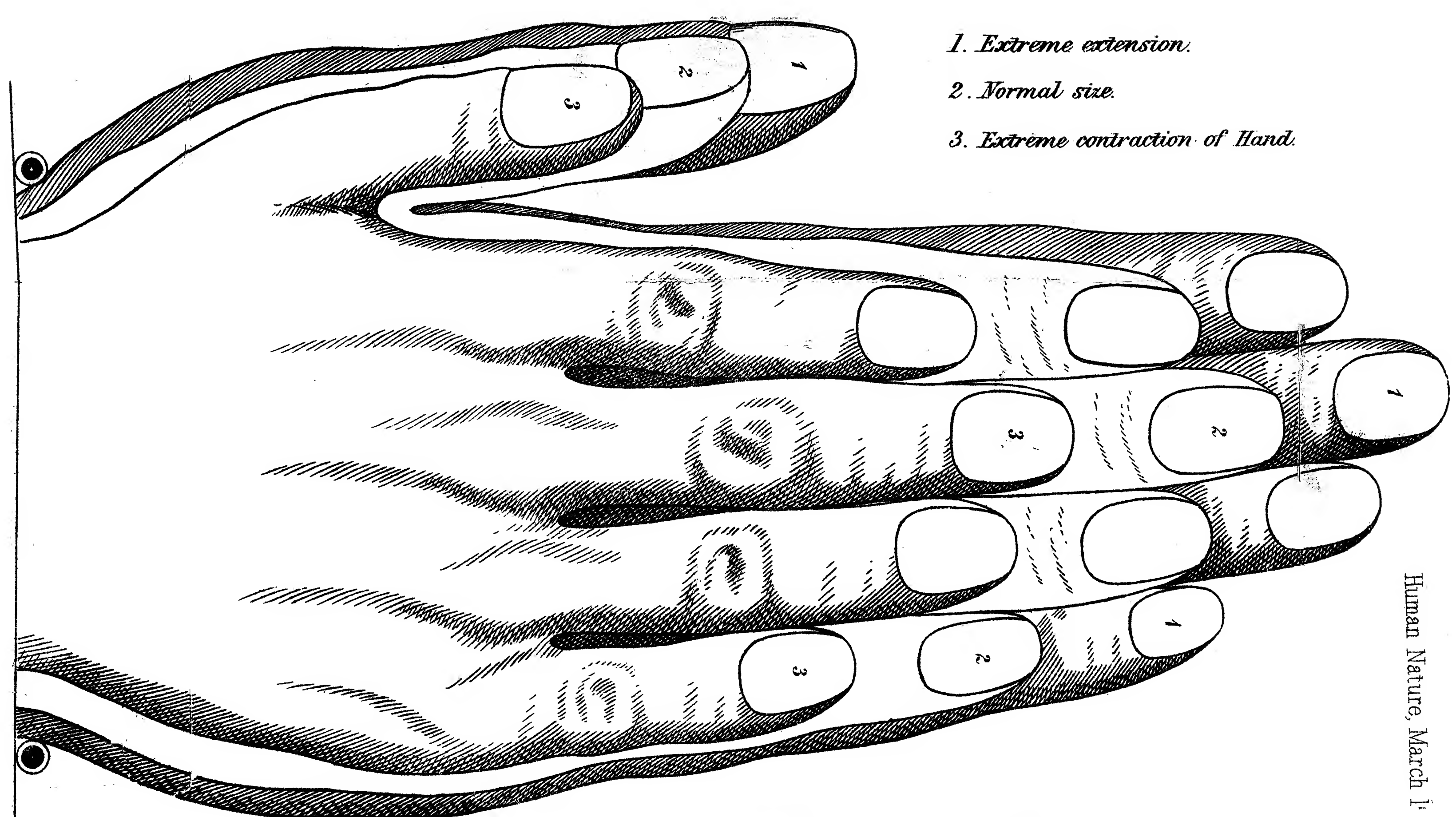

ELONGATION OF MR D. D. HOME'S HAND ON THE 10TH JANUARY, 1869.

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

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CHAPTERS ON EDUCATION.

By H. D. Jencken, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, M.R.I., &c.

"After thirty years of discussion and controversy in the press, in Parliament, in every diocese, in every town, almost in every parish in England and Wales, it seems a bold thing to say that the subject of National Education has never thoroughly possessed itself of the public mind," says the Right Hon. Mr Bruce.* Yes, after thirty years, no real advance has been made, and our Home Secretary may well lament the condition of an educational system—a system so defective, so utterly at fault, that the Abbé Fleury could venture to say, without contradiction, "L'Angleterre proprement dite est le pays d'Europe où l'instruction est le moins répanduè." This stinging rebuke, sad as it may be to bear, is unfortunately only too well merited. Defective educational training marks every stratum of our social system, and even our much-vaunted and exclusive public school and university training, elicited from Signor Matteuci the remark, that the latter was only "Hauts lycées"—not university training, and quite unsuited to bring men up to the level of the scientific standard, our continental neighbours have not considered to be beyond the grasp of the student.

Defective as the university system is, not only in quality, but from its exclusiveness, resulting in a numerical meagreness of attendance—for we have only 3500 students matriculating in England, against double and treble that number in France and in Germany—the defect is increased, if we consider that of this number the great bulk can hardly take rank above the scholars of the "Hauts lycées," or upper preparatory schools of the Continent. We have thus but a thin film left of highly educated men

* National Education, Right Hon. Mr Bruce, M.P. 1866.

to float upon the surface of a sea of a neglected, ill-educated people.

But as the scale is descended, as we reach the great masses of the people, the great middle classes of England, the absence of educational training becomes more apparent; figures grow upon us, until they stand forth in such bold relief that the heart fails and the eye cannot bear the nakedness of reproach which these facts disclose; it wounds our self-pride to think it possible that Germany and France should be able to send 1 in every 2000 against 1 in 5800 in England to their universities, the figures for Germany being really 1 in 1500, or four times the number we can afford to give university education to. Startling as this discovery is, it far from reaches the truth; the difference is doubled, perhaps quadrupled, by adding the element "quality," for there can be no doubt that the university matriculation examination on the Continent compels the student to attain a very much higher degree of knowledge than we demand. Matters grow worse, however, as we descend from the level of the upper classse to the stratum of the great hard-striving middle classes of England. I will give the figures as stated by Mr M. Arnold. We have 16,000 school boys at our public schools; this number includes many endowed schools, which hardly may be said to rank with the ordinary communal schools of the Continent—schools which, in point of actual position, ought only to rank with our ordinary grammar schools, and yet are quite on a level with many of our endowed colleges—nay, superior to them. But accepting the 16,000 as the number of school boys, France gives 66,000 boys at public schools, of whom about 24,000 train for the university (the exact number being by the last reports 23,371);* and Prussia 66,135 boys, out of a population of 18 millions; or, in round figures, for every four educated men Prussia and France furnish us proof of, England can only produce one; whilst if the quality of the educational training be considered, the proportions stand—10 educated men in France and Germany to 1 educated man in England.

But here I have not done. I must descend lower still, to the great bulk of the people—the over-worked, ignorant, labouring population of this vaunted land of wealth, of civilisation. Let us see how figures stand on this folio of our great indebtedness ledger, for as I descend I gain ground, I become materialised to the lowest level the human intellect can bear without becoming extinct.

In Prussia the returns from the army list examination of recruits show 2 per cent. who cannot read and write—that is, have no "Zeugniss"—but in fact do read and write about as

* Matthe w Arnold. "Schools and Universities of the Continent.

well as the better class agricultural labourer with us, who can just manage to spell the words of his Bible. In France the proportion is 27, whilst in England 57 per cent. I am aware that the argument will be used—"Our recruits are drawn from the lower ranks, whilst in France and Germany from all alike." This reasoning is only specious, the fact being that the medical certificate required to pass a recruit shifts the selection from the so-called dregs of society to the sons of healthy agricultural labourers and artizans. I cannot do better than quote from the statistical statements given by the Home Secretary in the pamphlet alluded to. The figures speak for themselves. The proportion of children in England and Wales, out of a population of 21 millions, is 4,420,000; of these 3,500,000 belong to the working classes. Making every allowance, and admitting that 800,000 get instruction at really very indifferent schools, the total number receiving instruction being 2,400,000, leaving 1,100,000 unaccounted for, of whom perhaps 281,000 are at work; that is, upwards of a million of children, or *one-fourth* of the population, for children grow up and take our place in a short score of years. Yes, one-fourth of the population of England left in degradation and ignorance. But here my charge does not end. I maintain that these facts only disclose a part of the wrong done.

In England and Wales only 1,250,000 children receive good elementary education, taught by 11,500 certificated teachers (I am still quoting from our excellent Home Secretary's report). The figures stand thus—one-fourth of our people are absolutely without instruction; one-fourth left in a transition state of doubt; one-fourth receiving good elementary instruction; one-fourth, the children of the better-to-do classes, caring for themselves, and really doing their work miserably, of which our secondary schools furnish a lamentable instance.

These few remarks will no doubt jar upon the ears of many; and I shall be met by specious arguments, by a denial of facts, by an appeal to our feelings, to the right inherent in every free-born man to be as useless as circumstances will allow him to be. I will meet these reasonings, as I close my chapters at some future time; for the present I must proceed with the picture I have to draw of the present state of English education, and the direct effect it has had upon our social condition and wealth.

And first, then, those troublesome criminals. Where do they come from? The army of 14,000 accredited criminals of London—who trained them?—who brought them up? Our statistical returns on crime—and to which I shall more fully refer when I deal with this phase of the question—exhibit a sad picture of a large section of the people being left in utter degradation. Of the 120,000 acknowledged criminals, the great bulk cannot read or write; and if Mr Commissioner Hill is to be believed, nine out of ten of our criminals have been destitute children.

The argument employed on the other side is, that this is a necessary result of our social state—that these must be poor, and of course destitute children. Can it hold for a moment? Is this so?—is this reasoning not utterly untrue? There is wealth enough in this land to sustain the whole of the population; but the wealth is dissipated by ignorance, by neglect. The cost of holding back this army of born wrong-doers from carrying their depredations to an inconvenient length, would suffice to defray the outlay of a complete machinery of national education—raise our forlorn children above the level of chronic crime; but the worthy men in possession of property shut their eyes to the fact that the cost of crime our present system fosters is far in excess of the cost of training, raising, elevating the poorer classes—making them human. An argument I intend using further on—and one the most stolid cannot gainsay—is, that the direct destruction of property by criminals amounts to fabulous figures—must exceed five-fold the cost of complete machinery of national education.

The enormous immediate loss to a community, arising from ignorance, neglected education of its people, is not, unfortunately, confined to the destruction caused by the brain-bewildered, forlorn child of poverty; but in the whole working of its industrial undertakings, *absence of educational training* tells terribly against success. Our railways, it is computed, have cost a third more than they ought to have done, because unscientific engineers blundered. It is true, we were first in the field, and others profited by our experience. This is, however, only partially true, the fact being, that the absence of scientific skill—and which only systematic training can command—utterly failed us; and by rule of thumb, and at an enormous sacrifice of property, we accomplished our road-making. The same reasoning applies to our manufactures. With coal and iron at our doors, blessed with a climate singularly suited for the manufacturing purposes, with ports open to the east and west, we have managed to command a large share of the trade of the world—a trade our continental neighbours once eyed with envy, in utter hopelessness of successful competition. But what have they then done to advance, to make us truly dread their wares in the markets of Europe? They have done this: they have educated their people, and that with the will. Ever since the famous laws of the great Wilhelm von Humboldt (1808 and 1816), Prussia has steadily improved the educational training of her people, and her example has been followed by all Germany and Austria. M. Guizot's (1833) law of primary instruction gave to France the means of educating her people; and with what results? Why, they are becoming wealthy, immensely wealthy; and French and German and Belgian industry is carrying the day. Of the orders for manufactured iron from Russia, nine-tenths are executed on the Continent, at prices not lower than those we quote, but the wares are better made. These countries command skilled labour we cannot. In a word, our trade is threatened, our pockets touched. At this early stage of my inquiry, I leave untouched all higher ground—I confine my mind to the task of probing the money pocket, that which affects our immediate selfishness; and here I find we are bankrupting ourselves—by neglect, by allowing ignorance—"le stupid Anglais"—to be a reproach our keen-witted neighbours have dared, and justly, to utter.

Italy, by the law of Signor Casani, is following fast in the footsteps of Germany and France, and Spain threatens to do the same; nay, even Russia would teach us a lesson. With these armies of trained merchants, engineers, artizans, threatening us on every side, is it not time that we too should move, should advance, and do what Scotland and Switzerland have done, are doing: educate every child of the land? These barren mountains are being converted into gardens; and the sons of parents whose sparse savings would not suffice to supply the ignorant artisans of England and Wales with beer and tobacco, are being thoroughly educated; and Scotch and Swiss bankers, merchants,and manufacturers, are garnering in vast fortunes from the soil we inhabit, beating us out of the markets.

But I must close my first and introductory chapter. I do not conceal that I feel keenly on this question; for I feel our position is an unjust one. Our race—it may have and has its faults—still may claim to rank with others of the white-faced descendants of the Caucasus. The English race requires but fair-play, and I fear not the result. But this possibility is denied, because we do not train, educate, but leave to a crude system of rule-of-thumb chance what alone thorough scientific and technical education can command, sacrificing to ignorance a mastery over the arts and manufactures of the world. In my subsequent chapters I propose to deal with each branch of this subject separately, and with such detail as space may allow.

HYDROGEN GAS.

Dr Wm. Odling, in a lecture at the Royal Institution, has made hydrogen gas pass through india-rubber, platinum and other dense substances. Hydrogen gas is now supposed to be a metal having a boiling point very greatly below the temperature of the air.

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 73.)

We have said that this man had the root of all religions in him as a poet, to whom that insight was vouchsafed, whereto the supernal beauty, the celestial glory, the underlying divinity of the universe, can alone be primarily revealed. But his age did not demand a prophet any more than that of Shakespeare, so the one became a playwright and the other a balladmonger, both immortal, however, even in this strange disguise, under which the *vates* of the eternal remained *in posse*, and the sweet singer of the temporal was alone manifested *in esse*—such being what the wants of their age required, and its inspiration provided. But Robert Burns had also another religious element in his nature, that of love—the love of his fellowmen, of his faithful dog, of his pet ewe, of the soaring laverock chanting his matin anthem in the sky, of the gowans beneath his feet, of the bosky dells, through which he roamed in the leafy summertide, of the running streams, to whose murmuring music his own sweet songs were so often, perhaps almost unconsciously, attuned; and even of the green braes, and the blue mountains, and the azure sea, and the fleecy clouds, that were the hourly companions of his rustic toil. For this man was no foster-child of Nature, but her own beloved son, reared upon her bosom, and so drinking in of all her finer influences, as the very lifebreath of his soul. And have we not here another secret of his seerdom, for is not love the arch-revealer? And this man's love was so grand and expansive, so nearly universal and divine, that no order of being was excluded from his sympathies, and thus nothing seemed altogether beyond the range of his insight or wholly foreign to the intuitive perception of his spirit. Verily, a great man, in the noblest sense of those high terms; nor, we would add, altogether alien in spirit to Him who so beautifully said, "As I have loved you, so love ye one another."

Allied to this, and in a sense transcending it, as its higher phase, was that spirit of self-sacrifice, that possibility of entire and all-absorbing devotion to a great work, as a labour of love, irrespective of earthly guerdon, by which the poet was so nobly characterised. His poesy was ever its own exceeding great reward. He sang, like the lark, because his heart was too full for longer silence. He burst into harmony as a relief to feeling so intense, to enthusiasm so ardent, as to be no longer susceptible of repression. He poured forth his unequalled lyrics, as the earth gives out her gushing springs or the sun rays forth his cheering light, in the exhaustless plenitude of a richly endowed nature, that grew in the giving, as if boundless beneficence were but the normal and therefore healthful function of its higher life. He loved all things, as we have said, more especially his native land, her romantic traditions, her heroic history, and her homely language; and to illustrate these, to present them to the world and to the ages, transfigured in the light of poesy, he dedicated ungrudgingly to his dying day, all the vast resources of his transcendant genius, counting this costly offering as of nothing worth, not regarding it indeed as a sacrifice at all, so utterly, so unselfishly, absorbed was he in the labour of love, which had fallen to his allotment, amidst the chances and changes of this strange timesphere. He also loved his order, the stalwart sons of rustic toil, of whose heroic band he was ever proud to be accounted a member; and accordingly in their simple loves and friendships, their fears and hopes, their griefs and joys, he found the staple of his best and most enduring poetry. And although in his pages rural life is no doubt depicted in the enchanting hues of imagination, the reader beholding what would otherwise be its vulgar and commonplace incidents through the medium of genius, like some well-known prospect represented on the canvas of a gifted artist, yet despite this encircling halo of the ideal, their intense reality is the most striking characteristic of his works, that which gives them their greatest charm, and will, of all things else, the most effectually conduce to their immortality.

It is, perhaps, no exaggeration to say that through him labour first became distinctly vocal, speaking in a voice so tuneful yet so tragic, that it echoed from the cottage to the palace, letting princes know how peasants think and feel. Nor is it too much to affirm that with such a man between the stilts, no ploughman to the end of time can, as such, be heartily despised. He ennobled his class, who, through him as their representative man, stand forth as worthy rivals and compeers of the grandest types of intellectual vigour that humanity has ever produced. And he accomplished all this, because he loved the children of the soil, not as something afar off, as aliens in lineage, education and fortune, but as veritable brothers, whose toils he had shared and whose sorrows he had experienced.

Phrenology finds no difficulty in explaining these characteristics. His affections, of whose strength and intensity we have already spoken, united to his powerful benevolence, fully account not only for the ardour but the all-embracing expansiveness of his love, while the moderate development of self-esteem permitted of that disinterested absorption in a great and generous enterprise, whereby men of heroic mould are usually characterised. All thought of self was swallowed up in devotion to his work, his only satisfying reward being its accomplishment.

But it is time we should advance to that which constitutes his especial claim upon our attention, and in virtue of which he became the Robert Burns of literary biography—we mean his intellectual faculties. Here, as throughout his organisation, the predominant characteristic is strength. With all a Scotchman's proverbial vigour and force of thought, he possessed also the lightning intuition of the highest genius. With a power of ratiocination, that properly trained, might have made him one of the first logicians in Europe—he combined that insight which beholds truth at a glance, and sees a conclusion as by direct and instantaneous perception. He could *reason* with others, but for his own necessities, generally found his inspirations sufficient. He was a most accurate observer. Nothing worth notice could have escaped his keen and searching glance. His capacity was practically unbounded. He could and did acquire knowledge by every channel: at first hand, through his own senses; orally, through conversation, and lastly by reading. Happily, perhaps, both for himself and the world, men and things, Nature in her splendour and her power, her glory and her gloom; and humanity in its strength and its weakness, in its culture and its rudeness, its simplicity and its corruption, constituted the principal volumes in his study. For let us remember that the world's great want in his day was a *fresh* man, who could again, as in the primæval generations, spell out the true significance of his environment, and once more interpret that divine symbolism with which the walls of time are so richly garnitured. He saw into the inner heart of things, not with infinite labour, like an experimental philosopher groping painfully in his laboratory, but immediately, as by a divine vouchsafement from the heavens. He had the seer's eye, to which the open secret stands revealed, and from whose penetrating gaze nothing of worth can be effectually hidden. He saw the beauties of Nature fresh and fair as at Creation's dawn, and he felt the responsive beat of woman's gentle heart with all the trembling susceptibility of man's first hour of love in Eden. A *young* soul, to whom this sublime and beautiful universe was the gorgeous temple of the *living* God, to whose service he was consecrated as by a divine ordination.

