more expansive, so that the former will not deny God nor the latter despise Nature.

THE IDEAL ATTAINED:

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

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

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CHAPTER XLIV.

TIME went on, and the first week of my grace was gone, but not so were we. It was difficult, Mr Peters said, to find women whom he could trust to manage everything as we had, and almost every night there was a petition for us to remain; or, if I must go, then for Eleanore to stop, and have a servant-woman of her own choosing, or a boy or man—black or white—Kanaka or Chinaman—anything that would answer best or please her, only if she would stay and manage and take care of the house. At last the urgency so far prevailed that she consented, if he could not supply her place, to remain till the end of the third month, having with her the woman whom we had occasionally employed. And

so, on Friday of the second week, I left her to go to my future home. Thus I lost much of her daily experience.

But I have her letters, written at intervals of a few days or hours, according to the necessities of her soul,—narrating events, or breathing her beautiful fancies, or rising in fearless affirmation: the moment's mood being as faithfully reflected in them, as in her varying face it always was. There were greater extremes in her nature than I ever knew in any other. She was frank to a daring degree; habitually and constantly so, except in the great inmost experiences of joy and suffering; and these, when she willed it, could be buried so deep within, that those of her household would never conceive their presence; and even I found myself often forgetting them. She was courageous, as you have seen; when need and occasion were, as unflinching in thought and nerve as the hardiest man. Unfaltering and fearless, she pressed impetuously forward to her object; yet laid her hand as gently upon it, when she reached it, as the most delicate and sensitive girl. Her heart was a full fountain of the tenderest and most ecstatic love, yet with the firmness and apparent coldness of the least womanly woman, she pressed down and sealed it within her own bosom. Shallow people thought her hard and cold, when the inward fire of that life, smothered and checked by the strong will, would have blinded and scorched their weak souls, had it been permitted to blaze forth. Her letters seemed to make me even better acquainted with her than I had been. They showed me no new phase of the character I had seen so fully and variously proved, but they defined it more sharply; they individualised more perfectly the admirable harmonies and contrasts which made her the rarest woman I have ever known.

I had left her but a few days—less than two weeks, I think—when the ever-dreaded calamity of that anomalous city, fire, descended upon them one night, and swept the house and most of its contents to destruction. Her loss was heavy, consisting not only of the best part of her wardrobe, but of all the precious mementoes she had preserved of little Harry.

"I am deeply grieved, Anna," she says, in this letter, "for their loss. It seems a wrong to the dear child not to have thought first of what remained to prove his short life to us; but I was terrified for Phil and myself, for you can have no idea of the fearful rapidity of this destruction. The fire broke out two buildings from us, in the grocery, you know, below the restaurant, and although I was on my feet almost with the first stroke of the monumental bell, I could only, by its light, huddle some clothing on, and drag the small trunk, which stood nearest the door, down stairs, before the flames were shooting out of our upper windows. I left Phil for one moment, and ran back to the office, through

the smoke and flying sparks, to get the money and a bundle of papers which Mr Peters had left there the night before. But the corner of our bedroom was already on fire, and I could not attempt to move the heavy trunk. I had to fly down the stairs myself, to escape being buried. Of course I took refuge at the Marsdens', where I am now staying. Mrs Harding also remains here, quiet and benumbed, it seems to me, but ever, I fear, leaning toward that accursed life that has blasted hers."

The next week came another letter, saying that Mr Marsden had heard of a private teacher or governess being wanted in Sacramento, and she was to see the party next day. They met, but the dreadful vulgarity and ignorance of the man forbade all further thought of that.

"I could never think of occupying a subordinate position," said Eleanore, "under such a head, and I fear, dear Anna, that this difficulty will meet me everywhere here; there are so few refined families yet in the country —so very few who are settled and ready to employ a governess. I never occupied such a position, and I do not know how I could suit my spirit to its burdens, under the best circumstances, but I should be very glad to try, with reasonable chances of success. Captain Dahlgren was right when he said that there were few cultivated or accomplished women wanted here. I feel very much saddened and depressed at the prospect before me. The 'outlook,' as Carlyle says, is so short, and dim, and confused. And while I am waiting, I find myself remembering the good Swede's offer to us, and turning frequently to those older communities in South American cities. What would you say, were you to hear some day that I had gone to Chili or Peru? They are not so very far off, you know, and the social order in which woman like us can best live and move, prevails there as it will not here in many years.

"Do you hear of Colonel Anderson, lately? Mr Marsden told me he forwarded a letter to you the other day; but, like any other man, he did not observe the post-mark. I would hope that it was from him, except that there has been time enough for you to have returned an enclosure to me, and none has come. Did you receive a letter from him, and none for me? Tell me, and what he said. I am so very lonely and friendless without you. Friendless in the near sense, I mean, for good Mrs Marsden knows nothing of the past, and so we cannot be confidential.

"Gray's trial is coming on next week, and our poor Mrs Harding is almost beside herself—thoroughly roused from her stupor, and asking the one question that concerns her, by every glance of her eye and every change of position, when one enters the house or a footstep is heard.

"John Harding wrote, two or three days after the fire, to repair the loss of my house by offering one with him. The letter was not well-spelled, neither was it faultless in style, but it was very manly and sincere, and I wish it had been addressed to somebody whose heart it would have gladdened, as it might have a great many."

Before this letter came, I had sent her a note from Colonel Anderson, and when her next reached me, it breathed the breath of rest and contentment in its first lines:—

"Thanks, dear Anna, for yours, with what it contained. The Kohinoor would have paled before it. This will not hold much longer. He will bring me to confession by his own generosity, for one cannot resist that. Did he speak to you of going to Chili? He expresses some such purpose to me, and I wish to know whether or not you have possibly led him to it, by an intimation of my looking in that direction. I cannot conclude from his note, though it has been near my heart ever since I received it; and I ought, therefore, to be informed of the spirit in which every word was written. Write, and answer me this question. I shall decide on something in a few days."

I had conveyed no hint to Colonel Anderson that she thought of South America, and I said so.

"Then," she replied, "you have cemented anew the bond of trust between us, though it needed not that service. I shall go to Chili next month, and my only wish now, is, that you could leave your position and go with me. I have met in the last three days a lady who has resided four years in Valparaiso, and she assures me that we should have no difficulty in employing ourselves there as governesses or teachers. But I ought to tell you that the compensation would but little exceed half that you receive here.

"You have scarcely told me yet, dear Anna, how you find yourself —what is your school, and how and where do you live? Have you any Eleanore to worry or help you? I sometimes fear I may have done more of the former than of the latter. But tell me—for I wish to know before I leave the land which contains you—that you are not going to be left socially destitute by my departure."

I certainly had no one to replace her. I was too wise to look for or expect that; but I was able to describe myself as living very comfortably in a private family of New York people—a father, mother, and two young daughters, who were among my pupils—and my school as large, and made up chiefly of bright and interesting, though often rude and ill-bred children. "On the whole," I said, "as good a position and as comfortable as I ought to expect, I suppose; and if I had never known you, I dare say I should be diligently compressing myself into it, in the full conviction that I ought to be content, and even thankful for it. But you have taken that religion away from me. I aspire to something better, and I long for communion with you, who have led me to it. I rest sometimes in the good progress of my pupils and in my hopes for them; but even then I lack somebody to appreciate and sustain me by the courage and life I have hitherto received from you. Dear Eleanore, since I have been here, I more than ever admire Colonel Anderson's firmness. Would it flatter you if I should say that sometimes, on a

Friday evening, I am so tempted to take the boat and go down, that I have a painful struggle to keep myself here? A few hours, I fancy, would so refresh and help me. I have never known a person who had so much of that power, or felt so clearly in any soul its spontaneous flow. Tell me when you are going, for I must see you once, at least."

In a few days came a letter, saying she had taken passage in a vessel which was expected to sail the next week, and they should expect me on Friday night. "Mr Marsden will meet you at the boat, on its landing," she said, "that not an hour of our precious time may be lost."

I had already learned by the papers that Gray had escaped punishment by the disagreement of the jury, but had been obliged to leave the city by Mr John Harding, who gave him warning, *in the court-room*, on the rendering, that, whenever he should meet him in the town after that hour the next day, he would take his life if he could; and as he was sustained by a strong party of friends, the miscreant had been prudent enough to flee for the time. From Eleanore I had learned that Mrs Harding, so deserted, had wilted down into a state of passive helpless submission to whatever was required of her; and so they had sent her home by the steamer two or three days after the trial was over—a more fortunate termination of her stay than any of us hoped for till it came.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE rainy season was now at hand, which would be a new experience to us summer emigrants, not a drop having yet fallen in the four long months we had been in the country. There were occasionally cloudy evenings and nights, and Eleanore often referred to the pleasure she and Phil had in afternoon walks, now that the winds had abated.

"We go upon the hills," she said, "or, when he is tired, I go alone and look at the sunset over the ocean, and think, with a heart-ache, of that solitary island where the afternoon shadows are lengthening on the sands, and where one falls that my eye will never more measure. I know, dear Anna, that he is not there. I see and feel him in a world of light and growth, where all is *living* power, beauty, expansion, and progress; where low conditions do not imprison, and darkness does not hinder or becloud his radiant soul. I feel that my child is there. I think of him in these relations, and am conscious that he is not lost to me in that grave; and yet I cling to the memory of it, because it is the one spot on earth that is identified with that beloved form. Harry, whom my soul loves, and will rejoice in when we meet face to face again, is not there; but Harry whom these arms have cherished, whom these lips have kissed, and this heart of flesh delighted itself in, is yet there; and so I yearn toward it painfully, as I should irresistibly toward the

dear form, were it now here before me. I have suffered more from painful memories of that period in this idle fortnight than in all the time we were together. I miss you sorely, and sometimes feel afraid to trust myself away in a foreign country without you, knowing that I shall not readily find one to fill your place in my trust and affection. And it is so necessary, dear, for me to be fully understood by some one, when I am otherwise surrounded by strangers."

I fully appreciated this necessity, for I had so often been compelled to interpret her to others, that I had come to regard myself as, in certain sort, necessary to her. And this feeling increased, on my part, the pain of our separation. I found myself often saying, mentally, in my unoccupied moments—now Eleanore is, perhaps, doing or saying something that I ought to be there to explain, by looks if not in words; people are so likely to mistake her in some way. It troubled me not a little, and made me often think seriously of forming some plan by which we could be together again; but this removal to Chili seemed to put an end to all hope of that. Beside, I said, she will soon have one there, who, when he has come near her heart, will take her from me wholly; and should I not then fall to the ground, overlooked and forgotten by both, in their great and sufficient happiness? No, I said, sharply reproving in my heart these yearnings to rejoin myself to that high soul—no, you are to go on alone. The barrenness of life is to you henceforth—not its bloom in the sunshine of such affection as hers. She has insight where you are dull; she is strong where you are weak; she is large-souled, and still expanding, where you, in your solitariness, are narrow, and daily narrowing to your little life and its little future.

