

# HUMAN NATURE:

*A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.*

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JULY, 1869.

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## ON PERCEPTION, AS MODIFIED BY THE PLANE OF THE PERCIPIENT.

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It would seem that by a law of our nature we are compelled to instinctively regard our perceptions as veracious. The child, the savage, and the peasant never for a moment doubt that the world is other than they see it. That all they can ever know, is their own ideas, has never struck them, and even should it do so, they would still never doubt but that their ideas were accurate transcripts of reality. Our metaphysical refinements about a modifying subjectivity, have happily never entered their unperverted imagination. They see, hear, smell, taste, and touch, and healthily believe in the entire accuracy of the reports so obtained. Slowly but surely, however, this childlike simplicity of thought and feeling becomes undermined by the doubts which accompany profounder knowledge. The evanescent splendours of evening sunset, and the prismatic hues of the waning rainbow, now so vivid, and anon so faint, suggest reflections as to the nature of colour and its relationship to light. This thing is not as it seems, and we begin to suspect that the remainder of the world may, in like manner, prove but a series of dissolving views. So again we begin by firmly believing that the sun really rises over the eastern hills and climbs zenithwards with the approach of noon, till astronomy teaches us that it is all an appearance—like the flying of hedges and trees, which is the child's first interpretation of the motion of a carriage in which it is seated and where everything seems stationary. And so we proceed, gradually discovering the cheats of the senses and the mockery of appearance, till at length, leaping from the physical to the metaphysical, we grasp the grand distinction between ideas and things, the subjective sphere that we know, and the objective sphere in which we only believe. But this process of liberation from the thralldom of the senses is slow. Speaking collectively,

it has taken philosophy thousands of years to attain to a clear mastery of the principles of idealism, and after all, it is only a few exceptional minds that are found to be at all capable of rising superior to the tyranny of instinct and habit. And yet it is not until they have attained to this stage of intellectual liberty, that men are at all qualified for a solution of the profounder problems of existence.

The average man is apparently quite incapable of rising above the material plane. He always remains, even in thought, at the childish stage. He cannot help believing that things are as they appear. He is the victim of instinct, the slave of sensation. He cannot reason on his perceptions. They dominate all opposing forces, and compel the acceptance of their testimony as the only reliable truth. It never occurs to him that there must be a vast difference between things as they *are* and as they *appear*, in other words, as apprehended by a being absolutely unconditioned, that is infinite and universal, and by man, the stringently conditioned, because finite, and so limited in the manner of his existence and the modes of his perception. He has never, indeed, thoroughly realised that there are different planes of being, which translated into other language, means, intelligences diversely conditioned. He knows his own plane, he has had experience of his own condition, and by this, without farther inquiry, he proceeds to admeasure the opportunities and possibilities of every other plane of being, or rather, he assumes every plane to be essentially identical with his own. Now as a preliminary to even approximately conceiving of the universe as it *is*, or shall we say of God and creation as they *are*, let us endeavour to obtain some idea of the various planes of being, and the manner of perception appropriate to each.

At the very threshold of such an inquiry, or rather speculation, we are at once made painfully aware of the limitation of our powers. We talk of the planes of being, and we must begin by admitting that we know nothing of their number. We know by experience of our own, that is the material plane, stringently conditioned by time and space, and where we find ourselves in accurate correspondence, as strictly limited by a corporeal structure and sensuous modes of perception. This is the merely phenomenal sphere of relativity, where, as the Hindoos say, all is *maya* or divine delusion. And we equally know by reflection, that there *must* be another, constituting the opposite pole of being, that is the plane of the unconditioned, where the infinite and eternal ONE, absolved from relativity, cognises absolute truth. Perhaps the bipolar relationship of these two opposite, yet complementary, spheres, may be yet further illustrated by saying that the latter is central and the

former peripheral; that the one is noumenal and the other phenomenal in essential character, the causal potency of the eternal ultimating itself in the, to us, visible and tangible effects of the temporal. But between these two, which we may perhaps term the divine and the human, who shall say what may be the number of intermediate planes, each distinctly characterised by its own specialities of existence, whereby, though doubtless related to, it is nevertheless contradistinguished from, every other? Perhaps then we cannot do better than sum up these intermediate stages, by terming them, generically, spiritual, meaning thereby all that is superhuman, yet not absolutely divine. With these preliminary remarks, intended to show how insufficient are our powers for an effective solution of the problem in hand, let us proceed to make some remarks on these three great planes of being.

Any plane of being may be co-extensive with the area of creation, and you may be placed anywhere upon it, or you may traverse it in every direction, and yet not alter your mode of perception in any appreciable measure. Thus, for example, if an incarnate intelligence on the merely material plane, that is, if circumstanced as man is at present, it does not matter whether you be in the torrid or the frigid zone, in the new or the old world, your *manner* of perception will still be the same. Nay, could you be transferred to another planet, another solar or even stellar system, it would still be the same, mere change of place would avail nothing to alter your mode of apprehension. You would still be conditioned by time and space. Events would *seemingly* occur in succession, and things would *apparently* occupy particular places, so that you could only witness the events by *enduring* till their occurrence, and could only see the things by moving to the several localities they might respectively occupy. You would still find matter, for the most part, impenetrable and opaque, rather than permeable and transparent, and so would look *at* things rather than *into* them, your "flies in amber" being the exception, rather than the rule, you being, in every sense, on the outside or periphery of existence, and so, like any other *planetary* observer, seeing things under their *apparent*, rather than their *real* relationship. All this is, of course, only saying in other words, that your objective would hold the same relation to your subjective sphere as at present, which again means, that you would be conditioned as now. But change the plane, ascend from the material to the spiritual, and you at once emerge into new conditions. This perhaps demands explanation.

Whether you adopt the hypothesis of an actual objectivity or of a universal subjectivity, you must still come to the conclusion that while your condition of being remains unchanged, your

mode of perception will continue unaltered. You cannot modify this by travelling laterally or horizontally on the same level (of course, I am speaking figuratively, for the purpose of illustration), you can only accomplish this by an ascensive or descensive movement. Thus, for example, in virtue of incarnation on the temporal plane, you are subject to the laws of matter, in other words, the manner of your existence is physical, with all the limitations which this implies. But supposing that by death, or any other process, you exchange this for a so-called spiritual mode of existence, then presumably, you are no longer subject to the laws of gross matter, nor bound by the strict limitations attaching to a physical organisation. Now, for the purpose of illustrating the ideas we are here endeavouring to enforce, it does not matter whether there be *really* a spiritual sphere of being or not, it is quite sufficient for our purpose, that we, for the sake of argument, grant its existence. Now, what are the predications respecting this spiritual mode of being by Swedenborg, and other seers, of widely accepted authority on the subject? Well, they say that spirits, or as they phrase it, angels, are almost immediately, where and with whom they wish, so that when they think of a person, he is with them, and when they think of a place, they are there. Moreover, material bodies present no obstacle to their progress, as they pass through them as we do through the air. Neither are they subject personally, as we are, to all the conditions of space or the limitations of corporeity, for we are expressly told "the more angels the more room," while on the same authority we are informed that devils in hell and angels in heaven may nevertheless occupy the same place, just as good and bad people may be on earth in the same apartment. Here then we find, or if the expression be preferred, thus then we can conceive, of a manner of being, not conditioned like our own, that is, not limited to the same extent by time and space, with their accompaniments, the sequences of duration and the distances of expansion. Perhaps I may be permitted to remark, that the seers not having so fully and vividly realised to themselves the omnipresence of the Infinite in time as in space, this phase of superiority on the part of the spirits, to our present limitations, is not so forcibly illustrated in their several revelations, the nearest approach to it in Swedenborg being, where he so beautifully says, the oldest angels look the youngest. This dependence of the seer for the essential character of his visions, on the philosophy and theosophy of his time, is well known to profounder students of the occult.

But to return to the spiritual plane of being. We have here an illustration of the connection between a particular psychological condition and its appropriate environment, or, if the terms

be preferred, between a subjective state and its objective sphere. The spiritual condition is presumably higher than the material, and so is subject to less of hindrance and limitation. It is conscious of a less restrictive environment. The laws of space and time have relaxed somewhat of their severity. Matter is no longer so hard and heavy, so intractable and impermeable as on this earthsphere; in other words, the willpower, as a cause, eventuates more readily in its desired effects than with us. But although time and space, with their accessories, be thus modified in relation to the angel, or, if you please, the angel be modified in relation to them, there is nevertheless reason to believe that as a finite being, he cannot absolutely apprehend the former as eternity, and the latter as infinity. My reason for entertaining such an opinion will be best stated in that farther prosecution of this important subject, which necessarily leads us to the yet sublimer heights of the divine mode of apprehending, what are to us, time and space, matter and its qualities.

It has been said that in relation to God, eternity and infinity are simply *NOW* and *HERE*. But how, it may be asked, are they thus apprehended by him? and we reply through the absolute infinitude of his nature, which places him above all the limitations, and liberates him from subjection to any of the conditions, necessarily attaching to the essential finitude of creaturehood. More immediately he apprehends, what are to us duration and extension, as eternity and infinity, through the especial attribute of his omnipresence (which, however, when profoundly contemplated, is only a phase of his absolute and universal, infinitude of being) in virtue of which he is simultaneously present everywhere in space, and at everywhen in time. Now he who is present in all places, and at all events (to say nothing of his yet higher phase of omnipresence in the inner consciousness of every individual mind, throughout the entire range of moral creaturehood,) can experience nothing of far or near, past or future, these, as we have said, being swallowed up in the all-present *here* and everlasting *now*. But the elements of thought involved in this high argument, the very data on which we come to this conclusion, indicate that no being inferior to Deity, and so devoid of absolute infinitude of nature, can be thus consciously unconditioned.

The practical conclusion, then, to which we are thus brought is, that time and space are simply the forms under which we, in consequence of the limitations of our nature, are compelled to cognise eternity and infinity. In other words, time and space, as duration and extension, are not real, but only apparent. They have no existence beyond the sphere of our consciousness. The realities that underlie them are eternity and infinity,

whereto the sequences of duration and the extenses of expansion are inapplicable. But the reflections thus suggested, do not end here, they lead to some other conclusions equally important. Let us then pursue the subject somewhat further.

From what has been said as to the divine mode of perception, it must be obvious, if our conclusions are to be accepted, that objectivity ceases on the plane of the unconditioned. In other words, the universe is perceived *consciously*, as a *thought* in the mind of God. Now the unconditioned alone beholds *absolute* truth, that which is apprehended by the conditioned being only relative. Hence, then, the universe is a thought—all *apparent* evidence of the senses to the contrary, notwithstanding. Perhaps we may hereafter follow this out into some speculations on the proportion which the objective bears to the subjective sphere in different minds, and the indication thus afforded, as to their respective grade in the scale of being. Suffice it, for the present, that there are here some vast provinces of inquiry and research, still unworked, and demanding only the attention of a competent student of the higher philosophy, to return a rich harvest as the reward of his labours.

In the foregoing paper, as often happens when we attempt to go beneath the mere surface matter of ordinary thought, we have, in endeavouring to illustrate one subject, touched upon others, perhaps yet farther removed from the ordinary current of our reflections. The being and attributes of God, more especially as contemplated from the transcendental standpoint, is doubtless one of these. The relation of time to eternity and space to infinity is another. Perhaps in a future communication we may endeavour to supplement some of these deficiencies.

## THE UNITY AND DIVERSITY OF THE RACES OF MANKIND.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

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HAVE the various races of the world originated from one common stock, or were they primordially created different?

This question has no relation to the account of Genesis, for even if we answer in the affirmative, Adam is only of yesterday. Its solution rests entirely on ethnological grounds, not on revelation.

Agassiz, who now represents the front of science hampered by theology, has rejected the Adamic origin of man, and holds that the principal peoples of the earth were created in nations, not in pairs. He is compelled to resort to miracle, to the direct interference of God, and he meets the issue squarely and unflinchingly. God made, according

to this *savan*, a whole tribe of Red Indians, a tribe of Whites, a tribe of Mongolians, a tribe of Africans, etc. If only a pair were created their defenceless condition would almost insure their destruction, only a tribe could preserve itself. The idea is not a bad one. God could create a thousand as well as one. If he created by direct miracle at all, Agassiz has pointed out the way for him.

But miracle is something we know nothing about. Everything may be possible with God, but he does not work by miracle in our time, but after a given order. Everything is not possible with God. It is not possible for him to annul or order contrary to the laws of nature. Those laws are not for miracle but progress.

It is true that the earth is divided into great provinces which are characterised by certain species of animals and certain races of men. Carefully examining these provinces, we find that in most of them man is severed from the animal by an impassable gulf. We find no intermediate forms. Hence, there is nothing to indicate a progressive advance from one to the other. Look at the Indian, for instance. He is isolated from the animal world,—the highest American type of which is a fossil ape. The Indian is either a foreigner, or has been created by a fiat of God. It is so in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, in the fall of the human type and rise of the animal a near approach is made; but in the Great Islands which connect Asia with Australia, which give evidence that they are the wreck of a great continental mass once occupying that part of the Indian Ocean, we find the highest types of the animal and the lowest of man. Isolated by vast oceanic spaces, they have remained at rest, and for the same reasons that Australia preserves the fauna of the Oolitic Age of the earth, these Islands preserve the early age of man.

Here, and here only, does the animal approach man, or man the animal. Hence, if we argue his progressive development, here we must fix the seat of his origin, and consider him as an emigrant in *other* lands.

It is not my intention to argue such a development in this essay, I simply state such development as a received truth, necessary for the understanding of what I shall say on the unity of mankind. True or false, we have but two courses to pursue. Receive it, or receive the doctrine of creation by miracle. Than the latter, anything is more preferable.

The varieties of mankind have been variously called races, species, families or societies, according to varying theories of different authors.

When the term species is employed, diversity of origin is understood. Species has been defined as a "primordial organic form," and the definition widely received. But what shall we understand by primordial? According to the most recent views of naturalists there are no primordial forms. The learned Pritchard defines species thus: "It includes only the following conditions, namely: separate origin and distinction of race, evinced by constant transmission of the same characteristic peculiarity of organisation. Permanent varieties are those which, having once taken place, continue to be propagated. The fact of their origination must be known by observation or inference, since the proof of

this fact being defective it is more philosophical to consider characters which are perpetual as specific or original."

I present these definitions to show you what difficulty invests the subject. Varieties which originated beyond the reach of history must be considered as species; while an equal amount of variation, when known to occur, creates not a species, but a variety. So intimately are the races of men blent at their borders that definitiveness becomes impracticable.

But there are certain tests which can be applied that obviate the necessity of historic data. It has been found that the individuals of a species of animals agree in longevity, in the regularity of periodic changes in their organisation, in their diseases (especially contagious), to which they are liable. As will be seen, all races of men conform to this test, and must be classed as permanent varieties of a common stock. But the distinctions are as great between the members of the bear, dog and feline families, which naturalists consider sufficient to establish specific relations.

Taking into consideration the great variation in the conditions of life of the various nationalities of the world, some frozen in and confined to their ice huts half the year, while others are scorched beneath the tropics, and others experience every graduation of climate from the lofty and cold mountain sides to the warm valleys, from arid deserts to grassy steppes, it is notable that all attain almost the same longevity. Some writers have supposed that the difference in length of life was a distinctive race-mark; but careful investigation shows that among all races individuals attain great age, and that an octogenarian is equally rare among all.

Savage nations are shorter lived than civilised, in consequence of their mode of life. The European in the middle ages was quite as short lived.