It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that although a poet, imagination was not his predominating endowment. It was sufficiently powerful to cast the halo of its glory over the thoughts and feelings of his inner life, but it never took his judgment captive, never interfered with his vigorous grasp of reality, never made him, at any moment or in any inferior sense a weak or idle day-dreamer. He was not the less a man because he was a bard. He, indeed, like some others whom we might name, composed his immortal anthems, not as the chief business of his life, but rather as a recreation after its severer toils. He was too great, too inherently and essentially *heroic*, to think that the stringing of rhymes should be the end of any man's existence. In his earlier, and perhaps we may add better, days he held the stilts of a plough, and as we know, toiled sternly to the end of every furrow of which he had once turned a sod. A man who was not *afraid* of work, who, in truth, rightfully regarded *toil* as one of the great purposes of his earthly existence. A master-mind beyond question, but not in any sense "a literary gentleman!" Not "an author by profession"—rather than this, even a gauger of ale-casks.

Is there not in all this, gentle reader, apt subject-matter for rather earnest meditation? Have not some of the greatest works ever composed been written by busy men? By the king David, by the soldiers Æschylus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Cæsar, and Camoens; by the podesta Dante, the theatrical manager Shakespeare, the chancellor Bacon, and the secretary Milton, to say nothing of a certain imperial personage, our illustrious cotemporary, dating from his study in the palace of the Tuilleries! And is it not reasonable and natural, nay, is it not inevitable, that this should be so? Was not man born for *work?* Can his innate powers be effectually and harmoniously developed without it? Is not *action* a law of his being? and, devoid of this as a basis, do not his very thoughts tend to vanity and emptiness? Has not labour been providentially appointed as a part of the needful gymnastics of the soul, without which, indeed, our life in time fails in some of its most important purposes, even as a process of psychological development?

The intellectual power of Burns was not due solely or even chiefly to elevation or expansion of the anterior lobe, but rather, as in the case of his countrymen generally, to its great length. The forehead, no doubt, was both broad and high, but the head needed to be seen in profile before its tremendous force was fully revealed. Neither was his mental vigour due simply to intellectual endowment, but to this as reinforced by passion and affection, by emotion and sympathy,—that is, speaking phrenologically—by the reaction of the occipital on the sincipital region. And here we obtain the germ of a truth almost ignored by metaphysicians, and, we may add, but imperfectly appreciated by the older school of phrenologists, namely—the essential oneness of the mind, and the consequent impossibility of practically isolating the intellectual faculties, so as to ensure their acting independently of passional impulse and the inspiration of the sentiments. It is this great oversight, which underlies as a gigantic fallacy, the entire "Essay on the Human Understanding;" and, we may add, that it is to this we owe those pseudo-scientific absurdities, the "masks," which still encumber the shelves of our museums, telling of a day when even phrenologists thought they could speak of the faculties "abstractedly."

A more striking and remarkable instance of this inter-action is not to be found in the entire circuit of English literature, than that furnished by the subject of the present memoir. The poetry of Burns being especially emotional, was pre-eminently the product of a combination of endowments, in which the passional and affectional elements performed a most important part. There is, indeed, scarcely one of his greater pieces in which they do not come prominently into play; the merely intellectual attributes of the bard, his mastery of language, his descriptive power, his wit, humour, and command of imagery being all employed subordinately, as but minor instrumentalities for the more effective expression and embodiment of his almost overwhelming emotions. In his love poems this of course might be expected; their unequalled vitality and force, which make them live, independently of the press, as a deathless heirloom of song from generation to generation, being largely due to the fervour and intensity, the stormful earnestness and pleading pathos of his powerful amativeness and adhesiveness, rendered vocal and harmonious through all the commanding attributes of exalted genius. It was this underlying element of strong passional force, combined with the sublimity, ideality, wonder, and veneration of his higher moral and intellectual nature, and reinforced by general weight and volume of brain, that enabled him in a moment of especial inspiration, and under peculiarly favourable circumstances of time and place, to throw off "Scots wha hae," that noblest war-song ever composed, where the slowly accumulating gratitude and patriotism of five centuries at length found befitting and appropriate expression. A battle-hymn, in which are the echoes and the promises of countless victories, the heroic utterance of an unconquerable people, who can never cease to exist as a nation, while they receive such a message from their fathers, and transmit it intact to their sons.

We have already spoken of Burns as being in all respects a man, notwithstanding the feminine warmth and intensity of his affections. Pre-eminently was his intellect distinguished by masculine vigour, by breadth and grasp of thought, and by the all-pervading force and resistless energy with which its various processes were transacted. And yet perhaps even here, too, we may detect a certain element of feminity in the refinement and delicacy of perception, moral and physical, amounting often to intuitive insight, with which he was so rarely gifted. Thus it may be truly said that his feminine attributes, however well marked, detracted nothing from his strongly-pronounced manhood, being something superadded to his masculine endowments, and thus making him by so much the richer than other men. Rarely, indeed, has there been a finer instance of the duplex sexuality of genius than in the stalwart ploughman bard, who is the subject of the present paper, albeit his corporeal presence to ordinary eyes gave but little promise of so fair an endowment.

One marked speciality of the poet was his command of language, all the more exceptional from the imperfection of his early education. In prose, verse, and conversation, words were his obedient instruments. He moulded them to his will with the ease and mastery of an original gift, exalted by inspiration. They exactly expressed his meaning. They perfectly subserved his purpose, so that he could render them the colourless medium of pure thought, or at will, specially emphasize some particular idea by the mere turn of a phrase or the construction of a sentence. Without even the rudiments of scholastic culture, he possessed that which no training can give to ordinary men, the union of grace, facility, precision and power. As a poet, he could shape the rude Doric of his native tongue into a rhythmic harmony and plaintive sweetness, of which the purest English, save in the hands of great masters, is scarcely susceptible. And he accomplished all this without perceptible effort, as by the royal prerogative of a true mastermind, to whom the gift of language, among other things, came as his rightful inheritance. We suppose that no admirer of Burns will need to be reminded of his eye, large, dark, and radiant, now flashing with all the fire of irrepressible passion, and anon melting into the almost womanly tenderness of the gentlest affection; sometimes sparkling with wit and humour, fun and frolic, and then a-flame with the fervent feeling and rushing thought, only susceptible of due embodiment through his absorbing and well-nigh matchless eloquence.

The development of the perceptive faculties indicates that he must have looked on Nature, not only with a poet's, but also an artist's eye—if indeed this be not a distinction without a difference. No phrenologist will be at any loss to understand his appreciation of beautiful scenery, when he tests the size, form, individuality, and locality indicated by the cast. While the powerful inhabitiveness with which they are combined explains the love that mingled with his admiration of certain familiar scenes, as if they constituted the home of his soul, where the sorrow-tossed spirit of the tried and tempted bard could for a season, take refuge and repose on its earthly pilgrimage.

This strength in the perceptive faculties, accompanied as it was with immense concentrativeness, and reinforced by general volume of brain, length of anterior lobe, and an eminently nervo-fibrous temperament, amply explains his vigorous grasp of every subject to which he earnestly and persistently devoted his attention. Half knowledge could never satisfy such a mind. An organisation so distinctly pronounced indicates a character proportionately marked. The matured ideas of such an intellect could not fail to be clearly defined. Burns grasped the subject-matter of his thought as he did the stilts of his plough, and as he would have done the hilt of a sword had he been called to its use —with the grasp of a man terribly in earnest, and who feels that his lifework is before him, in which it behoves him to do or die, hero or martyr, as the case may be.

Neither was his mind more distinguished by capacity for acquisition than power of retention. In a sense, it may be said that he forgot nothing. Unusually sensitive and impressionable, his personal experiences were stamped indelibly upon the consciousness. Nor do the results of study appear to have been in any appreciable measure, less enduring. It is doubtful if he ever forgot the facts and conclusions, the spirit and tendency, of any book that he had once thoroughly mastered; or, we may add, the poetic beauty and rhythmic cadence of any song that he had once heard. To him a sight or sound of beauty was indeed "a joy for ever." The unforgotten past of his rustic boyhood followed him, in all its freshness and purity, into his sterner and more sorrowful manhood; a stream of living waters, at which he could slake the feverish and consuming thirst of after years, and through which, in his inner life at least, he may be said to have enjoyed the priceless privilege of perennial youth. But equally did his bereavements and disappointments, his mortifications and his agonies, accompany him like a troop of ever-accumulating spectres on his terrible life-pilgrimage. What we have missed by losing the autumnal harvest, the mellowed fruitage of such a mind, it is impossible to say. We only know that here, as in the instance of Raphael and Pascal, Byron and Mendelsohn, his sun went down while it was yet noon, leaving the world in the sudden gloom of an untimely night.

His powerful individuality and strong eventuality, together with the general vigour of all the intellectual powers, are amply sufficient to account for his unusually retentive memory. He held his acquired knowledge with the grasp of a giant. He retained his personal experiences, more especially the records of the heart, with the force and freshness of a girl, and the undying tenacity of a woman. And all the varied resources of this duplex domain of masculine thought and feminine feeling were thoroughly at his command, he being able, apparently at will, to summon spirits, whether of beauty or of terror, from the vasty deep of recollection, for the more effective illustration of whatever might at the time be the subject-matter of his composition; whether the drunken revelries of the "Jolly Beggars," or the purer incidents of domestic affection and family worship, so vividly pourtrayed in the "Cottar's Saturday Night," the inebriate fancies of "Tam O' Shanter," or the sacred reminiscences of his parting scene with "Highland Mary." His scholastic attainments, as admeasured by the usual standard of the man of letters, might not have been either extensive or profound, but no mental monarch ever held the intellectual resources of his inner realm better in hand, than did this untutored ploughman—or shall we not rather say, this glorious child of Nature, this demigod in the disguise of a peasant.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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 XLVI.

"THIS is strange talk to me from you," I said, sitting erect, but still holding her hand; "and, as if to rebuke it, there is the daylight creeping gently through that east window."

"Nay, Anna, not to silence, but sanction, as I hope your own heart does. Remember, I would rather you should die Miss Warren, than marry without loving. But I believe that might very naturally be an experience of yours yet, if you would free yourself of the past."

"Could I love as you do, and would you ask me to accept less?"

The bright colour mantled her cheek and brow at these words, and a thrill of feeling shook her visibly, as she said:—"Oh, Anna, do not ask so much! Is there one woman in thousands so blest? Even in my reasonable moods, I sometimes think there is none beside. I have at last written him, dear, and you shall see if I have done justice to both. Come up to our old room. Phil is there, and after you have read the letters, you may wake him. He went to bed reluctantly after I told him you were coming, and there will be deep rejoicing in his little heart at sight of you."

The letters were produced—first Col. Anderson's. "Small," I said, "to be of more value than Victoria's new diamond."

"Read and see," she whispered, "how bright it must have been to me."

"I wrote you," he said, "in September, Eleanore, under cover to Miss Warren, who acknowledged the receipt of my letters. I scarcely expected an acknowledgment from you, and yet I found myself for several weeks going to the post, or waiting its arrival with an interest I never felt before.

"You have not written, and I must not question but you are right, though I never knew another whom I would so believe in.

"Dear Eleanore, you will be mine some day, I know. I feel your spirit approaching me. Even your silence does not wholly conceal you: for I have said, If she were altogether indifferent or averse to me, she would not hesitate to write. She is too well-bred a lady and too much a woman of the world not to reply to an earnest letter from any man who was even

"'Level to her hate.'

"So you see, dearest, that while I can hold you to nothing special or narrow, I hold you broadly to all that my heart desires; and if there is some woman's spirit to be first wrought in independence, or some chastisement to be inflicted on me for a past offence, I will wait patiently for the one, and bear the other like a very lamb, for meekness. I only pray that you will not go too far, and that, when my term is ended, I may be apprised of it.

"I have received an application to go to Chili, and as I have very nearly completed what I undertook here, and am inclined to wear out time for a while, with as many helps as I can get to that worthy end, I think I shall make a voyage thither during the autumn.

"Shall I see you on my way?

"J. L. Anderson."

Then I took in hand her long-delayed, precious first letter. "Are you sending him your card, madam?" I inquired, ironically, feeling in the humour to tease.

"Look and see."

And with the words there dropped from my hand a minatured head—a pencil-sketch of herself.

"Is it just?" she asked, as, surprised and delighted with its boldness, yet exquisite beauty and faithfulness, I continued looking at it.

"It seems to me your very self," I answered; "but in a mood that is not so common as those I am better acquainted with."

"I was not in a common mood when I did it.

"I see that," I replied, "in the eyes, which always tell the story of the hour with you."

They were wide-opened, thoughtful, steadfast, shining eyes, in which lay the shadow of a depth and tenderness as sweet and assuring as the soft gloom of a summer fountain in a dim wood. The rather severe symmetry of her face was relieved by the play, over one temple, of a single luxuriant fold of hair, which seemed to have slipped from its fastenings and to have been put in the sketch, as I have no doubt it was, in utter abandonment to the earnestness of purpose wherewith she had wrought it. It was the lofty, serious, yet tender face, I had seen, a few times, when no conflicting emotions sent back the deep tides of the heart, of which it was a beautiful and comforting promise.

"It is better than any letter could be," said I, after deliberately examining it. "I could almost thank you for doing yourself so much justice at last. But I am also to read what is written, am I not?"

"It is not a lengthy epistle, and the trouble will not be very great," she replied; "but I have no wish to press it on your attention"—making a feint to take it from me.

"Desist, O rash woman," said I, "and leave me in peace." And I went on reading, as follows:—

"Were I to do deny, true friend, either directly or in your favourite fashion, by inference, that I have suffered in your suffering, and hoped in your hoping, during several months past, I should soil my soul with a dishonest utterance—which I can never do.

"It is harder to suppress love's bounty than to lavish it; and I fear I might have proved unequal to any measure of the heroism required to do it toward you, had I not been aided by

"'Circumstance, that most unspiritual God,'

whose iron tread presses out, not alone sorrow or strength, or joy or feebleness, from the untired depths of the nature, but sometimes blesses us, darkly, in opening secret and divinest fountains of power, which we may not have before suspected, and which flow into the voluntary being like the spirit from above—so richly do they clothe and furnish it for the battle and the sacrifice that life may then demand.

"If it would have pained you never to have spoken those words whose remembrance is so dear to me, think not that I have any more escaped that condition of all conflict. And if now my tardy confession lacks the prodigality with which love makes its gifts, believe not that it is because of poverty or stint in what I offer, but only, that, in giving and receiving, I am the steward of the life-long happiness of two souls.

"Do not misapprehend me, thou unto whom, if dear hope deceive us not, I must, in time, become better known than to myself. My love hath, I trust, a root of greatness befitting its object, and is, therefore, capable of accepting any terms, however hard, by which it may be perfected in measure, and made worthy thy possession. I acknowledge it to thee in pride and joy, but it must be no outward bond to thee or me, till we are further known to each other. The world must not assume the adjustment of our relations, till we see so clearly what we would have them, that it can only second our *wisest* as well as our most earnest desire in decreeing their perpetuity.

"Before this reaches you, I shall have sailed for Chili—the country where we shall meet, not long hence, to prove our fitness for the realisation of the divine dreams and purposes that fill our hearts. I have but one prayer—that we may rise to the high worthiness which alone can enjoy their fruition.

"This head I drew for you this morning. If it has any merit, it is due rather to the inspiration of the purpose than to any skill in treatment, to which I have but slender pretensions. If it renders to you, in any degree, the heart-luxury of the hour I spent over it, I know it will give happiness to your spirit, which I shall be happy in remembering, after all the pain I have caused it.

"Phil must have his word before I close. His eyes dilated to their largest and brightest when I asked if he had any message to 'the Turnel.' He walked quickly across the room from his museum to my knee, and said: 'Tell him I love him, mamma; and I do wish he would come and live with us again—in a ship, or a house.'

"You will not need be told how many loving recollections he entertains of you. If we could either of us lose the early ones, Antonio's daily faithfulness would rebuke us. ELEANORE BROMFIELD."

"Stiff and cold in the announcement and close, is it not, dear?" she asked, after I had folded and replaced it.

"Somewhat so, I confess, in those respects, but otherwise quite reasonable and generous, coming from you."

"Do you think so? Then, I am afraid it may express too much; for you, I believe, exact as much for him as he would for himself."

"Not a word too much," I replied, concealing my satisfaction; "not a word too much, Eleanore. You have only enlarged his ground for inference that you will ever be anything more to him than you now are. And that you certainly will be, or I know nothing of the laws of attraction. It is very well, with your views—perhaps necessary that you should not promise unreservedly; I am willing to think that it may be substantial ground which you have kept under your feet here; but you will as surely be Colonel Anderson's wife as if you had engaged yourself unconditionally in that letter."

"But I will not be, Anna, till all the future is clear before us; till I have opened to him my inmost heart, and shown him every demand of mine that can affect our freedom toward each other. Will you post that letter to him the day after we sail?"

I promised.

"Then I must have one more promise; and that is, that you will join me in Valparaiso, if I find myself justified in writing for you."

"I shall do that without a promise, I fear, at no very distant day. I would go with you now, but that it would seem vacillating and weak—breaking engagements and giving up substantial advantages for what the world would call a poor reason—that I might follow a friend. Dear Eleanore, I shall feel very much alone when I know that you are actually outside the Golden Gate, 'in a big ship,' as Phil will say, heading away to sea. Darling Phil! Let me wake him now, that the daylight may show me to him. Put out the lamp. I want to see him study me in the dim light." And as this was done, I bent over, and pressing him in my arms, I spoke his name, and said, "Wake up, Phil, and see who has come."

Like a full-swelling rose-bud in purity and beauty, he lay straight upon the level bed; for he was never allowed a pillow, "to distort his back or curve his shoulders," his mother said; and now he threw up his arms, to clasp her neck, as usual, but I drew back, and let them close upon his own little bosom.

"Mamma," he cried, startled by so unusual a fact, "mamma, where are you?"

By the time the last words were uttered, he had opened his eyes, and they were now widening and widening, in a fixed and studious gaze at my face, which drew nearer to him as he looked.

"What's 'at—who's 'at, here, mamma, by me?" But in the same moment he made me out, and with the characteristic gesture of his mother, he dashed the hair back from his face, and reaching up, attached himself to my neck with such a clinging hold—bringing back thereby the recollection of old experiences of this sort—that I was fain to hide a tear or two which fell from my eyes.

"Is Turnel gone?" were his next words, as he sat upright. "I saw him here just now."

"No, my pet; you must have been dreaming."

"I wish it wouldn't be a dream," he said sorrowfully. "Couldn't you bring him, Miss Warren?"

"I haven't been where he is, Phil."

"Well, I wish somebody would bring him. I want him so much."

"I know who could bring him to-morrow, Phil. Shall I tell you?"

"ANNA!" exclaimed Eleanore from the window; and I was obliged to resist Phil's entreaties, and promise him that I would tell the "Turnel," in my next letter how much he wished to see him.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

ON SPIRIT DRAWING.

It is much to be regretted that Mr Jackson has used "the pen of a ready writer" to prove that he alone takes the right view of spiritual phenomena, and that all those who believe them to be really the work of disembodied spirits are wrong. It is pretty certain that he is in a very small minority, if even he does not stand alone as the representative of his view of the subject. Having read carefully his very long articles in *Human Nature*, the conclusion I arrived at was that Mr Jackson had never had any personal experience of what he has written so much and so well; that is to say, he has never cultivated the mediumistic power in himself—has never sat down with passive patience and perseverance to ask for some manifestation of spirit influence, with a real and earnest desire to learn the truth of the matter. Of course, I may have come to a wrong conclusion; but I think there is strong evidence to show it is a right one, and that instead of attempting to obtain personal experience, he has framed a hypothesis which he promulgates as a theory of facts, which, however, are in direct opposition to it, according to all those who do obtain *personal experience* of them.