I was packing my travelling-satchel for my last visit to her, while I thus lamented and doomed myself. There was bitterness in my heart—I will not deny it—while these thoughts were cutting like a two-edged blade through its hopes and complacencies. Why should she be so much happier than I? I could not see where I had lived so unworthily. My life had not been idle. It had not been a selfish one. I had cared for and aided others, all the way through it, to the limit of my ability, and sometimes beyond. I had not separated myself from the happiness and suffering of those who had moved beside me through the years of womanhood. I had dealt justly, and in all things preserved my self-respect. I had reverenced God and loved humanity. I had been in the main faithful to my highest religious convictions. Why, then, was I here, in the dark valley, and she there, far toward the summit of the mountain of happiness, bathed in its warm light and breathing its odorous airs, with health in her soul and joy in every motion? It could only happen so to us, I said, rebelliously, through the unequal distribution of life's first gifts—the powers with which we

enter the fair garden that invites our young feet, where some find, as she has, endless paths of beauty before them, and others, as myself, only grim desolate walks of toil and pain.

My soul was darkened in that hour. I exaggerated both sides of my picture. I dipped the brush of my memory in black, and dashed it rudely, again and again, across that beautiful golden light in my past, where the image of Herbert appeared and re-appeared, smiling upon me. I obstinately turned away from the bright recollections of my cherished and revered mother; and would not, in that moment, suffer any slender streamlet of happiness to flow into my soul from the thought of my noble, loving father, though he had treasured my peace, ever after Herbert's death, as tenderly as a mother treasures her young child. I would not see the blessings that had come to me, because here, on the other side, was a life so much richer and larger than mine; filled yet to the brim with strong and active purposes of growth; with broad and keen interest in the ideas and systems by which men and women are to ascend to higher planes of being; with ecstatic motherhood; and crowned above all this wealth and brightness, with worshipping love, the supreme gift and the divinest joy of all. I could not balance these accounts, and I went on my way pitying myself, with something akin to contempt, and thinking of her in a spirit that I am ashamed to say was nearer to accusation than forgiveness.

The journey down the San Joaquin is, at best, not an interesting one; and, in my state of mind, it had no power to charm or draw me away from myself. The shrunken stream, flowing between banks of a dead level; mountains in the distance, covered with the sere harvest of indigenous oat; the plains or marshes, then dry, making their way occasionally to the river's edge, and all the near country shut out from view by the sunken position of the boat, crawling along in the bottom of the shallow chasm which contained the current—these were the features that chiefly impressed me during the short period of daylight that remained to us after we left Stockton.

At dark I went into the cabin, the air feeling damp and the clouds threatening rain—which came palpably down before we reached the bay, and was still falling when the boat came up to the wharf. Mr Marsden stepped on board as soon as the plank was thrown out.

"I have brought you," said he, after our greetings were over, "india-rubbers and a large shawl. My wife and Mrs Bromfield thought you might come without them: and also an umbrella. But it is very dark, and as I know every step, and you do not, over the rough way, perhaps you had better take my arm, and come under this one."

I felt wearied, from my emotions as well as loss of rest, and for once was disposed, if it were not too costly, to drive up the hill.

"What will they charge to take us to your house?" I asked. "It seems an ugly walk in the darkness and rain."

"More, I think, than you will be willing to pay. I will inquire, however"—and presently he returned with a hackman, who said he would take me for twenty dollars, and both of us for twenty-five.

"Almost a week's wages!" I said, to Mr Marsden. "No, I can't indulge myself at that price yet. We will walk."

And I seemed to recover strength and animation with every step that brought me nearer to her, while Mr Marsden was quietly letting fall some enthusiastic words of praise.

"My wife and I," he said, "are just beginning to feel what your friend is. We are plain sort of people, and do not understand her as well as if we were more like her, but we have both come to the conclusion that she is a woman of a thousand, and will be a real loss to us."

When I stepped within his door, I found myself clasped in Eleanore's arms, with tears and kisses falling on my face.

It was far past midnight, and Mr and Mrs Marsden soon retired, enjoining upon us, with friendly earnestness, as they went, to seek rest also.

"We will rest here, my own dear Anna," said Eleanore, when we were alone, drawing my weary head to her shoulder, and looking into my face. "There is more sadness than pleasure in these eyes," she added. "What is it? Tell me."

"Are you not going away?" I replied; "and is not this, in all probability, the last time we shall ever meet? Ought I to feel glad, even though I am here with you once more?"

Her eyes suffused while I was speaking. "I do not believe," she said, "it is our last communion together, Anna, though I do not see when or how the next is to happen. But we seem to belong to each other, dear. I almost think I did not feel your worth to me till we were parted, for I look in vain since for any other heart to answer mine, as this good, noble one has, so often and so faithfully."

"Oh, Eleanore," I said, "do not accuse me by a too generous estimate of my poor nature. Do you know it is capable of bitterness, and something so near to envy, that I feel reproached by your tenderness and warmth of heart?"

She looked at me in surprise, and then an incredulous half-smile stole over her wondering features.

"It is true," I said, "and envy of you, dear friend, too. Do not

stop me"—seeing her about to speak—"till I have laid my wickedness all before you, and then I will hear your good words."

And I told her all I have already told you, but more fully, feeling myself drawn on to utter frankness and self-cleansing, by the kindly and trusting light that shone down on me from her matchless face.

When I had done, we were both silent. I was looking at the handful of coals and dying brands that lay before us on the hearth, and I waited for her voice so long, without hearing it, that I at last looked up, to see tears falling slowly from her eyes, in which I felt the light of happiness as much as the gloom of pain.

"Eleanore," I said, "do not weep for me. I am scarcely worthy of tears that flow so rarely as yours do."

"It is not for you only, but myself, dear Anna. You have summed up for me, afresh, all that I have to be grateful for, which one forgets sometimes, you know. I do not wish, however, to speak now of my riches, which are, indeed, great—with Phil, and that other, whom we need not name, and you, good child, beside some dear ones left behind us. Let them pass. But in the account you have given me of yourself, you have reflected the sad internal record, I suspect, of many a life, that does not, perhaps, once in all its years of duration, reach itself out as you have done to-day. You ask me how blessings can be so unequally divided between persons whose lives are equally pure, obedient, and faithful? You come to me for wisdom while I have none to give you. The sages and philosophers, the churchmen and schoolmen, the economists and statesmen, have failed, and do perpetually fail in solving this question. Each thoughtful soul, I suppose, in some grave, high hours, attempts the solution for itself, and perhaps penetrates the mists a little way, but is finally beaten back to the cold kingdom of mere question. Some impatient spirits have doubtless hurried through the portals of death, to get the answer which life denied them. But for me,

> "'The doubt *must* rest I dare not solve,
> In the same circle we revolve;
> Assurance only breeds resolve.'"

"And have you never, then," I asked, from all your large questioning and patient thought, drawn any satisfying light to your own soul?"

"Perhaps a gleam now and then," she replied, with the help of modern thought and research into the nature of our humanity. One thing I am clear about, and that is, that many lives are reckoned worthy and obedient, according to the world's best standards, which are truly something less. The world's standard cannot measure our obedience or happiness, dear Anna, when we rise by even a hair's-breadth above the world's wisdom and development. Then obedience becomes exalted

faithfulness to something within, which the world knows not of; and to fall short of that, is a dereliction which stands first in the great statute-book of the soul. I know more of this sort of experience among my own sex than men, and I suppose the knowledge is common to most thoughtful and observant women.

"There are thousands of maids, wives, and mothers, in our country, who are deliberately and purposely belittling themselves, that they may remain in a certain measure, which is smaller than their nature demands —keeping down to the husband's level, or the father's, or the brother's, or the lover's. There are women who shun the thought, either printed or spoken, that would fledge their soul and send it forth to try its own pinion in the universe which the good Father widened and glorified, as well for them as for any. There are others, who shrink weakly from the high labour of development, though broad kingdoms, peopled with majestic forms of thought and beauty, flash invitation and encouragement upon them, when they will lift their cowering eyes to behold them.

"Yet all these are good women, often noble women—measured by the world's standard; living pure lives, doing good, loving mercy, and, if it would not sound like irony, I would add, walking humbly. None but themselves, or some soul trusted as their own, can know how much less they have done and been than was required of them by that sacred voice and 'light within,' as our Quaker friends have it.

"What is the world's standard to me, when I see beyond and above it, and know and feel in my inmost consciousness that there lies my path, and not here, in the way which is already beaten to flinty hardness beneath the thronging feet of them that hurry up to have their moral stature certified by the great clerk, Society? If I have a living soul within me, individual culture and growth, to the utmost limit of its capacity, can alone insure me peace and joy in its possession. If I sit down, stifling and compressing it, because use and custom require that I should, or because by rising I may agitate the stagnant levels of the life about me, I can but lay up bitterness for myself in so doing; and then, perhaps, I should come, in certain moods and hours, to compare my state with a higher and truer one, and accuse some undefined power, which I might call life, or fate, or nature, or if very daring, even God himself, of an unequal distribution of the goods.

"I do not know," she added, after a pause, smoothing my hair, "that I have touched your case. Indeed, I believe I have not; but I have given you my best thought and light. It would come nearer to some other experiences, dear, because of those great chasms in yours which marriage and maternity, however inadequately they may answer our demands, do, in some sort, either close up or convert to flowering

plains around most women. Life is very beautiful and blessed when used nobly. Could we conceive of greater or more perfect happiness than falls to the lot of one born with organic soundness, full and harmonious endowments, enjoying freedom, and in perfect measure, all the divine relations which God has appointed to the periods of maturity and age? I have often considered this, and wondered how the Church could so long have taught the degrading and destructive doctrine of the 'fall,' substituting therein an arbitrary and narrow salvation by faith, for that glorious one which is only the fruit of development in noble and godlike uses."

"I rejected that long ago," said I. "I was taught it in my youth very diligently, and my mother died firm in that belief; but I rejoiced to see my father emancipated from it, and at peace, years before his death, in the Church to which, I believe, I led him. That is one large item in my past which I never recollect without a substantial feeling of satisfaction. But, Eleanore, come to my case. You have spoken clearly, and your words have tranquillised and helped me to cast off for the time this bitter burden. But tell me, now, what is left to me for the rest of life that I can cultivate into a flower which shall at least resemble happiness?"