Dr Winterbottom states that the inhabitants of Guinea are short lived, and old at forty-five; but the descendants of these short lived, because improvident, negroes in our Southern States, where they enjoy many of the comforts of civilisation, are among the longest lived people of the globe. They often attain the age of one hundred years.

The Indians are said to be short lived, to mature and decay early, but they often reach the age of ninety or one hundred years. In warm and cold climates maturity is earlier attained, heat and cold having the same accelerating effect. The same may be said of the city over the country. But this period differs only by a few years, and there is as much variation in any one race, as there is between those the most remote. Neither longevity nor period of maturity prove any distinctive race-marks.

If we except malarious influences, to which the black race seem acclimated, the different races of men are equally affected by contagious diseases. Some of these diseases are communicated by all warm-blooded animals to each other, as hydrophobia, but generally a disease is confined to a single species. The most contagious disease among sheep will not extend among oxen and swine; nor such as are fatal to the ox, as the deadly pneumonia, affect the sheep.



Plants show the same quality—diseases like the leaf yellow, a curl in the peach, or a black knot in the plum, extending to those species.

Each species has its own peculiar diseases, which are readily transmitted to the members of the species, but wholly incommunicable to members of other species.

In this manner all races of men are shown to belong to one family; for the contagious diseases which affect them, affect them all, though perhaps not equally severe.

Thus, the small-pox has spread from the Arctic Ocean to the circumference of Africa; equally fatal to the Negro as the Kamtschatkian; scourging all races alike. The Asiatic cholera, the rubeola, the plague, spare no race.

The elephantiasis prevails among the inhabitants of particular countries and is produced by peculiarities of food and climate; but when the system is thus prepared, it is no respecter of race. It is common with the negro of Guinea, the people of Java, and the Mongolian.

Europeans visiting tropical Africa have fevers produced by malaria, from which it has been taught that the African is *wholly* exempt. The negro is subject to intermittent and remittent fevers, but rarely and lightly; but those who have emigrated from the United States to Sierra Leone suffer much the most. The Aztecs of Mexico were not exempt from the yellow fever.

These diseases affect all races, black, yellow, red, white, but some more than others. The African cannot withstand diseases that affect vitality like the plague, the cholera, or typhoid, or any morbid poison, with the exception of malaria. He is predisposed to consumption when dwelling in a cold climate, and is more subject than the whites to inflammatory diseases, and will not bear depletion.

The Shemite is peculiarly liable to ophthalmia and cutaneous diseases, such as leprosy; but recent European statistics show that the Jew is less liable to cholera than the Saxon or Celt.

Individual Europeans are as exempt from fevers, dysentery, and other effects of tropical malaria as native Africans; and consumption is as fatal to whites as blacks.

The American Indian will endure a severity of cold almost incredible; but Arctic explorers have shown that the whites can endure this extreme as well.

The African is a child of the tropics, and the whites of the temperate regions, but they are not so far removed as to be subject to different diseases. Diseases contagious among whites will be so among Indians or negroes. As such diseases go no farther than man, and as among animals each disease is confined to a species, how avoid concluding that all races of men belong to a common family?

#### COLOUR OF SKIN.

The colour of the skin is very diverse, varying from white through yellow and red to jet-black, and so patent is this character to the eye that it has been seized as an infallible race-mark upon which the earliest classification of men solely rests. But there are so many intermediate colours, in fact, every hue is represented, that this is of no value.

There are whites, as the Spaniards, as dark as light Indians, and Indians as dark as some negro tribes—all are blent together.

Colour depends on a pigment excreted from the blood and interposed between the cutis and cuticle, or in cells under the external portion of the skin. According to dissections by Hunter and Sommering, the texture of this membrane exists in the *finest* European, but the black pigment is not deposited, and hence their colour depends on the transparency of the skin revealing the blood beneath. From white to black, every possible shade is produced by the amount of colouring matter deposited in this lamella, or *rete mucosum*. It is an old idea that colour depends on the condition of the liver, and Prof. Draper has revived it in a new form, thus:—"Torpor of the liver, induced by a hot climate, throws the burden of excreting carbon on the skin, and hence the excreted deposit beneath it." There may be truth in this, but there are other differences of race it does not account for. It is only one of many causes.

From the jetty African we pass by insensible degrees to the brunette of Southern Europe. Exposure makes the Spaniard as brown as the Arab or Berber. The women, less exposed, are much lighter coloured. The stimulus of light and heat is required to produce the secretion. The same process occurs with fair races exposed to the weather, as with voyagers and sailors, but to a more limited extent; and as soon as the exposure ceases, the secretion is arrested and the natural colour returns.

The colour of the eyes and hair are correlated, or depend on the colour of the skin. The choroid, or iris, is coloured by a pigment, and passes through blue, gray, brown, to black. Light or blue eyes accompany a fair, and dark eyes a dark complexion.

This is not as unvarying as the colour of the hair. The hair is coloured by a process similar to that of the skin. It grows from bulbs beneath the cuticle. Each hair is formed by an external, transparent, horny sheath, similar in substance to the nails, and an internal pith in which its colour resides. Its structure is the same in all races of men and animals. The bristle of the animal of western form, and the flowing curls of beauty are created on the same plan; nor does the substance of wool differ essentially from that of hair; both grow from similar bulbs. Wool is wavy and scaled, and thus possesses the property of felting. What has been styled "wool of Africans," though resembling that substance, is true hair, only a trifle more wavy than some Europeans possess. If we pass in a direct line from Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope, across the African continent, we shall find among pure negro tribes, every variety of hair from perfectly straight to the most crisp.

The same variations are seen in animals. Varieties of swine are white, red, and black, and some are covered with long bristles, others with fine wool. Some varieties of sheep transferred to warm climates, in a few generations, become covered with coarse hair. The common goat is very rough, but the cashmere goat has a coat of long hair as fine as silk. Some varieties of dog are covered with wool. All travellers have observed that individuals of barbarous tribes were not of uniform colour. This is not the result of mixture of races, as has been sup-

posed, for the facts are too common to be thus explained, but rather indicates the spontaneous production of varieties, as among animals. *Albinos* are the extreme of such spontaneous productions. They are as common among animals as man. There is scarcely a species among which they have not been found. A white blackbird and white crow are as common as a white negro. The Pritchard school argue that the white race sprung from such albino stock; a very unfortunate inference. The albino is a diseased condition, and is capable of propagating itself for any length of time. The position of the white race will not admit its origin from a diseased black stock.

With animals as with man, the skin and hair are strictly correlated and dependent, the latter being always the colour of the former.

In anatomical structure there are variations. The arm magnum in Africans is placed nearer to the front of the spinal column than in Europeans, in this respect making an approach to the ape. The ribs are heavier and more arched; the pelvis bones narrower and thinner; the arms longer, as are the fingers and toes; the bones of the leg are bent outward, so that the knees stand further apart, the calves of the legs are thin and high; the feet are flat and broad; the hands thin, the fingers flexible.

All these departures of the African from the European are made toward the anthropoid apes, but they are not greater than can be found among individual Europeans. It is easy to find individuals of the latter with as thin hands, as long and flexible fingers, as thin and high calves, as flat feet, as the former.

On the other hand, no more difficulty is experienced in finding Africans with as short arms as Europeans. Such comparisons might be extended to all races with similar results. None of these superficial characters are sufficiently permanent or different to be valuable as race-marks.

All the races flow together at their borders, and it is at the centre, and not at the margins, of their broad streams that distinctions are discernible.

I will present the races in another point of view, that of their intellectual development.

The skull by indicating the size and form of the brain is particularly valuable. On the skull and teeth the comparative anatomist bases distinction of class; and he finds no mark as permanent or reliable.

Between the teeth of the different races of men there is no essential distinction. Those of Egyptian mummies are broader than those of Europeans, but no broader than is sometimes found among the latter. Instances of double front teeth, and correspondingly large molars are by no means rare.

Even the skull furnishes no specific character. From measurement made from the celebrated Mortonian collection of skulls the following is given:—

Of thirty-eight skulls of the Teutonic family, the internal capacity of the largest was one hundred and fourteen cubic inches, the smallest sixty-eight. Of nine skulls of the Tehudic family, the largest was one hundred and twelve, the smallest eighty-one inches; of Celts, the largest

ninety-seven, the smallest seventy-eight; of Arabic, the largest ninety-eight, smallest eighty-four; of Chinese, largest ninety-eight, smallest seventy; of Indians, largest one hundred and four, smallest one hundred and one; of Negroes, largest ninety-nine, smallest sixty-eight.

The smallest capacity, fifty-three, is observed among Peruvians, the largest, one hundred and fourteen, among the Teutonic family. Here is a wide difference, one brain being twice the size of the other. But the largest Peruvian skull has a capacity of one hundred and one, while the smallest Teutonic has only sixty-five, or a trifle more than half the former. The smallest negro skull has a capacity of sixty-eight, or about half that of an average Teutonic, but the largest negro skull has ninety-nine and the smallest Teutonic but sixty-five. These comparisons suggest others, and it will be found that they yield like results when applied between all the families of mankind. There is as much variation in capacity of skull, that is, size of brain, in any one race, as exists between the various races.

It is unessential whether races are called species or permanent varieties, or simply varieties; what I desire is to show their relationship to be sufficiently close to prove their common parentage.

I have applied the same tests which naturalists employ to fix the position of species of animals, and their requirements have been fully complied with. In duration of life, and the periodic functions of the system, in predisposition to contagious and epidemic diseases, in size and structure, in colour of skin and hair, in capacity of skull, the races of men differ no more than we find among families of animals; they differ in as many respects and in precisely the same degree.

If the races, varieties, and types of mankind are thus associated in one family, they must be bound together by the ties of a common origin.

The objection is urged against this unity of parentage, that the delineations of races on the walls of Egyptian temples, made at least four thousand years ago, or more probably six thousand, preserve the expression of each, as they appear at present.

The Copt, the Shemite, the African, are perfectly portrayed. If for four or six thousand years so little change has been effected, urges a certain ethnological school, are not the races permanent?

Granting the Mosaic chronology to be correct, the Egyptian paintings show a diversity which cannot be reconciled with a common origin. But science has shown that six thousand years is only a single day since the introduction of man on this earth.

I have heretofore noticed the antiquity of the valley of the Nile. Old as are the temples and pyramids, stretching back into the dim twilight of mythology, beyond the ken of history, they rest on a fossil structure which indicates ages to which they are only on the threshold.

The Nile at its annual overflow deposits a film of mud, and thus year by year elevates the overflowed land. The rise of the land from this cause is 2,088 inches a century. Linaut Bay in artesian borings brought up fragments of red brick from a depth of seventy-two feet. If deposited at the rate of 2,088 inches per century, seventy-two feet represent forty-one thousand three hundred years. But he had not

reached the beginning. A burned brick is indicative of a people already advanced to a high civilisation. Thus it is presented with almost positive force that fifty thousand years ago the valley of the Nile was inhabited by a people far advanced in the arts and sciences. Hence the objection of time falls to the ground.

It so happens that the races pictured on the temples, the Shemite and African, are the ones which change the least. They belong to the stationary races. It is probable that a portrait of a Chinese three thousand years ago would be good for a Chinese to-day. The great changes which yield to the civilisation of the present, belong to races then unknown. That these races constantly change no one can deny.

Do not understand that the races are mutually convertible—that a white man placed in Africa will become a negro in time, or that a negro can become white. I advocate no such doctrine. Each of the races as they stand to-day represents the infinite character of conditions which affected or moulded them to what they now are; and represents great lines of progress in diverging directions, and never can be interchanged. What I mean will best be understood by an illustration: Suppose at some remote time in the past a tribe of men of some intermediate type between the present well-defined races should emigrate from Asia to the eastern shore of Africa. Subjected to an entire change of climate, water, food, temperature, electrical influences, and compelled to adopt entirely new methods of gaining subsistence, slight changes would occur. These changes would not be on the side which rendered them less adapted to their situation, but the reverse, better fitting them to maintain successfully a resistance to the climate. Every such gain would be held by hereditary transmission. The offspring, however slight the advantage gained by the change, would be more likely to survive. They will in themselves change, and by hereditary transmission give *their* offspring the whole store. Thus we see two forces are at work, one causing change, the other preserving its beneficial results.

We can thus understand how variation thus began would go on for a certain time, perhaps several thousand years, and would be limited only by two causes, hereditary transmission, by which the offspring resembles ALL the infinite line of its ancestors, thus compelling it to be always fashioned after the human type, and the other the advantage derived from the change. In the case supposed if colour conferred advantage, colour would be attained, and with it correlated a dependent change of form and structure. We know that colour is an advantage in warm climates. It is the prevailing tint of tropical animals, and the dark races of men are exempt from tropical diseases almost in exact ratio to the darkness of their complexion.

Now a type of men thus produced would go on perfecting itself in its own direction. It would go on growing of darker and darker hue until the perfection of blackness was reached, or if red, of redness, or it started in the direction of white, until the circumstances calling for that hue were satisfied. In the process of ages, after the type had become in equilibrium with its conditions of being, it would cease to change, or change imperceptibly, and thus become a *permanent race*. These variations were almost wholly effected long before the historic period, and of

course there has been no change from one type to the other given, nor is such change to be expected.

It is like two brothers setting out on journeys, each taking a diverging road. They were together once, but every hour they travel takes them further apart. So the races travel. Their component individuals die, but offspring go on from the exact point they leave off in a continuous line. It was easy to blend in the early ages when the material was soft and plastic, but now impossible. You can mingle the soft clay, but divide it in masses and after hardening in the forms you give you can blend them no more.

If a traveller, ignorant of our geography, should start from the mouth of the Columbia, and after travelling around Cape Horn, enter the Gulf of Mexico and explore the *embouchure* of the Mississippi, and thence after thousands of miles sailing enter the St. Lawrence, would he dream that these great streams have their origin in the bosom of the same mountain clime?

So we, looking across the present terminations of the great stream of races with all their past advance as it were blotted out, cannot realise that once they were all savages, manifesting none of this differentiation. The day when one man can change into another is past. Hence the attempts of pseudo-philanthropists to prove the European a developed African, or more ludicrous, the African a degraded white man, are absurd. If of common parentage we should decide *a priori*, that a strictly scientific classification would be impossible, and I have already pointed out the insurmountable difficulties in the way, and the failures of those who have attempted it.

The blending of languages should follow the same rule; and we find all languages insensibly fade into each other, either through intermediate dialects, or those of the past.

The present types of man converge into each other in the indefinite past, but they cannot meet in the future. Each race has its destiny to fulfil. In its long and continuous history it resembles an individual. It also has its periods of childhood, youth, maturity and age. Some races have a sickly life and die out early; others are wonderfully tenacious, as the Jew, who has been a wanderer on the earth for two thousand years, and yet maintains his numbers and untarnished type. Some races die young, others are destroyed by luxury and vice. The same grand laws of justice and retribution control races as individuals, nor can they with impunity be disobeyed.

But it is objected, "Look at the Jew, or the Teuton, inhabiting all climates, and yet holding fast to their characteristic types! Does not the exception thus made invalidate your claims for the power of external nature?" Not in the least. There is one element to be considered, one of great power which has no force with savages, being called into action only after a certain stage of civilisation is attained: The moral and intellectual element.

Look at the Jews, for two thousand years from brutal theological prejudices they have been an outlaw among the nations. Yet from the rigid Mosaic law they have been a *very* moral people. You never hear of a Jew on your criminal docket. They need no prisons, no retreats

for fallen women, no houses of refuge, no work or poor houses. They are all wealthy, for they help each other. Their dealings with the world are no criterion of their morals, for their laws from time immemorial recognise two standards, one for themselves, one for Gentiles. Their religion prescribes their food and drink, and compels cleanliness and regard to the laws of health. This, with the law of intermarriage, the combination of physical and moral forces, preserves the Jew intact from the frozen regions of northern Russia to the hot plains of southern Africa.