I can easily imagine that Mr Jackson will insist that those who sincerely undertake the personal experience I speak of, voluntarily submit themselves to "the magnetic influence of the circle," and therefore receive the results of this as the influence of spirits external to themselves. But it must be evident that this includes the whole question at issue, and therefore I submit the following account of a portion of my experience to the readers of *Human Nature*, hoping it will carry conviction of the truth of communion with spirits to them, and that they will become, if they are not, true spiritualists, only premising, for Mr Jackson's information, that in this case there has been no "circle," much of what is described having taken place when I have been quite alone, and none of it with more persons present than my wife and myself.

Many years since, being often in the company of Mr Gilbert, who was a symbolical drawing medium, I on one occasion expressed the wish that I also could draw under impression; and at his invitation went to him the next day, prepared with materials to do so with the assistance of his influence. (I should mention here that I am professionally an artist.) As soon as I had placed my pencil on the paper, my hand was moved, and impelled to make a large oval, inclining to the left; and the motion was continued so long that a large oval tint was produced, then two circular tints were made side by side within the oval, and another lower down. It soon became evident that I was about to draw a head, and it proved to be a head of our Lord. When it was finished, which it was in about six hours, I was impressed to write beneath it, "He bore our griefs and carried our sorrows."

After this I made two or three other drawings, but when I drew at home and alone, I became by degrees so uncertain as to whether what I did was, or was not, voluntary, that not liking to risk self-deception, I relinquished it altogether, to my now great regret.

In August, 1867, I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Miss Houghton, and on showing her the head above mentioned, she remarked that having done *that* I ought to have continued to draw; and as she was aware of possessing considerable developing power, desired me to sit down, and placing paper and pencil before me, she mesmerised me for some time; but my pencil made a very slight line and very slowly. She recommended me and my wife to sit every evening, being sure that we should obtain what we were seeking for, namely, that I should renew the involuntary use of the pencil.

September 27, 1867.—Began to sit, and sat for half an hour without success, as no movement of my hand took place.

October 3.—During the last six days very little movement was perceptible, and on this day very little more than what must be called a scribble of curves and loops.

4th.—Two imperfect spiral lines were made.

5th.—Some indefinite curves.

6th.—A much larger curvilinear figure.

7th.—A very tolerably regular helix in a circle, the end of the line being carried into the commencement of it; and an irregular curved figure in one line, much larger and longer than any yet made.

8th.—I became unwell, and only two curved lines were made.

9th.—There was no movement, nor on the

10th.—And on my expressing some disappointment, my wife said, "I wish *I* could draw." I immediately gave her the pencil, saying, "Try." At once it began to move, and moved rather slowly all over the paper. As there was very little light, we could not see what was done until the hand stopped; but on examining it, found to our great surprise and pleasure, that it was writing purporting to be from my mother, from whom, and many other spirit friends, we have continued to receive most interesting communications. My pencil, however, ceased to be moved until the

28th.—When I began to make rather elaborate spiral lines.

29th.—This evening a comparatively large one was made; and I may here mention that the line, however long, is unbroken, and that this has *twenty-nine* convolutions. I notice this as curiously coinciding with the day of the month on which it was done, and with another 29th of October to be mentioned presently. Having placed the point of the pencil on the paper, it is very interesting to watch patiently for the impulse to be given to it. It is an absolute mechanical force, which I found on trial to be equal to from one to two ounces, suspended over a pulley at the edge of the table, united by a thread to the pencil near the point, the pencil being held upright and very lightly on the paper. Any one experiencing this singular involuntary action, must feel the utter absurdity of the *soi disant* philosophical explanation of the phenomenon—namely, that it arises from "a reflex action of the motor nerves," producing an "unconscious consciousness," which phrase may be paralleled by that of a "pleasure pain," a "blind sight," or any other contradiction in terms. During the evening, at a sitting at which my mother was communicating with us through the writing by my wife, I inquired who it was who moved my hand to make the spiral above mentioned, and the answer was—

"It was Vandyck."

"Did he once write a letter in which I was mentioned?"

"Yes."

"What will he make me able to draw or paint?"

"Heads like angels—you must try to be patient, and not be too anxious."

It is not a little remarkable, that the letter above alluded to, was written through F—— C——, to his sister C—— C——, on the evening of October 29, 1853,—*exactly* fourteen years from the announcement this evening of the name of Vandyck.

I continued to draw curved lines and figures of great variety, and sometimes straight lines, but the latter were made only when my hand was moved by my mother (as she told us) who often mentioned my drawing, and saying, "Vandyck is teaching you slowly but surely."

December 16.—My mother wrote, "Vandyck has something to say to you."

"I shall be most happy to know what"—and then the following was written in a very different hand-writing to what was usual.

"My dear sir,—Do you not be disappointed; I began as you do—I began to make lines very early, and for a long time, I did nothing but curves of all sorts—but the manner of teaching now is not what it was more than two hundred and sixty years ago. In a month you must do a head; if I am not able to come, embody your own ideas to the best of your power—draw curves to the end of the week, but give a little time to thought instead of being impatient over it—Good night, sir."

December 23.—I drew curves to this time, but absence from home prevented me doing anything until

January 9, 1868.—When placing my pencil on paper to make, as I expected, a curve, it made a female profile, but getting no reply to my inquiry as to the presence of Vandyck, I did nothing more.

10th.—(On sitting down to draw this morning, I wrote beneath the profile,)

"Will you be so kind as to say if you guided my hand to make this outline yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Am I to proceed with this head?"

"Yes."

On this occasion, and on a very few others, the writing is by me, but as I am not easily impressed to write, or, only for a short time; it is almost always by my wife.

11th.—"Please to say, sir, if the eye is too large, and if it should be lower?"

"Yes, yes."

After I had been drawing for some time,

"Will you be so kind as to say which feature requires my attention most?"

"Mouth."

(It was too full-lipped and large.)

In the evening I inquired of my mother, if she had seen Vandyck, and if he had said anything about the drawing.

"I have seen Vandyck, and he thinks it very good, but says, 'wants force ma'am, wants force.'"

(This was a very just criticism, for I had been nervously tender in the use of a black lead pencil on white paper.)

"Do you see the drawing?"

"Quite well—I should say it was very sweet-looking, but he knows best."

"Do you know who guided me in drawing the head of our Lord, when with Mr Gilbert?"

"Salvator Rosa helped you to do that head, so solemn and so painful!"

January 13.—I ask if I shall do any more to the profile?

"No."

I then began another drawing.

14th.—I ask (writing myself) "Will you be pleased to give me any directions?"

"You must make haste," and after this my writing became confused. On asking about this in the evening, I am told, "It is want of power arising from great eagerness, which defeats the aim so to speak."

15th.—I ask, "Are you here, dear sir?"

"Tut, tut, man! do without me sometimes! Vandyck."

"I will do as you wish, but be so good as to say if you have any direction to give me."

"Not to-day."

16th.—After the answer to the usual question as to the presence, which is always, "Vandyck," there was written,

"You must accustom yourself to work upright (I had my drawing at only a small angle with the table); the will within you, will make all things easy."

"Thank you, sir; on what part shall I work?"

"You must work and not talk."

17th.—Are you here, sir?"

"Vandyck. I am here. The features require to be softened. A very coarse looking angel, sir! (It was by no means angelic.) I will give further direction to your husband at a future sitting. Good morning, ma'am."

18th.—"Vandyck. Cease to work upon it for a time; you are embodying your ideas according to the flesh, not acccording to the spirit—put it aside, sir, and try another profile, or very nearly so; you are too eager, and do too much at once."

"In drawing a profile, may I ask you to favour me by guiding my hand, as you did in making the curves?"

(My hand was guided as requested, but as I held the pencil very lightly on the paper, and nearly at arm's length, the line was tremulous, and I was obliged to go over it again; there was added)—

"I cannot always be with you, but will help you; as your spirituality increases, so will your ideas of beauty be developed."

"Is the forehead too high, sir?"

"No, sir, you have done well. I have given direction about not doing too much at once; leave off soon."

20th.—"Vandyck. Work an hour and a half, and I will correct the next time I come; there is more force in this outline than in the first."

21st.—Go on, sir, with this as well as you have begun; the next may be prepared for colour, very possibly. You want to be perfect at once;

I beg you not to work until you get worried over it; an hour and a half is enough. I have nothing more to say. Good morning, sir."

22d.—"Be so kind, sir, as to say how I can make the mouth better."

"Let the mouth be quiet just now; you have made veneration deficient, the shadow is too large under the chin, and there is not enough form in the throat; the eye and nose are very good."

"Should the ear be lower and farther back?"

"Not lower certainly; it may perhaps be a little farther back."

"Is the line of the head right now, sir? if not, will you be so good as to guide my hand in correction?"

(This was done, and there was written)—

"It is better, sir. I go. Good morning, ma'am and sir."

23d.—"You must look to the mouth to-day, sir; the shadow in the upper lip is too deep; it gives the appearance of a swollen lip, and the head appears to poke too forward. I must leave you now. I should advise another full face before you attempt colour."

24th.—"Will you be so kind as to tell me if the forehead is too retreating or not?"

"No, I think not, sir; you will not better the forehead. The upper lip wants the least possible touch to give it more form; and in shading the hair give it a little less curve at the throat, which is fine in form, but rather too much alike all the way down from the head. Make the hair more flowing; it is too straight. Good bye, ma'am and sir."

25th.—(I again inquire about colour.)

"You have improved the appearance of the line of the throat and neck. You must take care of the shading of the hair; give it strength, or it will not do justice to the expression of the face, which is so very good. Do not be so eager to go to colour, sir. What did I advise? do another full face first. I conclude you acknowledge you have improved under my direction. Good morning, sir."

"I not only acknowledge that I have *improved* under your direction, sir, but do not think I could have drawn this head at all if you had not so kindly given me your aid."

"Very well, sir; I am very glad I have been of use to you."

"You are very kind, dear sir; and I am very grateful."

"Thank you, sir; now go on. I go."

It was quite out of my practice to draw or paint what are called *ideal heads*, except in the heads mentioned in this paper, and I had never attempted it; my department of the profession demanding a close imitation of nature.

27th.—"Are you here, sir?"

"Vandyck. You are going on very well, sir."

28th.—"Vandyck."

"I wish to ask if I may use white on the background?"

"Sir, I shall not object to that, but on no account touch it until you are quite well. Mind specially what I tell you; try not to let what I say worry you. I have attended very much to you lately, and it has been because you have taken pains; but I must see others for a time. Good-morning, ma'am and sir, for a time."

February 4th.—"Are you here, sir?"

"Vandyck."

"May I work on the drawing to-day, sir?"

"No."

"Can you say when I may?"

"No."

"Then how shall I know when I may finish it?"

"Mother."

"Are you here, dear mother?"

"Yes."

"Is Vandyck gone?"

"Yes."

"Did he really mean that I am not to work on the drawing yet?"

"Yes, I know he thinks you ought not to work on it until Monday."

7th.—While communicating with my mother, I asked, "Do you think I may go to work on the drawing on Monday?"

"Yes, if you are in proper condition to receive your great master."

10th.—Getting no response from Vandyck, I did not work on the drawing; but in the evening I inquired of my mother as to his not coming.

"I supposed he would—sit to ask him to come to-morrow. I suppose he did not think you in condition."

11th.—"Are you here, sir?"

"Vandyck."

"I am not impatient, but beg to know if I shall yet work upon the drawing?"

"I should like you to do a little, if you think you are well enough to keep your mind upon it; I have no direction to give you now. Good-morning. Mind, not for long you must draw." The peculiarity of expression is often very remarkable.

12th.—"Are you here, sir?"

"Yes." (This is, I think, the only instance of the simple affirmative being given to this oft-repeated question.)

"Will you be so kind as to say if I shall put any white on the face or dress; I mean, touch the high lights?"

"Not on the face, sir, it is very lovely The only remark I have to make is, that the head, I should say, is a little too long—from the nose to the farthest part of the head; possibly the shading of the hair may alter that; there is an unnatural shape about it."

Feeling the justness of the remark, I drew two lines, making one of them *a*, and then asked,

"Do you mean, sir, that the line of the head should be more like the line *a*."

"Yes, like the line *a*; good-morning ma'am and sir—very good, sir, very good sir, goodbye."

13th. Are you here, dear sir? (On this occasion there was only written "V——k.)"

"Will you say if I shall put a few touches on the dress, and give me any other direction to finish the drawing?"

"Some white on the dress; the background near the throat not too dark; a little more form in the dress; some indication of the female bust; it is too straight. You are very earnest in your drawing, which will, as your time on earth may be allotted, have more influence than you may suppose in turning the hearts of disbelievers to the knowledge of good things. Good morning, ma'am and sir."

14th.—"Are you here, sir?"

"Vandyck."

"Shall I do any more to the drawing, sir? and if I am to begin a full face, will you be so kind as to direct my hand?"

"No more to this sweet face: I shall call it Saint Cecilia. I will try to guide your hand. Do not make the eyes looking down. You have been very right in Saint Cecilia's eye. Go on, sir. Good morning."

"Thank you, sir. Shall the face be quite full, and looking at the spectator?"

"I am here to help you. Yes."

"Shall the figure be quite full in front, or the left shoulder be brought forward?"

"Shoulder forward."

"Did you move the crayon at my request, at the bottom of the chin?"

"Yes, I will help you to-day, but you must not keep me to-morrow."

15th.—"Be pleased, sir, to give me some directions for to-day."

"Keep the mouth with the expression it now has, but that of the face generally more cheerful. The last head has dignity, and sweetness also."

"Be so kind, sir, as to tell me if the face and outline of the head are *in drawing*, and if there should be more hair?"

"There might be a little more hair. I think the outline of the head rather large; not very spiritual, but it is a great improvement on the last full face. Go on, sir, steadily; but not more than ninety minutes."

"Will you be so good as to tell me how to make it more spiritual?"

"Make the lower part of the face from the ear smaller. Think of your last and a full face. Good morning."

18th.—"Will you be so good as to direct me in drawing the general lines of the hair?"

"Yes, sir. Do not be downcast, sir; the head is much better than the last full face, but wants force; the upper part of the face must be wider; don't be too much in a hurry to get it done. Have you ought else to ask?"

"Must the eyes be wider apart?"

"The eyes might be a degree wider apart. You have excelled your master in the eye of Saint Cecilia."

"It is very kindly encouraging of you to say so, sir. Is the general outline of the hair as you wish it, especially on the right side?"

"I wish the hair to be a little more wavy; not so straight as Saint Cecilia's. Now, good morning, ma'am and sir."

20th.—"Will you be so good as to say if there is width enough across the shoulders, and if I may relieve this head with white?"

"A little more width across the shoulders. Yes, relieve the head with white; the right side of the face is a little too full. Do a very little this morning, sir; you will come better to it to-morrow."

"Do you mean the right of the *figure*, sir?"

"No, as you look at it."

"Is the head set on the neck properly, sir?"

"The head is right, sir. I must go. Good morning."

21st.—"If you are here, sir, will you give me any directions?"

"Vandyck. I do not see that you require my help to-day, sir. Keep the expression sweet, sir; but a little more force; it is pensive—keep it so. This is to be the head of a prayerful spirit not having attained full development; the other is of a spirit made perfect. The mouth is of a good form—keep it so; work on. Good morning, sir."

22nd.—"Shall I suppose the hair to be golden-coloured, sir?"

"Yes."

"Then will it be dark enough as it is?"

"Yes."

"Will you give me any further directions?"

"No."

"Grateful thanks for all your kindness, sir."

"You are good, sir. Good morning."

24th.—"Will you give me any directions for to-day, sir?"

"The left shoulder should be a trifle larger; the head is too large for the body; go on shading, sir; the hair on the right side is very flowing; still more force is required in the features."

"Am I always to consider that right or left is as I look at the drawing?"

"Yes."

"Allow me to ask if you have any objection to my making an experiment in oil colour in the course of the day, sir?"

"I see you are very desirous to go to colour. I have no objection to it, but strongly object to your working on both in one day. Go on well to-day with your present work; not too long; and go on every other day until the head is finished. Mind, sir! Now, goodbye, ma'am and sir."

25th.—"Vandyck. The figure is much better, sir. I should wish you to use your own judgment with regard to the head you are about to begin in oil colours; but drawing, sir—drawing well—is the thing. Goodbye, sir."

27th.—"Will you be so good as to say what colour I shall suppose the vestment to be?"

"I should propose the vestment to be light blue, with a gold band. Possibly I may change my observations: they must depend on the beauty and goodness you express in the face. I shall give you no hints this morning, sir; you do not obey my injunctions as to time. So, good morning, sir."

(I had worked yesterday three hours instead of one and a half.)

28th.—"Please to say if I shall paint from this head when it is finished?"

"Go on, sir, with this head. You have improved the drawing of the hair; the expression is good; give it a little more force, but not too much, or you will destroy the youthful character, which there is much more of in this than in the other head. I should prefer a slight change in the pose of the head you desire to paint—the eyes looking up, with somewhat of a devotional expression."

"Thank you, sir. Is not the under lip a little too wide in this?"

"Yes, sir; alter the lip a little."

"I have some fear that the alteration you propose in the pose of the head will add largely to my difficulties in painting."

"Try, sir, try; but after your great desire, perhaps you had better use your own judgment. I will be here to help you sometimes."

"Please to say why you so positively object to my working more than ninety minutes at a time?"

"You get excited about your work, and do harm; sit down a few minutes earlier to get composed. I love the glorious melody of these harmonious spheres, where I shall, I hope, welcome you and the wife, who has been your guide, by me. Good morning, sir."

29th.—"Vandyck. I see, sir, you have altered the head a little. The only thing I should have remarked more than I did, was, that the face looked bulky—it is better now; but I thought little of that compared with the sweetness of expression, which to pourtray you must feel the influence of on your own mind. Your desire is in part fulfilled. You began under my directions as a child: I have helped you, in addition to your own desire. It is thus with all things before you can find joy in our spirit land!"

"I do not feel that I have got the transparent liquidity of the eyes which they should have."

"The eyes should be a little darker, sir. Go on, sir; what you require will come. Use your own judgment; I will correct if needful. Good morning, sir."

March 4th.—"Vandyck. Go on, sir, until you can tell me you consider it finished; then I will come and criticise."

5th.—"Vandyck. I thought you were so desirous to go to colour each other day. Make up your mind and do it. Good morning, sir."

March 21.—"Vandyck."

"Shall I do any more to the drawing except relieve the head with white?"

"No; go on, and think of me."

The foregoing is a literal transcript of the memoranda preserved of these communications, which, it is presumed, will not be without interest to the readers of *Human Nature*, as they tend to show those who have not tried what they may expect to do if they try under proper conditions, with earnest desire and steady perseverance.

L. N.

ELONGATION OF MR HOME, WITH MEASUREMENTS.

To the Editor.

The character of the manifestations I have now to record differs from that described in former letters; and though what I have to say may not possess the elements of the terrible, such as the carrying of Mr

Home through space from one window to the other at Ashley House, nevertheless what I have to relate here is quite as full of interest as the more marked phenomena, and I shall, with your permission, detail the circumstances of the occurrence at some length.