There was another silence. At length she said: "There is always work, Anna: and by that I do not mean simply labour or employment, as the opposite of idleness, but work which bears the right relation to your spiritual life—the relation of educating and elevating either the intellect or affections, or both, which is better."

"But consider the difficulty of getting such to do," said I.

"Yes, that is a serious and oppressive thought to all whose work must bring them support—most of all, to an aspiring woman. But if you value growth before gain—and I know no gospel for the soul that does not—you will always be able to rescue some hours every day from your productive labour, whatever it be, for the aquisition of new thoughts or the carrying of old ones to their more ultimate deductions. In this way there can always be some culture going on, unless one is absolutely needy.

"Then, one grows to such a beautiful affectional life, through practical charities, which may be the work of every day. Where your money is not needed, your courageous word may be, your tender sympathy, or your helpful hand. Where there are not sick bodies there are often aching and burdened hearts, whose pain and weariness we can mitigate. But all this you have known and done promptly, during your whole life, I know, and yet there is a great pain unrelieved. Will you bear with me if I tell you, frankly, that it is the cry of your womanhood, which

you have denied all these years. I do not believe in celibacy, Anna; and—pardon my plainness, dear friend—I respect any individual less, of either sex, who lives through the ordinary term of life unmarried."

I could not altogether suppress the emotions which these words called up from the grave of past hopes and joys, and I wept.

"Forgive me if I have pained you, my friend," said Eleanore. "I do not quite know your past, nor why your are now Miss Warren, instead of some good man's beloved and honoured wife, which you are entitled to be; but I feel that if you have consecrated yourself to some sorrow, such as I guess at, you ought to be roused from that devotion, and see that while it is life which makes all demands upon you, life ought to furnish you, in some measure, at least, with the sources of strength and courage to meet them. Persistent love is, I think, the noblest of our attributes, and profound and lasting grief for its object is one of its most touching and beautiful expressions; but grief rarely kills; and, after awhile, back come the rushing streams of life, bearing to us, perhaps, but the ghosts of former hopes and purposes—yet, at least those. Old desires of doing and being revive; we find the same world, or its vivid semblance, about us again. It treats us as reality, having the same wants and needs as before, and perhaps shows us greater ones than we ever before felt; and then I hold it wise and righteous, when the pulses of the heart beat as formerly, and the affections return to its darkened chambers, to heed their demands."

"He who could take Herbert's place in my heart," said I, "has never come to me."

"You have loved and lost, then?" she said, inquiringly.

"Yes, many years ago. I was but twenty, and now I am past forty."

"And have you not, ever since, felt a pleasure, and possibly a spark of pride, in the thought that you were devoting yourself to his memory? Have you not counted the years, sometimes, when you have indulged fond memories of him, and said, 'So many, dear heart, have I consecrated to thee—so many have I faced the fierce, exacting world, alone, because thou wert, and art not'? I do not say, dear Anna, that you might have loved another, had you dispossessed your mind of this phantom of heroism. Possibly you might not, and that would be the hardest lot of all; but it seems to me most probable, with so much life and health of nature as you possess; and then, had worth and congeniality proved that you loved wisely, what a different life had been yours to-day!

"I am persuaded, Anna, that it is better a woman should love, even though it prove to be unworthily, and marry, even if her hopes be disappointed, than ignore so much of her best life as she must in living

singly. And if to the marriage be added the glory of motherhood, she is thereby victor over much pain and wretchedness. God is her ally in that, against the world. Ask any wife who has had the prayer of her heart answered, by the birth of a child to the man she loves, even though he be an oppressor and tyrant, and she will tell you that all her past wounds found healing there, and that she felt the universe had declared for her in the strife.

"I do not know, dear friend, that I can do so true a thing for you in any other way as to help you to shake off the delusion which has shut you from the kingdom of Love. It may be a vain thing to attempt, and may make me seem almost unworthy of the affection you honour me with: but I will say it, nevertheless. Look at the world of men, and women, and children, as far as possible, with your healthy, natural eye. Lay reverently aside that cherished memory, and, as life calls on you for service and exertion, demand of life wherewithal for their performance. Try Nature's by your own, not by any imaginary standard which is no longer within your true and living appreciation, and when you find one pure and noble enough, who can appeal to your heart, do not shut your eyes and deafen your soul, but see and hearken, with a rational purpose to receive the good that may come to you."

"NEVERMORE" TO "EVERMORE."

I saw an iron-bound portal in the visions of my slumber,
And through it flashed a flame of fire, and faces grim and gay
Of demons horned and ugly, and voices deep as thunder,—
With fiendish yell they dragged to hell each soul who came that way,
And the gate forever swinging, ever grating, harshly ringing,
Like the hoarse and croaking singing of the "Raven" in Lenore;
Then I heard the chorus swell with a fierce and fiendish yell
As they sung the soul's death-knell, and the song was "Nevermore."

And as I gazed and listened, came a man with sharpened features:
The slaver's whip was in his hand, the oath upon his lip;
His frenzied eye flashed madly when he could not find those creatures
Who had worn on earth his heavy chain and suffered from his whip
Ere the heart had time for beating, the fiends before him meeting
Bound him while retreating with old fetters wet with gore;
And I heard the chorus swell with a fierce and fiendish yell
As they sung his soul's death-knell—"Thou'rt a freeman nevermore."

And while I gazed and listened, came one who sung a vesper:
A pious look was in his eye, but not upon his heart;
The echo of his words were heard, "Lord, Lord," he seemed to whisper—
Being pious from *profession*, he could ne'er from habit part.

One demon stepping nimbly put his arm in his quite grimly,
And they said their prayers so primly as they stalked in at the door;
And I heard the chorus swell with a fierce and fiendish yell,
As they sung his soul's death-knell, "Thou shalt preach, sir, nevermore."

I shuddered in my slumber, for the clouds were gathering o'er me.
The vision changes, flowers now bloom beneath a sunny beam;
An angel bright stands in the light all smilingly before me,
And whispers sweetly in my ear that this was but a dream.
In her soft embrace she caught me, and in loving accents taught me,
That the great All-father bought me and *all* outside the door;
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
None on this fair earth dwelling who shall suffer "Evermore."

Glasgow, 11th Jan., 1869. CLARA SHERWOOD.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE PRESS.

WITHIN the last few weeks, much discussion has taken place in the local newspapers in various parts of the country. The *Daily Mail* of Glasgow has been in the habit of giving paragraphs from *Human Nature*, which have been quoted into other journals, and often paraded as sensational wonders from the mystic realm of Spiritualism. The letter of "Honestas," which appeared in our December number describing the "fire test" as exhibited through Mr Home's mediumship, was given by the *Daily Mail*. An editorial "incidental allusion to Spiritualism" which followed called forth a flood of correspondence and another editorial—a very weak fluid composed of street-corner dogmatism and misapprehensions. The fight then became thicker than ever. Mr G. B. Clark, Mr A. Cross, and others stoutly defended the "cause" and its literary exponents; while "George Sexton, M.D.," secularist lecturer, opposed with pedantic quotations and vapoury platitudes—assisted by "the author of 'Marston Brothers' and other rejected dramas." The spiritualists defended the interests of truth most nobly, many of the letters being well written and full of information, particularly those of "Clara Sherwood," for whose admirable production we are sorry we cannot find space. We cordially thank the editor of the *Daily Mail* for his courtesy in the matter of "space," and we feel certain that a better acquaintance with Spiritualism will enable him, in treating of it, to do greater justice to his liberality and well-known talents.

One of the Glasgow correspondents' letters against Spiritualism found its way into the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, which elicited two prompt "feelers" from the spiritualists. "Fairplay" volunteered to give some instances of spiritual mediumship—"what I can only describe as charming and astonishing, with much to satisfy the wary, and nothing to repel the refined." The editor kindly placed his columns at the service of "Fairplay," who furnished a most intelligent description of some very remarkable and interesting phenomena. The

thanks of spiritualists generally are due to this lucid writer for his noble effort.

Some statements as to Mr Young's mediumship have occasioned a stir in a Swindon paper. An article by Mr Reeves, of the Progressive Library, describing a seance with Mr Home, has appeared in a recent number of the "Cabinet"—a monthly periodical in Pitman's short-hand.

We again call the attention of our friends to the great importance of sending the spiritualistic periodicals and other publications to the press. We have commenced to send 100 *Human Nature* per month to selected newspapers. We can ill afford to do so; but rely somewhat on the aid we may receive from those who are well able to help forward this good work.

PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATION OF GEORGE DAWSON.

ALL who know Mr Dawson (and who does not?) will be struck with the following remarkable delineations of him by Mr Spear. At the time it was given, the psychometrist had never heard of George Dawson, nor seen his name; and it is a question whether the autograph even appeared on the scrap of written paper which served to bring Mr Spear *en rapport* with his subject. We have seen not a few of Mr Spear's delineations, and have been much surprised at their accuracy and instructive tendency. We are glad to know that Mr Spear is quite fully employed, and profitably interests many minds in this occult phase of Psychology.

"Pressing the handwriting of Rev. Geo. Dawson to his forehead, and passing into the trance condition, Mr Spear said:—The writer of this epistle has in his composition a large amount of iron, and the intellect is of a massive, ironistic, endurable, and malleable cast. There is great strength of expression; and when he determines on a course of action, it is pursued with great vigour and marked tenacity, with the eye fixed on an end. It is a mind that acts with a purpose; is exceedingly bold in its investigations, distinct in its annunciations, and, having taken an intellectual position, he cannot be thrown off his balance. It is a mind that is markedly materialistic; clings with tenacity to things which can be seen, handled, tasted, heard. He may be called, in a marked sense, a material philosopher, because he philosophises upon things classified material. But it is a mind open to receive new thoughts, to investigate with candour, to see the relations they bear to acknowledged thoughts, and if they have no place in the ordinary sense with others, he lays them aside, as it were, labels them, and perhaps takes them up on another occasion. It is a mind that is exceedingly direct—says, in few and fitly-chosen words what he will do, what he will not do, and, if required, gives reason for doing or omitting to do. This is a directive order of mind; is not satisfied to be a follower in the steps of others, nor is it easy for him to take a middle course; but he likes to lead and to be followed.

"The sense of justice in his character is marked and strong. There

is a capacity to weigh subjects—to look on the good side of things, and also on the bad; and hence it is a charitably just mind—would not injure any person. When he has made up his mind to walk in a given course, he proceeds with great directness, and presses steadily forward —will not be jostled or turned out of his path. This is a mind well stored with a large variety of useful knowledge. The impression comes that there is intimate acquaintance with the British poets, and that he quotes them readily. This gentleman is accustomed to move in good society. He has a gentlemanly demeanour, suavity of manner, and can adapt himself easily to the circle in which he is called to move. He narrates what he has seen and read with ease and profit to those who listen. He is a migrationist; likes to go from location to location, to see new persons, to listen to fresh thoughts. He notices objects critically, and expresses his opinions readily. He has a fine eye for a horse; could manage an unruly animal with a good deal of ease. He possesses a strong muscular power. There is exhibited a solidity of character, a willingness to dwell upon serious, and to consider with care, religious subjects.