So of the Teuton. He is the least governed by passion, has the highest moral perception of any people. He is most intelligent and inventive. If he penetrates the colder countries he carries fire, light and material for warm clothing and comfortable dwellings; if he penetrates the tropics he finds means to shelter himself from the sun, and imports ice from the frigid zone.

Thus he in reality carries with him the facilities of his native climate; for the guardian of his moral character and the solidity of his constitution cannot wholly negate external nature.

A glance at HISTORY will show how narrow the area it really covers. With the exception of England, where the gulf stream bounds the isothermal lines to the north, History is confined between the thirtieth and fortieth parallels of north latitude. Outside of this narrow limit, which does not comprise one-sixth of the globe, History does not exist. The black and red races have no history. They have never given birth to any civilisation; the yellow race only a partial, stagnated, abortive growth.

The history of the African continent, of North and South America, of a greater portion of Northern and Southern Asia, would be like that of flocks of animals. Pass within the narrow lines I have drawn and see the magnificent flood of empire roll westward. Beginning on the table lands of Asia, concealed by the mists of immeasurable time were vast Shemitic and Hamitic Empires leaving only ruined arch and column in ghostly grandeur in the now arid deserts, nameless in their long repose. Then Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Greece, Carthage, Rome and Europe. Then crossing the Atlantic, bordered by almost the same lines the United States span across the continent. The open plains of the south allow it to extend itself further in that direction, but northward it fades rapidly out in the mongrel border stock of French and Indian amalgamation. With the exception of Mohammed, outside of these lines a great man never has been born. The entire Southern hemisphere is without a name sufficiently important to live in history; without a tribe worthy of being chronicled. A foreign civilisation is growing up in Australia, in South Africa, in South America, in a belt corresponding to the northern; but its growth is feeble, and little can be expected of this exotic and forced advance.

I have no theory to support but truth, and endeavour to present both sides of these grand questions fairly, and from the maze draw the conclusion carefully and without prejudice. I do not belong to the school of Ethnology which has of late been drawn into politics. Gliddon and Nott, before the war, sought to sustain slavery by science. I hope you

will not construe anything I have said in that way. Science is as far from politics as heaven from hell, and would blush to touch its polluting garments. Though the at present permanent varieties cannot mutually change they originally were from one common stock, and hence are a brotherhood. Before the law they are equal. In the divine being they are all immortal, and each and all after their own type, capable of eternal spiritual progress.—*From the Spiritual Ros-trum, Chicago, Illinois.*

(*To be continued.*)

## THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

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

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

### RHADAMANTHUS.

GOD AS THE DIVINE AVENGER—THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.

JUSTICE is only truth in action, as conversely veracity is simply rectitude in thought. They are the web and woof of universal being, the pillars of the celestial temple, the foundations on which all things rest—even to the throne of God himself. The eternal is also the absolute, while the temporal is mortal because partial and so imperfect. It is quite justifiable to affirm that the Devil is the father of lies, which is only a figurative way of saying that all evil rests on falsity, and so carries the seeds of destruction in its very constitution. It is only weak men who think they can circumvent destiny; or, as theologians say, cheat God. Right and wrong are separated by an absolutely divine demarcation. All debts must be paid, sooner or later, and only fools think that payment can be postponed indefinitely. The law of compensation is universal. As you sin so you suffer, now or hereafter. Veracity and integrity are your only safeguards. Armed with these, hell cannot hold nor heaven exclude you; while devoid of them, angels would disown and fiends would claim you as of their brotherhood. It is simply owing to the imperfection of their faculties, that men do not see and feel these things daily and hourly, and so make them, both theoretically and practically, their rule of life. All religions teach them after a fashion, some in one guise and some in another, and we are quite justified in asserting that they will always do so to the end, albeit the fashion of the thing may, nay *must* change with the lapsing centuries.

The law of compensation is simply a phase of cause and effect, action and reaction, which are of necessity equal and opposite. It is only the debit and credit sides of the universal ledger which must balance in the end. Evasions may be possible with men, but not with God, in whose scales all things are weighed, whether



religions or empires, individuals or worlds. The ancients placed Rhadamanthus in hell, but he also reigns in the heavens, where, too, justice is administered, if not in the way of punishment then of reward. Here, indeed, we see the superiority of the divine law over that which is only human. The latter deals chiefly, and we may say, solely in punishment, and so is not absolutely just; while the former rewards the good as it castigates the evil, having the resources of the universe for either purpose.

But Rhadamanthus is not only a judge, but also an inquisitor, compelling confession of the deeds done in the flesh. This opens rather a deep chapter. Most men seem to think they can in some way deceive God, doing things in the dark. Foolish ostriches, that put their heads behind a bush, and then fancy their huge bodies are hidden from the foe. Of course, they have heard of "the book of life," as they have heard of much else in the spiritual sphere; and believe it, as they do the church catechism—on Sunday. But they do not seem to have fully realised the stern and terrible fact, that every man writes his autobiography on the eternal tablets, which God holds in keeping for ever. And yet, even our physical structure might have taught them some wholesome lessons in this matter. What is physiognomy, more especially in that spiritual aspect of it which implies expression, but the lineaments of the soul beaming through its tenement of clay, and so revealing to a duly gifted observer, the grander outlines of the inner consciousness. All things indicate that in the court of Rhadamanthus, accuser and accused are the same person, victim and executioner but one individual. As the organic laws fulfil themselves in the material sphere, so do the moral laws ultimate themselves through appropriate effects in the spiritual sphere, the plane and aspect of the soul being determined by its condition.

In these things, as well as in some others, we fear there has been retrogression rather than progression in these later centuries. Not only Judaism but even Heathenism, taught a sterner morality than ours in reference to retribution. They did not encourage the belief in facile exculpation. They rather inclined to the doctrine of expiation. Above all, they did not deal in legal fictions as the conditioning elements of man's spiritual futurity. "Imputed righteousness" would have been as incomprehensible to Socrates or Plato, as "vicarious suffering" to Moses or Aaron. The tortuosities of Augustinian and Calvinistic theology were utterly unknown to the robust generations of the primitive world, whose minds were too simple and too healthy for the entertainment of such refined perversities, which like the logical subtleties of the mediæval schoolmen, were the befitting product of an age of intellectual effeteness and pedantic formalism. Rhadamanthus knows nothing of the just suffering for the unjust,

or the innocent expiating the offences of the guilty. He is a stern judge of the olden type, who takes no excuses, and holds no defence valid save that which disproves the crime. He is an impersonation of the moral law, demanding and enforcing an irrevocable fulfilment of those enactments which, being but an expression of truth and justice, claim the forces of the universe as their resistless executioners, and employ the very conditions of being for the infliction of their penalties.

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## 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 LI.

I READ this letter many times over, and fancied I could see Eleanore exhorting, with her daring eyes and intense gestures, that degrading confession from her cowardly defamer.

He had spread it, too, I'll warrant, said I to myself; mean men love to crown themselves with lies, if their base deeds are not sufficient; but she will not know the outside reports till some one is there who will be a medium between her and the world she does not enter.

I felt certain that my next letter must bring me news of Colonel Anderson's arrival, and I waited more impatiently for it, I believe, than for any of the preceding ones. It came at the fortnight's end. Her heart was over-ruling this writing, I thought, for here was neither date nor address:—

"He is coming this afternoon," she began. "How he found me out I do not know; but two hours ago a messenger came to the house requesting to see Mrs Bromfield. Josepha was dispatched to the school-room, and as she tripped in, she said, '*Hombre*-man want you, Signorita.'

"It gave me 'such a turn,' as our Mrs Brown used to say, for I have been looking hourly for him the last three days, though I had not seen his name in the passenger lists. I was foolish enough to think it must be himself, and so it took me several minutes to prepare myself for the sudden meeting. I was only thinking, it is true, with my hands idly folded; and I do not know of what I was thinking; but at last I went, quite deliberately, taming my steps as I moved, with many recollections of our short and varied acquaintance, and ready for—I know not what line of conduct, had he, indeed, been there: when, just as I entered the hall, I confronted—whom do you think, now, dear Anna?—whom

but Antonio, with brimming eyes and both hands outstretched to grasp mine.

"The poor boy! It was a great proof of my hearty feeling towards him that I did not frown upon his beaming face for being his, and not another's. We shook hands; he asked for Phil, and I sent him to the school-room, after he had delivered his note, with the proud and happy words, 'From my master Colonel Anderson.'

"The envelope contained his card, with the words underneath the name: 'Will call at four, if agreeable. Antonio will wait a reply.'

"I sat down to write it, requesting Josepha to look after the children. I said it would be agreeable—not much else, I think, beside that; but that was enough, was it not? Think what a state of mind I must be in, dear Anna, and do not expect me to write now.

"ELEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING—He has just gone, dear, and I am wishing that, instead of these peaceful, contented people, I had some of the miserable and suffering of the earth about me, that my happiness might overflow into their desolate souls.

"I got through with the lessons early, and sent the children away with Josepha, keeping only Phil at home, for Antonio had promised to come out in the afternoon and take him a walk. I told Signorita that I expected a visitor at four, and would like her to assign me the drawing-room or parlour to receive him in. It should be the parlour, she said. I dressed myself in a black silk, with a collar of broad lace, and that white head of Raphael at my throat—the only ornament about me. I restored my hair to the fashion I wore it in—how long ago it seems now!—on the *Tempest*. I gathered bunches of the sweetest and loveliest flowers—fragrant petunias and heliotropes, nodding at me with their sparkling, violet eyes; regal lilies and fuchsias; and pansies, whose purple and delicate beauty both contrasted and blended with the meek grace of the lily of the valley; verbenas and geraniums, and queenly rose-buds, and some odorous orange and lemon flowers; and set all but one tiny vase, of the most beloved ones, in unobservable places about the room—for I love sometimes that fragrance should come to me, like the white May leaves, from

"'Blossoms out of sight, yet blessing well.'

"And thus I cheated myself into preparation, instead of waiting, till my watch told me I had but a few minutes left. Then I sat down to compose myself.

"There were horses' feet: I looked up, and he was at the gate; the next moment the door opened, and we stood face to face.

"I spoke first: 'Dear Leonard!'

"'Dear Eleanore!'

"There was a long silence. 'No reproof awaits me now, I hope,' he said, bearing his hand heavily on my shoulder, that he might look into my eyes, which were dimmed, like his own, with the mist of deep joy; but the next moment I was folded more closely to his bosom, and I heard, softly breathed, the words: 'Art thou indeed my Eleanore, or a phantom, like the soulless and voiceless one that has mocked me so long? Is it a dream that I hold thee thus—thy breath upon my cheek,

and thy bosom-pulses treasured in the hollow of my hand? Speak, and reassure my doubting soul.'

"'It is no dream,' I whispered, 'but such a sweet reality as proves our Father's utmost love.'

"'Thou art, then, my own, Eleanore?'

"'And thou mine, Leonard.'

"'Kneel to God with me,' he said, reverently. And we knelt.

"Dear Anna, what a prayer was that he uttered! Every word so distinctly and deeply spoken, that my ear waited for its utterance, and my soul treasured it among the things never to be forgotten.

"'O dear and beloved Father whom we adore, it is thou who givest us all blessing, and all capacity for enjoying it. For the inestimable gift with which thou hast enriched my life, read in my soul, O Father, the thanks which cannot be uttered. For the one life which is henceforth ours, be the praise thine, who hast formed and united the two. In our great happiness, may we be tender and compassionate to souls less blest; and as thou art thyself love, and hast given this, thy highest attribute, to ennoble our earthly life, grant us that worthiness in receiving, which alone can give purest joy in possessing. And be thou, just and holy Giver, above even the precious gift, evermore adored!'

"My amen was a living response to this heartfelt thanksgiving and prayer; but my own soul had also its petition, and I drew the strong, encircling arm, a little more closely, while I uttered an inmost aspiration for a life not less noble than the noblest; not less pure than the purest imagination of our hearts; for a life so faithful, that it should embody the ideal of our souls, and be one in harmony, while in individuality each should grow into the perfect stature of the man and woman living near to God and to all good.

"'And thus we are wedded before Heaven, Eleanore,' he said, as we rose. 'It is enough so for the present. Sit here, now, very near me, that, seeing, hearing, and touching you, I may keep myself assured till I am grown familiar with the thought of having you mine. I knew I should,' he added; 'said I not so in my last note?—that which brought me this precious sheet, and this symbol, which has spoken to me of you every hour. Ah, Eleanore, if you could know the comfort of heart it gave me—

"'I think I could have appreciated it,' said I, demurely, 'if the opportunity had been afforded me; but I have had no such comfort.'

"He detected me in the tones of my voice, and said: 'Silence, you queen of the unmerciful! I will have not so much as a word of your badinage, till I have been heard myself.'

"And then he told me very seriously of his suffering until he wrote that first letter. 'I was inspired to do that, I believe,' he said; 'for your silence made me victor over all your—pride, was it? If you had not loved me, you would have answered my letter, would you not, dearest?'

"'Yes; courtesy would have constrained me to speak, where love made me dumb,' I whispered.

"'And when did this precious experience dawn upon you, ungracious one?'

“‘I knew your step,’ I answered, ‘weeks before that daring and ill-mannered salute on the *Tempest*. I remember words spoken by this dear voice before I dreamed it would ever utter such precious ones to me, as it has. You came to me with power to take what I could not withhold, dear Leonard.’

“‘And why was I so long denied this sweet confession?’

“‘Because you could not be trusted with it,’ I replied.

“‘Eleanore! do you doubt me so?’

“‘Not in any wise to wound or pain you, my beloved. I do not doubt the true heart of man beating in this bosom; but I feared it would claim too much of me if I confessed its power. I wished to come freely to you, Leonard, without so much as a silken thread of gratitude, or obligation, or dependence, to draw me. I loathe all bonds but such love as we have for each other, and my heart bade me wait till such an hour as this, when we could forget everything but the deep emotion in each which seeks to enfold the other.’

“‘I see it was worthy of thee,’ he murmured, ‘so to chasten and distil the love that blesses us. All that I have suffered is repaid; I have no word of chiding, such as I meant to shake thee with. Thou knowest our treasure better than I, and how it could be brightened.’

“‘But I cannot tell you all we said. It is very common to call the talk of lovers foolish; but I believe the love-talk of any two souls will be their best and deepest, if it ever rises at all above the personal. I am sure there was little foolish talk between us; but there were often silences that were voluminous in meaning.

“‘I am growing,’ said Leonard, breaking one of these pauses with those inimitable tones of his, ‘to a sense of my wealth. When we are not speaking, my soul is hovering about absorbing you with infinite joy. Do you understand? Do you feel how the sudden assurance of this hour taxes all the capacity of my life to take it in? Sudden prosperity and success have made men mad ere now; but my new treasure is of another sort, and I grow strong and clear in appropriating it; quiet and thankful, as a man might emerging from the doom of darkness to the glory and beauty of the day. Dearest Eleanore, we are stewards of a great trust. Our life must be rich in good works to repay the munificence of this dealing with us.’

“‘Good works ought to be the testimony of all happy lives,’ said I; ‘but some good work must have preceded this happiness, Leonard. We could not possibly be to each other what we are, except we were in the main a true man and woman, with just purposes and some right aspiration, which is as well the fruit as the seed of righteous doing.’