Our circle, consisting in all of seven, met as usual at tea. During the whole of the time we were seated at the tea-table, raps were heard close to the mantelpiece, and the chair behind the friend who was seated next to me trembled and moved. On re-seating ourselves in the drawing-room, a cold current of air was felt to pass over our hands; the floor vibrated, and the table tilted, moved, and finally was raised into the air, remaining suspended in space for nearly a minute, as if balanced, if I may use the comparison, upon a cushion of steam. The semigrand then moved spontaneously from the wall into the room, and raps and a tremulous vibration-movement of the instrument were noticed. Mr Home had by this time taken the accordion, holding the lower end, the keyboard hanging downwards. Gradually the instrument placed itself horizontally, and a very fine piece of music was played. The accordion was then carried underneath the table to Mrs J——, and played, whilst held by her, a few chords. My opposite neighbour, Miss P——, said she was being touched and her dress pulled; then her right hand became stiff and rigid, as the hands of Mr Home usually are when in his trance state. The gentleman to the lady's left, Mr P——, was now touched by a hand on his knee; then Mrs J—— was gently patted on her knee, and her dress pulled and rubbed so strongly that all present could hear the rustling of her dress.

Mr Home now passed into the trance state, and, rising from his seat, his eyes closed, his arms rigid and drawn across his chest, he walked to and fro; opening the door, he beckoned for the unseen friends to enter; then stepping up to Mrs J——, said, "Amelia is here; she says that since she departed and her sufferings ended, it appears only a day, though in true love it is an eternity." Mr Home now took a violet and a few leaves, and, kneeling down at the hearth, stirred the fire with his hand. He then showed us the flower, and, seizing it with the fire-tongs, placed it in the fire. I distinctly saw the leaves burn away, and, on withdrawing the fire-tongs, only the stem was left. Twice he repeated this burning of the flower, then, handing the fire-tongs to Miss ——, he stepped on one side, and we saw the flower being replaced between the nippers of the fire-tongs. I asked whether they had reformed the flower, to which he replied, "No; that the flower had never been burnt, only shielded, protected from the fire; that the freshness of the flower had, however, been destroyed." He then handed me the violet and leaves, which Miss P—— took, and I believe has preserved. Mr Home then showed his hands, which felt harsher, harder than in their normal state.

Mr Home now stepped into the middle of the room, and we noticed the elongation from the hip, such as I have described in my former letters. Mr P——, to make certain that the lengthening was not caused by the levitation of the body, knelt down at his feet, and, placing his hand on Mr Home's hip-joint, satisfied himself that the elongation proceeded from the centre of the body. Mr Home asked us to measure the length of his outstretched arms; this was done by placing our arms parallel to his. The extreme extension or elongation of each arm was equal to the length of an outstretched hand; the total space from finger-point of left hand to finger-point of the right hand, upwards of seven feet six inches. The right leg of Mr Home was then elongated about six inches, then shortened, the foot literally shrinking into the trouser. I carefully examined the leg from the ankle joint to the hip. The limb felt shrunk and withered, and, gradually elongating, it felt as if it were being expanded by air being inflated. Whilst the leg was so shortened, he walked about the room, proving, that though lessened in size, the function of the limb was unimpaired. The final and most satisfactory test was, however, the lengthening and shortening of the hand. Of this extraordinary phenomenon I have given a sketch or tracing made at the time, and, as the weight of the testimony depends much upon the accuracy of the tracing taken, I will describe my method in making the outline. I caused Mr Home to place his hand firmly on a sheet of paper, and then carefully traced an outline of the hand. At the wrist joint I placed a pencil against the "trapezium," a small bone at the end of phalange of the thumb. The hand gradually widened and elongated about an inch, then contracted and shortened about an inch. At each stage I made a tracing of the hand, causing the pencil point to be firmly kept at the wrist. The fact of the elongating and contracting of the hand I unmistakably established, and, be the cause what it may, the fact remains; and in giving the result of my measurements, and the method adopted to satisfy myself that I had not been self-deceived, I am, I believe, rendering the first positive measurement of the extension and contraction of a human organism. Mr Home now resumed his seat, and awoke from his trance, exhausted and feverish. These phenomena took place in a well-lighted room.

The phenomenon of elongation I am aware has been questioned, and I do not quarrel with those who maintain their doubt, despite all that may be affirmed. In my own experience I have gone through the same phases of doubt, and utter disbelief of what I was seeing. The first time I witnessed an elongation, although I measured the extension at the waist, I would not, could not, credit my senses; but having witnessed this fact some ten or twelve times, and that in the presence of fifty witnesses, from first to last, who have been present at the seances where those elongations occurred, all doubts have been removed; and that the capacity to extend is not confined to Mr Home, was shown some months ago at Mr Hall's, where, at a seance held at his house, both Mr Home and Miss Bertolacci became elongated. The stretching out and contracting of the limbs, hands, fingers, above described, I have only witnessed on this one occasion, and I was much pleased to have a steady Oxonian to aid me in making the measurements above detailed.

You will ask, whence arises my urgency to re-impress the reader with the *modus operandi*, and weary him with reiterations of proof upon proof. I am prompted by a double motive—first, I wish to perpetuate the record of what is occurring, hence I publish; and secondly, I am seriously putting it to the scientific world, ought they to keep aloof, and not investigate with facts crowding in, facts attested by witnesses whose evidence can hardly be rejected without exposing the recusant to the just reproof of wilful blindness. Whatsoever the cause of these phenomena is, I will not trespass upon your space in giving my theories; but that they do take place is true, absolutely true, as a physical fact; and I repeat that such being the case, the time has come for an earnest, scientific inquiry into the causes that produce them.

H. D. JENCKEN.

Norwood, Feb., 1869.

P.S.—Since writing the above, the spirit form of Mrs Home has appeared to some eight friends at Ashley House, distinctly visible, and sufficiently dense to obscure light. At some future time an account of this manifestation will be published.

NOTE IN FURTHER EXPLANATION OF THE PHENOMENA DESCRIBED IN FEBRUARY LETTER.

The Levitation of Mr Home—It appears he was only raised three feet clear off the ground, not four feet, and that he placed the arm chair, described as being held out at arm's length, next to Lord ———, but it was not carried round.

Voices heard.—These were only understood by one witness; the others did not perfectly understand the words.

At the time Mr Home went out of the drawing-room window, and appeared at the other window, the folding doors of the former were closed. The second time he was shunted out into space all but horizontally, whilst the first time he appeared at the window of the adjoining room, and opened it, and was half shunted and half stepped into the room. The second time he was shunted into the room feet foremost, all but horizontally.

The dove mentioned in my last letter was only seen by one witness; but the other witnesses heard the flap and fluttering of the wings.

I omitted to mention that Mr Home said "the phenomena now witnessed were similar to those mentioned in the Pentacost, and explained that they had been produced with that object." Finally, I have omitted to state that tongues of fire formed in an irregular circle round Mr Home's head, flickering in fits and starts, from one to three inches long.

I have at once rectified any error in my former letter. The phenomena are so extraordinary, that it is quite necessary to give as accurately as possible the narrative of what happened, and rather to err on the side of caution.

H. D. J.

Feb., 1869.

MR AND MRS EVERITT'S CIRCLE.

THE primary qualification for a spiritual medium, or, indeed, for any one who has to fill a responsible position, is candour, honesty, *reliability*. Without these essential qualities, the power of mediumship, or, indeed, any other talent or gift, becomes a snare and a delusion—a negative quality worse than useless, instead of a light to the inquirer, or an advantage to any one.

It is now nearly fourteen years since Mr and Mrs Everitt, of 26 Penton Street, Islington, first entered upon the great mission of spiritual mediumship, and opened their hospitable home to gratify the desires of inquirers for spiritual knowledge. During that time they have given hundreds, nay, thousands, of seances both in their own house and in the houses of others; for they have often been asked to visit inquirers even at a great distance from London. At one time they held seances six nights in the week, and devoted almost half their waking hours to the exhibition of those indisputable facts called "spiritual phenomena." Their circles have been composed of select companies of from six to twelve persons at each sitting. Promiscuous and overcrowded gatherings have thus been avoided, and the medium has been enabled to do an amount of useful work which, under more lax regulations, must have entirely prostrated her health and strength. During these many years, a vast number of sharp investigators have witnessed what has transpired at these seances; some have attended only a few times, others many times, extending over a series of years. Nearly every stage of the phenomena has been produced at Mr and Mrs Everitt's circle. The physical manifestations were in the ascendant at the commencement of Mrs Everitt's mediumship, but latterly more remarkable, even if less demonstrative, manifestations have occurred. We shall not enumerate these manifestations of psychological power on this occasion, as they will be expressed when we come to relate what we ourselves and others have witnessed. But before saying another word on that head, let us give special emphasis to the crowning fact, the fact of facts, namely, that no instances of imposture, extenuation of the phenomena, or unwarranted proceedings of any kind, have ever been proved against Mr and Mrs Everitt. We do not affirm that the crudely-constituted and ignorant mind has not oftentimes thought, whispered, or openly asserted that not only Mrs Everitt's mediumship, but everything else connected with Spiritualism, was a tissue of imposition and delusion; but what of that? the fact remains undisputed that Mrs Everitt is a genuine, honest, and reliable medium, which we can warrant from our own experience and the testimony of others, and accordingly we shall from time to time have much pleasure in laying before our readers narratives of what has occurred at her seances. The first seance we had the pleasure of attending was composed of about eleven ladies and gentlemen, including Mr Childs and his brother, who is also a medium for the "spirit voice." On this occasion the rapping and movements of the table were exceedingly distinct and intelligent. A chapter of St John's gospel was read, during which the table tilted, moved about, and was at times sensibly elevated from the floor, as if following the sentiments expressed by the reader. Raps of various tones occurred on different parts of the table, and on the walls of the room. This phenomenon was very plentiful during the whole evening. The dark circle being formed, a powerful musical box was placed on the table, when it vibrated and tilted in a gentle manner, in time to the excellent music produced by the box. This movement of the table evinced a thorough appreciation of the music, as the tiltings and vibrations were in exquisite harmony with the spirit and intensity of the instrument. At the end of each tune the table gave a positive jump on the floor, in time with the last note. But most curious of all, the box ceased playing before it was run down, a fact which has been experienced before at these circles.

Mr Childs then had a long communication with the spirit Amos, who speaks without using mortal organism, through the mediumship of Mr Childs' brother. The voice was rather low and indistinct at first, but as it advanced it became loud and articulate. It dictated a poem addressed to a lady, which Mr Childs took down in the dark.

Mrs Everitt was afterwards entranced, when the voice of John Watt was heard speaking in his accustomed tones. The utterances of this spirit are exceeding distinct and powerful, and his sentiments are solid and free from that levity and nonsense which characterise some of these talking spirits. A free conversation ensued between the spirit and the writer of this article, who has the most perfect assurance that the sounds were not produced by Mrs Everitt, who was in a deep trance, nor any mortal organism present. The spirit having retired, a light was struck, which revealed the position which the medium occupied, with her head hanging on one side and her right arm extended at full length over the corner of the piano, holding the tube. At one stage of the seance there was a medley of three spirit voices speaking at one time.

When Mrs Everitt was being put into the trance, a lady present saw a spirit form standing behind the medium, with the hands placed over her head. This lady, and other seers as well, saw beautiful flowers on the walls of various parts of the room during the dark seance. Conversation respecting these flowers was held with the spirit voices.

At a subsequent seance some remarkable phenomena occurred, which we hope to have the pleasure of reporting next month.

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

SPIRITUALISM AND SCIENCE.

Mr Atkinson begins his letter (H. N., 1868, p. 604) by complaining that writers in *Human Nature* still raise the old cry, "If it is not spirits, what can it be?" and then almost immediately proceeds to mention me, and me alone, by name. I am sorry he has done this, because it looks as if he intended especially to include me among the writers of whom he complains as raising the old cry. Yet in my letter (*ibid.* p. 553) I expressly stated that I was neither a spiritualist nor yet a materialist,* and that, therefore, I regarded myself as a perfectly impartial observer, and, as such, better able to weigh the merits of the spiritual and the "emanation" theories than Mr Atkinson, who, in spite of what he says, is evidently committed to the latter theory, or at any rate to some materialistic explanation of the so-called spiritual phenomena. It is abundantly manifest that it is with him, as it was with Sir David Brewster, who declared that spirits were the "last thing he would give in to."

Mr Atkinson does, indeed, declare that I am wrong in attributing a theory to him, and that he has no theory; but no one who reads and impartially weighs his letter (*ibid*, pp. 491-493)—to which my letter was in answer—can, I think, doubt that in that letter he advances or maintains the theory that the so-called spiritual phenomena have their origin in the persons, through whose, it may be unconscious, agency the phenomena are produced. First of all (p. 491), he suggests that the "own internal power" of the friend of Lord Lyttelton may have called up before that friend the vision of the dying Lord Lyttelton. Secondly (p. 492), in speaking of the case of the "Double" given in the *Spiritual Magazine*, he says: "For all that is supposed to come by an extraneous agency, may very well be accomplished by our own 'Doubles,'" where, as is clearly shown by what follows, he uses the word "double" to express that unconsciously exerted inner-power which Perty calls one's "magic self." Thirdly (p. 493), when speaking of the Muchelney manifestations, he says: "But the disturbances are not attributed to spirits, and I think it is most probable that the unconscious agent in the matter is Mrs Hawkes, as the table moved on her passing it, or probably both her *(sic)* and her daughter may be instrumental in the production of these startling phenomena." Now, how can these extracts be understood, if they do not contain the theory (or hypothesis)—which I maintain they do contain—that the so-called spiritual phenomena are due to the (in the majority of cases, perhaps, unconscious) agency of certain persons? And this theory (or hypothesis), moreover, Mr Atkinson continues to uphold in the very letter (pp. 604-607), in which he says he has neither theory nor hypothesis. For, after quoting a sentence from my letter, to the effect that I cannot conceive how "mere emanations," &c., "can produce the phenomena," he asks me if I can conceive how the "wonderful phenomenon" of my writing that sentence was accomplished, and endeavours to show that in principle there is no difference between the human hand holding a pen and writing a sentence, or moving a table, and a table moving at a distance without any visible agency. "In principle there is no difference," he says,—"it is a mere question of distance, of degree, and in the ordinary action of moving a table and in the extraordinary one, the effect is equally produced by an emanation conveying the power

* I am not yet even satisfied of the genuineness of the phenomena, of which I have hitherto seen much less than I should wish. At the same time, I do not disbelieve them. I stand, therefore, upon much more neutral ground than Mr Atkinson, who (*ibid.*, p. 360) says: "But I believe the facts reported are, for the most part, quite true and genuine effects of causes unexplained."

through a distance." Agreed,* but it is just the *enormous* disparity in distance and in degree between the ordinary and the extraordinary cases, which causes the one to be looked upon as natural, the other as super-, or rather, preter-natural.

In the ordinary case, we know that a stimulus (concerning the origin of which we have no precise knowledge) proceeds from the brain and is conveyed through the spinal cord, and along certain nerves to certain muscles; that these in consequence contract, and that the resulting force (however evoked) is conveyed to the pen or to the table which moves in consequence. Mr Atkinson tries to show that the hand does not touch the object, and therefore does not *directly* move it, and so that there is only a *difference of distance* between this case and the extraordinary one in which a table or pen is moved when the medium is at a distance from them. But, in the first place, he has not *proved*, and *cannot prove*, that the hand does not touch the table or the pen—he has only *asserted* that it does not;† and, in the second place, even if the hand does not touch the pen or the table, it is separated from them by such an infinitely thin film of air that the force which passes from the hand must necessarily pass on into them, for the very simple reason that it can go nowhere else.

But, what do we know of the extraordinary case? We know only that the pen or the table is moved, and that some force moves it; but

* I say, "agreed," as to *principle*, because, according to the spiritual theory also, the primary cause or agent is, in both cases, the same. If I move a pen or a table, it is (according to the spiritual theory) my spirit, which, through the agency of my brain, spinal cord, nerves and muscles, causes the pen or the table to move; and, again, if a pen or a table moves without any visible agency, it is still (according to the spiritual theory) a spirit which causes the motion, though the means by which it does so are not apparent.

† I am aware, of course, that even the ultimate molecules of matter (if there are such things) are supposed to be separated by air or some impalpable ether, and so not to touch one another, but, surely, even if this be so (of which there is no proof), this air or this ether is itself only matter, so that even then matter would absolutely touch matter. But that two objects may be as close one to another as the ultimate atoms of the same substance are, is well shown by what not unfrequently occurs in plate-glass manufactories, where, if two highly-polished plates of glass are carelessly placed one upon the other, it is frequently impossible to force them asunder without leaving large flakes of the one upon the surface of the other into which they have been, as it were, incorporated. If our hands were uniformly and evenly in contact with any object we laid hold of, we should, on the same principle, or the principle of the sucker (that is, in consequence of the absolute exclusion of air), with difficulty be able to pull them away again; but the skin of our hands is fortunately constructed on the ridge and furrow plan, so that, while the one half of the surface of the skin, which is occupied by the innumerable, prominent papillæ composing the ridges, is (no doubt) actually in contact with the object laid hold of or (in common parlance) touched, the other half of the surface of the skin, which is occupied by the equally numerous depressions and furrows that intervene between and separate the individual papillæ and the ridges, is kept from actual contact by the air which remains in the depressions and furrows, and thus the sucker-principle is effectually prevented from coming into operation. Mr Atkinson is, therefore, I believe, wrong in saying the hand does not touch the object, for, if what I say is correct, about half of the under surface of the hand as nearly as possible, or actually, touches the object, whilst about half does not touch the object, and is separated from it by the air (contained in the depressions and furrows), which allows of the ready removal of the hand.

we neither know whence that force comes, nor, even if we suppose it to proceed from the medium, have we the remotest notion how it can be guided to the pen or to the table. Mr Atkinson supposes the force in such cases to proceed from the medium (though he now seems to wish to retract this theory, which he most certainly once maintained), and I naturally asked him to explain how the force was conveyed from the medium to the object moved. If a table is, say, five feet from a medium, and the medium consciously or unconsciously exerts a certain amount of force, why should that force be conveyed to the table, and if it is so conveyed, how is it conveyed? In the case of a person's hand grasping a table, we can understand that the force applied can go nowhere else; but why should force emanating from a medium into surrounding space* be conveyed in its entirety to any one particular object in the neighbourhood? According to the laws of nature, as we at present understand them, this force, acting on the surrounding air, which is elastic, would be equably and equally (or very nearly so) diffused in all directions, and but a very small, almost inappreciable, part of it, would reach a table five feet off. This is why the so-called spiritual phenomena would, even if they were as common as the ordinary phenomena of nature, still excite our astonishment. We do not at all know what electricity is, but we do know that, whatever it is, it will run along a metallic wire, and so we are not surprised if a particular current of electricity generated by a battery in London runs along a wire to New York;† but we should be very much astonished if this current ran over to New York without there being any apparent means for its conduction. Yet this is precisely analagous to what Mr Atkinson supposes. London is the medium; the current of electricity is the "emanation;" New York is the table. Let Mr Atkinson show how the current might reach New York without a wire! The table, indeed, was supposed to be only five feet from the medium, and New York is 3000 miles from London—but what of that? The principle is the same in both cases, "it is a mere question of distance—of degree," and the thickness of the film of air by which Mr Atkinson supposes a man's hand to be separated from the table he is grasping, is most certainly a much smaller part of five feet, than five feet is of 3000 miles!‡

* Mr Atkinson has no right to *assume* that *force* can emanate from a person's brain into space; he ought to *prove* it. According to the ordinary notion, the force which we apply by means of our muscles, is, I will not say "created" with Mr Atkinson, but excited or evoked in the muscles themselves in obedience to a stimulus (that is, a very much smaller quantity of force) communicated to them from the brain or spinal cord. Mr Atkinson seems to maintain that the whole of the force comes from the brain or spinal cord. If so, then the brain or spinal cord might perhaps, possibly, give forth force-emanations into the surrounding air. But, till I have Mr Atkinson's proof—which he promises us—I must adhere to the ordinary doctrine.