"The concentrative powers are marked, and in full play. So of the penetrative faculties; they are sharp. 'Tis a mind that penetrates a subject with ease, criticises accurately, separates the chaff from the wheat. He sometimes soliloquises—talks to himself as to another person—and in this way seems to instruct himself. This gentleman is honourable in his intercourse with his fellow-men. He would not descend to a mean act, though much personal profit were to come therefrom.

"The reverential faculties are in good condition; the domestic organs are full. When he enters a circle for conversation, he becomes a centre; parties gather about him. He likes to give tokens of affection, or manifestations of respect. The whole character exhibits substantiality. It is a progressive order of mind, seeks light from every quarter. He likes at times to be alone, to have opportunities for meditation to look into the past and sometimes into the future with high satisfaction. The more thoroughly and intimately he is known, the more respect and confidence he secures. He is precise in money matters, meets engagements promptly, is neither mean nor avaricious. He likes a good dinner, and good company at the table, where he exhibits his conversational powers. It is an order of mind ready to serve others. Persons come to him for counsel, and he gives them solid advice. These traits go to conclude a good character, trustworthy, honourable, faithful, with high and noble impulses."

CURATIVE MESMERISM.

In my paper on this subject last month, I stated that my object was to disabuse the minds of spiritualists of the notion that this healing power depended in some occult manner on the spirits of departed human beings. I have not erected a man of straw for the purpose of knocking him over. In Glasgow it is a source of regret among the mesmerists that

many of their best operators, men who had done much good as healing mesmerists, ceased curing shortly after becoming converted to spiritualism. In some cases this might be accounted for by the want of time necessary to carry on both studies; but it is well known that in many instances this was not the cause. They had got inoculated with peculiar ideas of "healing mediums," and operated only occasionally, when requested or allowed by their spirit guides. Some of them looked on the mesmerists as "materialists," because they took the credit to themselves of performing the cures; and nearly every one of them left the Mesmeric Society altogether. Our president and teacher, Mr J. W. Jackson, tells us that the same thing has occurred to his pupils elsewhere than in Glasgow. To an "advanced" spiritualist of this kind, the man who has felt a "spirit hand" is an object of envy, and not to be compared to the commonplace individual who goes about laying his own hands on the sick and making them recover. An enthusiastic friend of mesmerism told me he had an amusing instance of the truth of what I stated in my former paper. Conversing on mesmerism with two eminent spiritualists (both of them writers and lecturers on the subject), he narrated several of his cures, some of them very rapid and striking, when he was greatly astonished by one of them remarking in a peculiar tone, with an ominous shake of the head, that he must be a "healing medium." As I said before, the name would be of no consequence, and would not hinder the efficacy of the power, if the ordinary means and usages were followed. But a peculiar meaning is attached to the term, which deters people from applying the power unless under extraordinary circumstances.

That the healing power of mesmerism depends on the condition of the mind and body of the operator (modified, of course, by external surroundings), is a fact of which any one may satisfy himself who chooses to experiment or read on the subject. The working of the Glasgow Curative Mesmeric Association during the past eight years, seems to point clearly to the fact, that every healthy person may be a curative mesmerist, or "healing medium," if it pleases better. But all are not alike. Some excel in one form of disease, some in another; others succeed in inducing sleep or clairvoyance, while to some operators these conditions are almost unknown. Again, one may fail in producing any effect on a given case, while another succeeds admirably. This is felt to be the great want in mesmerism—the ability to choose the proper operator for each case; but there is good reason to believe that this difficulty will be overcome when the subject receives that amount of attention which its importance deserves.

I formerly narrated several instances of cure by mesmerism in what might be considered trivial cases, and which were successful at the first operation. On this occasion I shall mention a few more important cures, and where the treatment lasted over some time, the recovery progressing with the treatment. They are extracted from the records of our Mesmeric Society.

Spinal Disease, &c.—A girl aged ten, having had intermittent fever, was much reduced. Disease in the chest followed, causing great pain. Her medical attendant ordered blistering, and she had upwards

of fifteen fly and croton oil blisters applied, besides many others of mustard and turpentine. Her throat was also very sore and inflamed, and was occasionally touched with tincture of iodine. The disease then extended to the spine, after which she suffered intense pain in the back, and occasionally in the front of her head, of which she lost all control, so that it always fell to one side unless upheld. She never enjoyed proper sleep, but seemed at the deepest dose to be in a half-waking, dreamy state, with her eyes partially open, and *constantly suffering pain.* For seven months she was prescribed whisky three or four times a day, and some port wine. She also had mustard cloths laid along her spine, and these were followed by rubbing with whisky. Besides, she got a great deal of medicine, and nothing that was considered beneficial was awanting, her medical adviser being unremitting in his attention. After being confined to bed about fourteen months, she partially recovered; but in the course of a few weeks relapsed, and was worse than before. The week previous to her being mesmerised, the physician said he had given her case great consideration, and did not know what was best to be done. He recommended her to be kept without medicine for eight days, to try what effect that would produce. At this time one of the members of the association, at the request of the parents, commenced to mesmerise her. When he called to see her she was lifted out of bed by her mother, and held upon her lap. Her head required to be supported, and she complained of severe pain in the head, chest, and throat, and could scarcely swallow. She was mesmerised for 45 minutes, fell asleep, and slept for 35 minutes. The sleep was different from that which she had got during the past two years. *Her eyes were quite closed, and she felt no pain.* She also had an excellent night's rest. She was mesmerised nearly every day for four months, and occasionally for about a month thereafter, her gradual progress towards recovery being gratifying to notice. At the end of the fourth week she could rise from bed, put on her clothes, and walk about the house, *holding her head quite erect,* without any support whatever. The pain in the head had almost disappeared by this time, and her throat was better. She improved greatly in appearance, and gained strength every day. She took no drugs after the commencement of the mesmeric treatment. A year afterwards, her father reported her "as still in the enjoyment of good health, a living monument of the curative power of mesmerism."

Facial Paralysis.—A gentleman suffering from paralysis of the right side of the face applied to the association for an operator. He had suffered for about ten days previously, and his speech was so much affected that he could scarcely describe his case. He had lost all power over the muscles of the right side of the face, with the exception of those connected with the eyeball. He was unable, however, to close the eye, which remained open during sleep, and there was a continual flow of water from it. The mouth also fell to the side, and not being able to bring the lips properly into opposition, he found it difficult to speak. He was mesmerised daily for a fortnight, by which time he was completely cured, and remained quite well. Those acquainted with the physiology of the nervous system, will at once recognise this as beautiful and typical case of paralysis of the right facial nerve.

Bronchitis.—One of the members happened to call at a house where there was an old woman suffering severely from bronchitis, being hardly able to breathe. He mesmerised her for about half an hour, after which she could breathe as freely as himself. He called and mesmerised her three or four times afterwards, and she has remained well ever since.

Rheumatism.—A gentleman who had suffered from lumbago for upwards of five years, and who had been under the treatment of eminent medical men without avail, was mesmerised twelve times by one of the members, which completely removed the pain, and there had been no return seven months afterwards.

Headache.—A young woman, 22 years of age, had been suffering every other week from severe headache for five years. These headaches were of such a character that she was compelled to leave off work and go to bed; but in a day or two she was able to resume her employment until another attack came on. Having been mesmerised every second evening for four weeks, she was thoroughly cured, and eight months afterwards had no relapse.

I could fill every page of the magazine with accounts of splendid cures, but the above must serve as a sample. In the records before me are cures of all forms of disease—epilepsy, dyspepsia, tic, consumption, scrofula, deafness, and most of the "ills that flesh is heir to." These cures have a double aspect—the power of mesmerism, and the self-denying philanthropy of the operators, the majority of whom are tradesmen working hard all day, and who thus spend their leisure time in relieving suffering humanity, often receiving very little thanks for their work; pitied as fools or denounced as impostors by the press, and characterised as quacks by the medical fraternity.

W. Anderson.

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

MIRACLES BY SPIRIT-POWER.

To the Editor.

Sir,—A natural question arises, What are Spirit Manifestations? The answer is, Evidences of unseen, living, moving, acting beings, having shape and substance—seeing us, acting on us, guiding us to good and evil, while we are using our physical bodies to move in this material world.

How are the Existence and Power of Spirits Shown?

1st.—By moving tangible articles when asked to do so.

2nd.—By producing sounds of various kinds, on tables, chairs, walls, etc., when asked so to do.

3rd.—By consecutive sentences of advice, reproof, etc., produced by sounds, when a pencil is passed over an alphabet.

4th.—Premonitions.

5th.—By using the voice of a person, and uttering words the person acted upon has not in his mind.

6th.—By using the arms and hands of susceptible persons to write prescriptions—give information—give warnings of a personal and relative character—and inculcate purity of life, and prayerfulness of inclination; the person acted upon simply consenting to let the hand be used, but totally unconscious of what is to be produced.

7th.—Audible voices heard, and conversation so carried on by mediums.

8th.—Apparitions of the whole body, or part of the body.

9th.—Spirits touching the human body, sometimes gently, sometimes roughly.

10th.—Musical instruments used, and exquisite melodies produced on pianos, accordions, etc., no seen hand touching the instruments.

11th.—Curing the sick, by the hand of the medium being floated to the patient by a power *felt* but not seen; and placed on the diseased part of the body; the medium till then not knowing where the diseased part was.

12th.—By taking up persons, and heavy substances off the ground into the air, and that in the presence of many witnesses; and when asked why they produce these proofs of existence, they reply,—To convince you that the (to you) dead still live; and by tests and tokens prove themselves to be—The mother to the orphan,—the husband to the widow,—the child to the parent,—the sister or brother to those left on earth.

CAN THESE THINGS BE? YES—

1st.—Because the writer of this, and very many of his friends have for many years been accustomed to the manifestations of Spirit-power, as detailed; and it is therefore to us—"WE KNOW."

2nd.—The Bible contains similar statements, giving to us therefore the assurance that the spirit phenomena mentioned in the Gospels and the Acts are credible, and that the law is *still in force*, there being no text in Scripture to annul or suspend; and the proof of non-suspension being the daily production of similar spirit-power manifestations in England and elsewhere.

"It cannot be," say some. "It is," say we. Apart from the evidence of your own senses—THINK.