“‘Ah! with you,’ he replied, ‘I know those pages of life are bright and beautiful; but since I have known you, my past seems an unblooming waste—a succession of idle, though not, thank God, in any worse sense, misspent years. You have so appealed to all there is of good in me—so shamed my apathy by your enthusiasms—so shattered my armour of self-complacency, that I feel myself a naked soul in the world, having yet, after thirty-four years of life, to seek wherewith to clothe myself. Is it any wonder I take refuge here? Dear heart, lead me and guide me henceforth.’

"The last words were whispered on my cheek in a voice of intense emotion. I was deeply moved, Anna, by this earnest prayer of that strong soul, and more painfully by my own sense of inequality to his generous conception of me. I did at the moment the best thing I could see to do. I raised my head from his shoulder, and said, 'Nay, but you will have your full share of that to do also, Leonard. I am as perverse as the winds, and as obstinate as the rocks. I am sometimes harsh and ungracious, even to those I love best. I am unforgiving to meanness, and occasionally I am sorely tempted to do some daring thing, just to prove to myself where the kingdoms of propriety and impropriety, of right and wrong, of tenderness and cruelty, do actually join. Dear, steady soul, keep me from all this,' I prayed, mocking him, and looking from my own misty eyes, deep into the half-puzzled and half-smiling ones that were fixed on me.

"'It shall be a compact, then,' he said, 'and when I fail in all other means of performing my part of it, I shall do it thus.'

"'It will be a shame,' I said 'because Nature has given you a strong arm, and me a weak one, to imprison me with it.'

"'Ah!' he said, 'you say that; but there is more *power*, Eleanore, in this soft slight hand which I could crush in mine, than in my whole frame. Strength, which is mine, is narrow and special; power, which is yours, is broad and universal.'

"'You shall depreciate the man I love no more, sir,' I said. 'I will not hear it. Come into the garden with me;' and I walked by his side, Anna, with hypocritical quietness, looking demure and meek, I suppose, when there were pride and victory enough in my breast to have defied the world. When one has such a soul to flee to, dear, independence does not seem to be worth so great a struggle after all.

"I showed him my school-room; but he was less interested and pleased with it than I expected him to be.

"'How long,' he inquired, placing himself by my side, 'dost thou intend to occupy this house?'

"The question was adroit and somewhat embarrassing. I thought for a single moment of evading it; but I did not, and looking straight into his eyes, I said, 'till I go to yours. But let us not speak of that to-day.' At that moment I heard the dear Phil's voice, and my heart smote me greatly for having forgotten his right to share my happiness. As they drew near the gate we heard Antonio explaining that 'Turnel' had come on that horse, and the gleaming eyes and dancing feet of the child reproached me afresh. He looked toward the school-room, where we stood in the door, and with a great flood of feeling rushing visibly over his face, he started forward. Leonard met him at the gate and picked him up, dusty as he was. Such a meeting, and such fervent kissing. Dear Anna, it moved me almost more than my own happiness. He brought him in and placed him on the little table which Phil calls his, and in the torrent of question and answer that followed, I, standing apart still at the door, have in mind only this: 'You won't go away off any more, now, will you?'

"'Ask mamma if I shall,' was the answer. But I was there before the answer was fully spoken, and putting my lips to the fair forehead

of the man, I said, 'There now, Phil. Do you think he will go away again?'

"'No, mamma, we love him. Don't we?'

## CHAPTER LII.

"It was almost sunset when he rode away, saying that he would return at eight and bring an old friend with him, whom he wished to introduce to me. I was glad to be alone for a little time, to calm the sweet tumult of my heart, and from the riches of those hours to select a few of the gems that were to pass into its imperishable treasury. I was sitting, dreaming over my happiness, when I heard Phil urging Antonio—poor, almost forgotten Antonio, whose presence at any other time would have commanded my most grateful notice—in, to see me. I looked towards the front door, and there they were, Phil tugging at his hand and literally dragging him within.

"'Yes, come in, Antonio,' said I. 'I have scarcely seen you. Come in and sit down. I must have a talk with you about San Francisco.' The boy dropped upon a chair near the door, and in a moment's silence, while I was recalling myself to the earth and to unenchanted life, Phil said, 'I did tell Antonio, mamma, that you love Turnel, and he's going to stay with us now. Isn't he mamma, dear?' looking anxiously into my confused, frowning face.

"'We shall see, darling,' I replied, not able to speak harshly to him—not even to reprove the wounded, doubting soul which looked earnestly into mine out of his eyes.

"Antonio felt the awkwardness of the position, as keenly, I think, as I did, and gazed steadily upon the ground. In all probability, I thought, the child has told him the proof of his belief—nothing more natural, in the joy of his open heart than to do it, and so, justified by a sort of necessity, I made Antonio the first confidant of my happiness, by answering Phil's question in the affirmative, and then adding, 'You will remain with Colonel Anderson, I hope, Antonio.'

"'Yes Madame, long. He like me. I more like him, and Master Feelip and you, Madame. I have so great joy,' he said, stepping forward and falling on one knee before me, and kissing my hand. 'You all so good, so love—you be very happy, and I happy, too, Madame.'

"'You have a good heart, Antonio,' said I, moved to tears by the poor fellow's simple words and earnest tones; and more, perhaps, by the sad recollections they summoned from the past. 'You will not speak of Colonel Anderson and me to any one, till—till—'

"'Me understand, Madame. Me never speak; me talk not much—speak not much anything to strange man.'

"'That is right. Come to us when your master can spare you, and take Phil out, and we shall always be glad to see you. You may go now.'

"'Thanks, Madame; I take Phil one more leetle walk in the garden;' and they went off, leaving me alone again.

"But I was destined not to reach an island in the violet sea I was floating on yet, for Senor Senano came in the next moment, and asked

me, after a deal of ceremonious talk, if Colonel Anderson would return this evening; and when I, blushing like a fool, I suppose, said, 'Yes, at eight o'clock,' he was much pleased, and said he wished a few minutes' speech with him.

"'I will claim him only one very little moment, Signorita,' he said, with a smile which I have no doubt he meant to be arch, but which was sardonic, rather. He appeared to have some guess of my good fortune, which, I suppose, they were entitled to, from the length of the visit he had already paid, and the quick repetition of it.

"When eight o'clock came, Phil was not yet asleep. He wished to see the Turnel for a good-night kiss, and seemed unable to understand why he should not come to his bed there, as he had often on the island, and sometimes on shipboard. Poor child! the proprieties had not yet walled him in.

"When I heard that footfall, I said: 'Now, Phil, I must go. Good night, darling; you shall see Turnel to-morrow.'

"His lips were quivering as I kissed them, and his eyes were moist with irrepressible tears.

"'I want to see him to-night, mamma,' he whispered.

"'But you can't, dear Philip. Now be a good boy, and lie still and think of him till you go to sleep.'

"I hastened away to receive my visitors, and to my glad surprise, found the friend was no other than the old American gentleman, whom I have already mentioned as acting a friendly part by me in the affair with that wretch, Byfield. Colonel Anderson had not told him my name, and when I entered the room, he was no less pleased, I think, than myself.

"'I am glad you two are acquainted,' he said; 'for though I know but little of you, Madam, that little has convinced me you will rarely find a soul more congenial to your own than my old and dear friend's here. We were together at Bombay, and afterwards in Mauritius, and now here we are at the antipodes of those places; but in all my wanderings, I have not met the man whose hand it would give me greater pleasure to clasp.'

"It seemed as if so much must be said by Mr Hedding, and no less would serve the occasion. Of course I must reply, too; and that I did: that I was glad to hear an 'esteemed friend' so highly spoken of by a gentleman whose opinion and judgment I had such warrant for trusting—and so on. 'But,' I added, 'perhaps our friend had better not be further burdened with his own praises at this time.'

"I was the more impatient of long speech, because I heard—and I could scarcely believe my ears as I did—Phil roaring at the top of his voice. The sound came softened to us, by the heavy walls, but I had left the doors ajar, and there was no mistaking the cry, or the direction from which it came.

"I rose to go to him, apologising by reference to it. I knew what he wanted, and looking at the tenderness expressed in Leonard's face, I did not wonder the child's heart demanded him so keenly.

"'He is crying for a good-night from you, Colonel,' I said. 'He



begged for it before I left him, but I hoped he would be reconciled to sleep without it. Shall I bring him in his wrapper?’

“‘Certainly. Phil and I are too old friends, and have seen too much hardship together, to be divided now by a matter of mere ceremony.’

“I pinned up his long night-gown, therefore, put his feet into a pair of tiny slippers, which Antonio had given him in San Francisco, and sent him tripping along before me to the parlour.

“What a hilarious meeting they had! How they rejoiced together, and gave and received tossings up, and laughed and talked, and finally parted with a long hug and kiss! And Phil was so thankful and happy and quiet, when he again laid down in bed, that I could not reprove him for crying, nor wonder that he did it. I felt that I should behave more unreasonably, perhaps, if I were denied the pleasure he had asked for.

“I invited the Senanos to see my visitors. La Signorita was not well, and excused herself. She had a handkerchief bound about her forehead, and was keeping company with a violent headache; but Don Alexandro came in, and after saluting Mr Hedding, was introduced by him to Colonel Anderson.

“Some general conversation followed the introduction, and then the Don asked for a private interview with him, to which Leonard assented, and they repaired to the drawing-room.

“During the quarter of an hour’s absence, Mr Hedding informed me—volunteering the same—that his friend had been sent for by a company of capitalists, who had taken a heavy job in hand in the southern mining district, with an incompetent man to conduct it. ‘I knew Anderson was on this side of the globe somewhere,’ he said, ‘and as he was not here, there was but one other place where he could be, so we wrote to California for him; and I am glad he has come; for if any man could save us, he can.’

“I could ask no questions—such as whether this business would take him permanently from the city or not, nor how soon, nor how long. Much as I wished to know, I kept quiet on these subjects, and merely acknowledged by my remarks an ordinary friend’s interest in what he had told me.

“When Leonard returned, unaccompanied by the Don, I begged, at the risk of having some woman’s curiosity imputed to me, to know how he had found us so soon, Mr Hedding having said that he had landed late last night.

“‘I accidentally met a friend at the Hotel du Nord,’ he replied, ‘who told me where you were.’

“There was a glance of intelligence between him and Mr Hedding at the moment, that piqued me; but I would not recognize the meaning look. I talked of his voyage, of California, of you, dear Anna, and any other of the thousand things which help people to conceal themselves in speech. It was not late when Mr Hedding drew a large, old-fashioned watch from his pocket and said, ‘It is my time for going home. Do you walk now, Colonel Anderson?’

“‘Not yet, sir, if you will pardon me for letting you go alone.’

“‘I beg you won’t mention it. I am a little ancient in habits as

well as in years, Ma'am,' he said, 'and am never, willingly, up beyond my stated hours. If I had the same reason for forgetting my rest that my friend has,' smiling towards him, 'I dare say it would be different.'

"'I can say nothing so kind as to wish you may have, some day,' said Leonard, drawing near to me—his countenance beaming with the frank affection of his heart.

"'Ah! Thank you. No, it doesn't belong to us old men,' he said, and with the words his face lost its playful gaiety. 'Good night. God bless you both.' And with a cordial clasp of our hands, he was gone, and we were alone again.

"'You will pardon me, I hope, my own queen Eleanore,' said Leonard, folding me in his arms. 'I was like Phil, and could not part from you to-night with the eyes of a stranger upon us. Have I trespassed by remaining?'

"'The social usages are very arbitrary here,' I replied, 'and adapted to low natures, as all arbitrary rules of action are; but they will no less have to be observed by us, I suppose. If I must affront society, Leonard, I would rather do it in a great than a small thing. Therefore—'

"'Yes, I see. Therefore I must not sit with you a half hour, though to do so were the greatest and purest happiness I could know. Then, Eleanore, do not chide me if, even so early, I think and speak of that time and relation which will remove all hindrance to my coming and going. I cannot lose you any more, dearest. Life is too short, and time, so freighted as ours, too precious to be lost in these poor conformities. Is it not so to you as well as me?'

"'My heart,' I replied, 'rebels as deeply as yours, beloved, and I ask your strength to aid me against my own weakness. Ah! though you smile so incredulously, I am weak, as I fear you may find in the coming days; but there is no time to prove it to you now.'

"'I shall have to leave the city soon, Eleanore.'

"'For a long time?'

"'Some weeks at least—perhaps months.'

"'This was a heavy thought to come so soon; but while we talked, the time was passing.

"'Dear friend,' I said, 'there is much to be understood between us yet, that we take not the future at disadvantage. Let me see you daily while you are here. My school-hours are from ten to three; so there is a long morning of delicious peacefulness in the outer world, and all the evenings after four. Remember, you are not to rob me of one of them. No invitations to late dinners shall you accept but at peril of my displeasure.'

"'This school could not possibly be given up, I suppose?' he said.

"'On no account,' I replied, 'at this time; but I am detaining you. Good night.'

"'Good night, Eleanore. I suppose you are right to send me away; but I almost wish you had not the strength—or the weakness—to do it.'

"So he went, Anna, and I came in to write you, and I have reached the end of the letter and the night together, I believe; for there is a

cock-crow from the yard. You will not receive another such epistle in a year, from  
ELEANORE."

I felt great pride and satisfaction in this letter, and not a little concern also that everything connected with the happy events it foreshadowed should come and go harmoniously. I had a strong feeling that I ought to be with my friend, and I almost wondered, sometimes, how she got along without me. Nearly four of the six months I had engaged to stay were already gone. The rainy season was far advanced, and the country a glorious spectacle from sea-shore to mountain-top—a miracle of verdurous and varied beauty. I felt so much life and health in the sunshine and winds, the rains and the dry days were each such a joy to soul and body, that I now wished we were all quietly settled again in the land of health and plenty; and I began to inquire if it would ever be so. I should go to her there—that was certain; but should we not all return again? I spoke a good deal of this in my letters; but if it was ever referred to in hers, it was so vaguely and generally as to give me little satisfaction. She seemed equally indifferent to all places, in the possession of wealth that would enrich any.

Her next letter said she was alone. Colonel Anderson had gone on his contemplated journey—had been gone a fortnight, and she had heard from him but once.

"The barbarians," she added, indignantly, "having but a semi-monthly post, and that not the most reliable, between this seaport and their richest mines. We settled nothing definitely as to the future, Anna," she continued. "He thought he should not be absent more than three weeks at this time, and as so many are interested in his return—Don Alexandro among them—I hear his name daily coupled with wishes for his coming, which I echo away down in my heart.

"Phil nearly took to his bed upon it. I never saw a young child mourn so inconsolably as he, for 'Turnel' and Antonio. After the pleasure of the daily visits, walks, and drives, he seemed unable to bear their loss, and indignantly asked me, 'Didn't I love 'Turnel,' and say he was going to live with us?'"

"I am writing, though, to tell you something beside all this. Mr Hedding paid me a visit a few days ago. He is fully informed of our engagement, and as pleased with it as if one of us were his own child, and he told me that on the morning after his arrival from California, Colonel Anderson was sitting at breakfast, at the Hotel du Nord, among a company of gentlemen who were entire strangers to him, Mr H. himself not having been present, when his attention was attracted to a little group in earnest conversation, at one end of the table. They grew louder as they went on, till at length one of the speakers, striking his hand decisively upon the board, exclaimed, 'By Jove, I say she was right, and I'll maintain it!'"

“‘Hurrah for Huntley, the champion of the Yankee school-mistress!’ said a mischievous fellow among them.

“‘If she is a Yankee school-mistress, she’s a true woman, I’ll swear, and I admire her pluck.’