† This corresponds to the hand grasping a table, when the force called forth in the muscles of the shoulder, upper-arm, forearm, and fingers, passes through the fingers into the table.

‡ If we reckon a mile as, in round numbers, 5000 feet, then 5 feet is $\frac{1}{3,000,000}$ (one-three-millionth) of the distance to New York; but the thickness of Mr Atkinson's supposed film of air is much more likely to be one-decillionth of the five feet.

But if, as the spiritualists assert, what is called *spirit* is an intelligent and (according to many of them at least) a *material* entity, then we can understand force being applied by such an intelligent entity to a table. Grant the assumption of the spiritualists, and everything is explained; but grant Mr Atkinson's assumption that the force at work emanates from the brain of the medium (and the assumption that force does emanate from the medium's brain sufficient to move heavy tables which the medium himself is quite unable to move with his muscles, is at least as violent an assumption as the assumption of the spiritualists)—and still we do not understand how the force is conveyed to the table.

As for the rest of Mr Atkinson's letter, it only shows that he has but an imperfect acquaintance with the literature of Spiritualism. It is, I believe, generally allowed by spiritualists, that is, by those who have thought upon the subject that the spirit of man is *material*, for else, as Mr Atkinson says, it would not be a conceivable entity at all.* So far, some spiritualists at least (I will not answer for them all) are in one sense materialists; but even they are not, as Mr Atkinson is, or should be, well aware, materialists in the ordinary meaning of the term, or in the sense that Mr Atkinson himself is a materialist. Is it worthy of Mr Atkinson to raise quibbles on no better foundation than the different meanings which may be given to the word materialism? Materialism is now generally used of the doctrine of those who maintain that at death man loses all consciousness—that his individuality absolutely and irrevocably perishes—that he is, in short, completely and unreservedly resolved into his component elements. Those spiritualists, on the contrary, who believe the spirit of man to be material, believe it, notwithstanding, to be undestroyed by death, and to retain its consciousness and sense of individuality. They are, therefore, not materialists, in the ordinary sense of the term; and if Mr Atkinson had but reflected for a moment, he would have discovered this, and not have exclaimed so angrily, "Then why all this useless talk about materialism, as unphilosophical as it is senseless," as if, forsooth, one who believes in a material spirit must necessarily believe that spirit to be destructible by death!

To show that I do not misrepresent the spiritualists, I will now give extracts from one or two authors of repute among them. Thus, in Allan Kardec's "Livre des Esprits," 12th edition, Paris, 1864, p. 35, I find the following:† "Is it correct to say that spirits are immaterial?" (Answer.) "How can a thing be defined when terms of comparison are wanting, and language is insufficient? Can one who is born blind define light? Immaterial is not the proper word; incorporeal would be more accurate; for you must well understand that, as spirit is a creation, it must be something; it is quintessentialized matter (*une*

* There may, notwithstanding, be entities which we, with our very limited faculties, cannot conceive. Does Mr Atkinson think that man is the highest of all the beings which, doubtless, exist in the countless bodies which stud the heavens? Let him read Mr A. R. Wallace's "Scientific Aspect of the Supernatural,"—pp. 5, 6.

† I translate into English, as some of your readers might be unable to understand the original. The questions were put by M. Kardec himself, or at anyrate by some human being; the answers were, M. Kardec says, given by spirits.

matière quintessenciée), to which you, however, have nothing analagous, and it is so ethereal that it cannot be recognized by your senses." Upon this Kardec himself remarks: "We say that spirits are immaterial, because their essence is different from everything we are acquainted with under the name of matter. A nation of blind people would have no terms wherewith to express light and its effects." Kardec agrees very well with Mr Atkinson, who says (p. 606): "The nature of matter, and of the intervening medium,* is of such an inconceivable subtlety as far to exceed even that of the sense or understanding, and all your conceptions of spiritual bodies are gross in comparison."

Kardec's notion—communicated to him, as he believes, by spirits—is (p. 58), that man is composed of three essential parts: first, the body; secondly, the soul, or incarnated spirit,† whose dwelling-place is the body; thirdly, an intermediate principle, or "perispirit" *(périsprit)*, "a semi-material substance which serves as a first covering to the spirit, and unites the soul to the body." With regard to the "perispirit," he says (p. 38): "The spirit is enclosed in a substance which you would call vaporous, but which to us is very gross; it is, however, sufficiently vaporous to be able to raise itself in the air, and transport itself whithersoever it likes." This perispirit, we are further told, is derived from the "universal fluid" (probably Mr Atkinson's "intervening medium") of each globe, and is more or less subtle, according to the nature of the globe; and, accordingly, when spirits pass from one world to another, they make themselves a new perispirit, so as to accommodate themselves to the globe in which they happen to be.

In Mrs de Morgan's "Matter to Spirit," I find the same trinity in unity, though the terminology is rather different. She speaks of a spirit, a soul or spirit-body (the perispirit of Kardec), and the body. I do not find that Mrs de Morgan anywhere states whether she believes the spirit to be immaterial or material, but the soul or spirit-body she evidently holds to be of a less rare or subtle nature.

So again, in the "Invisibles" (Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1867—author's name not given), I find (p. 164) that "man is a triple organization," and that there is an "external body," a "spiritual body, composed of still finer substances," and, inside this spiritual body, the "inmost spirit," the "finest," the "superessential portion of man's nature." Here again, as in Mrs de Morgan's case, the spiritual body is evidently regarded as material, but the "inmost spirit" is apparently conceived to be immaterial, though there is nothing to show that their belief does not agree pretty closely with that of Kardec.

Mr Andrew Jackson Davis speaks more definitely, for (see *Spiritual Magazine* for February, 1869, p. 94) he says: "Mind has been called immaterial,' but it is as much material as anything else. All things

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* A mere hypothesis.

† Kardec calls the spirit, *spirit*, when it is freed from the body; but *soul*, when it is embodied, or incarnated.

are really the same thing:* Matter and soul, though said to be so different, actually consist of the same principle, though in different degrees of development. Soul is a more attenuated form of matter. This accounts for the imperceptibility of soul by the physical eye."

Mr A. R. Wallace, also (*Scientific Aspect of the Supernatural*, p. 5), seems to regard the human spirit as consisting of an almost infinitely attenuated matter, and endeavours to show how it might, notwithstanding, produce astonishing effects upon ponderable bodies.

Finally, Mr Atkinson gets into the same quandary that poor George the Third is said by Peter Pindar to have done with the apple-dumpling, when he asked, "But how the devil got the apple in?" I must say I cannot understand how Mr Atkinson can see any difficulty in the spirit, even though it be material, getting into the body, for (H. N. 1868, p. 360) he appears to believe in the "passage of flowers gathered from a distance, through the walls of a house without injury or alteration." Surely, if such grossly material objects as flowers can pass unaltered and uninjured through the walls of a house, matter of such "inconceivable subtlety" as a spirit could readily pass into a body. There is more force in his objection, "Where did the spirit come from?" but here again, we may equally well ask, Where does matter *come* from? for is it not the repugnance, or rather the inability, which the human mind has to conceive matter as having existed from all eternity, that has led to the belief in a God who has created it?

Spiritualists generally, nay, I think almost universally, believe that, as Mr Atkinson puts it, the bird does get into the cage†—that is, that the spirit, which comes from elsewhere, and which, according to Kardec, has been, in most cases already doing duty in some other body, does enter into a body which has been formed for it by the ordinary process of generation. According to this theory, which agrees with the ordinary belief of Christians, a child derives its body alone from its parents, whilst its spirit is entirely independent of them; and Kardec (*ibid.*, p. 89) expressly states that this is so, and thus he explains how it is that stupid parents sometimes have clever children, and *vice versa*. I think, however, I have seen somewhere in the writings of spiritualists the idea that, with the infinitesimally small portions of the bodies of the parents, which form the germ whence is developed the future child, are separated likewise infinitesimally small portions of the spirits also of the parents; and according to this theory, which I think more plausible, the child would be both body and soul the

* This pithy, but somewhat unpolished, sentence seems to me to contain the attractive, pregnant, idea so much put forward of late—*e.g.*, by Mr Charles Bray, by Dr Ulrici (quoted below), in a recent article in the *Edinburgh Review*, and, according to Mr G. H. Lewes, (*History of Philosophy*, 3d edit. vol. ii., p. 650), by Dubois-Reymond, and Moleschott,—viz., that Force and Matter are but different aspects of the same thing; or, as Mr Lewes well expresses it: "Force is the dynamical aspect of Matter, and Matter is the statical aspect of Force."

† This figure is also used by Kardec, for (*ibid.* p. 61) he (or rather one of his spirits) says: "The soul is not shut up in the body, as a bird in a cage; it radiates and manifests itself outwardly, as light does through a globe of glass."

offspring of its parents.* At all events, this idea is put forth in a learned work written by Dr Hermann Ulrici,† who is no spiritualist, and never even mentions spiritualism. He maintains, moreover—and it is, indeed, a necessary consequence of the foregoing view—that the soul, or "soul-substance," as he is fond of calling it, is equably diffused throughout the whole of the body, and that, therefore, there is no portion of the body, however small, which does not contain a portion of the soul. The soul it is also which, according to him, fashions the body into shape. Without the aid of the accompanying, organizing soul, any particles separated from the parent body or bodies would undergo no further development. The soul is the ordering, constructing principle. He begins his argument in almost the same words as Mr Atkinson; for (p. 136) he says: "That the soul passes from without into the new organism whilst it is forming itself, is, physiologically speaking, altogether inconceivable." But then he draws the conclusion, which Mr Atkinson does not, that the soul must consequently be present not only in the brain, but also in every spermatozoon of the male, in every ovum of the female, in every portion of a cut-up polyp.‡

One word more. Mr Atkinson, after speaking of the inconceivable subtlety of matter (p. 606), goes on to say: "and if this wonderful material be endowed with, or in its very nature possessing, under special conditions, the property of thought and feeling, or of the still more astonishing instincts of the lower animals, it is but a question of fact, whether we comprehend it or not. We must accept the nature and correlations of facts as we find them, whether it be agreeable to our pride and foolish fancies or not." Precisely so. And *if* spirits do exist, Mr Atkinson will have to give in to them, whether it is agreeable to his pride and foolish fancies or not. But Mr Atkinson has no right in the present state of physiological science, to speak as if it were a fact that matter (in the ordinary sense of the word) is endowed with the property of thought and feeling; for though at the beginning of the first sentence just quoted, he does introduce a qualifying *if*, he speaks at the end of the first sentence, and in the second, as if he had no doubt that such is the fact. The whole question at issue is, whether matter, such as the human body is made up of, can think and feel; and this question has hitherto never been, and probably never will be, decided. Professor Tyndall, in his recent address at Norwich, says (see *Human Nature*, 1868, p. 473, note): "The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the pre-scientific ages." And even that

* The soul (or spirit) is thus, from the very beginning, *in* the body; it is the soul (or spirit) that forms the body round it. (See *Human Nature*, 1869, p. 16.)

† Gott und der Mensch (Leipzig, 1866). Dr Ulrici believes the soul to be indestructible by death, but thinks that it is unconscious, except when joined with a body. This is in reality much what is taught in the Bible, according to which the future life does not really begin until the soul has been re-united to its body at the resurrection.

‡ He had just been saying that upon his hypothesis alone we can understand how each piece into which a polyp is cut up may become a new and complete polyp. Perty holds much the same view. (See *Human Nature*, 1868, p. 554, note ‡.)

thorough-paced materialist or positivist, Mr G. H. Lewes, says (History of Philosophy, 3rd edit., vol. 2, pp. 650, 651): "If mind is the collective name for a large group of functions, sensitive, emotive, intellective, and active, biology rejects altogether the exclusive assignment of these functions to the brain, and declares, that to call the brain the organ of the mind is about as legitimate as to call the heart the organ of life. If the brain is regarded simply as one of the factors in mental manifestations, the most important it may be, then biology demands that the mechanism be displayed, and the cerebral processes on which mental actions depend be exhibited in some such orderly connection as that which displays the part played by the intestinal canal in digestion, or the osseous and muscular structure in locomotion. Has any one done this? No one has attempted it." Mr Lewes expresses exactly my own feelings. As soon as any one proves that matter, such as living organisms are composed of, does feel and does think, and shews how it feels and thinks, then I will believe that it feels and thinks. From the spiritualists I also demand proof; but I must say, I think what they offer is much more nearly approaching to proof than anything offered as yet by the other side. Still, till *absolute proof* is offered on one side or the other, I must continue to suspend my opinion.

F. CHANCE.

February 2, 1869.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF NATURAL PHENOMENA—THE DESIGN ARGUMENT.

By H. G. ATKINSON.

IT seems that Mr Tietkins, as well as the editor of *Human Nature*, desire that I should say something on the old question of design, as evidenced by the order, harmony, and marvellous result in nature, which astonish more and more as we more closely examine them and reflect upon the whole in its infinite beauty and variety—and I think that in the wonder and the mystery is much of the charm; for, as in the chase, so it is in philosophy, that the entertainment is more in the interest and excitement of search and pursuit than in the attainment of the object; and Socrates in the market place questioning the nature of God, 2000 years ago, in a free and noble spirit, remains one of the grandest figures in history, for all his ignorance of modern discovery. But in regard to our entire and absolute ignorance of the active and innate principle of fundamental nature, I thought that I had really said enough in the letters referred to, but from which, to try to make my argument look weak, Mr T. only quoted a single sentence; yet in pages 139, 176-7, 228, and in appendix D, he may find a little more upon this momentous and curious question, and, indeed, in different other parts throughout the work. Now, is it fair to misrepresent by picking out single sentences in this way? On the contrary, we ought always to put our opponent's argument in the strongest light, and that is the right way to come to a just conclusion, and the only honest way. To begin, then, I must say that Mr Burns simply begs the question when he speaks of "all parts subservient to a fixed purpose," &c. The whole question is, whether the order and correlation of definite formation do necessarily imply or exhibit purpose, as essential to the development and the ends to which the parts subserve—whether, in other words, the final end, form and function, implies a "final cause," intention and design, as when in matters of art—such as a watch, for instance—we infer a watchmaker, from our being familiar with the fact that works of common manufacture are made after a design; but an ignorant savage, whose "untutored mind sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind"—as Mr T. does—would probably conclude, on finding a watch on the wild heath, that it was something alive, and, after the manner of Topsy, 'spose it growed. Now, Mr Burns tells us emphatically, that "all designs are imitations of nature," and that is just what I have said in my "Letters," page 176. That a design is a mere human action and mental effect and consequence, and simply imitation, or as Bacon designates it, "a memory with an application." Then surely we may not confound opposite things—that is, cause with consequence, the original with the copy, art with nature, natural growth and development with manufacture and imitation. We may as well confound a mental purpose or design with the physical causes that have given it birth; and Berkeley and the idealists do this, not distinguishing between matter and mind. But I am not addressing idealists or sceptics, having learnt how all argument is thrown away upon such individuals, who, I am sorry to say, are increasing in number even amongst our men of science. Well then, if nature is designed, and design is mere imitation, we must demand a cause for one imitator as well as for another. If we are not satisfied to accept the physical cause in nature as final, there is no logical resting-place; and if you account for an action, be it human or not, by a spirit, you surely only put off the difficulty, and have the still more difficult task of accounting for the more obscure and unaccountable nature you term a spirit, and on which supposition I cannot think that I am wrong in saying that the belief in spirit only leaves us in a greater perplexity, and renders pure science, as it is understood, simply an impossibility.

Paley's watch argument utterly breaks down; for the same logical need supposed for a cause of nature and out of nature, must press on, as I have said, and demand a cause of that supposed cause, and so on without end. And as reason fails us in such an argument, only leading to an infinite absurdity, is it not well to accept facts as we find them, and attribute all to that material origin, as Bacon did, from which all effects are observed to come, content to accept that order and reason of things under uniform laws that we are able to appreciate and act upon, though the fundamental principle be not intelligible, or only to be known by its effects.

Bacon's first aphorism is: "Man, as the minister and interpreter of nature, does and understands as much as his observations on the order of nature, either with regard to things or the mind, permit him, and neither knows nor is capable of more." What we call design is produced from cerebral and unconscious action. "I think, but cannot give myself a thought," says Voltaire, as quoted in the *Spiritual Maga-*

zine, page 486. But if you like to call the law and process of the developing of ideas or physical forms "purpose," you can, of course; or we may speak of "the mind of nature," but only as effects of the unconscious action of the magical and mysterious power or law, be it as it may. And I grant you that, for all I know to the contrary, there may be god and demon and angel without end, and spirits in legions throughout the universe, the active agents employed in all actions and formations, mental or physical, whatsoever; only, that there is not the smallest logical reason for believing in such a state of things, considering the absolute order, uniform sequence, and positive nature and certainty of the rule; so that whatever is clearly understood seems to be as much a necessary truth as any mathematical problem. And hence we regard truth, or the laws of nature, to be eternal and unchangeable as links in what Bacon terms the adamantine chain of necessity, as determined by a fixed and positive nature, or nature of nature, as it is sometimes termed.

Abandon co-relation, and, as Dr Grove says, you have no natural reason for believing in anything beyond what is contained in what you observe, neither as to one God, or a hundred. And if God personify the powers of nature, you at once land yourself in an intellectual as well as in a moral dilemma; for logically, if you demand a cause of nature, be it what it may, you cannot stop, but must demand a cause for that cause, and so on; and all evil must be attributed to the author of good; and here you are in a confusion and contradiction at once, and your only resource is to bad spirits or a devil. But imagination is free; and I repeat, that for aught I know to the contrary, there may be gods and demons and heavens and hells without end, and the reign of bliss hereafter for the blessed, and the eternal horrors of hell-fire for the unfortunate majority. All this may be—I cannot say it is not—and ten thousand other whimsical things may be, though such-like beliefs seem to partake rather of insanity than sober sense and reason. No doubt there is a kind of savage grandeur in the notion of a great presiding judge, though presiding only over his own imperfect work. How fine was the speech of the old Red Indian chief Black Hawk, when he said, "I never take a cup of water from the spring but I think of the great spirit from whom it is derived;" and Emerson was perhaps very right in saying that in each step in civilisation we lose as much as we gain. But all the grandly poetical heathen mythology has passed from belief, and what has been left behind of supernaturalism will pass away too. And truth is holy, not because it was created, but because it is truth; and the more natural our lives, the more elevated and the more holy they must be. And whether truth and the laws of nature were made eternal, or are eternal in themselves, it cannot much signify; but to clear ourselves of false notions and fanciful error signifies much to the welfare of all mankind, as moral and reasonable beings. The Church declares that the Infinite Cause *is incomprehensible*; the philosopher says the same. Then why not leave it there, instead of inconsistently trying to imagine that in an intelligible but fanciful fashion, which you have just declared to be unintelligible. Vanity, vanity, all is vanity and vexation of spirit—all of it. Vain philosophy and false religion—the embodiment of abstractions and the worship of images in human likeness, ascribing to the "cause of causes, itself without a cause," the passions and mere imitative powers which are the effect and result of the human organisation and the impressions of phenomenal nature, and really not causes at all, but sensible effects of the insensible power. And to suppose the power to be similar to its effect is to reason in a reversed order, taking effect for cause and the ends for the means, and in losing the sense of distinction, and giving ourselves most absurd and ridiculous pretentions in regard to the power and nature of the mind, so prone to worship the very illusions by which it is deceived, and by which our vanity is gratified. For a great thinker has truly said, that "the subtilty of nature is far beyond that of the sense or of the understanding; so that the specious meditations, speculations, and theories of mankind, are but a kind of insanity, only there is no one to stand by and observe it." However, I may be better understood by quoting what I have said in Appendix O to my "Letters," though my name is not to it. But be it understood that I do not intend to continue this discussion when science demands all our attention and best powers. But Mr T. will not, I think, say again that I am afraid—the last person in the world I should think to be charged with fear. Surely the very "Letters" Mr T. is trying so unfairly and maliciously to pick holes in, is some evidence to the contrary.