We see each other because the crystalline power of our eyes is sufficient for viewing material objects within a limited range; the eye cannot see the thousands of stars in immensity without the aid of a telescope, nor the thousands of animalculæ in a drop of water without the aid of the microscope; but for the discovery of those instruments, the assertion of the existence of thousands of ponderous globes in the blue vault of heaven, or the existence of thousands of blood-living animals in a single drop of water, would have been assailed with as much virulence and incredulity as are the spirit manifestations of the present day.

As air has a body, though unseen by us, and spirits are clothed with bodies though unseen by us, who knows, instruments may yet be made powerful enough to SEE the air we breathe, and the ærial beings who inhabit it.

One thing is demonstrable, even now; that is, *one-third* of the popu-

lation of Great Britain is susceptible to spirit influence; or, in other words, NINE MILLIONS of the inhabitants of Great Britain are mediums of more or less power.

No marvel therefore, materialists, that so many of your fellowmen worship GOD in churches and chapels, believe that spirits exist, and that *man is immortal.*

JNO. JONES.

Enmore Park, South Norwood, 5th Jan., 1869.

P.S.—Within the radius of three miles from the Crystal Palace, there are hundreds of spiritualists residing, and having sittings by themselves and with others, at their own firesides. At these sittings they have converse with their (deceased) relatives. The happiness they enjoy is there secure from the jeers of those heartless grubs whose domestic and business movements are such as to desire the extinction of divine knowledge and retribution. J. J.

[Mr Jones is sustaining a strong controversy in the *Norwood News* on this subject. One man offers £10 to witness the phenomena in Norwood Hall. We would answer as the sage did to the youth who wanted to purchase his bow, Keep your money, you fool; when you are prepared for it you will have a knowledge of the spiritual for nothing.]

HOW TO DEVELOP MEDIUMS.

To the Editor.

Sir,—In reply to your correspondent, "One who desires light," who has written to you for advice as to mediumistic development, I beg to say that since March last I have been carefully investigating the various phenomena of Spiritualism. In this time I have seen "mediums" in almost all states and conditions of which we have any record; all that your correspondent so accurately describes.

I find that the best and almost only method of attaining a highly developed spiritual receptivity is by frequent sitting with an enlightened circle of friends, each one being perfectly desirous of investigating the phenomena, and desirous of receiving the truth.

I find it far the best when a circle is formed for the purpose of developing a "medium," that it should be composed one half of women; females exert, by some means or other yet undiscovered, a calming and soothing influence upon the whole of the circle, and particularly upon the "undeveloped medium."

It is absolutely necessary that the "medium" should be as passive as possible; that there should be no resistance on his part to the reception of the influx of power for the production of any manifestation, whatever may be its kind or degree.

Persons of dark complexion, having large, brilliant, dark eyes, appear to make the best mediums. Educated persons are better than uneducated persons for displaying the higher manifestations of spiritual phenomena. Uneducated persons are sometimes good physical mediums for moving tables and the like; and, so far as I have yet seen, they seldom get any further.

Lastly, there must be an earnest, prayerful spirit, a willingness to give up the entire man, "body, soul, and spirit," to God's purpose; to receive and accept whatever he is pleased to bestow with humble satisfaction, and with the assurance that as the necessity for more light is felt, more will be given. "Ask and ye shall receive," "Knock and it shall be opened unto you," are, as in the old time, the means whereby we must receive divine truth. Let "One who desires light" persevere in his good work, and success will doubtless crown his efforts.—I am, Sir, yours truly, JOSEPH OGDEN.

Hyde, near Manchester, Jan. 18, 1869.

EVIL SPIRITS DEFEATED.

DURING the last few months there has been a rambling discussion going on in our pages respecting the question of "evil spirits." At page 440 of vol. ii., a most interesting account is given of the sufferings of a family from some unseen psychological influence. Last month we published some remarks on the subject from a gentleman who wrote them automatically, and purporting to come from the spirit of "W. W." The tormented family has been visited by Mr A. Barker of America, a very peculiar medium, and the results of his visit are thus communicated by the head of the family:—

"I have not heard from Mr Barker since he was here. I think, however, that his visit here has been of service. We have not had any of the strange and unpleasant manifestations we used to have formerly, and I assure you it is a great comfort to be rid of them.

"The first day or two that he was with us, he could see nothing that could affect us in the way described; but in the second or third week (I cannot now be sure which), after retiring he was disturbed by a number of evil, or, as we might more properly term them, undeveloped spirits; and these, it would appear, had got a foothold into our circle, and been a means of causing so many of the singular and unpleasant manifestations of which we have written to you before.

"This, however, is not the only cause. There has been an unbalanced condition of the forces, mental and physical, in the medium (myself), which, when subject to spirit control, has operated very prejudicially, and caused a vast amount of pain and inharmony. Furthermore, it appears that in some measure it is the result of development in mediumship, and in this case (owing to the conditions above named) inseparable from it. Nevertheless, the fact remains that evil spirits have been at work, and according to Mr B.'s affirmation, if not counteracted they would soon have got such power that (to use his own words) they would have *tippled* me quite over. They have no doubt done me considerable damage, from the fact that I have for a long time been below par; and this has at length ultimated in my being quite thrown off my balance, and laid up for the last twelve days. Mr B. further observed that the sphere we were in (you will understand what he means, the spiritual atmosphere) was very good, and that no low or depraved spirits could invade it if we could only bring all the forces of our natures into harmony with spiritual law; and he said that from the

time of his being with us we should not be troubled with the like manifestations any more, and so far it is quite true. I think you have the gist of what he said: you can make such extracts from this as you deem necessary, and if any further light can be given upon this point by any of your correspondents, I shall be glad to hear it.

"W. C."

To the Editor.

SIR,—I write to congratulate your correspondent "M.," or, if he prefers it, his good spirit "W. W.," on the very sensible remarks that he has given relative to "evil spirits." I know nothing of Spiritualism, but I have some stomach experience, which convinces me that it is all a question of diet, and that eventually we shall find out that by feeding, and the matter taken in as food, do we develop either saint or sinner at pleasure. And herein rests the solution of all such difficulties, which, if taken with the necessary considerations of air, exercise, &c., constitute the only practical mode of dealing with ourselves or other people. —Yours, &c.,

Manchester. RICHARD DAVENPORT.

[The testimony of many excellent mediums fully bears out Mr Davenport's remarks, as also the experience of "W. C." Far too little attention is paid to personal habits and other physical circumstances.]

PROFESSOR OWEN AND THE SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor.

Sir,—As one of the steady readers of your journal, and other spiritualistic magazines, I was sorry this year to perceive, in reading the last great work of Professor Owen just published, where he demolishes "Darwinism" as an explanation of man's origin and inner life, and sets up a new idea of his own as to the nature of the soul and man's spiritual origin and surroundings, that in his battle with materialism, psychology, and "natural selection," though he quotes and believes the recital in Holy Writ as to Saul and the Witch of Endor, he still thinks it worth his while to let fly a Parthian shaft at Spiritualism and Spiritual magazines. This may be wise, but it strikes me Professor Owen has not studied the real facts, for instance, of mesmerism, partial sleep, dreams, chloroform, inhalation, etc., which help to explain what an extraordinary thing the nervous system or soul is! Darwinism, he admits, takes all kosmos, beauty, and religion out of the world; it is a dead, untruthful, gloomy hypothesis of "chance" governing the world. Owen admits that the nature of "life" beats every one; there is no explanation that will explain it; we cannot, with all our correlation of force or forces, give life to a midge or moth, but surely till we can do so it would be better to wait before demolishing spirit or spiritualism. How far wiser the teachings of Paul in the Corinthians— "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened (or brought to life) except (its surroundings) die." That is, that in the mere grain of wheat there is a spirit or life as there is in man a soul or spirit; disturbed, or refracted, or made to the inner-consciousness visible, as in the case at Endor.—I am, &c., C. K.

SPIRITUALISM AND MESMERISM.

To the Editor.

Sir,—I heartily thank your able contributor, W. A., for his sturdy utterances in last number of *Human Nature*. We want writers to speak out clearly and boldly whatever their opinions may be, and that he has done unmistakably. I beg to notice one principle he lays down —that curative mesmerism cannot be performed irrespective of circumstances. "Our bodily and mental organisations" are cited as conditions which underlie success in these healing experiments. Health, the field, sunshine, and running brooks, are also recommended as powerful in developing the healing medium, and yet we are warned not to "lose our identity or independence altogether, and become mere automata for spiritual wire-pulling." If W. A. will look a little wider into the sphere of condition, he will find that individual independence is a mere chimera, and that if he remove the circumstances upon which our individuality depend, there would be nothing left but that which the most sublimated spiritual apprehension could appreciate. Individuality is a bundle of circumstances — conditions threaded together in a mysterious way by some undiscoverable, invisible link. This is true organically, and on the social plane the same law rules. Let me illustrate. Before W. A. can dress of a morning he must invoke the assistance of tailor, shoemaker, hosier, etc., and then, again, the producers, manufacturers, and importers of material *ad infinitum*. In walking the streets whole generations of city improvement are taken advantage of; and before he can breakfast sailors must go to the west for sugar, to the east for tea, coffee, etc., and all the resources of husbandry and culinary art come in as indispensable attendants on his table. He goes to labour with head or hand, and at every step he has to be preceded by corps of inventors, manufacturers, etc., etc. Each of these is really a part and parcel of his circumstantial being, and without their aid he could not act even if he would, as they meet him at every turn of his foot. Yet within himself there is the impress of individuality in the fact that he *can* thus avail himself of these circumstances, that he *can* render conditions subservient to his Be-ing—the only thing that IS—the finite emblem or counterpart of the great cause —the Infinite. All the rest is "circumstances"—"conditions." We even condition each other—we can't heal without a patient, love without a mate, nor be charitable without neighbours; and if this inexorable law of condition rules us on the physical plane, may we not expect it in even greater force on the spiritual, where mental acts are said to become visible objects? Thus the mesmerist puts himself in the attitude of healing—a mental attitude, nay, rather a spiritual act, only a dim reflex of which is seen in his bodily expression or movement. Now W. A. declares that such cannot be successfully engaged without attention to physical conditions; and are we warranted in presuming that spiritual conditions are of no consequence, or in practically ignoring them? Is not this desire to heal, this spiritual effort, an act which puts us *en rapport* with spiritual circumstances and personages,

whether we are conscious of it or not? By observing certain rules we can avail ourselves of all the advantages of the post office, legislature, railway system, educational, literary, or theological advantages, and why not spiritual planes of aid as well as the physical and mental, which no. doubt exist in harmony with some underlying spiritual principle?