“‘So do I,’ said a third. ‘Byfield was always a coward and scoundrel, though he has fought two or three times with devilish good luck. It must have been capital to see him finished and actually sent from the country by a woman, who never, as far as I can learn, has left the house she lives in. Have any of you ever seen her?’

“‘No, no,’ was answered by the voices of the party, to which Colonel Anderson was now giving the keenest attention, unobserved by them.

“‘I never saw her,’ said one, ‘though I have dined at old Senano’s three times lately, and, since this affair, have kept a sharp look-out for anything feminine—except La Signorita—but in vain.’

“‘Hamilton, who was invited there with Byfield, told me all about it,’ said another, ‘and he said her speech was as direct and trenchant as a Toledo blade, and that he’d rather face a six-barrel revolver, than have to stand what poor By did. And the best of it was, that it was done as gently and quietly as a lady would entertain an agreeable visitor, but with such eyes, he said, as he never saw before. Ham, I believe, was quite captivated with her.’

“‘At this moment Mr Hedding said he entered the room. He did not at first see his old friend, but, walking toward this party and exchanging salutations with them, one said: ‘You are a guest at old Senano’s, occasionally, are you not, Mr Hedding?’

“‘I have had the honour of dining with him a few times,’ he replied.

“‘Have you ever been so fortunate as to see there the heroine of the Byfield tragedy?’ asked the mischievous young man. ‘That is what these gentlemen wish to know. We are all fresh from the mountains, yesterday, except Hall and Huntley, who has thrown down the glove for this modern Rebecca. If one of our artists could get a portrait of her now, and exhibit it, he’d have the custom of this whole party.’

“‘Nobody attends to your raillery, Brydges,’ said Huntley. ‘It falls everywhere, and hurts nothing.’

“‘And I can tell you, gentlemen,’ said Mr Hedding, ‘that if you saw her portrait, you would see the picture of a noble woman. She comes from my State, and I am proud of her.’

“‘Can’t you contrive to show her to us? By Jupiter, I should like to see the woman who could make a man eat his words in presence of others, as she did—and do it, too, without noise or tears: that’s the miracle! I should like to be introduced to her.’

“‘She doesn’t receive visits,’ said Mr Hedding.

“‘He was touched upon the arm as he spoke, and looking round, there stood Colonel Anderson at his elbow—a commanding figure and presence which arrested their conversation till the two moved away to an unoccupied part of the room. Presently they returned, and the stranger was introduced to Huntley, but no one else, and then they walked away. ‘And when we had reached his private room,’ said the old gentleman, the Colonel took Huntley’s hand, and said: ‘I am under

great obligation to you, sir, for the service you have done a lady this morning in that room. The person of whom you spoke is an acquaintance of mine, and no approval that you could express would exceed what I know to be her desert.'

"And that was the way he found you, ma'am, added the good Mr Hedding. 'He inquired for Byfield, whom it proves that he knew years ago at home, but that gentleman was safe out of harm's way. He couldn't stand the fire which your defeat of him provoked, and being an idle vagabond, with nothing to do and money to spend, he went off to Panama, I believe.'

"I am glad, dear Anna, that Leonard heard so favourably of this mortifying affair at the first. It might have reached him in some less pleasant manner, and been a source of pain or chagrin to both of us. Very delicate and considerate in him, was it not, to leave it to me whether it should ever be mentioned between us?"

Four days later: "Leonard is confidently looked for early next week. I do not know how long he will stay, and sometimes I feel doubtful whether or not I shall stay behind him. I have come to think lately that it would be very pleasant to live down there in the mountains, which he describes as very grand and imposing, and have him coming and going many times through the day. I am talking foolishly to you, I know, but one must be sometimes allowed to do that. You shall hear from me after his return, and then I will tell you if I think I ought to ask you to come here.

"Do not think, dear, I want you less than I once did. No, but more; for I could speak so freely to your good sense and honest heart of what I am now obliged to suppress, except in these fragmentary, poor letters. Think of all the meetings and talks I have not even alluded to, in which we are daily becoming better known to each other, as you will be glad to hear, to my perfect satisfaction.

"Thine, without change,

ELEANORE."

"Did I not tell you," she adds, in a postscript, "that the weather topic is enriched here by the additional item of 'shocks?' We had a sharp one two days ago, but I was less alarmed by it than I thought I should be, from all the talk I have heard about them."

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A BRIEF LECTURE ON BUSINESS.—A calm, blue-eyed, self-possessed young lady received a long call the other day from a prying old spinster, who, after prolonging her stay beyond even her own conception of the young lady's endurance, came to the main question which had brought her thither. "I've been asked a good many times if you were engaged to Dr D. Now, if folks inquire again whether you are or not, what shall I tell 'em, I think?"—"Tell them," answered the young lady, fixing her calm blue eyes in unblushing steadiness upon the inquisitive feature of her interrogator, "tell them that you think you don't know, and you are sure it is none of your business."

## TO A WILD DAISY.

By JAMES NICHOLSON, Author of "Father Fernie, the Botanist;" "Willie Waugh;" "The Curse of Kilwuddie;" and other Poems.

DAISY darling! pet of flowers,  
Playmate of our youthful hours,  
Shining on the verdant lea  
Like a pearl amid the sea;  
All the night long dews distil,  
Stealing down thy tinted frill,  
Glittering on thy clustered leaves,  
Like the network fairy weaves.  
Changing never—still the same  
As when first I lisp'd thy name:  
Human faces will grow strange,  
But in thee we find no change:  
Making glad the desert way,  
Springing most where children play,  
Like a cup when skies are blue,  
Folded up when falls the dew.  
Chaucer, in his quaint, kind way,  
Named thee well, "Ye eye of day;"  
First to leave thy mossy bed,  
And uplift thy dewy head,  
First to catch the kindling rays,  
Slanting through the golden haze.  
Sweet to me thy glad some greeting;  
Hardly can I help repeating—  
Wealth and fame, now ye may go!  
Bliss ye have not to bestow;  
O'er my soul ye have no power—  
More I love this simple flower.  
Earth, however fair and wide,  
Hath no other power beside—  
How it comes I cannot tell—  
Holds me with such witching spell.

Star-like blossom, eye of day,  
Shining on earth's darkling way,  
Not in vain methinks thou'rt sent  
To this nether firmament.  
Though ten thousand heedless pass  
Thee unnoticed 'mong the grass,  
None the less thy boss of gold  
Hath a story to unfold.  
Something in thy look I see  
Speaks of God's great love to me;  
Something that methinks doth tell  
Of a world where all is well;  
Something in thee bids me trust  
All things crumble not to dust:  
To my silent questionings,  
To my soul's deep whisperings,

Still thou giv'st this mute reply—  
"Things worth loving cannot die."  
Daisy! canst thou tell me ought  
Of this spirit deep inwrought,  
With its fiery waves of thought?  
Does the mystery in me  
Solve itself in things like thee?  
What is life? is it akin  
To form without or thought within?  
Say, may we in nature trace  
Something of a scheme of grace?  
May I in God's mercy trust,  
Manifest in Christ? or must  
I in fires eternal toss?  
Or love prevail, and burn my dross  
Till like thee, white-robed, I glow?  
Daisy, canst thou tell me? No!

When the cold earth wraps my head,  
Wilt thou dapple my green bed?  
And from some lone passer-by  
Draw the tribute of a sigh?  
And when little children run  
Out to bask them in the sun,  
Should they wander to my grave,  
Where thy snowy blossoms wave,  
And some one in accents low—  
Half in sorrow, half in dread—  
Ask who owns that narrow bed,  
Tell them this, this only tell—  
"He whose ashes sleep below,  
Loved both flowers and children  
Lastly, daisy, tell me this— [well."  
Shall I then find happiness?

Ne'er a word the daisy said.  
From her bosom, sun-ward spread,  
Shone a golden radiance round,  
But no syllable, no sound:  
Only in her lifted eye  
Could I read this mute reply—  
"With humility and meekness  
God abideth—strength in weakness,  
Beauty shrin'd in meanest things,  
Music in the simplest strings.  
To the haven of the blest,  
Choose the path that seems the best:  
This at least will lead thee to it—  
'Learn thy Maker's will, and do it.'"

*Glasgow, June, 1869.*

*PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.*

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A MODERN PAPAL MIRACLE.

THE intelligent psychologist has never far to look for subject matter. If he does not find "sermons in stones," he can always rely on getting excellent discourses in our social customs, our popular superstitions, and our religions. Nowhere is there more room and greater need for the psychologist than in the religious field. The "miracles" of all faiths form an interesting investigation, and one promising great results. Nor need we fear that "the age of miracles is past," according to our orthodox friends, and that we shall have to rely on volumes written by nobody knows whom. The devout Roman Catholic knows better; *his* God is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" and if miracles were wrought in Jerusalem in ancient times, they can be repeated in Rome to-day.

The study of psychology, in its wider sense, has a peculiarly liberalising tendency. It enables us to look with charity and judge with compassion in subjects rarely spoken of without rancour or contempt. Especially is this the case in regard to the miracles or wonders of all religions. These have been greatly misapprehended, both by the believers and the sceptics; and though both are doubtless in error, we think it the lesser evil that the phenomena should be believed in, though its character be not understood, than that we should be so blinded by prejudice as to deny the evidence of our senses. Psychology frequently enables us to see where "both were right and both were wrong." By it we see both sides of the shield, and can satisfy ourselves, if not the disputants, that the one is silver and the other copper.

It is scarcely necessary for us to show that there can be no such thing as miracles, in the ordinary acceptance of that term. Few, we should think, even in the Church, believe in "violations of the laws of nature." To assert anything to be at variance with the laws of nature, assumes a knowledge of these laws no sane man would claim. The "miraculous" and "supernatural" are continually receding before the tide of science. "Every general law is only a particular fact of some *more* general law, presently to disclose itself. There is no outside, no finally enclosing wall. The principle which to-day seems circumferential, to-morrow appears included in a larger."

The Roman Catholic branch of the Church has always been prolific in "miracles." Scarcely a saint but has been the instrumentality for some wondrous work, and great has been the influence exerted over millions of our fellow-creatures by these representations. The church has appealed to these "miracles" as evidence of its divine origin and supremacy, with a success but too apparent. Their Protestant opponents meet these statements with a flat denial, and point in triumph to several petty tricks in which they have been discovered. But the facts are too numerous and well authenticated to be argued or sneered down. No, our Protestant friends must try other tactics. Let them carefully study the phenomena embraced by mesmerism and spiritualism, and

they will soon be in a position to understand in some degree the majority of the so-called miracles. We do not assert that they will thus be able to *explain* all the whys and wherefores of such phenomena, but they will be enabled to accept them as facts without having recourse to "special providences" as a cause. They would find such miracles to be common to all ages and religions, varying in detail with national idiosyncrasies. Many of them, too, are reproducible almost at command, varying only in degree. Surely to the properly constituted mind this would be preferable to denying them altogether, simply because we cannot satisfactorily explain them. It is always uncomfortable and irritating to call a man a liar.

The above remarks have been suggested by the appearance in Belgium of another "Estatica." This peculiar phenomenon has been observed several times on the bodies of devout members of the Catholic Church, according to credible authority. It consists of marks on the body in imitation of the wounds received by Christ at the crucifixion, and is looked on by the faithful as a token from God of his special presence among them, and as proof of their being *the* Church. Science has not yet enabled us to say exactly how such phenomena are produced; and although it is unlikely we shall ever be able to reduce them, as it were, to an equation, enough is known to take them out of the category of the miraculous. The effects of impressions, or the power of the mind over the physical organism, is a deep subject, and one of vast importance. It is yet in its infancy. We are principally acquainted with it in its destructive manifestations; but as a writer on the subject says—"Action and reaction are equal; and if you can tell me the exact amount of injury which fright, grief, or any other maleficent impression is capable of producing on the health, then I will tell you the exact amount of benefit which an impression of an opposite character, and rightly directed, is competent to effect in the way of cure."\* A magnificent example of this power was recorded in the February number of this magazine, the case being that of a woman who gave birth to a child having an extraordinary resemblance to a rat; the cause being, that from conception, and during the whole time of utero-gestation, she had been frightened by the presence of rats in her house. All who have experimented in mesmerism know the wonderful effects which can be produced in susceptible subjects, mentally and physically, by the will of the operator.

In the case under consideration, and the majority of such, we have all the elements desirable for the production of such phenomena. Again to quote from Mr Jackson, "they were the natural and necessary effects of a fixed, or shall we say often recurrent idea, acting on an organisation more than ordinarily susceptible to the influences of the nervous system. Now, what was this idea? The agonising scene of the crucifixion, impressed in all its horrors, first by a physical presentment of the image, carved, coloured, and set forth with all that efficiency

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\* "Mesmerism in connection with Popular Superstitions," by J. W. Jackson—an excellent work on the above and cognate subjects. London: Progressive Library.



and force of representation for which the Roman Church has long been celebrated in her more imposing ceremonies; next by the fervent and eloquent address of the priest; and lastly, by the frequent and prolonged meditation of the devotee."

The following deeply interesting narrative is from the columns of *The Tablet*, one of the most respectable periodicals of the Roman Catholic Church in England. It is noted for its trustworthiness and non-sensational character, so that the reader need have little hesitation in accepting the facts reported. We give it *verbatim* :—