APPENDIX O, PAGE 340, "LETTERS ON MAN'S NATURE AND DEVELOPMENT."

"What a satire upon theology is the history of all faith, and the ill feeling and confusion arising from the conflicts of opinion going on at this moment! Such disagreements among the professors being proof sufficient of fundamental error and delusion—the badge of false science, as Bacon has it. There are as many shepherds as sheep; and where every one is tinkling his little bell, in what direction should a poor fellow turn, who would willingly give up his conscience and his reason to be saved by the true specific? Truly, in this age, a man may well be puzzled to know where to go to get either his body or his soul healed; and if in this dilemma you venture to think for yourselves, the whole host—sheep, shepherds, and all—come at you like a pack of wolves. And there is no peace for a thinking man or a suffering one, but in silence, or in the common resource—hypocrisy; and, after a trial of thousands of years, where is the evidence of those fruits which the world has been promised, as the sure and only evidence of the true doctrine and inspired faith? Where are we to look for purity, and peace, and good fellowship? Have not the praiseworthy efforts of the peace advocates been ridiculed on all sides? 'More bibles,' and 'More churches,' is the constant and ineffectual cry of the churchmen; whilst the legislator, seeing no chance of improvement by these, or any other means he can devise, looks to his armies, and his ships, and his police force, and Acts of Parliament, as the only means of securing quiet and protection for society. Barbarians all! for how shall we rule nature, except by obedience to the laws of nature? And who, of our legislators or bishops pretend to know these laws, or ever appeal to them, or even acknowledge their existence? Yet, except by the knowledge of nature's laws in the constitution of man, how can we exhibit any certain means of ameliorating his condition? What use the sumptuous ceremonies of the church and court, the gabbling of creeds, and the bowing of heads, and bending of knees; the standing up for one prayer, the sitting down for another; first in one pulpit, then in another a little lower, then at the altar; now in one dress, now another; with all the hubbub about inessentials, stupid paraphernalia, and lifeless ceremonies, taking much more heed of what clothes shall be put on, than of the truth, which should be naked and without covering at all. In the name of common sense, what is it all worth, if we do not accomplish the wellbeing of mankind? The little that is known of man's nature is not acted upon, or is used against him. We boast of our breeds of cattle and our dogs, of our tulips and our fine geraniums, of our gas-lightings and the steam-engine, and pass ourselves by. 'And the passions which govern all the rest are themselves ungoverned,' and the understanding without law.

The only way to clear the mind of doubt or from confusion, is by drawing closer to the object, and to the material conditions. Men have deserted the substance for the shadow; we must draw them back again from the shadow to the substance. Theologians can hardly tolerate one another, except in the supposition that they may all be wrong. But let no one suppose for a moment that I wish to uproot the faculty of reverence, and love, and true humility, or that I desire to cast a blight upon the pure and even prayerful aspirations towards infinite excellence and wisdom, acknowledging those higher truths beyond our understanding and the reach of our senses; for there is a holy temple in the heart and understanding, where each may worship according as his feelings, his understanding, and his conscience dictates; and in lonely hours, from the promptings of that still small voice, acknowledge cheerfully the divine rule of the God of nature, shall we seek to attain to holier thought and purer aspiraticns. All that I desire is, from the temple of the true God to cast out a trading theology, selfish and false theories, hypocrisy, and the worship of images and idols of all descriptions, whether in the form of man or beast, or other thing existing upon the face of the earth, or in the water under the earth. I would destroy the worship of gold, of power, of life, nor acknowledge any capricious, lawless rule in the 'web of fate.' No; the hard atheistical philosophy of mere sense, reason and 'human wisdom,' is not my philosophy—that 'philosophy which is not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose, but musical as is Apollo's lute.' All nature is miraculous—man is a miracle to himself, and his mind a perpetual revelation, on, and on, and on, in the march of time. If Christ could now view the systems which have arisen from his life, he would wish that he had never been born, so strange has the perversion been, and so strange the contradictory interpretations. We must become again as little children, and learn—not from the Bible of man, erroneously supposed divine, but from the Bible of God, which is nature—a language and revelation unchangeable and universal; but whilst men speak irreverently of matter, and slightingly of nature, are they not degraded by falsehood, and to be born again ere they can appreciate high things? It is true, that I see no evidence of a future life, and I desire to see men raised above the want—believing with the pious and excellent Zschokke, that it is a higher moral condition to live without such a hope; but I would not diminish one happy and good impulse when consistent with truth, but let the whole man and *all* his powers be freely and fully developed. Like the little moth at the candle, the child-man is ever fluttering in his hope that he may touch the light of infinity, and fearing lest he be cast back into darkness. Under the influence of damp and darkness, a man desires life and continued existence, a passing from infinite night to infinite day. When under the influence of high and elevating joy, and a bright atmosphere—when in our true, normal, and best condition—we are ready to die, and melt away into the form and nature of the light and beauty with which we are surrounded; but the understanding and 'spiritual' being is clouded by a depressing theology and vulgar notions. What Englishman will believe you, that the close stove of Russia is more agreeable and healthful than our bright, blazing, open fires? But such is the fact. Nor will men easily loosen from their errors, and enter the temple of nature, which is, that infinite cause in nature, eternal, omnipresent, and without change—the principle of matter, and the properties of matter, motion, and the mind of matter, but neither matter, nor property, nor mind. What it is, is beyond our comprehension, and folly to suppose. The finite cannot grasp the infinite, nor phenomena a cause."

REMARKS ON THE FOREGOING DISCUSSION.

Douglas Jerrold said—"There is no God, and Atkinson is his prophet." To this witticism we add—There is no sane argument against the idea of God and immortality, and Mr Atkinson is its expounder. "If that mind be eminently sane which is eminently scientific, or most sane on that subject which it has most successfully studied; and if science be nothing more than a method of arranging our ideas agreeably to the laws of thought and the idiosyncrasies of our mental nature—all which positions I feel to be tenable and true—then insanity (whether general or partial) must mean that lawless incoherence of thought—whatever may have occasioned it—which is most opposed to the scientific order of our ideas whence sanity comes. . . . On this hypothesis, then, mental derangement is nothing more than a confusion or *derangement* of ideas; a multitude of disconnected facts, which, after two-thirds of a laborious lifetime spent in their collection, the possessor perceives to be valueless; hence they but confound his reason. They have cost him a lifetime, yet amount to nothing! He lacks the first principle by which alone they can be arranged and systematised into soul-satisfying knowledge. The energies of his defrauded soul droop under the disappointment. Memory becomes a burthen, and obliviousness a blessing. This state of mind occurs chiefly to those who have A GREAT OBJECT in their researches. The mass of collectors of old world facts and antiquated philosophy are satisfied by THE LABOUR, and are pleased with being the known repositories of a dead, profitless mass of useless trifles. They look as complacently and solemnly grand (and the grandeur of the look with them is everything) as looks our grand museum—a temple enshrining fragments from which the soul has fled; a monument of absurdity and affectation; and yet, withal, a splendid evidence of what men ought to be, and wish to be, but are not."*

The foregoing portraiture we assume to be extremely applicable to those minds which exist in the production of such disjointed cogitations, of which Mr Atkinson's communications given above, and philosophisings generally, are a choice sample. What interest can such minds have in immortality—the continued succession of a life which would be insupportable were it not for its sensuous pleasures and petty ambitions, a mode of existence devoid of use either to the performer of its wearied rounds or to the world at large? What extended view of

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* The Alpha, pp. 192-3.

human duty or happiness has this "school" ever bestowed on mankind? Their central dogma is that man is an ephemeral nothing, and that the goal of his happiness is attained when he dies—becomes oblivious of his organised nothingness. The ethics and religion of such beingless nonenties are easily defined; fill the eyes of the world by keeping up a decent exterior, maintain a cloak of respectable selfishness like the elaborate carvings on the brainless skull of a defunct New Zealander. "High and elevated joy, and a bright atmosphere," which being interpreted means a comfortable house, a well-furnished table, and a soft bed—these are "our true, normal, and best conditions," and the paradisaical antipodes of that "damp and darkness" under which a man is said to "desire life and continued existence," while he is to be content to lose his very consciousness in the sensuous glories of the "physical cause in nature," "the very illusions by which we are deceived." No wonder that such philosophers and poets (Heaven keep us off Parnassus!) sigh for death as a termination of their meaningless ambitions and conflicts, and look forward to the grave as a resting place—for what? not for *them*, for then they will not exist—a mere clod of decomposing organic matter, itself obedient to the ever-active laws of progress in preparing conditions through which may operate the Eternal Cause.

The serious involvements and speculations which Mr A. commits respecting the old and hackneyed subject of "causes," challenges our efforts to throw some little light on that besieged fortress of blank cartridge verbosity, so appropriately commanded by our correspondent. When he first favoured us with his communications, we expected instructive facts, arguments, reason, for Mr A. had given the world a book; but we have had much valuable space occupied with opinions, negations, sharp personalities, and palpable absurdities; and the fact of authorship, instead of being an aid to progressive thought, has proved a stern impediment to it, since few men can afford to get any wiser than the book they have unfortunately been the male-parent of. Mr Atkinson's weakness proceeds not so much from organic causes as from a conventional education leading to stereotyped beliefs, and therefore erroneous convictions. In fact, his organic excellencies, or his abilities, as the world would call them, are his greatest enemy, for they endow him with the power to "spin yarns;" and if he did not thus exhibit himself in print, the world would not know but he was a truly philosophic, scientific, wise man.

With the coolest *nonchalance* possible Mr Atkinson parades before the readers of *Human Nature* as if they were the merest tyros in philosophical thought, what he elsewhere styles very appropriately "the mechanic idea of a God," and other stale platitudes and polemical fragments. The word "cause" is used quite indefinitely, as amidst the many words in which it so often occurs the reader will be at a loss to know how to apply it in accordance with the writer's most approved meaning. But the teachings of the spiritual philosophy are grossly misunderstood, and the introduction of the Paley episode is more like a burlesque on sober argument than serious discussion, when it is remembered to what class of thinkers it is applied.

We believe that the "confusion and derangement of ideas" come largely from the misunderstanding and consequent misuse of words. Words represent thoughts—are thoughts in a visible form, and a proper comprehension of their application must constitute the basis of all correct thinking and expression of thought. We begin them by defining words—terms, and commence with the primary one, *Cause*. Conventionally this word is used to indicate that state of things from which any effect or phenomenon proceeds. It is synonymous with the reason or excuse for doing an act; the motive, source, or occasion. No doubt the meaning and usage of words changes with the advance of knowledge; correct convictions arising from the possession of truth or knowledge lead to the scientific use of words, hence proper terms and correct thinking act and react on each other.

Philosophically, the term "cause" cannot, with any sense of propriety, be applied to motives, reasons, sources, occasions, &c., that give rise to phenomena, acts, or effects. These, denominated causes, are merely conditions, circumstances, effects; cause and effect are the antithesis of each other, but here we have effects as the causes of effects, which is absurd. It therefore becomes apparent that there may be many conditions, circumstances, effects, following each other in endless series, but only one cause. Logically, The Cause, then, is self-existent, uncreated, perpetual, eternal, otherwise it would be an effect, a condition to which the application of the term cause would be absurd, unreasonable, insane. From this reasoning, it also becomes apparent that the phrase, "a first cause," involves a contradiction; for if Cause is uncreated, primary, the source of creation, then there can be neither a first, second, nor subsequent cause, but an eternal, ever-existing Cause, and hence, as an inevitable result, only ONE Cause, the cause of all things that ever were, are, or can exist.

As we before observed, there may be an innumerable succession of intermediate conditions, but these are only means to an end—the medium through which the Cause operates in producing effects.

The question now arises—What is this Cause? And here comes in a consideration of the question of design. We answer—SPIRIT, or, in the collective sense, *a* spirit, not a "mechanic mind," as Mr Atkinson considers the only alternative of the spiritualist. Yes; spirit, pure intelligence, mind-power, not mind—for mind, as exhibited in man, is an effect; but it must have a cause, and that is spirit, mind-power. Mr Atkinson and others blunder egregiously in attributing mind to the organism. That useful machine is merely the condition through which mind is effected, not the cause, for the organism being itself an effect, *cannot be a cause*.

An infinite cause, capable of producing an universe full of effects all in strict harmony, must be an infinite intelligence; hence the terms applicable to man in designing, planning, thinking, must be inappropriate to such a being. Man's mind is an effect—"the soul's recorded knowledge taken in its totality." It is finite and limited, therefore the necessity for thinking, planning, and designing, in extending its operations beyond its usual narrow compass. Such a process with infinite intelligence would be unnecessary, impossible.

The operations of the Infinite Mind are entirely spontaneous, intuitive, existing within itself without cogitative action. When man designs, it is the effort of the mind to follow the modes of action of the infinite mind-power, with the view of imitating them. It is thus clear that the infinite intelligence does not "design," as understood in the case of man. Yet all acts of this intelligence are towards the accomplishment of some great purpose, to comprehend which is the grand task of all human philosophy, and to describe the means used by which is the province of all science. Humanly speaking, then, there is design, purpose, method, in the operations of the infinite intelligence, and not hap-hazard, chance, and blind uncertain fate.

That such a purpose exists in the "Divine Mind" is abundantly evident from the effects produced thereby. We behold an infinite number of planetary and stellar worlds and systems of worlds, with their material, geological conditions, most wisely and necessarily adapted as means to yet higher ends. We then observe the vast array of vegetable life, clothing the sterile rocks with plastic transmutable soil, and representing yet a more complex system of conditions, a higher manifestation of mind-power. In the animal kingdom, we witness another vast stride in the ascent towards intelligent consciousness, a necessary unfoldment of preparatory conditions for the evolution of mind. Nor should we overlook the cosmical forces—these ethereal, odic, electric, magnetic, and no one knows what else messengers of the Cause through the human organism, as well as subordinate forms. Last of all comes Man: and what is He? Intelligence. And what is that? Self-knowledge, without which all other forms of knowledge are impossible. He is, and he knows he is, and what he is, and without these properties he could not BE. He alone partakes fully of the attributes of THE CAUSE, the infinite intelligence. All else in the universe are conditions, circumstances. But MAN in his being, essence, is not a circumstance, not a condition, but an ultimate—of what? of the primate intelligence, and therefore synonymous with it.

The sophistry of Mr A. is now naked for our inspection. It is reasoning backwards, he says, to predicate a cause from an effect. A greater absurdity could not be imagined. Without effect there could not be cause; without cause there could not be effect. They are inseparable, the positive and negative of the one process. It is easier to quote Bacon than to understand common sense.

Mr Atkinson and the unscientific idiocyncratics who rally round the charnel house of "physical phenomena," continually mistake MAN's circumstances for MAN himself. They find that man's body had a beginning, is a condition, and that it must have an end, pass away; that his mind-phenomena are effects, shaped and acquired by circumstances—the product of organic function, and dependent thereon for manifestation. All this we readily grant. But in the midst of his quiet, harmless negations, Mr A. makes a positive assumption which we challenge him to prove, viz., that the human intelligence has no other phase of conditions than those presented to our physical observation. "Science," the delicate nerves of which Mr A. is so jealous to protect, is beginning to find out that THE CAUSE has occult, intangible machinery with which to effect its purposes. Indeed, the visible universe is only an external organ in the hands of these unseen appliances, through which intelligence communicates with the external. Having stated so much, it may dawn on the mind of the reader, if not on that of Mr A.,* that since THE INTELLIGENCE is endowed with supersensuous appliances for manifesting itself, MAN may, nay must be, so endowed also. MAN is not the body, the brain, the food (Oh! Mr Bray), the mind product—but the intelligence; the spirit, which alone is immortal, undying, and conditions itself in many ways that Mr A. knows not of.

How do we know that Man's intelligence is immortal? Because all intelligence is immortal. Things may change their form and pass away, but the Being, the intelligence, can never do so. That the Infinite Intelligence has ever failed in the past, or should do so in the future, is a thought too absurd for sane minds to entertain. We therefore feel warranted in concluding that The Intelligence, as a whole, is immortal, and, if so, then all parts of it must be immortal.

A man dies daily, hourly, and yet he is for it may be 100 years the same man. He is also recreated daily, hourly, during the same space of time. His *conditions* are fleeting and transitory, but not so the Man. One set of conditions succeed another, but the Man remains. His physical body was formed, and it must lose its form. He will then take on another class of conditions, which may change perpetually; but his intelligence, *the* Man, was never created and never can be annihilated, because there is no power greater in the universe than intelligence. It is the only Power.†

We have thus established, to our entire satisfaction, the existence of Deity and Human Immortality on scientific and logical grounds that we deem incontrovertible, and are in a position to smile with pity on Mr Atkinson's puerile whimper about "spirits in legions." Yes, Mr A., we have all the evidence of the existence of spirits that we have of the existence of men in the flesh. We do not mean to say that these facts are equally apparent to all, any more than are thousands of other truths with which creation teems; and if Mr A. would take to heart "Bacon's first aphorism," he would not be so garrulous on matters of which he is entirely ignorant.

Starting with wrong premises, Mr A. is, of course, wide of the mark

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* Mr A.'s experience with "vanity" appears to be considerable; has it anything to do with his taciturnity respecting the "scientific" mock investigation of the phenomena of the Brothers Davenport at the rooms of the Anthropological Society? Mr A. was on the committee, and we believe helped to tie the Brothers rather unmercifully. Yet with all his determined tying, *the cabinet-door was at once fastened from the inside,* and the Brothers were very quickly unloosed by the spirits—the tying being too severe to admit of the spirits proceeding with the manifestations. And yet the society had the effrontery to report that nothing took place that could not be quite easily accounted for. If so, Mr A. has an excellent opportunity of displaying his science. Perhaps it is a trifle beneath his notice, like the spirits, his clairvoyant used to see. But he made her see only what he wanted to, and so he would perhaps serve the eyes of others if he had the same control over them.

† Power is not "force." Does our scientific friend know what either means?

in respect to the operations of the mind, and that which constitutes "science." "Accept facts as we find them" is his dogmatic method of studying "man's nature and development." It would be impossible to write a sentence more speciously meaningless. The bullocks, pigs, and geese have been "accepting facts as they found them" since long before man's advent on earth, and they have not become an iota wiser in consequence;—substantial facts, nevertheless, derived from their "material origin." This "acceptance of facts," or being ruled by the sensuous appendages of the mind, has been the bane of intellectual progress in all ages, and the grand bulwark of superstition. Science, knowledge, intelligence, is intuitive. Reason, and the power to think, to understand, and know what is seen and what is also unseen, is the herald of manhood, and the ensign of true sanity. The operations of intelligence can only be understood by intelligence of a corresponding degree—a truth which Bacon's aphorism does not seem to convey to his disciples. Hence the laws of thought and the processes of the mind are as necessary to be studied as the other facts of nature.

Ignorance and intolerance in former times, and in some quarters still, persecuted progress and discovery with the anathema of the theologian. The facts of anatomy, astronomy, chemistry, phrenology, &c., have been denounced because they militated against the prepossessions of hereditary ignorance and traditional belief. The mantle of the Pope and his holy inquisition, in dirt and rags though it be, has of late years fallen on the lazy shoulders of certain conceited bookmakers and pamphlet-scribblers, that dog the steps, and hang on to the skirts of "Science," with all the accumulated arrogance of hoary-headed cant. They croak and denounce every effort of intelligence in the holy name of science. Battened on the fruits of preceding genius, they strut about in peacock's feathers, and affect to sing the song of the discoverer in the harsh notes of the jackdaw in disguise. They lay their sacrilegious hands on the newest nut of human knowledge, and hand it over to the monkey of sophism to crack.