A reference to experience solves the question for us. "Mesmerism is a property of matter which can be transmitted from one object to another," says W. A.,—but what is the transmitting power? I answer, spirit individuality; and it is a well-known fact that one individuality can be assisted by other individualities that are in harmony with our intentions and plane of spiritual being for the time. Experiences narrated in a recent number of *Daybreak* demonstrate that spirits may be seen in attendance on the healer when great power is manifested, and that the power is in proportion to the spiritual agents at work. If unassisted the mesmerist is comparatively weak, but if aided by a powerful band of spirits he becomes the healing Zouave, Dr Newton, etc. Many eminent mesmerists have been enabled to confess that they have been unconsciously aided by spirits, and I think that this side of the question is worthy of the deepest investigation. It does not in any respect negative the very excellent rules laid down by W. A., but rather enhances them, and it is in no captious controversial spirit that these remarks are offered. ANTHROPOLOGOS.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

UNPRECEDENTED MANIFESTATIONS THROUGH MR HOME.

(To the Editor.)

I PROPOSED in my last letter to furnish a farther account of the manifestations which are occurring in the presence of Mr Home, and now proceed to fulfil my promise. On the day of the evening in question, several friends had met at the house of Sir —— ——, and had witnessed very marked and satisfactory evidence of spiritual manifestations to those who desired further proofs of these phenomena; for instance—the sofa upon which an invalid lady lay was moved and tilted, the screen moved across the room, and the pillow of the invalid patted by an invisible hand. Other manifestations also occurred, similar to those familiar to the reader—such as raps, movements of furniture, &c. One of the gentlemen present, Mr ———, who has never witnessed these phenomena, appeared much struck by raps being heard and felt on the screen, as he stood resting his hand upon it, and this in a clear light, at a considerable distance from Mr Home, under circumstances rendering deception impossible.

On the evening of the same day the friends again met, but this time

at Ashley House. I refrain from mentioning the names of those present, as, until the facts are publicly admitted, possibly there may exist an excusable hesitancy in seeking publicity; suffice it, the gentlemen met. After a short pause loud raps were heard, the table vibrated, tilted, and was raised into the air; then a spirit form was seen by the Hon. ——— reclining on the sofa; voices were heard, words half articulated, but sufficiently distinct to be understood. By this time Mr Home had passed into the trance state so often witnessed; rising from his seat, he laid hold of an arm-chair, which he held at arm's length, and was then lifted about four feet clear off the ground; travelling thus suspended in space, he made a circuit round those in the room, being lowered and raised as he passed each of us. One of those present measured the elevation, and passed his leg and arm underneath Mr Home's feet. The levitation lasted from four to five minutes. On resuming his seat, Mr Home addressed Captain ———, communicating news to him of which the departed alone could have been cognisant.

The spirit form that had been seen reclining on the sofa now stepped up to Mr Home and mesmerised him; a hand was then seen luminously visible over his head, about 18 inches in a vertical line from his head. The trance state of Mr Home now assumed a different character; gently rising he spoke a few words to those present, and then opening the door proceeded into the corridor; a voice then said—"He will go out of this window and come in at that window." The only one who heard the voice was the Hon. ———, and a cold shudder seized upon him as he contemplated the possibility of this occurring, a feat which the great height of the third floor windows rendered more than ordinarily perilous. The others present, however, having closely questioned him as to what he had heard, he at first replied, "I dare not tell you;" when, to the amazement of all, a voice said—"You must tell; tell directly." The Hon. ——— then said—"Yes; yes, terrible to say, he will go out at that window and come in at this; do not be frightened, be quiet." Mr Home now re-entered the room, and opening the drawing-room window, was pushed out demi-horizontally into space, and carried from one window of the drawing-room to the farthermost window of the adjoining room. This feat being performed at a height of about 80 feet from the ground, naturally caused a shudder in all present. The body of Mr Home, when it appeared at the window of the adjoining room, was shunted into the room feet foremost—the window being only 18 inches open. As soon as he had recovered his footing he laughed and said—"I wonder what a policeman would have said had he seen me go round and round like a teetotum." The scene was, however, too terrible, too strange, to elicit a smile; cold beads of perspiration stood on every brow, while a feeling pervaded all as if some great danger had passed; the nerves of those present had been kept in a state of tension that refused to respond to a joke. A change now passed over Mr Home, one often observable during the trance states, indicative, no doubt, of some other power operating on his system. Lord ——— had in the meantime stepped up to the open window in the adjoining room to close it—the cold air, as it came pouring in, chilling the room; when, to his surprise, he only found the window 18 to 24

inches open. This puzzled him, for how could Mr Home have passed outside through a window only 18 to 24 inches open! Mr Home, however, soon set his doubts at rest; stepping up to Lord ——— he said—"No, no; I did not close the window; I passed thus into the air outside." An invisible power then supported Mr Home all but horizontally in space, and thrust his body into space through the open window, head foremost, bringing him back again feet foremost into the room, shunted not unlike a shutter into a basement below. The circle round the table having reformed, Mr Home addressed those present upon the wonderful power exhibited in spiritual manifestations. He then spoke of the principles of Trinity and Unity. At the close of his lecture a cold current of air passed over those present, like the rushing of winds. This repeated itself several times. The cold blast of air, or electric fluid, or call it what you may, was accompanied by a loud whistle like a gust of wind on the mountain top, or through the leaves of the forest in late autumn; the sound was deep, sonorous, and powerful in the extreme, and a shudder kept passing over those present, who all heard and felt it. This rushing sound lasted quite ten minutes, in broken intervals of one or two minutes. As each gust of wind came and passed, a dove was seen to pass slowly over the heads of those present. All present were much surprised; and the interest became intensified by the unknown tongues in which Mr Home now conversed. Passing from one language to another in rapid succession, he spoke for ten minutes in unknown languages. Two, perhaps three, of the languages he employed were understood; the others used appeared to have been Arabic and Oriental.

A spirit form now became distinctly visible; it stood next to the Hon. the ———, clad, as seen on former occasions, in a long robe with a girdle, the feet scarcely touching the ground, the outline of the face only clear, and the tones of the voice, though sufficiently distinct to be understood, whispered rather than spoken. Other voices were now heard, and large globes of phosphorescent lights passed slowly through the room.

By this time Mr Home showed signs of exhaustion. On awakening he violently trembled, asked what had occurred, said he had been exposed to some great danger, and so cerebrally excited was his state that his friends had to stop him from doing an injury to himself by flinging himself out of the window.

Marvellous as it may appear, the facts I have recorded are strictly given in the order of time as they occurred, and all present are quite prepared, if called upon, to verify the truth of what I have now stated. With such facts before us, I repeat, is it not pitiable that the scientific world, or I may be wrong in saying the men of science as a body, but at all events a very large section of them, should keep aloof and refuse to investigate thoroughly the marvellous phenomena which I have only sketched in outline in this letter, but which, had I time and you space, I could by the mere narrative have filled 50 pages? Yet I am only recording facts,—facts evidenced to our senses, and under circumstances rendering deception impossible.

Since writing the above I learn that heavy objects have been carried

out at one window and in at the other. Again, that a crucifix had been carried across the room, slowly moving from one person present to another; but I must defer the account of these phenomena until I have again an opportunity of addressing you. H. D. JENCKEN.

Norwood, January, 1869.

INSTANCES OF MEDIUMSHIP.

To the Editor.

Sir,—I beg to present to your notice the following narration of facts, occurring within the circle of my private acquaintance, to the verity of which I can bear my unqualified testimony. The parties concerned are my attached friends, our mutual connexion being of many years' standing; bnt I regret to say that *names* cannot appear, heavy responsibilities being dependent thereon. All I can venture in this case to say, is, that both the medium and her friend are ladies of refined manners and education, esteemed and beloved by a large circle of friends and connexions. Fictitious names must therefore be given: we will call the medium "Beatrice," and her friend "Elizabeth." Some few years since, Beatrice became a "writing medium." Her hand was involuntarily guided over sheets of paper, on which she was made to write essays or treatises on subjects beyond her previous knowledge. On one occasion a correct medical diagnosis was given in writing through the guiding of her hand,—the peculiar terms and phrases current among medical men being adopted, all of which she was unacquainted with; but on showing the MS. to a surgical friend, he pronounced every term to be correct.

At another time she was impelled to write a communication purporting to proceed from the spirit of a deceased clergyman, unknown to herself; in the course of which, mention was made of his having been, in the year 1829, presented by his congregation with a golden *Cap*—for such the word appeared to her to be. The communication being addressed to her friend "Elizabeth," she presented the document to her with the remark, "What a strange thing! he says he had a golden '*Cap*' given him in the year 1829." Elizabeth examined the mysterious word, and soon detected an error in the medium's reading of what she had written. Beatrice had mistaken the letter *u* for the letter *a;* she should have read "*Cup*," not *Cap*. The circumstance related by the clerical spirit was *true*, and, though unknown to the medium, it was well known to Elizabeth, to whom the communication was addressed; yet not so the *date* of presentation. How, then, should they ascertain the correctness of that? Elizabeth bethought her of a friend, an intimate associate of the late divine, with whom she was sure the date in question would be correctly chronicled. Some little time elapsed before she could meet this person; but on doing so she put the question, being at the same time careful not to give him any intimation as to her reason for making the inquiry. Without a moment's hesitation, he replied by repeating the date given by the spirit—1829.

As one more instance of this lady's ability to receive direct spirit communication, I would refer to a quotation introduced into an elaborate

dissertation on a theological subject, which was given through her hand; the quotation was said to be from a work, the title of which was only indicated by the initials, "*S. D.*" The medium again had recourse to her friend; but this time Elizabeth also was perplexed to decipher the spirit's meaning—neither Beatrice nor her friend could think what could be the title of the work, *S. D.*, stated to be by Swedenborg. On subsequent reflection, it occurred to Elizabeth that *S. D.* must mean *Spiritual Diary*, a work which she feared was not in her possession. She searched the top shelves of her bookcase, with little hope of finding the volume; but to their mutual satisfaction there it was, covered with dust from long disuse. They had now obtained possession of the book referred to, but how should they discover on what page the quoted passage was inscribed?—for to that they had received no clue, and the volume was of somewhat bulky dimensions. Elizabeth despaired, but gave the book to Beatrice. In *her* hand it opened at the very page from which the quotation given in the MS. had been taken, and with an exclamation of surprise and delight the medium pointed it out to her friend. They then carefully compared the MS. and the printed page, and found that the quotation was perfect.

The hypothesis of clairvoyance, or "thought-reading," in these instances, will not avail us for an explanation. In privacy, and with much unwilling, but, alas! *necessary* secrecy, has this highly gifted medium exercised her power. There have been seasons when it refused to obey her bidding. It came and went, summoned or recalled by a higher power than her own will.—I remain, Sir, truly yours,

J. F.

[These facts were recorded in the *Spiritual Magazine* in 1862.]