#### THE "ESTATICA."

We feel some difficulty in noticing the details of a case so full of delicacy and mystery, and in a journal which may fall into the hands of readers of all classes, including many to whom such a narrative can only be an occasion for profane mockery. But certain considerations, which seem to us decisive, induce us to do so. It is precisely at a moment when the world is more than ever hostile, and its impious maxims propagated with more audacity than ever, that the Vicar of Christ has chosen to summon a General Council, with the object of reproof with greater solemnity its falsehoods and impieties, and of providing a remedy for the evils which afflict society. Why should we wonder if Almighty God, wishing to rebuke the madness of the world, should choose the same moment to produce another "*Estatica*"—one of those mysterious beings in whom, if we may so speak, the Passion of his Divine Son is reproduced? Our account is derived from the ancient Dominican who was appointed by the Bishop of the diocese to investigate the case, and from whom we have received the following report :—He arrived at the village of Bois d' Haisne, at the House of Lafans, about one o'clock in the day. Louisa was at that very moment in one of her mysterious trances; but the venerable Provincial was only disposed to doubt, since her appearance was perfectly natural. However, the parish priest, who accompanied him, soon convinced him of the reality by shaking her violently, and then sticking pins into her arms and legs without producing the smallest effect upon her; nor did blood flow from the punctures, though they were deep. Finding that she was entirely insensible they proceeded to examine her hands and feet, in which they found the distinct marks of the *stigmata*. There were also marks of the Crown of Thorns round her head, but there was no trace of blood in any of the wounds. After about a quarter of an hour's observation, the priest recalled her to consciousness by the simple words: "Well Louisa!" She opened her eyes quite naturally, and then saw the Provincial. The priest explained to her that he had been sent by the Bishop to investigate the matter. In answer to his inquiry as to what she had seen in her ecstasy, she replied that she had been assisting in the bearing of the Cross. He was very much struck both with her simplicity and ignorance: she was merely a peasant girl, and nothing more. The priest having left the house, the Provincial resolved to remain and watch the case; but that he might not appear to be doing so, he took out his Breviary and began to say his office. He remarked only that she turned to the east, and that her expression was one of singular modesty and recollection. At a

little before two o'clock she gave a deep sigh and lifted up her hands. Soon her watcher perceived a stream of blood to issue from the wound in the left hand, which could not have been caused by any instrument or other agency, as she had not moved from her arm-chair, and her hands did not touch each other. Tears flowed from her eyes and fell unheeded on her cheek. Her expression changed to one expressing great anguish, a kind of foam escaped from her lips, and filled her mouth. At a quarter to three she fell, her arms being extended in the shape of a cross and her feet separated, while her head was lying on the ground. Her sister ran to put cloths under her head and feet, the former being lifted with great difficulty. Her face was warm, but her hands and feet were icy cold and as if dead, while the pulse apparently ceased to beat. At three o'clock she moved, crossing her feet a little, and assuming exactly the attitude of Christ on the Cross. Thus she remained till four o'clock, when she suddenly rose, knelt with clasped hands, and seemed to pray with the utmost fervour. Her body during this time appeared as if it scarcely touched the ground. After about ten minutes she seated herself again in the arm-chair, resuming her attitude of modest recollection, and the Provincial thought she would soon be herself again; but the most curious phenomena were yet to come. After a few seconds, her expression became painfully distressed; she lifted her arms again in the shape of a cross, sighing heavily, and greenish foam again escaping from her mouth; while the mark of the Crown of Thorns on her head became more and more distinct. Suddenly she burst forth in a loud cry, and bowed her head. At that moment her body had all the appearance of death, her face was deadly pale, and even cadaverous; her lips were black and livid; her eyes glassy, open, and apparently without life. At a quarter-past five, she closed her hands, and her whole body assumed the appearance of our Saviour when laid in the sepulchre. A few moments after, the colour returned to her cheeks, and her face assumed an expression of intense beatitude. The parish priest came back at this moment, and, taking a lamp of petroleum, put it close to her eyes without her perceiving it. The Provincial pricked her feet, both on the soles and on the upper parts, without her feeling it in the smallest degree. At a quarter-past six she suddenly became perfectly natural, the pulse began to beat as usual, and she was "herself" again. The Provincial then proceeded to question minutely as to what she had seen and felt during the three hours of ecstasy. Her answers were simple and straightforward as those of a child. She had been allowed to participate, as it were, in the whole Passion of our Lord. Her description of his person, and that of his mother, and her dress, &c., &c., were in exact accordance with the tradition of the Church. When asked anything beyond this, she simply replied: "I did not remark," "I don't know." She had no recollection of anything she had herself done during her ecstasy. She seemed to think little or nothing of these extraordinary visions, and did not attribute to herself any merit of holiness in consequence. She is a Tertiary of St Francis, but knows very little of his history. In answer to some further questions which were put to her, she replied that she had never been spoken to by our Lord, and that she had seen the evil

one under various forms; but when she mentioned him she seemed filled with a great fear. The following morning she was at the parish church, and received the Holy Communion at the hands of the Provincial with the greatest reverence. The priest's housekeeper being absent, she came to the presbytery to prepare the breakfast. The Provincial was struck with her brisk and healthy appearance, and could scarcely imagine that he beheld in the bright, simple, servant girl before him the "Estatica" who in a few hours probably would again be undergoing this mysterious conformity to the sufferings of our blessed Lord.

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### SPIRITUALISM.

*To the Editor of the Eastern Post.*

Sir,—My attention has been drawn to a report of my evidence before the committee of the Dialectical Society in a recent number of your issue. I request, in the cause of truth and fairness to myself, that you will publish the following.

Upon the earnest request of several members of the committee I reluctantly consented to help them in their attempts to get to the bottom of those phenomena called "spiritual," on the understanding that nothing was to be published without my consent, and until I had had an opportunity of revising the reporters' notes. Believing that I was, in a measure, before a private committee, I detailed a great many things of a personal nature, which related to the alleged phenomena, and I have to complain of these things being put before the public. The very nature of the subject, the most extensive and intricate with which the mind of man has ever had to deal, makes it one which the general public cannot understand, and the attempt of your correspondent is of necessity incomplete.

My statements, which referred to the relations between the known physical forces, and those phenomena which the Dialectical Society is inquiring into, are either omitted or abbreviated.

My real statement about Mrs Manchester was to this effect—

I had recently arrived in New York—was then acquainted with no Spiritualists in America, but had heard before-hand in England much of the clairvoyant power of certain people who work at it as a profession. I called at the office of a seller of Spiritual books, where I was wholly unknown, made a purchase, and asked where these media were to be found; receiving then the addresses of five or six, I determined to see whether they could describe my condition of health, as a test of their powers. I called upon three of them in succession; they all told me correctly the state of my health, and Mrs Manchester volunteered information that I should have important legal documents, &c., by next mail. Now, I had no communication with my solicitors since my arrival in the States, expected none at the time, and was greatly surprised at the contents of my solicitors' communication when it arrived. I received this information by clairvoyance on the Monday, and on the following Wednesday it was confirmed by the mail from England.

This was a case in which collusion was impossible. The entranced medium could not have obtained the information by reading my thoughts,

because no such thoughts were in my head. All persons acquainted with the labours of Dr Elliotson and Dr Ashburner are aware that clairvoyants often have the power of reading the thoughts of others. This I have repeatedly tested for myself.

I was careful to explain to the committee of the Dialectical Society how necessary it was in this intricate investigation not to rely upon one's own evidence, unless it is supported by collateral proof, it being so easy for the unwary to be deceived or deceive themselves.

I gave cases in which I and others at a distance from each other, and neither of us expecting any communications, had simultaneously received the same news from the communicating power.

I have never courted publicity—on the contrary, have avoided it as much as possible, and have only volunteered to detail the results of my investigations, extending over a period of more than twelve years, when people anxious about the matter have pressed me to help them. The fate of Socrates, Galileo, Baron Reichenbach, Dr Elliotson, Dr Ashburner, Dr Grey (who is now the leading physician of New York), and many others, is sufficient warning to all not to avow publicly convictions dissonant with popular prejudices.

The day has gone by for the infliction of social persecution upon those who investigate the facts of the material universe. Human knowledge has progressed during the last fifty years to such an extent that he seems ridiculous who attempts to indicate any boundary beyond which man's intellect will never be able to pass. Who would have believed in the commencement of this nineteenth century, that light, chemicals, and lenses, would produce portraits, that anybody could travel from London to Glasgow in a comfortable carriage in ten and a half hours, or that messages could be rapped out from London to San Francisco on the one hand, and to China and India on the other, in less than an hour? I have sent a message from London by my own hand direct to Omsk, in Siberia, and received an answer back in less than three minutes. This message was rapped out by electricity in Siberia in a manner not much unlike that by which "spiritual" communications are often transmitted by sounds through living media, the only difference being that while in the former case the power used has received the name of "electricity," and the channel that of "metal wire," in the latter case the power employed has not as yet been christened, its nature is not understood, and its medium of communication is only partially known.

In my communication to Dr Tyndall, who had requested a detailed description of some of the phenomena I had seen, I told him the subject was not ripe for publication, even for scientific men. If the reading portion of London residents could be polled I don't think you would find five per cent. of them acquainted with the ordinary phenomena of somnambulism, the odic force, and mesmerism, and until one is somewhat familiar with these it is impossible to comprehend the much more intricate phenomena comprised under the names of clairvoyance and spiritualism.

You can scarcely select hap-hazard a dozen families, without finding one or two members of them who have received at the moment of the

death of some near relative a communication announcing the fact at a distance. These communications are often made by the dying person appearing to some member of the family at the moment of passing away. The death-moment seems the most easy one in which to make such communications. Notwithstanding the enormous number of such cases, some of them supported with such striking collateral proof as to remove all doubt, the possessors of such information are afraid to narrate these interesting facts except under the seal of confidence, because the world at large ridicules that which it does not understand.

In Plato's divine and moral works, subject "Theages" or "Wisdom," Socrates tells Theages—"I have had by the favour of God, ever since I was born, a genius that always accompanies and governs me. This genius is a voice which, whenever it speaks to me, always diverts me from what I have a mind to do," and much more to the same effect. Socrates boldly told the truth, and for exposing the superstition of the day was killed, but not until he had demonstrated, on the morning of his execution, the immortality of the soul.

Joan of Arc, who led the French successfully against our soldiers, was burned to death, not because the English were beaten, but because she declared that she was instructed by a voice from an unseen intelligence which she called "God," and as her conscience would not allow her to recant she was burnt, and as the flames approached her she exclaimed, "Yes, my voices were from God!"

Galileo, who taught that the earth rotated on its axis and revolved around the sun, only saved his life by going down on his knees and recanting.

These are sufficient warnings of the state of public opinion respecting those who have the courage to avow a knowledge of facts, dissonant with popular prejudices.

Wesley, the founder of a religion bearing his name, was a witness of the spiritual phenomena called raps, which occurred in a marked manner in his own family, one or more of whom were rapping media. All the details are perfectly authenticated by documents written and signed upon the spot, and many of the facts will be found in "Southey's Life of Wesley." Swedenborg, again, a scientific writer of no small power, had most remarkable experiences as a conscious clairvoyant.

In the case of the Seeress of Prevorst, many instances are given, attested by declarations of medical men and state functionaries, of remarkable phenomena similar to many I have personally witnessed. Dale Owen's list of cases in his "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World" are well worth perusal.

The Indian Government some years since caused an official inquiry to be made into the reality of certain mesmeric phenomena among the natives, and the result of the inquiry confirmed the truth of the facts of mesmerism. Notwithstanding all these and many other existing records of unusually well authenticated cases, it is surprising how few people in this country have attempted to inquire into or know anything about the subject. I know many medical men who, when the study door is locked, freely and earnestly discuss these matters, and tell their own experiences, but at the same time confess that they dare not open their

mouths to others, fearing the fate of Dr Elliotson, who lost a practice of thousands a year for telling the truth.

How many are there in London who know of the existence of the Mesmeric Hospital? In the spiritual works of which there are hundreds of volumes, principally of American authorship, and kept in stock only in this country as far as I know by Mr Burns, of Wellington-road, Camberwell. In these works the nomenclature is greatly at fault. The word "spirit" is most frequently used to express that which Plato meant by the word "soul," and the word "magnetism" for the power by which a person is entranced or influenced by some other person. But the upper end of a large piece of rock-crystal produces the same action upon many people, and the force is not magnetism. The word "electricity" is used to express a great many unnamed scarcely recognised powers, which operate in plants, animals, and men. "Time" and "space" are frequently referred to express metaphorically "correspondences" which we are unable to comprehend, though having some distant relation thereto. Spirits of higher intelligence than ourselves seem not to know of space and time in our sense of these words, hence the student of such literature is sorely perplexed at first.

Notwithstanding the vastness of the field of inquiry, there are certain facts which almost anyone can with care and patience establish.

1st. That those who have died so far as the flesh and blood body is concerned, do still exist, and can under certain conditions make known to those still in the earthly body that they live and retain their identity and individuality.

2nd. That the next stage of our existence is one of progress—rapid with those who have been kindly natured and active here, and who act up to the law promulgated by Confucius 2,300 years ago, and adopted by every great subsequent lawgiver, namely—"Do you unto another what you would that that other should do unto you." Progress is slow with those who have been brutal, slanderous, and guilty of high crimes causing great suffering, such, for instance, as that imperfectly expressed by the phrase "sharp practice."

3rd. It further *seems to be beyond doubt* that in man's next stage of existence he is unable to conceal his true nature, his body in that state being formed of what was his memory in this life. The whole of his acts and thoughts while on earth, are constantly before himself and his neighbours so long as the consequences of these acts and thoughts remain in action.

In conclusion, when I was pressed by the Dialectical Society to explain to them the results at which I had arrived, I cautioned them not to accept them as anything better than the merest conjectures or attempts at hypotheses. That spiritual phenomena exist, any man possessed of common sense can prove for himself by experiment. The best existing explanation of them is probably as wide of the truth as alchemy was from chemistry; nevertheless, the pursuits of the alchemists have in the form of chemistry led to the production of much more wealth than entered into their wildest dreams, and the discoveries of some of the causes of contagious diseases have already lengthened the average term of human life. I have yet to learn that it is irrational to

endeavour to discover the causes of unexplained phenomena, and no amount of adverse public opinion will deter me in my endeavour to clear up this question.—I am Sir, yours truly,

C. F. VARLEY.

June 6, 1869.

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### THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY AND SPIRITUALISM.

THE world is already very much indebted to the ladies and gentlemen who constitute the Spiritualistic Committee of the Dialectical Society. By their recent acts and opinions, they have answered the somewhat obscure and momentous question—What is Spiritualism? On Tuesday evening, June 15, a seance was held at the house of Dr Edmunds, 4 Fitzroy Square, London. The *Eastern Post* thus reports what took place:—

Some forty persons, including many of rank, some savants, and literary celebrities, assembled to meet Mrs Marshall, a medium credited with the possession of considerable powers. Mr Coleman introduced the medium, and explained there was no possibility of collusion between her and any person then present.

Mr Jeffreys was then asked to write out the names of ten persons, and fix that of one in particular in his mind. The spirits had given some negative raps upon a few of the names when pointed to, when Dr Edmunds stated that he could tell from an involuntary movement on the part of the writer which was the name expected. This turned out to be correct. A second list was prepared, and the spirits proved to be as exact as Dr Edmunds had been. They were successful in giving the name of a person whose initials Mr Levy wrote privately on a piece of paper. It was difficult to explain this, for the medium had not seen Mr Levy writing. A sheet of paper was marked and put under the table with a pencil. Those present were told by Mr Coleman not to look under the table, and this injunction was followed by a command from the spirits that all not sitting at the table should retire into the next room. The spirits were very loth to write; they blamed the pencil, and even when another was given them, nothing beyond an illegible scrawl was produced. Some small coins were then placed under the table beside a glass. Presently the chink of the money being transferred to the glass was heard. Dr Edmunds found the glass moved about six inches from where he had put it. In answer to a question, it was stated that the medium wore shoes, not boots. A sheet of paper was then held by the medium and some others; a number of distinct raps were made on it without any perceptible movement being noticeable on the part of those that held it.

A different class of manifestations then set in. A small round mahogany table was brought from another room. The medium and three others sat at it, and placed their hands on the top. It tilted so violently that those present had to rise, and it then jumped some six inches into the air. Presently it began to move off around the room, the little circle experiencing great difficulty in keeping their hands upon it. Mrs Marshall, however, kept her fingers on the top all the time.

On its way it jumped on to an ottoman, and then made for the door, against which it knocked with great determination. By this time only one gentleman kept his hands on it with Mrs Marshall, and he leant heavily on the table when it rose to strike the door, but the upward pressure was not to be overcome. At length the table knocked one of its claws off, and then balancing itself on the remaining two, made a jump at the shoulder of a lady standing near. It leapt some two or three feet from the ground, and, coming down heavily, broke off another claw. It was then laid up in hospital, and staid quiet for the remainder of the evening.

The medium then took her stand next a grand piano, and Mr Coleman asked the spirits to rap on the wires. This they did not do, but they rapped on the piano with great energy. "Is there anyone here," said Mr Coleman, "who thinks that these things are done by the medium? Let them now say so, that they may be satisfied." Dr Edmunds said that, as a challenge was thrown down, it would certainly be satisfactory if the medium would move from a part of the piano where her toes were within two inches of the foot. Mrs Marshall at once complied, but the raps changed their character, and the spirits could not be persuaded to give forth the distinctive sounds which were so marked before an unworthy suspicion caused them to sulk. However, raps were given at a cupboard door, and at a folding-door, no one being at the other side, and the medium's feet not being in contact with the vibrating surface.

The circle at the large table was then reformed. The medium's dress was very forcibly pulled under the table. Mr Dyte held down a handkerchief, and it was nearly pulled from his grasp.