Forsooth, because a recent school of discoverers, called Spiritualists, declare and demonstrate that there is an Infinite, Eternal Intelligence, and that man is immortal, that must be the groundwork of a mythological hell, judgment, &c., &c.! Mr. A., with his hollow sophistry, is the product of such a belief by lineal descent—of an age of ignorance and superstition, the negative reaction of which is expressed in himself. The spiritualists are on another track; their conclusions on these points are derived from the facts of existence, and are the only true antidote to both the positive and negative evils. Mr A.'s school of negation has bellowed and brayed in vain, but is fast on the decline. The science of man's spiritual nature is dissolving it like ice in the summer sun. By scientifically enlarging the boundaries of "nature," they do away with the necessity for a "supernatural;" but there certainly is such as "nature" is defined and hedged in by Mr Atkinson.

Some of our friends have censured us for occupying so much space with the "cerebrations" of positivists; we desire all to be heard. Truth becomes mighty when compared with error. Free speech is the palladium of liberty, but we here take leave to observe that we have not had one sensible contribution in opposition to the physicists,* so that the disapprobation expressed at free discussion has been a left-handed confession of manifest inability to defend principles when attacked. In this connection Mr A.'s industry, though it amounts to nothing, is to be commended before the inertia and narrow-minded conduct of some of our readers. Andrew Jackson Davis has very truthfully written—"Any theory, hypothesis, philosophy, sect, creed, or institution that fears investigation, openly manifests its own error." Mr A. has endeavoured to enlighten us with the decaying embers of an obsolete form of thought. He has, we suppose, done his best, and a poor best it is. We are astonished at his profound unacquaintance with the subjects he has pretended to grapple with. He wants to see a logical reason for a future life, and mistakes selfish cupidity for the hope of immortality. Is not his own definition of enjoying the present by bettering man's condition quite as passionately selfish as the intellectual conception of the great plan of existence, looking to the future as the necessary sequence of the present, an exceedingly "logical reason for a future life?" "The philosophy of evil" is one of the grand points which Spiritualism has satisfactorily illuminated; also "salvation," "judgment," "punishment," "rewards," and all other theological conceptions. But Mr A. is charmingly innocent of the slightest acquaintance with the beautiful elucidations of these enigmas which the literature of Spiritualism presents. His appendix O is literally what it purports to be, "nothing" but an empty and affected platitude. It decries philosophy, which is simply the ability to think intelligently, and, of course, he ignores philosophy, and "cerebrates" incoherently and without purpose, like "some strong swimmer in his agony." And to the friends of Progress we say—Do not be afraid to look error and folly in the face; learn to think for yourselves. Up and work and be men and women, and not eat the mental bread of idleness, the products of other minds. To aid you in your task read Mr Atkinson's "Letters on Man's Nature and Development;" the works of Andrew J. Davis; and do not forget "The Alpha." This excellent book will help you much, and, having well digested these various volumes, and sifted them analytically, you may be able to walk alone, and observe intelligently.

MIRACLES AT ENMORE PARK, SOUTH NORWOOD.

Opposition on any subject rouses the mind, and the result is often a vividness of thought interesting to readers.

On that of Spiritualism, the article by Mr Jones, published in *Human Nature* in October last, has been reproduced in many of the newspapers throughout the country; opposed, and defended. As he has been answering those published in his immediate neighbourhood, we give two of his letters that appeared in the *Musical Standard;* the

* When this was written Dr Chance's letter had not been received. He is not a spiritualist, yet more defence of spiritualism comes from him than from the legion of "believers," who would gag free discussion if they dared, and fossilise their "Central Truth" into a dogmatic fetter to bind down the Human Mind.

first, because it contains a remarkable incident that shows "a thought" was perceived and answered; and the latter because of the strange questions that are put to and expected to be answered by spiritualists. —Ed. of *Human Nature.*

ANGEL MUSIC.

Mr John Jones, of Enmore Park, South Norwood, desires to state as follows:—I have read your thoughts (as depicted) in the *Musical Standard*, respecting the bad taste of angels playing on accordions instead of the banjo. The fault is mine. I enjoy the accordion when well played, and for the purpose of getting it so played upon at a "sitting," I went to Keith, Prowse, & Co., Cheapside, and bought one for two pounds—on being told by the firm that there were no secret springs inside by which a "knowing one" could make a musical box of it. The arrangement on the 17th of July as to the use of the loo table, and the arrangement as to the chairs, were made by me a few minutes before we sat down, no one knowing them till the six persons came in. One curious incident I think you would like to know. When we sat down, I thought that a hymn would be suitable, and thought of "Wareham," "Old Hundred," and two or three "Ancient and Moderns." While undecided, the knot was cut by clicks on the accordion keys reading off "Hymn of Praise;" and then the voluntary, equal to any of Handel's or Beethoven, was played. I was not only shown that my "unuttered" thoughts were perceived, but that, instead of praising God in the "Ancient and Modern" jog-trots; we should carol like the larks, should imitate the angel singers whose voices were so loud as to be heard by the shepherds in the calm of night (spirits can sing and be heard). The contrast was to me so striking that I have since taken the lesson into practice, and cheerful strains, like Smith's "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," are often used with voices and harmonium by me and family. As air is "unseen," yet a substance, why should it be considered a thing impossible that intellectual beings should exist having bodies as ethereal as air or electricity? One thing I and very many of my friends know, that they do exist; for we have for upwards of thirteen years had ample evidence, and we can understand how so many gems in music, poetry, and science have been given to Europeans under the phrase "Inspiration."

Sir,—Your correspondent "T. Johnstone" fully illustrates the old saying—"It is easier to ask questions than to answer." To prove the foolishness of those questions, let me give this illustration:—A man sees another stab a woman with a knife; the blood gushes out, she falls down and dies. The witness makes a statement; but instead of it being used to convict the stabber, he is questioned—"What is a knife? What is steel? What is blood, and how is it produced? Is it not red paint? Why did she fall down? Explain the principles of gravity. How do you know she died? Did you ever *see* life?"

"T. J.," instead of facing the fact that the accordion without hands was made to produce an exquisite voluntary equal to any of Handel and Beethoven, and other results, runs round the corner, and calls out, "How did the clicks read off 'Hymn of Praise?'" I say, "Answer me the one, and I will answer you the other."

If I were the recognised emperor of the mental sciences, "T. J." might put the questions he has to me: witness—1st, In what manner do spirits gauge our thoughts? 2d, How do they inspire us? 3rd, Does death give universal power to spirits? 4th, Do particular spirits visit the loo table? 5th, Is there a concourse of spirits? And then follow several half-answered questions.

To answer such a string of questions I would require at least five of your columns. I could then answer them all. But perhaps the powers which produced the miracles might smile at my childish ideas—and rightly so. The natural *cannot fully* comprehend the higher laws that we call supernatural. Let "T. J." tell me what a thought is, and it will help me to tell him how an angel or devil can see it. Tell me how a spirit entered Ezekiel, and when *in* how he heard the spirit speak, and I can tell how spirits inspire some men—poets, musicians, warriors, prophets, &c. Tell me what a spirit is made of; and if it be only as subtle as the electricity that pervades every human body, I can perceive cause and effect.

Does the spirit of man at death (so called) become omnipotent, omniscient, all wise, all pure? If so, that spirit becomes God! If not, then the spirit of man at death merely becomes possessed of more of the qualities he possessed when in the flesh—good or bad; because of its etherealized condition when freed from that flesh and bone body. Milton and others—big spirits, as "T. J." calls them—may come. After thirteen years' experience at hundreds of sittings, no big spirits ever came to any circle I have been at. But as the father of seven children that are lost to sight, and as a husband who for eleven years has been a widower; the tests and tokens of their frequent presence and help at my house to me and my six remaining children have been and are heart joys.

On looking over your correspondent's letter, I perceive I have omitted answering the question, "How does Mr Jones purpose to carry out that portion of the instruction which I gather he has taken to heart, 'to carol like the larks—to imitate the angel singers?'" I answer, "Select joyous words and joyous melodies (not mere harmonies) wherever I can find them." The earth is full of the beauty and uniqueness of God's creations. Surely we can couple them as symbols, as illustrations of the mental processes, by which we find ourselves more pure, more god-like, when our thoughts and voices are vibrating with joy and nearing the Deity.

I am, Sir, yours truly, JNO. JONES.

Enmore Park, South Norwood, January 4, '69.

UBIQUITY.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Your solicitation for facts and arguments in connection with this interesting subject, cause me to give you a sample of my experience.

Having been described by Miss R—— and family as paying them visits in spirit, and occurrences of this kind being produced so frequently in different parts of the country unwittingly to myself, I arranged to direct my thoughts to them, or picture them in my mind the next evening at 8.30, in order to have an opportunity of comparing notes. I, living four miles from the family, had some correspondence to attend to on the evening in question, and at 8.20 I consulted my watch, and resumed the writing, which, unfortunately, so absorbed my attention that I found, when I again looked at my watch, it was 8.40—which was ten minutes after the appointed time. I considered I had lost the opportunity, but concluded to give them a passing thought, and pictured them in my mind for a few seconds, and then finished my writing.

Upon after investigation I found that I had been seen at 8.40, and described as just calling and leaving almost immediately—from which I presumed that the appearance was accelerated by the will of the projector.

Another case happened when I was at Liverpool, and the medium (not the same) at Birmingham, when I was seen, and wrote through the medium, telling them that I was in the outskirts of Liverpool at a party, correctly describing the company I was in, I having had no previous idea of being there. This, I concluded, must have been produced by an intelligence independent of that occupying my body at the time, as there was no preconcerted thought. I could give a number of cases, but will not trespass any more upon your valuable space this time. In relating the above facts I hope to contribute, if possible, towards the discovery of truth—which is, I believe, pre-eminently the pleasure of some to pursue at the present time—and which will eventually open the eyes of those who would, if they could, annihilate any and every fact that clashes with their preconceived ideas and education, especially when it threatens to overturn a superstructure of such beautiful and perfect finish that to add to or take from would be a mortal sin, to say nothing of the mortification of having to go to school again.

Almondbury, Huddersfield, Feb. 12, 1869. MASON GILL.

WHY BOTHER WITH SPIRITUALISM?

To the Editor.

Sir,—With all due deference to the grand object of your "magazine," I cannot see that we are called upon to bother ourselves about "Spiritualism" at all, seeing that it is principally concerned with another state of existence altogether.

I apprehend that we have obligations clear enough pertaining to this our present passage through time, and that this will hold good of any other we may hereafter arrive at; and it appears wholly gratuitous thus to confound the right use of one's senses.

I cannot understand how any one can expect a future life at all, that shall be any satisfaction to him, who has not made the best use possible of this. And I cannot for the life of me understand what these good or bad spirits have to do with us of the present. Surely, if they do live, they must have their own sphere of operation. And for myself, I should respectfully request them to mind their own business.

But what are these friends of ours driving at in thus recurring to the shadow of the past? Are they dissatisfied with the present existence? If so, let us know the reason why, and thus may we come to some practical mode of helping to a solution of their difficulties. Truly, the harvest is great, but I fear the reapers are a very self-handed lot.

Yours in all sincerity, RICHARD DAVENPORT.

Manchester.

["Spiritualism" is an effort to extend the boundaries of human knowledge, an act of devotion to Truth on the part of the investigator. The phenomena and "states of existence" to which the form of inquiry termed "Spiritualism" directs our attention are realities, and as such press themselves upon our intellect with a force irresistible. The spiritualist is not accountable for the existence of spiritual spheres and phenomena, any more than the chemist is accountable for the existence of oxygen, nitrogen, &c.; the astronomer for planets, satellites, and stars; the geographer for seas, lakes, and islands; the physiologist for functions; or the ornithologist for birds. But Mr Davenport does not like to be "bothered" with certain forms of natural science. In this respect he is a close imitator of many of his bucolic countrymen of an older school, who could not see the need of "book larning" for the man who forked dung, ploughed, and reaped. Now it is universally acknowledged that this despised "larning" introduces better ways of accomplishing the common duties of life; and so does the science of the spiritual in respect to the more rudimental "states of existence." Again, the husbandman is not a mere machine to plough, &c., but an intellectual being, and needful of education for *his* own sake. Nor is our correspondent, and others of his species, a mere instinctive animal, capable of accomplishing the ends of his being by eating, sleeping, and working, though ever so properly done. No, we humans are rational beings, or ought to be, and it is our birthright to know and enter upon each successive age of our life intelligently and with power to command the new circumstances that surround us therein. If Mr Davenport had not prepared himself for manhood while a boy and youth, how could he have assumed the mature state with manly dignity? From the tone of our correspondent's letter, it would appear that he is not exactly satisfied with "the present existence" any more than the spiritualists, nor do we blame him; and we would remind him of the fact that thousands have found the knowledge obtained through spiritualism a most wonderful help to the harvest of good things immediately around them, and in the prospective future which we are ever realising. These humble seekers after goodness and truth have not reached that sublime acme of perfection wherein they can afford to "rest and be thankful;" and without expressing any unseemly dissatisfaction with their present circumstances, which may be admirably adapted to the moment, they may, perhaps, be allowed to have an opinion of their own as to whether they make the "best use possible of the present existence," which is continually eluding their grasp, by preparing for the future, which is the eternal possession of every human soul. Has Mr Davenport ever asked himself why he has an existence at all?—ED. *Human Nature.*]

HEALTH TOPICS.

EDUCATED LADY MIDWIVES.

To the Editor.

As Secretary of the "Hygienic Society of Great Britain and Ireland," I am frequently applied to for advice, which certain active members of the society, as well as myself, gladly furnish. The applications for Midwives, intelligent in their art, and who would be willing to allow their patients to follow the dictates of reason and experience in the matter of abstaining from drugs, alcohol, and unphysiological aliments, have been so numerous and important that I resolved on making application to Dr Edmunds, Hon. Sec. of the "Female Medical Society," for a list of Graduates of the Female Medical College, when the following gratifying response was received. The Doctor's letter very strongly indicates the importance of the operations engaged in, and objects sought to be attained, by our Society. Our friends throughout these kingdoms are both numerous and intelligent, and their distrust of the common medical schools and their practitioners, is indescribably intense. A simple perusal of "Illness: Its Cause and Cure," or "Woman's Work in the Water Cure," is sufficient to make any intelligent lady long for a health adviser instructed in these simple, safe, and efficient means of treatment. Our path then is clear. Let us, as a Society, band ourselves together to discountenance all medical humbug, and supply ourselves with advice and instruction which we can with safety and propriety receive. Dr Edmunds' Lady Graduates are a step in the right direction; but they lack thorough Hygienic training—a desideratum which we must tolerate for as short a time as possible. Nor need we remain long under the dark shade of time-honoured custom, in such important matters. If Hygienics would rally round the "Female Medical Society," they might soon vote out the drugging system entirely, and render this transitionary institution thoroughly and permanently Hygienic. To this Dr Edmunds offers no objection. His words rather invite such a change; and we can well believe that the intellects, as well as the generous sympathies, of medical men have been, long generations ago, weary and tired of the blind empyricism and heartless evils attending the unscientific practice of introducing poison into the organic system. Members and friends of the Hygienic movement, our work is clearly defined; let us prosecute it with vigour, intelligence, and circumspection.

J. BURNS.

My Dear Sir,—In reply to your note I enclose a list of lady midwives, educated by the Female Medical Society, also a prospectus of its teaching arrangements.* Each of those ladies would attend a case of midwifery as skilfully as any ordinary medical man; and, as they abstain from attending to other cases of an infectious nature, they are not liable to convey febrile infection to their patients, as is often done by persons in general practice, who attend fevers, dress foul wounds, make *post mortem* examinations, &c., in turn, with visiting lying-in women.

*We annex the prospectus of the Ladies' Medical College to our present number.—ED. H. N.

The Female Medical Society does not commit itself to anything but providing for its students the best scientific teaching which from time to time its committee may be able to obtain. I trust, however, that its teaching will always represent the van of medical science; and its curriculum has long comprised a course of most valuable lectures on "Hygiene and Preventive Medicine." I believe that its students would be found very ready to fall in with all rational wishes on the part of their patients, and especially to doing without alcoholic beverages, and to adopting only very simple medication. As to hygienic principles, I hope to see the day when they will rule the treatment of disease equally with the preservation of health. I believe that the drugging and alcoholizing system now in vogue, is one of the greatest evils with which humanity is afflicted; and I can see no reason why a man should be poisoned with drugs or alcohol because he has the misfortune to be sick, and wide observation at the bedside convinces me that, as a general rule, the less drugs sick people take the sooner they get well. But on these questions the public is still ignorant, and is therefore superstitious. Sick people and anxious friends all expect the doctor to perform some "hocus-pocus." The doctor often has to meet this expectation by doing things which are as out of place as those which the medicine-man or rain-maker has to perform in order to satisfy the African agriculturist. The administration of drugs is a very subordinate and often very doubtful means of cure; but the medical profession can only exist *as a profession* by being the reflex of public feeling, and it lies with those who use the platform and wield the pen to teach the people to learn physiology and hygiene. With that the character and usefulness of the profession will rise, and the public will find that there is no one more deserving of honour and reward than the disciple of Esculapius.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

James Edmunds, M.D.,
Hon. Sec. Female Med. Society.

J. Burns, Esq.

List of Lady Midwives educated by the Female Medical Society, and now settled in practice.

Mrs Thorne, 8 Bedford Square, W.C.
Miss Bauerman, 22 Acre Lane, Brixton.
Miss Fletcher, 1 Woburn Place, Well Street, Hackney.
Mrs Jones, 16 Leicester Street, Leicester Square.
Mrs Miles, 29 Evershall Street, N.
Miss Ash, 7 Helsey Terrace, Cadogan Place, S.W.
Mrs Mills, 6 Grove Terrace, Plaistow Road.
Mrs Stone, 31 Kildare Terrace, Bayswater, W.
Mrs Phillips, Lying-in Hospital, Birmingham.
Mrs Ullathorne, 3 Aragon Terrace, Twickenham.
Miss Reboul, 5 King Edward Terrace, Islington, N.
Miss Forbes, 156 Pentonville Road.

The addresses of others may be obtained from time to time by writing to the Lady Secretary, at 4 Fitzroy Square, W.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR SCHOOLS.*

All efforts at education must be unavailing in directing the human mind into normal channels of action, while the knowledge of man is not imparted. "Know thyself" has often been quoted, but its immense significance is seldom appreciated. Without self-knowledge, extraneous forms of information often become weapons of unmitigated evil, hence, "a little knowledge"

*In Twenty-seven Easy Lessons. By Mrs Charles Bray. A new and revised edition. Price One Shilling.

is a dangerous thing unless it contain that which relates it to man's well-being. In families, and in society, a great difficulty is experienced in inducing individuals and the masses, to adopt intellectual pursuits and rational modes of action. Caprice, vanity, and vice, are too often the ruling impulses that shape men's lives—aye ! and women's too, all proceeding from a misdirected education. When human beings know themselves even in a limited degree, they will at once see the necessity for attaining knowledge, and living in accordance with its dictates. Hence, this knowledge should form the basis of education, it being the prime incentive to all intellectual expansion and individual development. There is no gateway to this beautiful palace of human progress more easy of access or inviting than the simple, comprehensible, and beautiful facts of physiology, which should be instilled into the infant mind by appropriate nursing and treatment, even before it has the power to be conscious of them. But when it arrives at the period of studying lessons, physiology at once affords both teacher and student an inexhaustible mine of interesting matter, materials for illustrating which are perfectly under their control. The lovers of human progress could not employ their efforts better, than by promoting the study of physiology amongst the young. Give them once an introduction to this science, and they will not be satisfied with that alone, but will ardently desire further enlightenment respecting themselves. We are happy to notice the third edition of an admirable work (perhaps the best in the language, when we consider its compass) for effecting this purpose. Mrs Bray's "lessons" are a *multum in parvo* of physiological science, couched in language so simple and familiar, that the dawning intelligence of childhood or the uncultivated comprehension of adult life, cannot fail to understand it. We are happy, through the kindness of the large-hearted lady-author, in being able to present it for a nominal charge, as a supplement to this number of our magazine, and we trust every purchaser thereof will not fail to accept of Mrs Bray's kindness, as the work cannot fail to be useful either to the purchaser or others. Parents may get this book introduced into the school their children attend. It may be used in "Bands of Hope," infant schools, and classes for mutual instruction. Where it cannot be introduced into schools, parents may study it themselves, and thus convey its useful lessons to the younger branches of the domestic circle. At least, let all do what they see most fit and attainable, and no doubt much more will be accomplished than we feel warranted in predicting.