MANIFESTATION OF PERFUME.

The following extract from a letter gives one of the most striking instances of this phenomenon that has come under our notice:—

"I had left a pocket handkerchief under my pillow, and when I went upstairs for it I felt that it was scented strongly of musk. Matthew and Martha Jane (her husband and sister) and myself felt the odour, and on Saturday afternoon the parlour smelled strongly of perfume. The pocket handkerchief has been washed and hung out to dry, and yet it is here smelling as strong as ever.

"On Sunday morning baby was not very well, and M. Jane had got up to make the fire. She was down stairs, and I was in bed, when we both heard something knock in a rat-a-tat way, but could not discover in what part of the house it was. Again, last night as we were going to bed a strong perfume of roses filled the house both up stairs and down. We are not mistaken at all. W. C."

EXTRAORDINARY MATERNAL IMPRESSION.

Dr F. H. Daly, of Queen's Road, Dalston, relates the following interesting case in the *Lancet* of 16th January, which we think worthy the attention of all students of human nature. Being summoned to a

labour case, he found, before the child was born, that there was something peculiar about it, but could not make out what was wrong. The child was still-born, and had been dead for some days. "My patient at once inquired if it were dead; and when I told her it was, she asked if it were all right. I, of course, only told her to keep quiet, and wrapped the child in a flannel; but she again persisted, 'Has it got any mark like a rat?' I said I would see. When the mother was made comfortable, I took the child into another room, and examined it. It was a most horrible monster. The body and limbs were natural; but there was no neck, the head being placed immediately between the shoulders, with the face upwards. The resemblance to a rat was most striking. The maxillæ (cheek and jaw bones) were prolonged, and terminated in an exact snout; the nose, mouth, and tongue being precisely like those organs in a rat. There was no rotundity of the cheeks, or prominence of the forehead, but a prolonged cone-shaped snout, looking upwards, attached directly above the sternum (breast bone). On questioning the mother, she informed me, that at the time of the conception, and for about three months afterwards, she lived in a house infested with rats. To use her own language, wherever she turned she saw a rat, and always said the child would be marked. The patient recovered without any bad symptom. She had previously been the mother of several fine healthy children."

This is an important illustration of a fact which has long been observed. Would it not be more appropriate for physiologists and anatomists to endeavour to reduce these isolated facts to some general law, than dissipate their energies on many of the unmeaning and practically useless questions which engage their attention? These peculiar phenomena are not *accidents*. If the task be a difficult one, it has the promise of adding an exceedingly interesting and highly useful adjunct to our present knowledge. If revolting impressions on the mind can produce such a change on the physical man, no doubt pleasant, elevating feelings will have their appropriate effect. How much light might thus be thrown on many of our peculiar idiosyncrasies! As Mr Bray remarks in his admirable pamphlet on the "Science of Man," if the world's thanks are universally acknowledged to be due to the late Jonas Webb for teaching us how "to grow more mutton and wool to the acre," surely we shall owe more to the man who will teach us how to improve the breed of men, and to grow more "brains to the acre."

MRS HARDINGE'S LECTURES.

We cannot understand the apparent apathy or absent-mindedness of the spiritualists of London, that they do not form themselves into local committees, and invite Mrs Hardinge to address meetings on the subject of Spiritualism. On attending the conferences and lectures, the visitor is struck with the respectability, intelligence, wealth, and power of the spiritualists as a body. Why is it that they do so little when they have within themselves the means of doing so much? We reply, it is because they do not know how to fall about it, and there is no leader with bugle sounding high enough to direct them. We therefore

press the matter of local organisations on the attention of London spiritualists in and around London. Halls can readily be obtained in all parts of London; there is the Middleton Hall at Islington; Portman Hall at Paddington; and others equally accessible, which could be thronged with attentive audiences if the means were taken to procure them. Mrs Hardinge is with us now, and if we be wise we will avail ourselves of that fact; she may not be with us always.

The plan of local organisation has been tried already, under perhaps the most disadvantageous circumstances, and has succeeded perfectly—we allude to the course of three lectures which Mrs Hardinge has given for the *East London Association of Spiritualists*. The Temperance Hall, Stepney, is rather obscure, and has a bad entrance; and though the society is composed entirely of the working classes, the hall was well filled with a highly respectable, orderly, and intelligent audience on each occasion. At the last lecture, the room was filled to overflowing, and a most cordial vote of thanks was tendered to Mrs Hardinge for her kindness in giving the lectures gratuitously, and also to Mr Luxmore for presiding, and defraying Mrs Hardinge's travelling expenses. If spiritualists in any part of London desire to form similar associations, we shall be glad to give them any introductions at our command to other spiritualists residing in the same district.

REVIEWS.

ALCOHOL: ITS USE AND MISUSE. By EDWARD T. BENNETT. Tweedie. 1d.

THIS tract is brimful of facts as to the nature and effects of alcohol. The author blunders somewhat in finding a use for it as a drug, seeing that drugs are of no use further than being an article of profit to those who deal in them. In this respect alcohol is certainly of great use to brewers, distillers, and publicans. It is a great pity that temperance reformers do not know a little of hygiene, and not pin their faith blindly to obsolete medical dogmas. They will never get rid of alcohol till they reject the doctor with his murderous drugs and unphysiological therapeutics.

THE ALPHA: A REVELATION, BUT NO MYSTERY. By EDWARD N. DENNYS. A New Edition. J. Burns, Progressive Library, London. Cloth, 3s 6d.

WE are sorry we have not space on this occasion to do more than merely refer to this remarkable work. Our desire is to supersede the necessity for any remarks of our own as to the nature of the book by putting our readers, even the most humble, in a position to possess it and read it for themselves. We have selected it as one of our distribution works, and with this number of *Human Nature* is presented a certificate which will entitle the holder to procure the work for 2s. We shall continue to refer to this matter till we find that all our readers have availed themselves of our arrangement, and supplied themselves with a copy of the book. For range of thought, clearness of reasoning, purity of motive, elevation of feeling, and easiness of style, it is not often surpassed. It is not necessary for us to agree with every utterance of the author to heartily recommend his production.

DR CARL VOGT'S NEW WORK, "Vorlesungen über den Menschen," comprising the substance of his lectures delivered under the auspices of the "Useful Knowledge Society" of Neûfchatel, has been translated by Dr Jas.

Hunt, F.S.A., F.R.S.L., president of the Anthropological Society of London, and has been published for the Society by Longman & Co. It is a handsome volume of nearly 500 pages, profusely illustrated with drawings of brains and skulls of various types, and giving a very clear idea of the author's system. Irrespective of the conclusions of the author, it is a most interesting and instructive work, replete with ethnological and physiological lore. It has been so freely referred to in our opening article that we may be excused from saying more respecting it at present, but would add that the notes of the editor are a great assistance to the English reader, and otherwise very valuable. The book is in the Progressive Library, and a perusal of it may be obtained on application.

MR JONES'S "NATURAL AND SUPERNATURAL."

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,—The *Spiritual Magazine* has in error continued the advertisement respecting the second edition of "Natural and Supernatural." This I regret, because it will not be ready till a date hereafter to be named; as I am probing some principles that seem to be developing themselves, and I desire that the book be if possible a text book for spiritual students.—I am yours truly, J. JONES.

Enmore Park, S. Norwood,
4th January, 1869.

[This much esteemed work has been out of print for several years, and has been considerably inquired after. The forthcoming edition will be in many respects a new work. Every Human Naturian should have a copy. Subscribers' names will be received at the Progressive Library.]

OUR PLANET: ITS PAST AND PRESENT.*

AN ENGLISH GEOLOGIST'S OPINION OF WILLIAM DENTON'S BOOK.

Bremont Mines,
Guisborough, 5th December, 1868.

John MacNay, Esq., Middlesborough.

Dear Sir,—The book you kindly lent me, on the "Past and Future of our Planet," by Mr W. Denton, I have read with much pleasure and no small degree of profit. It is a geological work of the first class. This branch of science is a beaten track in which I have walked for upwards of thirty years with untiring admiration of the many sublime truths it unfolds, and many of Mr Denton's subjects are therefore familiar to me. But his language and style of writing are so original and pleasing, that the reading of it is like meeting an old and valued friend, who looks ten years younger by being garbed in a new style of dress. There are other subjects, however, in the book, which are new to me, and these lend an additional charm, especially the origin of the oil springs. His theory of this great source of *light*, *heat*, and *force* is certainly the best and most plausible I have seen. How sublime and wonderful to think that the great Creator, Lawgiver, and Sustainer of all, was, countless ages ago, by the instrumentality of zoophytes and other minutely small sea insects, storing up immeasurable reservoirs of oil for the great American Republic of the present day.

* Our Planet: its Past and Present. 6s. J. Burns, London; W. Denton, Boston.

It is evident Mr Denton's reading has been very extensive, and his memory retentive in hoarding its scientific treasures. But his wide range of travelling and minute observations have added a large stock of new ideas to our geological knowledge.

His book is a quintessent gathering from these two principal sources of mental acquirement, and represents a culling of brilliant geological flowers from almost all parts of the civilized globe.

If properly brought before the public, it would no doubt obtain a large circulation in this country.—Yours truly,

THOMAS ALLISON.

SCANDAL LANE.

IT is not on the signboard, sir,
Go search both far and wide,
Or in the town directory,
The map or railway guide;
And if you pump your neighbours, sir,
You pump, alas! in vain,
For no one e'er acknowledged yet
He lived in Scandal Lane!

It is a fearful neighbourhood,
So secret and so sly;
Although the tenants oftentimes
Include the rich and high.
I'm told they're even cannibals,
And when they dine or sup,
By way of change they'll turn about
And eat each other up!

They much prefer the youthful, sir,
The beautiful and *rare;*
They grind up character and all,
And call it wholesome fare!
And should the helpless victim wince,
They heed not cries of pain;
These very bloody cannibals,
That live in Scandal Lane!

If you should chance to dine with them,
Pray never be deceived,
When they seem most like bosom friends,
They're least to be believed.
Their claws are sheathed in velvet, sir,
Their teeth are hid by smiles,
And woe betide the innocent
Who falls beneath their wiles!

When they have singled out their prey,
They make a cat-like spring:
Or hug them like a serpent, ere
They plant the fatal sting!
And then they wash their guilty hands,
But don't efface the stain—
These very greedy cannibals
That live in Scandal Lane!

MRS M. KIDDER.

HEALTH TOPICS.

Cork, 18th January, 1869.