We abridge the description very much in some places, as the questions and tests were for the most part of a very paltry kind. The *Eastern Post* concludes thus, and we congratulate him on his much-improved manner:—What was the general effect produced by the manifestations? Simply this, that the spiritualists attributed everything, mistakes and all, to the spirits, and the sceptics ascribed everything to magic. Seeing is not always believing. But there were many things which the most hardened sceptics present would have felt considerable difficulty in accounting for on any theory satisfactory to themselves. How did the spirits come to know the name of Mr Levy's absent friend? By what means did the table become so animated that it danced its legs off? We do not profess to know; we therefore do not profess to believe. We describe facts, and leave the public to draw their own conclusions.

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### STRANGE STORY OF AN "APPARITION."

ON Wednesday last week (which was celebrated in Dundee as the Queen's Birth-day), a mysterious affair occurred in the Wellgate; so strange, indeed, that had the facts not been authenticated by the most reliable witnesses, we would have at once pronounced them incredible, attributing the phenomenon to the influence of glamour. The facts are



these:—On Wednesday, about eleven o'clock at night, two ladies, holding a most respectable position in society, were returning from a friend's house to their own home in Wellgate. To reach their house they have to walk through an entry leading from the street; and it was after they had gone through this close, and when about to walk up the steps leading to their door, that they beheld the figure of a woman standing at a few yards' distance from them, but within a high paling which encloses the green at the back of the house. There was something bewitching, yet weird-like, about the woman; she was tall and handsome, her features wore a melancholy cast, and her appearance was enhanced by the glossy raven tresses which hung over her shoulders and back. Her head was uncovered, and she wore what seemed to be a brown wincey dress. Holding a lighted candle in one hand she stood motionless, and gazed intently at the two ladies. The latter having recovered from their astonishment at beholding such a supernatural-looking being, asked her why she was standing in such a place, and at that time of the night; but the "figure" deigned not to reply. Lifting her disengaged hand in front of her breast, she made some mystic signs with her fingers, then let her hand fall down, and she was again the same motionless figure as before. The ladies upon this became quite excited, and ran out to the street and procured the aid of two constables; but though they searched every part of the premises no trace of the "apparition" could be seen. The gate of the paling was locked, and the paling itself would be very difficult to climb, being five or six feet high. A very short time had elapsed from the moment the ladies saw the figure till they procured the services of the policemen, and no one could have come out by the close without observation. The affair altogether is very mysterious, but in whatever way it can be explained, the above may be relied upon as a true statement of facts.—*Dundee Courier*.

## CURE OF NEURALGIA BY MAGNETISM.

(To the Editor.)

SIR,—Having been a great sufferer from neuralgia, I should be neglecting my duty if I did not make known how, under God's blessing, I have received so much relief. For twelve years I had been tormented with the neuralgic affection in the principal seats of the fifth nerve of the face. My condition was such that the slightest movement of the jaw, the least pressure on the cheek, warm or cold fluids, would throw me into excruciating agony. I was compelled to take my food in a fluid state, and the slight effort required in swallowing this would cause a return of the pain. I had used all the appliances considered to be good in such cases, and taken an immense quantity of medicine, but without success, and have been under the most skilful physicians, who all agreed in pronouncing mine a hopeless case. Through my intense suffering my life had become unbearable. I was recommended to try Mr Humby's system of magnetism. I felt relief from his first attendance, and the paroxysms have now left me entirely—it seems like a

miracle. I am convinced that the judicious use of magnetism is a most powerful remedy for nervous complaints. My case is well known, and I should be happy to answer any inquiries.—I am Sir, yours truly,

JOSEPH WALDEN,

2 Clifton Cottages, Denmark Street,  
Camberwell.

May 17, 1860.

## PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

### THE SPIRITUALISM OF BACON.

THE belief of Bacon in spirits is naturally a sore subject to the positivists; but one would think it would be better for such to accept an inevitable necessity rather than attempt to apologise for what cannot be avoided, especially when the apology seems by no means commensurate with the object.

Mr Atkinson, in *Human Nature* of June, says—"Bacon did not altogether discredit the existence and influence of spirits, but considered that their influence, if at all, could only be considered as partial and exceptional, as he hardly set any limits to the power and ability of material nature in its more subtle and magical laws and processes."

It is certainly more than evident that "Bacon did not altogether discredit the existence and influence of spirits." It may be true also that he considered their influence as partial and exceptional; but this is all that is contended for by the spiritualists themselves, who know that only mediums, "exceptional" persons, are influenced by them in any outward form whatever.

Judging by what Bacon believed in his day, we have quite enough evidence, I think, to justify us in the assertion, that if he were alive now he would acknowledge the spiritual phenomena of the present time to be what it asserts itself to be, as proceeding, in great part at least, from the action of spirits not in the flesh,—whether good or bad, we may hope he would judge by evidence.

In the last chapter of the "*Sylva Sylvarum*," the last book written by Bacon, and published in 1627, the year after his death, he says—"If a witch, by imagination, should hurt any afar off, it cannot be naturally, but by working on the spirit of some, that cometh to the witch; and from that party upon the imagination of another; and so upon another; till it come to one that hath resort to the party intended; and so by him to the party intended himself. And although they speak, that it sufficeth, to take a point, or a piece of the garment, or the name of the party, or the like; yet there is less credit to be given to those things, *except it be by working of evil spirits*. The experiments, which may certainly demonstrate the power of imagination, upon other bodies, are few or none: for the experiments of witchcraft, are no clear proofs; for that *they may be, by a tacit operation of malign spirits*: we shall therefore be forced in this enquiry to resort to new experiments: wherein we can give only directions of trials, and not any positive experiments."

Here is something on the side of spiritualists certainly stronger than Mr Atkinson's expression would imply when he says, "Bacon did not altogether discredit the existence and influence of spirits;" still further modified as is Mr Atkinson's assertion by the expression that "their influence, *if at all*, was only partial;" for Bacon actually asserts, in the the above quoted paragraph, that credit is not to be given to certain phenomena, some of which are not uncommon in the present day, *except* it be by the working of spirits. Indeed, without the spiritual theory Bacon here confesses he can give no positive experiment in questions of imagination. It is true he refers to "evil spirits" in this instance, but that does not touch the theory, and the evil is an evil imagined by himself—that of a witch hurting persons afar off. It was not safe in those days to admit that ordinary mediums had any other than evil intentions and evil helps from evil spirits; and it is to be regretted that Bacon considered himself necessitated to truckle to the times, and to assume the dark side as a necessity when the mediums were persons of inferior rank. But when Bacon comes to safe ground, and the medium is no less a person than a pope, of course it is all the other way. Here is a case of "divine" mediation. Bacon tells us—"Pius Quintus, at the very time when that memorable victory was won by the Christians against the Turks, at the naval battle of Lepanto, being then hearing of causes in consistory, brake off suddenly, and said to those about him—'It is now more time we should give thanks to God for the great victory he hath granted us against the Turks.' It is true that victory had a sympathy with his spirit, for it was merely his work to conclude that league. *It may be that revelation was divine.* But what shall we say then to a number of examples amongst the Grecians and Romans? where the people, being in theatres at plays, have had news of victories and overthrows some few days before messengers could come."

One thing appears to me perfectly plain, viz., that if Bacon, as Mr Atkinson says, "hardly set any limits to the power and ability of material nature in its more subtle and magical laws and processes," yet he did draw a line somewhere; and that line was drawn where Spiritualism intervened, and where Spiritualism appeared to be the most reasonable solution of a difficulty; and that he, moreover, utterly repudiated the theory of Mr Atkinson, that what mediums assert proceeds from spirits is merely the unconscious action of their own minds, or what Mr Gardner calls "doing it themselves." The following passage from the same chapter of the "*Sylva Sylvarum*," will, I think, set the matter at rest. Speaking of certain ancient philosophers, "who did first plant a monstrous imagination," he tells us that "they did insinuate that no distance of place, nor want or indisposition of matter, could hinder magical operations; but that (for example) we might here in Europe have sense and feeling of that which was done in China: and likewise we might work any effect without and against matter: *and this not holpen by the co-operation of angels or spirits*, but only by the unity and harmony of nature. There were some also that staid not here; but went further and held, that if *the spirit of man* (whom they call the microcosm) do give a fit touch to the spirit of the world by strong imaginations and beliefs, it might command nature; for Paracelsus,

and some darksome authors of magic, do ascribe to *imagination exalted* the power of miracle-working faith. With these vast and bottomless follies men have been (in past) entertained."

Now what this "imagination exalted," this assumption of the power of the individual man himself, to work wonders only "by the unity and harmony of nature," and "not holpen by the co-operation of angels or spirits," can be, if it be not Mr Atkinson's "conscious and unconscious action of the mind," and Mr Gardner's "doing it themselves," I am at a loss to conceive. The assumption of the old magicians, like that of the material philosophers of the present time, who hold that people here can, by powers invested in themselves, through the unity and harmony of nature, and without the co-operation of angels or spirits, have a sense and feeling of what is done at a distance; or that the spirit of man, unassisted by external spirits, could by strong imagination and belief command nature with the power of miracle-working faith, was the very fallacy which Bacon condemned, and yet the very fallacy which Messrs Atkinson and Gardner assume or imply.

Mediums invariably assert and believe their works and communications proceed from spirits, and not from their own power or the conscious or unconscious action of their own minds, because the communications which they receive assert this. Messrs Atkinson and Gardner, by assuming the contrary, go a step farther than the old philosophers, for they do not even call in as aid the unity and harmony of nature in this instance; for what can be more contrary to nature's harmony than the assumption that all which spiritual communications assert concerning themselves and their origin is false?

It is to be regretted that Bacon did not live to carry out an expressed intention: it might have given more than one new lesson of inductive philosophy, spiritual as well as progressive. "Men," he says, "observe when things hit and not when they miss, and commit to memory the one and forget and pass over the other. But touching divination and the misgiving of minds, we shall speak more when we handle in general the nature of minds and souls and spirits."

W. R. TOMLINSON.

## THE "UNKNOWABLE" PHILOSOPHY.

(To the Editor.)

A NEW school of philosophy is the "Unknowable." Apart from the absurdity of predicating the existence of any thing, condition, or power which is "unknowable," this new school appears to know much more than the party whom it opposes. Mr Atkinson, a distinguished exponent of this sect, seems to infer that your discussion with him is a personal one, and he would narrow the question to a passage of arms between the editor of *Human Nature* and himself. In this he is greatly mistaken: it is not a conflict of that kind at all, but one of far greater extent, involving two opposite views of creation and existence. The popular theological school affirms that out of nothing God created all things, an absolute creation. This proposition seems to my

mind to be very near the truth. Modern science points to the time when no "thing" existed. The organic forms, or "things," we are every day acquainted with, were "no-thing" before they became things or objects. The substances of which things are composed may become objectively shapeless, and take on a gaseous, radiant, or dynamic form, for an indefinite period of time, and be again created out of their nothingness into "things" as we know them. Was not the universe, as we now see it, in this manner created at the beginning of the present order of things? and does not the operations of nature from day to day bring about a similar result? The Spiritual philosophy teaches that intelligence, or what you call "mind-power," spirit, preceded objects which are, so to speak, absolute creations of intelligence, God. But what saith the school of the "Unknowable?" They stand up for an absolute creation also; not of forms, objects, worlds, flora, and fauna, but of intelligence, which they make the result of organisation—the effect of creation, and not the cause of it. Here is a far greater miracle than the absolute creation of objects, namely, the absolute creation of mind, intelligence. It was to be regretted that you omitted, no doubt unintentionally, Mr Atkinson's phrase, "and God of Nature," yet by so doing you preserved his logical consistency. The philosophy of the "unknowable" has no function for such an unknowable being, and the exhibition of him is only a superfluous affectation.

ANTHROPOLOGOS.

[Mr Atkinson thinks we have treated him unhandsomely in introducing counter-arguments to his letters, and in ridiculing the philosophy of Positivism. The dogmatic sound which these writers give forth renders it necessary that their affected position, as well as their arguments, should be assailed. Mr Bray is also particularly sore upon us for "abusing" Mr Atkinson. Mr Atkinson is one of Mr Bray's idols, and he is, like all other idolaters, very angry when his gods are attacked. We rejoice at this little exhibition of feeling, as it shows that our arguments were otherwise unassailable. We are not idolaters ourselves, and are quite unconscious of the claims to greatness which our censors imply. Truth is our champion, whom we dare not offend; all others are as chaff and stubble, and must give way whether they like it or not. We never solicited Mr Atkinson's literary aid. He favoured us with communications, and we gladly inserted them. He said, "Shall I give you my thoughts on this subject and that subject?" and the reply was, "Yes, thank you." We had no intention, however, of muzzling the editorial mouth because of our polite concessions to receive Mr Atkinson's thoughts. The *Coventry Herald* thinks we held "the balance with a very catholic hand" till now. We ask—Must a magazine be ashamed of the truth, and be dubbed "sectarian" because it has arguments and convictions which the blind and bigotted opponents of "Spiritualism" and "Teetotalism" heartily hate, but can't refute? Is it not rather a proof of catholicity and liberality that a magazine having such convictions, and able to back them with facts and arguments, can at the same time allow the opposite side to be heard? If there was no truth, reason, nor argument, one mass of rubbish would be as good as another; and the tactics of an editor

would be to fall down and worship the ephemeral stocks and stones set up for the time being by the popular party. By claiming free speech for ourselves, we establish the same right to all others. We further beg to assure all those who would favour our readers with their contributions, that they may expect to see their arguments assailed, if such a process is thought necessary. We maintain that when an editor admits arguments against any question, he is bound to admit counter-arguments, produce such himself, or give up the question to the assailants. We have no notion of being party to a mutual admiration clique composed of editor and contributor, who would sacrifice the truth and betray their readers at the shrine of a childish conventionalism. And what is more, we do not admit certain contributions because of what may be learned from them, but merely as an element of discussion. We could fill our pages to better purpose at all times than by admitting writers on Positivism, were it not for the use which can be gained by presenting the opposite side, and offering all thinkers a free platform. The foregoing letter and remarks were written for the May number, but were crowded out. In the *Spiritual Magazine* for May, Mr Atkinson complains that "Mr Burns refuses me permission to give Dr Chance the information he desires." To this statement it is our duty to give a positive denial. We explained to Mr Atkinson that the matter was of very little interest to our readers, and that we could not devote much space to it. And, besides, Mr Atkinson had his say of upwards of three pages in our May number. We have other communications on Mr Atkinson's views, which we hope to find space for soon.]

## DO DISEMBODIED SPIRITS VISIT US?

(To the Editor.)

SIR,—My last letter on "Who produce the miracles?" was for those persons who are ever calling out against spirit manifestations and use the words "devilism," "forbidden," &c.; though as a rule, I have found that their practice of the principles of Christianity is very feeble. Perceiving the readiness to lay hold of an unguarded expression, and ring the changes thereon, I desire to explain one word used last month: *prayer* at seances. I did not mean the lengthy prayers in chapels, or the forms of prayer in churches; but that kind so beautifully expressed by Montgomery—

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed."

Driven by the unfair and illogical method of dealing with Spiritualism now in use: "Oh! don't quote the scriptures; oh! don't quote secular history; oh! don't quote your friends' experience; oh! don't quote your own," I continue to act on my own plan, guided by one leading thought—The greatest good, to the greatest number.