The gratifying intelligence reaches us that the Hydropathic Establishment at Bridge of Allan is being enlarged at a cost of upwards of £4000. Even at this season of the year the home is crowded, 40 visitors being there at present. Dr Hunter not only heals the sick of their bodily ailments, but diffuses a vast amount of information by means of books and other publications, which does much to diminish the effect of that chronic disease, ignorance of the laws of health, the main cause of most other diseases.

THE ANTI-COMPULSORY VACCINATION MOVEMENT gains ground with each successive act of oppression on the part of the vaccination authorities. At Leicester Mr W. Johnson has been incarcerated because he was too intelligent and independent-minded to have the blood of his child poisoned with the vaccine virus. The poor man had his whiskers and moustache shaved off, and was treated as a felon. An association has been formed in the town to repress this gross injustice, and Mr Gibbs, Hon. Secretary of the Anti-Compulsory Vaccination League, is announced to lecture. The storm of opposition rages high in Sheffield. A hand-bill has been published intimating that vaccination is the mark of the beast referred to in the Book of Revelations. Prosecutions, and able correspondence in the papers, have taken place in Glasgow, and letters have appeared in the *Co-Operator*, *Twickenham Observer*, and other papers. Readers, inform yourselves on this important question. You may procure Dr Collins' able essay on the subject at our office, for 12 stamps, post free.

WHISPERINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

DR FERGUSON IS COMING!

In a letter addressed to Mr Cooper, Dr J. B. Ferguson, writing from Washington, says:—

"Spiritually I feel I will be in London by May or June next, and on my way to France and Italy. Material proof seems converging also to this proposal. If I come, I desire to come to you and others in the fulness of an allied spiritual power—a power of unity and harmonising strength. My health is greatly improved. My condition, for two years, would be called strange by even the lovers of 'wonderful manifestations.' A few have realised it, which has been a strength even in great physical weakness.

"The Davenports are here, and have made a marked impression. They desired me to go with them again, but I declined. Few see beneath the surface of their most marvellous work. They themselves do not. Who does? Nearly all the American Congress witnessed—many fully avowing the truth of what could not be denied.

"I write you in the fulness of a devout faith—laying my feeble offerings of unrecognised labour and experience upon the altar of truth; satisfied that whatever the varieties of human realisation, they are reflections from one Eternal Sun, whose promise is divine, allying itself to all conditions—because of one Universal Spirit, whose throes are co-extensive with every department of life, whether considered high or low."

SPIRITUAL ORDINATION.

The status of Spiritualism in America may be gathered from the following induction certificate:

Office of Secretary of Indiana State Spiritual Association.
Indianopolis, Ind., January 25, 1869.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Be it known that the religious organisation, entitled the Indiana State Spiritual Association, reposing special confidence and trust in our worthy brother, James H. Powell, now a member of this Association, residing in the city of Terre Haute, Vigo County, State of Indiana, have, this 25th day of January, in the year A.D. 1869, conferred upon him the powers and functions of a minister of this religious organisation, and he is therefore duly ordained, according to the forms of said Association, and endowed with all the rights, functions, and powers of ministers of religious organisations, according to the laws of the State of Indiana.

By order of the Executive Board of Indiana State Spiritual Association.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and subscribed our names, this 25th day of January, A.D. 1869.

Approved. — JAMES HOOK, President,
Indiana State Spiritual Association.
Attest.—L. D. WILSON, Secretary, I.S.S.A.

OURSELVES AND OUR READERS.

"You say that you are trying to make *Human Nature* self-supporting; but do you think it it is entitled to the support of spiritualists? Mr Colman seems to consider (according to what he says in the December number of the *Spiritual Magazine*) that three gentlemen who write in your periodical are writing down spiritualism; and it seems to me that Mr Gardner, in his article in this month's number, tries all he can to befog and stupefy his readers. Does he mean to assert that the spiritual communications received at circles are the production of the medium and his own ghost or spirit? He seems to me to say so. If he can throw any light upon the nature of spiritual life, or expose imposition, all good spiritualists will condemn him much for not doing this. As for myself I know nothing and have nothing to say."

[According to our respected friend's definition of his own position, a spiritualist is one who "knows nothing," and his spiritualism must be extremely easy to "write down." It is to put spiritualists in a position above fear of opposition that we court a full and free expression of thought, argument, and facts. Surely the spiritualists cannot quarrel with us for trying to elicit the truth respecting a matter about which they have so many sensitive doubts. If they have the truth, opposition will only make it the stronger and brighter. If they have not the whole truth, then we hope our efforts and those of our correspondents will help them to it. As for Mr Gardner and the others who write, they are entirely responsible for their utterances. Our desire is that our readers may learn to think for themselves.—Ed. *H. N.*]

CURES BY MESMERISM.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Our spirit friends inform us that some mesmerists, in the love of good, engaged in the cure of others, are aided by departed spirits, and, as mesmerists, can obtain considerable influence over others. They recommend persons to be careful to select mesmerists of known good moral qualities.—I am, sir, &c., T. Blackburn.

Feb. 10, 1869.

KNOW THYSELF.

To the Editor.

Sir,—A work logically presenting to us a knowledge of what we are, what our true object in life is, and a certain test and standard of moral truth, illustrated so happily as to engage one's deep interest, is a boon which surely no truthseeker would knowingly lose a chance of possessing.

Such are the main features of the work called "Alpha," which you now so liberally offer with *Human Nature* for 2s; and I most heartily wish you the fullest success in thus circulating that knowledge which seems to me more essential to the general welfare of humanity than any other.—Yours truly, A. C. Swinton.

P.S.—Let us hope that your readers may show their appreciation of your periodical offerings with *Human Nature*, and aid the cause of Spiritualism by doing all they can to extend the circulation of your excellent journal among their friends. A. C. S.

MR HENRY MELVILLE.

To the Editor.

Sir,—I have been much interested with the perusal of an Astro-Masonic paper, written by a Mr Henry Melville (3 Chapel Road, Benherim Crescent, Nottinghill),—and, through the kindness of a friend, had the good fortune of spending an evening with Mr Melville, and thoroughly investigating his theories, and satisfying myself of his mediumistic powers, and which are of no ordinary character. The result of many years' thorough study into the mysteries of the celestial atlas, has certainly given Mr Melville a great mastery over this subject; and his inquiry is contained in a full treatise he has written with care and skill, aided, as he affirms, by spiritual agencies; and of which I have but little doubt, if a short two hours' investigation may be taken as sufficient to clear up so difficult a point as this. I am, unfortunately, not far advanced in the path of Masonic knowledge; but those who do take an interest in this subject, will be amply rewarded by a visit to Mr Melville. The more profound question of solar worship he has thrown much light upon, and to which I can only allude in this notice. Possibly, on some occasion I may have to address you, and detail what I have learnt.—Very obediently yours, H. D. Jencken.

A well authenticated rumour intimates that a Biography of Mrs Emma Hardinge is in preparation.

Our correspondent, H. G. Atkinson, Esq., F.A.S.L., will be a member of the committee appointed by the Dialectical Society to investigate the spiritual phenomena.

A new work, by the author of "Primeval Man," "An Angel's Message," and other works written by impression, is in the press. Its title has not transpired, nor are we aware of the special nature of its contents.

From various sources, the information has reached us that Mrs Hardinge's "History of Modern Spiritualism" is rapidly approaching completion, and some positive announcement respecting it may be looked for soon. From all reports, it is a work of great interest.

We have heard that our little sister, *Daybreak*, is coming to live with us on her next birthday. We hope the readers of *Human Nature* will kindly allow her to accompany her big brother to their homes, that they may sustain each other in their mission of usefulness.

The London Spiritual Institution.—We are happy to learn that this institution, under the management of Mrs Spear, is still seeking to obtain a suitable building in which lectures can be given, conversations held, and suitable conditions for mediumship furnished. Mrs Spear will answer orders. Spiritual books, and *Human Nature* may be had of her.

Rev. George Dawson.—Our last number contained a psychometric reading of this gentleman by Mr Spear. We sent him that number, and received in return the following characteristic acknowledgment:—"Dear sir,—I thank you for the number of *Human Nature*. I am quite unable to comprehend how such things are done, and I wait for further light."

Spiritualism an Attraction.—"One of our young men's societies in this city (says a Glasgow correspondent) recently met to debate on spiritualism. On opening the business, the chairman, in the course of his remarks, expressed his deep regret that so large an audience should assemble to hear a discussion on spiritualism, while on other evenings they could hardly get together above half a dozen to listen to the essay or debate."

A pen and ink polemic, who figured in the late newspaper discussion on Spiritualism in Glasgow, has since published "a review of its philosophy and literature," a production of the most faulty kind. The most cruel treatment that can befal the author, as ample retribution for all his ungracious and false expressions,—and we wish him no worse,—is to let him alone most severely. A copious bath in the oblivion which every thinking mind will cordially afford him, will most certainly cool his fevered nerves and brain.

Lawrence Oliphant.—The *North Londoner* states that "Lawrence Oliphant, late M.P. for the Stirling burghs, has united himself to the 'Brotherhood of the New Life.' Of the community so called we know little, save that it recognises in T. L. Harris the Vicar of Christ, and that every member thereof submits to his will with unflinching obedience. The Brotherhood are settled on a large estate named Brocton, on the New-York bank of Lake Erie, and occupy themselves in agricultural labour, chiefly vine culture, and, doing everything for themselves, keep no servants. Mr Oliphant's mother, Lady Oliphant, we believe, preceded her son in the community, which includes not a few of the upper classes of English and American society."

Mr W. Waddell, secretary of the Spiritualists, Reading, says:—"We have been long enough under top sawyers, and have had a pretty good dose of sawdust in our eyes, which accounts for the great blindness of the human race. Let us then wash our hands of this great evil of being the first, and adopt the saying of Jesus—'He that is greatest shall be your servant,' the only legitimate excuse for desiring office. For some years I, with a few others, have obeyed the spirits implicitly, and have been guided by the heavenly visitors without for once being led astray. I believe the spirits come by affinity, and there is not so much need of watching and suspecting them as of watching ourselves and abiding in truth and love."

The Publication of a Weekly Organ devoted to Spiritualism and kindred topics has been ably advocated in a long communication by our earnest friend, Mr C. Pittock. He thinks a fund should be raised to sustain it for one year, and that spiritualists should rally together and give material assistance to the work of spreading spiritual literature, and not leave it all on the back of "Brother Burns." He thinks the spiritualists are asleep, like Gulliver when he was tied down by the Lilliputians, and that the host of strength which is latent in them is repressed by a crowd of ephemeral foibles, while the great work is left untouched, or devolves with merciless weight on the shoulders of a few. We know that the spiritualists are waking up, but they are as yet too dormant to spend much money.

LABOUR WITH LEARNING.—Sir John Peter Grant's new idea of combining labour with learning has been commenced in the parish of Trelawny, under the superintendence of Mr Naylor, one of the Model School teachers, who was recently brought out from England by the Government. Mr Naylor has commenced in the Model School at Falmouth the picking of cocoa nut husks, which is used by English carpet makers for the manufacture of cocoa-nut matting, and upholsterers for the stuffing of furniture, beds, and mattresses. It is the intention of the Government, we believe, to erect a workshop in connection with the boys' department, and to supply the same with the necessary tools, and a press for the purpose of extracting oils from the several plants of this country. This is a move in the right direction, and we have no doubt that good results will accrue to the country by the introduction of the industrial system in all other schools.—[We extract the above from the *St Lucian*, a West Indian paper. It refers to practices which are in operation in Jamaica. In these respects those islands set the mother country an example. It would be a good plan for the large parishes in London and other cities to secure extensive tracts of land in Jamaica, and send their poor youths, who are growing up in ignorance and crime, to form industrial schools thereon. How it would lighten the rates, and give easy lives to the police and magistrates!]

REPORTS OF PROGRESS.

THE SPIRITUAL CONFERENCES.

By the omission of the little word "not" in our last report of these important gatherings, our meaning was reversed. We intended to say, that the desire to hear Mrs Hardinge was the influence which drew so many to those meetings; and to that statement we would add, that Mr Home proved an equal attraction, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather on the evening on which he opened and summed-up the subject—What is Spiritualism? Our space will not admit of our giving any lengthened report of that and other interesting evenings. Mr Home gave some of his remarkable experiences as a medium; and, during the course of the discussion, one of the opposite side twitted the spiritualists, that they could bring forward no testimony as to the genuineness of their assertions, but that the witnesses' names were omitted, a long dash being substituted. Mr Home replied by giving the names of some of the noblemen and gentlemen who had taken part in the séances, at which the recent and unprecedented phenomena reported in *Human Nature* had taken place. Amongst others, he named Lord Adare, The Master of Lindsay, Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall, and he stated that a full list could be obtained by all candid enquirers. This was amply sustained by Mr Jencken, who has himself witnessed a vast number of the phenomena that have occurred in Mr Home's presence.

On January 25th, Mr Harper of Birmingham opened the subject, the question being "Spiritual Sight." He gave many interesting instances of the power of knowing what is being done at great distances, possessed by himself and friends. Mr Varley gave a little speech containing the very essence of scientific knowledge on psychological matters. We wish this gentleman would favour the public more frequently with his thoughts and experiences.

On February 8th, Mrs Hardinge gave a lecture on the "Science of Spiritualism," supplemented by answers to questions. It was one of the most brilliant intellectual entertainments we ever enjoyed, the whole of which would well bear reproduction in print.

On February 15th the same subject was discussed by the Conference. One speaker demurred to the line of argument used on the occasion, by asserting that the evidences offered as the "Science of Spiritualism," were not such in reality, but merely a catalogue of facts and phenomena, to explain which a science of Spiritualism was required. It was the opinion of this speaker that there was only one science, namely the science of Spiritualism, or that all forms of existence were varieties of spiritual phenomena, manifested through different conditions of matter. He thought that common physical objects had as much a "spiritual" origin as the more extraordinary psychological phenomena. So-called "physical science" was no science at all till it traced phenomena to its spiritual source, but stood in the same relations to true science, as the mere enumeration of spiritual phenomena did. The succeeding speakers, without exception, entirely misunderstood the drift and tendency of these arguments, and either misrepresented or ignored them.

J. C. Luxmore, Esq., presided on each occasion with much impartiality, fairness, and suavity. The rooms have been crowded to suffocation, and the Conferences become more and more popular.

The Lyceum Movement.—We have a very important letter from Mrs Mary F. Davis for publication, which we are sorry to postpone for want of space. The adoption of the important suggestions made by Mrs Davis would be a great stimulus to the Lyceum movement in England.

Investigation.—It has been proposed to establish, in London, a society or institution for investigating the Spiritual Manifestations and other Biological Phenomena in a scientific manner. The proceedings would consist of experiments with mediums, &c., under all possible circumstances; the reading of papers, and discussion thereon; and other means of bringing thinking minds more thoroughly in contact on these subjects. The fellowship will be limited to ladies and gentlemen having qualifications entitling them to election.

South Norwood.—The ten weeks' discussion in the Norwood newspape on Miracles has culminated in the following announcement:—

SPIRITUALISM AT THE NEW HALL, SOUTH NORWOOD,
Near the Norwood Junction Railway Station.

On Wednesday, the 24th of February, 1869,
D. D. HOME, Esq.,
Will Deliver a Lecture, the subject:
"Spiritualism and its Phenomena."

At the close of the Lecture questions may be put by the Audience.

Jno. Jones, Esq., of Enmore Park, has consented to take the chair.

100 Tickets will be issued at 1s, 200 at 6d, and the remainder at 3d. The foregoing charges will, it is expected, clear the expenses incurred for Hall-rent, Advertising, Printing, &c.

The Lecture will commence at Eight o'clock prompt. Doors opened at Half-past Seven o'clock.

And on Wednesday, the 3rd of March, a Second Lecture on "Spiritualism and its Witnesses," at which meeting witnesses will speak; and the Third Lecture will be "Spiritualism: Its Uses." On each occasion Mr Jno. Jones will take the chair.

The Nottingham Lyceum.—The newly-elected Guardian and Secretary, Mr James Ashworth, has given us a very interesting account of the election of officers of the Lyceum, which recently took place at the expiration of the official year. Nothing more clearly shows the genius and true working of these admirable educational institutions than the mode in which their internal matters of business are conducted. The children are taught regulation and self-government, and have full power to place those they think most fit in the offices necessary for conducting the business of the institution. The children understand the nature of such proceedings perfectly, and enter into them with much zest. Mr Stretton, from the chair, stated that Mr Hopewell desired to retire from the conductorship. Three candidates, Mrs Hitchcock, Mr Morton, and Mr Stretton, were nominated, when the latter was elected Conductor by a large majority. The Guardian was then elected, also Miss Gamble as Musical Director, an important function which has been exercised by her to the great delight of the members and visitors. The Leaders of the different groups were also elected seriatim. Mr Herrod desired to retire from the leadership of Beacon and Banner groups, but the members expressed themselves so decidedly that he at last submitted to re-election. Short addresses followed the election, and a very interesting afternoon was spent. Fortnightly penny readings have been held in aid of the funds, but it has been resolved to hold such entertainments weekly.

GLASGOW.—After a struggle of some three years, the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists, finding that it was impracticable to work as they had been doing, perceived that the great evil of their constitution was that their ranks were limited to spiritualists. The first idea of improvement was thrown out on the occasion of the late visit of James Burns, Esq., of London, to Glasgow, who heartily approved of the plans then proposed. These, with some alterations and modifications, have been adopted. The society feeling that it was wrong to be conservative in such matters, have opened wide their doors that every honest inquirer may come in. They do not fear, but court, investigation, and therefore encourage the most stringent inquiries into all phenomena brought before them. They are willing to give heed to every explanation, or to any hypothesis offered by any one of their members, and their great aim is *not* the protection of truth, which is invulnerable, eternal, and needs no protection—error alone requires it; but their aim is the elucidation and exposure of truth, that those things so long hidden in mystery may be brought to light by a course of careful, straightforward, and scientific inquiry. The Association is called the Glasgow Psychological Society, and its first meeting, for the election of office-bearers, was held on the 27th of January. The meeting was both large and respectable. J. W. Jackson, Esq., F.A.S L., was duly elected Preses.; Mr J. Orr, V.-P.; Mr J. Walker, Treasurer; Mr Jones, Librarian; and Andrew Cross, 171 Hospital Street, Secretary. The Secretary will be glad to hear from any gentleman (or lady) wishing to become corresponding members. The opening lecture was delivered by the President on the evening of Tuesday the 23rd February. At present there is every prospect of success.

MANY a man, for love of self,
To stuff his coffers, starves himself;
Labours, accumulates, and spares,
To lay up ruin for his heirs:
Grudges the poor their scanty dole;
Saves everything—except his soul.