Dear Sir,—I wish to bear my testimony to the value of the Steel Mill which you supplied me with. I purchased the Mill about two years ago, and since then it has done its work admirably. I grind wheat into wheat meal, and make of it unfermented bread, puddings, and pie crust. The wheat bread thus costs me from 1s 6d to 2s a stone, according to the price at which I buy the wheat. I then have one of the most nutritious and wholesome articles of diet to be procured, namely, wheat meal, at about half the cost of fine flour. I can, from experience, recommend every paterfamilias to set up one of these Steel Mills. He will find the benefit of it, both in pocket and in health; for I have proved it both ways. It is an undoubted fact that the use of wheat meal in place of fine flour removes constipation.

Yours sincerely, THOMAS SMITH.

P.S.—My Mill cost £2 10s and 15s mounting, together £3 5s.

WHEAT MEAL FOR INFANTS.

Sir,—I beg to state the result of my experience in the above for the benefit of others who may not have found out the secret. Baby was attacked with constipation. Mamma said—"I must give castor oil." "Don't," replied I, "but try the wheat meal." Mamma was incredulous, but the constipation continuing, she consented to try the meal. It was accordingly well boiled, and sufficiently diluted with water to make it pass through one of Marr's feeding bottles. The result in a short time was most satisfactory, and in addition baby relished it wonderfully.

Yours, &c., PATERFAMILIAS.

Cork, January, 1869.

A country clergyman writes:—"Put me down as a member of the Hygienic Society. I am living in your mode, with the exception of taking a little meat at dinners, not much, and this I intend only during the winter months. Much obliged for the advice you gave me. I have gained ten pounds of flesh last month. I am so much taken up with phrenology, through the 'Self Instructor,' that I intend ordering 'Fowler's Phrenology' and his 'Education Complete.' Which is the best bust?" This gentleman got the advice that has proved of such value to him by letter—no personal interview being necessary. Will you not, dear reader, help the hygienic movement?

In December *last* a child of *mine*, 18 days old, was attacked by acute and suffocative bronchitis. I had it immediately carried to the bath, in which, after about ten minutes, the symptoms became greatly alleviated, and in about a quarter of an hour a papular eruption made its appearance all over the chest and back. I continued the daily use of

the bath for four days, accompanied with chest compress of cotton wadding, covered with oiled silk, after which the child completely recovered, and has since (now six months) had no return, being well and strong.

I was called up about 12 o'clock the other night to see a child a little more than three years old, whom I found almost suffocating under an attack of acute bronchitis—the face being nearly livid, and pulse rapid. I had the child at once put into a warm bath for about ten minutes, and then enveloped back and front in a warm poultice of linseed meal, with hot flannels applied to the extremities. In the morning the child was somewhat better, though there was still great difficulty of breathing. I then ordered him to the Bath, where, in a few minutes, profuse perspiration set in, with the immediate relief of the most urgent symptoms. This was followed by a second bath in the evening, and on the third day the child was about quite convalescent.

RICHARD GRIFFITH, Ch.M.T.C.D.

I. H., a child three weeks old, was attacked with acute inflammation of the lungs, with usual symptoms. After being treated with suitable hydropathic appliances, she made a rapid recovery. Having no Turkish Bath at hand, wet packing and warm baths, followed by chest bandages, were had recourse to.

I have only selected a very few out of the numerous recoveries which are of daily occurrence here, and which, if recorded in detail, would require several volumes to themselves. As a summary of my experience of 25 years as a hydropathic practitioner and 15 years as a drug practitioner, I would say that there is no comparison to be made between the effects of the two systems, as I now feel that, in most cases, I cure the patient; so I wish I could feel that they did not formerly die in consequence of, or recover in spite of, my treatment; and had I had no better success under the new system than the old, I feel sure that I should have been tried more than once for manslaughter.

RICHARD BARTER.

THE TRANCE PAINTINGS.—The office of *Human Nature* had the distinguished honour of receiving the paintings drawn for by London ticket-holders at the late distribution sale of paintings by the "Glasgow Painting Medium." Before opportunity could be obtained for delivering them to their respective owners, they embellished our walls and afforded the inmates and visitors much satisfaction. It may not be generally known out of London that Mr Duguid, the painting medium, being in London for about ten days during December, complied with an urgent request, and gave several trance painting seances. Mr and Mrs Everitt were his hosts, and their truly hospitable home was nightly thronged by visitors from all parts of London to see Mr Duguid painting in the trance state. A very fine picture, "Loch Katrine," was painted at these sittings by the medium, and presented to Mr and Mrs E. as a memorial of his visit. This short sojourn has made him very popular in London, and his honest and unaffected manner heightened the impression as to the genuineness of his mediumship. It fell to the lot of the Progressive Library to retain the chief prize—a very imposing picture, "A Scene on the Rhine," and it may be inspected by callers at their convenience.

REPORTS OF PROGRESS.

THE SPIRITUAL CONFERENCES IN LONDON.

LAWSON'S ROOMS, 145 Gower Street, have been well attended by highly intelligent and respectable audiences on Monday evenings—the first conference having been reported by us last month. Mr Luxmore has occupied the presidency at the whole series; and Mrs Hardinge has opened and summed up all but one, on which occasion Mr Jencken officiated with great ability and cordiality of manner. In fact, it is saying too much to affirm that the desire to hear her is the preponderating influence that brings most visitors to the conferences. The chairman manages his department with the utmost fairness and good humour; and, if he leans at all on either side, it is on that of the opponents of spiritualism, who are uniformly treated with the greatest courtesy and consideration.

The subject of the second evening was a continuance of the first: "What reliable evidence have we that spirits can commune with man?" in the discussion of which Messrs Kent, Spear, Shorter, and other gentlemen gave evidence. Mr Home was present, and gave a very valuable instance of spirit communion. On the third evening the subject was: "Assuming spiritualism to be true, what are its dangers, and, if any, how may they be avoided?" Mrs Hardinge in her opening address said: Among the dangers ascribed to spiritualism, one most frequently urged is that of insanity or mental imbecility ensuing from the excessive excitement of superior faculties, and sometimes merging into that dark and dreadful condition—obcession. The speaker said she had investigated this subject, and had visited many lunatic asylums; she had found there a certain number of persons professing a belief in spiritualism, but they were found to be far less in number than any other sections registered under the form of religious excitement. She then described various forms of insanity to which persons suffering from religious excitement may be liable; amongst the most terrible of these were the cases of obcession, but she had found that those most liable to obcession were not spiritualists at all, but were people already predisposed to that form of insanity; and Mrs Hardinge declared that she had never met with a case of insanity where its predisposition did not live in the germ. The fragile condition of mediums was also cited as an instance of the dangers of spiritualism; but she had known such individuals maintained for many years by the spiritual magnetism obtained through mediumship, and permanent cures had been effected by the same means. Mr Home, Mr Jencken, Miss Houghton, and others, took part in the discussion. The subject of the fourth convention was: "What is the best method of seeking communion with spirits?" in which the organisation of mediums and the best modes of conducting the circle were canvassed. Messrs Childs, Shorter, and Miss Houghton made valuable speeches. On the evenings of December 28, 1868, and January 4, 1869, the topic was: "What is the best means of promoting spiritualism in London?" The discussion was very unproductive. Mrs Hardinge in her address really made many excellent remarks upon a poor text. J. Burns thought that if some of the obstacles were removed out of the way of spiritualism that it would progress naturally from its own inherent power. He thought one of the greatest obstacles was the gossipping, backbiting, slandering habits of spiritualists and mediums. This charge was so exceedingly practical that it went home to many in such a manner as to prevent them forgetting it in their speeches. Mr Shorter thought Mr Burns had been in very bad company,—rather an infelicitous remark, seeing that in the matter of journalism Mr Shorter is Mr Burns's next-door neighbour. On January 11 and 18 the matter before the conference was: "Can we

explain the manifestions of spiritualism on any other hypothesis than the agency of disembodied spirits?" Mrs Hardinge opened by recounting the whole series of psychological phenomena, and showing in how far the results differed from those caused by the agency of spirits. Mr Jencken introduced the subject and summed up on the second evening. The discussion was sustained by Messrs Knightsmith, Burns, Spear, Chevelier, Jencken, Childs, Harper of Birmingham, Miss Houghton, and others. Mr Harper and Mr Childs gave some very interesting instances of the spirits of persons in the body producing phenomena, such as causing the medium to write, &c., similar to those occasioned by the spirits of the departed.

We are glad to know that these conferences are to be continued. A committee has been formed and subscriptions opened. The meetings become more interesting and better attended as they advance. Those who have not yet attended them should lose no time in doing so.

INVESTIGATION.—We hear that the Dialectical Society have appointed a committee to investigate the spiritual phenomena. We hope it will not be a ridiculous sham, like what the majority of such efforts amount to.

SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY.—The Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Edinburgh University has now a class of sixty ladies, to whom he delivers a lecture twice a-week on two or three subjects. They are all most earnest.

THE circles are held regularly at 2 Great Coram Street, Russell Square, W.C., every Thursday evening at seven o'clock. We hear that this effort at association is making considerable progress, and that a goodly number of members have given in their names.

THE Spiritual Institute, 26 Bryanstone Square, Marble Arch, is doing a good work quietly. The secretary, Mrs C. H. Spear, answers many letters, receives many calls, and gives much information. Spiritualists should attend the re-unions on Wednesday evenings. All are invited.

STRANGE FREAK OF NATURE.—A respectable tradesman, residing at Longton, whose age is 59, and who is the father of nineteen children, is cutting a second set of teeth. The first set have been forced out by the growth of the second, though they were all sound and perfect.—*Staffordshire Advertiser.*

THE East London Association of Spiritualists have in contemplation a course of lectures for February, to take place on Thursday evenings in the Temperance Hall, 103 Mile End Road, to be addressed by Mr J. Burns of the Progressive Library, Mr J. M. Spear, and others. The London friends are cordially invited to attend, and sustain the effort to keep up local weekly meetings.

MUSICAL GYMNASTICS.—We are delighted to learn that Mrs Wilkinson has resumed her classes in these graceful and health-giving exercises at St. George's hall, opposite the Polytechnic, Regent Street, on Friday evenings, at half-past seven o'clock. She has also a class at the Working Women's College, Queen's Square, Bloomsbury. We earnestly recommend our London readers to call on Mrs Wilkinson on Friday evenings at St. George's Hall, and get introduced to her system.

DAILY LECTURES ON PHRENOLOGY are given at the Phrenological Museum, 389 Broadway, New York, by Mr S. R. Wells, Editor of the *Phrenological Journal*, and other professors. The hour is twelve o'clock. They were inaugurated in June last, and have been a great success. The circular states—"Each lecture will be complete in itself; yet one must relate to another. We begin and we end in anthropology, which includes man's physical, mental, and spiritual state or condition."