I go therefore to those Christians who have they know not what opinion of life after death; and who feel *amazed* at the idea that our loved relations are our ministering spirits in many cases. As the Bible

is to them the light they trust, I would recall to their remembrance that the angelic appearances mentioned are often distinctly named as *men*; thus, Lot entertained two *men* (angels). Jacob wrestled with a *man* till the break of day. Samuel appeared to Saul; and moreover said, "To-morrow thou and thy sons shall be *with me*;" proving that disembodied Samuel was not usually far off. Manoah and his wife saw a man (not a vision), and while the kid was burning on the rock, the *man* (angel) rose over the flame and disappeared. Now we pass on to the New Testament: Christ distinctly recognised the *principle* of communion with disembodied human spirits, when *Moses* and *Elias* came down, and appeared to Peter, James, and John, and communed with Christ. After Christ arose the third day, a *young man* appeared in the sepulchre. When Christ was taken up at the ascension, *two men* in shining dresses spoke to the crowd of men gazing up. Disembodied prophets attended on, and were the revealers to the seers in the flesh. St Paul states, the spirits of the seers are subject (or helpers) to the seers; and the illustration is forcibly presented to us, when the spirit of one of the prophets appeared to St John, and revealed to him things that were to come. St John was awe-stricken by the glorious appearance; the disembodied human spirit said, "The Lord God of the *spirits* of the holy seers sent *me*, his angel (messenger) to show unto his servant the things that must shortly be done." And when John, overcome, fell down to worship, he said, "See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy *brethren* the seers; worship God." Philip's four daughters were seeresses. An angel appeared and spoke to St Paul, respecting the ship that was to be wrecked; and gave him directions. An angel appeared to Philip, and instructed him to join the chariot of the Abyssinian noble. Bible authority is therefore clear, that disembodied men are our assistants. Irenæus, in 193, stated to the Roman Emperor, that all the spiritual gifts in action in St Paul, were in full action in the church at that date. He challenged a trial of miracle strength with the diviners and sorcerers of the empire. I have copied the extract as to St John and the disembodied prophets from the Sinaic (A.D. 320) version of the scriptures, rather than from our authorised version, which was translated from the Greek copies of the eleventh century, that is 700 years after.

I have effected my object, and proved the assertion, that it is a principle of Christian religion that we hold converse with, and obtain *knowledge* and *guidance* from our friends who are related to us by the ties of sympathy, whether in the family or in the Church.

Read the biographical narratives of our leading men of mark in past generations, religious and political; and we note that angel guides are ever near the "destiny men" who were working and elaborating in their then present, the history of man. Unless all past history is a myth, and we are a myth, let us accept the evidence of the *past* and the *present*, even if our circumstances in life have not enabled us personally to witness those spirit incidents, which have been witnessed by so many thousands of our fellowmen. A new reading of man's privilege is opened up; let us as parents, children, and friends lay hold.

I could unveil the privacy of home life, and narrate hundreds of

instances of help given to me and to others, even to giving recipes for curing diseases, which, being used, were effective. To sum up what may be obtained from disembodied ministering relatives who are in sympathy with us; think what minute items of care are given to us by loved ones in the flesh, and then you have a perception of the minute items of help given to us by our "angels of light."

In days gone by, disbelieving the principle of "special providence," I had intensely and in a prayerful mood, desired proof; and to my surprise a series of proofs, of a personal character, were given, which, to deny, would simply be spoilt childishness. I assert that if we were less self-conceited, less inclined to think ourselves and our doings equal and superior to Christ, his apostles, and the early officials of the Christian Church; if we were to accept the New Testament as our text book of Spiritualism, and its ethics and its spiritual phenomena as superior to ours as the sun is to the moon, we would, by using the invocation there recommended, and practising the principles there demanded of its adherents, be able to attract to us those "ministering spirits" who would, in hours of need, whether in sickness or in health, in business or in home life, be the messengers of that power, that wisdom, that love we are privileged to call "our Father." So I believe, for so have I proved.—Yours truly,

JOHN JONES.

Enmore Park, South Norwood, June, 1869.

*P.S.*—I have often been saddened by the parasites who attach themselves to Spiritualism. As adulteration is the order of the age in food, in clothing, in physic, so also is it for spiritual phenomena. Skulking, snivelling cheats pretend to be mediums, and try to deceive many, and do irrevocable mischief to the minds of learners. The wrong-doing is often assisted by ignorant women, who, knowing little or nothing of mesmeric action, take any result of sensitiveness in the sitters, as produced by spirits, say John Stone and Mary Clay, and the accidental or intentional tilting or creaking of a little table, as a satisfactory proof of the goodness or badness of some communicating spirit out of the flesh. Away with such rogues from our houses! Away with such drivelling nonsense from our family circles! Spiritualism is come to make our Christianity practical, instead of theoretical. To send our full-hearted women into the highways and byeways of active life; to help our fellow-mortals on, as providence opens the way, not to sit hugging-mugging round a little table, chattering like magpies about they know not what.

J. J.

## IS IT BIOLOGY OR SPIRIT POSSESSION?

(To the Editor.)

MR J. W. JACKSON, in his work on popular superstitions, explains (p. 34) the phenomena of supposed spirit possession as being "simply the symptoms of a paroxysm of epilepsy," in which condition the "unfortunates, although ignorant, would occasionally speak with astonishing volubility on the most abstruse topics," and reveal "the secret thoughts or past actions of by-standers, reply to questions put



mentally, and occasionally foretell impending occurrences;" in all of which cases, he says, "the experienced mesmerist has no difficulty in recognising the effects of sympathetic re-action," the whole being a "delusion not as to the facts but as to their causes," which are misapprehended.

Mr A. J. Davis, speaking on the same subject, says in his "Stellar Key," at page 171, "the supposition that spirits enter personally the bodies of mediums, as though these were automata, is unphilosophical. A multitude of spiritualists and mediums are now recovering from the effects of such mischievous superstitions."

Here we have the evidence of two highly intelligent witnesses, who, although radically opposed to each other on the question of Spiritualism, are yet in accord upon the point of supposed spirit possession. Both attribute the "possession" theory to a delusion, but from different sources; one to the biology of human beings, the other to that of both human beings and spirits disembodied—mesmerism, or human magnetism, being the means in all cases alike.

"Whoever has seen," Mr Jackson says, "a good biologist operate, will be at no loss to understand how the most substantial sorcerer might remain intact and unseen, by any number of his surrounding disciples, although in the very midst of them," all the effects being merely "impressions *on the mind*, not the *senses* of the percipient." On this theory it is to be presumed Mr Jackson would explain the Davenport phenomena, considering the large audience of sceptical and dissentient persons, as "disciples" under biological influence, and against the wishes and convictions of a great portion of whom, are yet made to witness identically the same effects, not through the senses but simply through mental "impression."

It may also be presumed that Mr Jackson would apply the same theory to the Mumler portraits, by saying that the mental image of the deceased person being in the mind of the person sitting to the artist, the sun's rays not only delineated the sitter but also the mental image of his deceased relative, through the biologic law. If this be the theory, it would be interesting to know whether there is any record in mesmeric experience of the production of a *permanent* result like that of a photographic picture—a result unlike the "money which turned to nothing in the hands of those to whom it was paid," but like the so-called spirit photographs, which are current coin of sterling value to the persons and their families who have been fortunate enough to receive them.

A. B. TIETKENS.

## A WOMAN'S WORK IN WATER CURE, AND SANITARY EDUCATION.\*

THE second edition of this well known American work, stereotyped by Fowlers and Wells of New York, under the title of "Experience in Water Cure," and sold for many years and in many thousands, has just

\* London : J. Burns, 1s, or 8d as a supplement to *Human Nature*.

been issued, with a careful revision by the author, and some interesting additional matter. Mrs Gove Nichols, the author of this work, of Scottish and Welsh descent, a near relation of John Neal, the celebrated American poet and novelist, whose contributions to "*Blackwood's*" were the sensation of a past generation, has not written solely upon water cure. Her biography in Mrs Hall's "*Woman's Record*" gives her a high place in general literature. She has published tales, novels, and poems in America, and her "*Uncle Angus*," a novel with a Scottish hero, in England, and has been a contributor to *Frazer's Magazine*, *All the Year Round*, and other high class and popular periodicals in both hemispheres. But the more earnest work of Mrs Nichols, as a teacher of health, is chiefly to be considered in a notice of the work before us; and her claims in this respect are of no ordinary character. She was, we believe, the first woman in America—perhaps in the world, in modern times at least—who, by a thorough and enthusiastic study of medicine as a science, qualified herself for the work of teacher and healer. She was the first, urged by an overpowering sense of duty, to give public courses of lectures to women on physiology and health, a collection of which lectures was published by Harper Brothers, the largest American publishers. She was also among the earliest to study and adopt the hydropathic system of treatment, at first by herself, and later aided by her husband, an educated physician. This book, compactly but very neatly printed, at a cheap price for wide circulation, is the record of a very large and remarkable experience in the treatment of both acute and chronic disease: and in its clear statement of methods, must be of great value in home treatment, especially to mothers of families, in their own cure and the treatment of their children. On the appearance of the first English edition of this work, after thousands of copies of the American edition had been circulated in this country, it was widely noticed and extracted from by the press, and the *London Review* gave an admirable *resumé* of the work in an article of several columns length, in which the writer says—"The grand feature in water-cure is its simplicity. Every person can practise it—the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the learned. Wherever can be found a sponge, a pail, and a pump, there are the instrumentalities of water-cure; and whoever makes a daily practice of more or less extensively cleansing his body, is a practical student of the hydropathic system. In truth, water-cure seems natural to man; and it only required a wide and careful observation of facts to prove that incalculable stores of curative power are wrapt up in the commonest and cheapest of the elements—fresh air, pure water, and unobstructed light. A word in conclusion. Many women are crying out for votes and work of various kinds. Let them take up this little book of Mrs Nichols, and they will find—many of them at all events will find—the very thing which they wish or need. Mrs Nichols began her career from the right point. She had no theory of women's rights to promote, though 'the wrongs of women, in destroyed health, wrecked constitutions, and shortened lives, were but too apparent.' Not to demand rights, so much as to teach how wrongs can be redressed by the power which women already possess, has been the aim and end of this lady-physician.

Her case shows, if that is needed, how much excellent and beneficent work is accessible to ladies who have intelligence, tact, and an honest desire to put their hand to it."

Seven years ago Mrs Nichols came with her husband to England, where, excepting some visits to the continent, they have since resided, engaged in literary and scientific pursuits. They are living at present in the congenial hydropathic locality of Great Malvern, and though quite unconnected professionally with the practice of water cure, Mrs Nichols gives her advice, and the benefit of her intuitive or magnetic faculties, which appertain to the gift of healing, freely, and of course disinterestedly, to these who come into the sphere of her sympathies. But those who carefully study these records of her work as a physician, and aspirations for a higher work of integral education, which shall make health universal, and all healing therefore needless, may gain at the slightest cost, and with very little of trouble and self-denial, a life-long, perhaps a long life, benefit.

We have much pleasure in offering this work as a supplement to the present number of *Human Nature*, and hope it will be widely taken up by our readers.

## SOCIETIES' MEETINGS.

### LIVERPOOL ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE institution of this Society seems to have followed close upon the delivery of a course of lectures by Dr Hitchman on the correlations of consciousness and organisation. The following is the prospectus issued :—

"*Objects*—Established January 1st, 1869, for the acquisition and promotion of a better knowledge of the true Science of Man—Spiritual, Mental, and Physical—by the formation of a Comprehensive Book Club, embracing these three departments of human nature, and by the delivery of lectures—reading of essays—papers, &c., together with casts, crania, or other illustrative specimens of organic remains, both recent and fossil—and by fellows or non-fellows, British and Foreign.

"*President*—C. Piazzi Smyth, Esq., F.R.S., Astronomer Royal for Scotland.

"*Vice-Presidents*—Sir George Ramsay, Bart., M.D.; William Osburn, Esq., F.R.S.; Barnard Davis, Esq., F.R.S.; Sir Duncan Gibb, Bart., M.D.; Thomas Inman, Esq., M.D.; Rev. George Bartle, D.D.; Rev. Joseph Taylor Goodsir, F.R.S.

"*Council*—Rev. David Hirsch, M.A.; Rev. Charles Voysey, M.A.; Dr Hugh Doherty; Dr Dawson; Dr Podmore Jones; Dr Hitchman; Mr Frederick J. Jeffrey; Mr Thomas Ellison; Dr Slack; Rev. James Turnbull, M.A.; Dr Harris; Mr Robert Wood; Mr George Shaw; Mr Richard Williams; Mr James Plastow; Mr John Thomson.

"*Treasurers*—North and South Wales Bank, Monument Place.

"JOHN FRASER, *Honorary Secretary*.

"Gentlemen desirous of joining this Society, or contributing, in any way,

to its support, may leave their names and addresses at Mr Young's library, 12 South Castle Street; or, with Mr Scragg, 83 Renshaw Street (Church of England Societies' Depot)."

The following extract is from lectures "On the Thinking Principle," by William Hitchman, M.D., F.L.S., Liverpool:—

"In thus contemplating the present discoveries of astronomical science, I find this planet shrinking to a less conspicuous station in the universe of God than is occupied by the humblest individual upon its surface; one is constrained, therefore, to assure you, that this material globe, and all that it inherits, are subservient only to THE THINKING PRINCIPLE IN MAN! Physical science is not made to rule the philosophy of mind with an inexorable rod of iron, but to *subserve* where wisdom bears command, and both are handmaids of true religion. . . . Our modern physicists are determined to know absolutely nothing out of the domain of mathematical and physical science; and they virtually confess that there *are* no subjects of knowledge outside their own physical category. . . . But, surely, it is an awful self-delusion to ignore the universal consciousness of mankind, and seek to perpetrate the erroneous belief that no certainty can be found except in physical demonstrations or in the testimony of human senses. Depend upon it, there exist truths other than the truth elicited by the science of outward observation—stern realities, above and beyond all material phenomena, evinced by the science of internal observation—the philosophy of mind; even consciousness, clad in organisation because of its temporary adaptation to the materiality of this planet, as well as the soul immortal and disembodied, eludes the field of mere physical research alone. Although alike invisible and intangible, the human mind presents to us facts incontrovertible, and incomparably more important than the discovery of protoplasm or any of the scientific results so ably elaborated by professors Tyndall and Huxley; for, awakened into the sensible world, this conscious life of ours is more essential to natural phenomena than are the material realities of one physical science to those of another. Mental science, in short, is *the* science by which all physical sciences are respectively illuminated—all eye, all ear, ethereal and divine. It is mind that sees and hears, that touches or communes, in heart or intellect, with all that is visible or invisible—things real yet intangible. . . . Self-consciousness is the first condition of moral knowledge, the power of deliberation in the human soul either to do right, or wrong, logically involves choice, which latter must, of necessity, also imply responsibility. Yes, responsibility—to whom? Both to God and our fellow-man. The highest form of this sentiment is called religion, and exists the world over, in savage and in sage, in heathen or in Christian breast, inducing acts of devotion to the Most High, and a corresponding life on earth of uninterrupted good works, by *faith*, which is the human sense of the Divine idea—a relationship, through inspiration of present hope and blessed charity, which eventually realises the promised certainty of eternal life in heaven. The soul of man, being immaterial, is unextended, and contains within itself no principle of lasting dissolution; and though material creation change from one geological age to another, giving rise to structureless as well as mathematically arranged beings, built up from similar homogeneous living matter into structures of extraordinary complexity and most singular beauty—generation after generation falling into one common tomb—the future development of our spiritual nature remains unimpaired by past time, and its glorious faculties, advancing evermore to heavenly perfection,

Flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wrecks of matter, and the crash of worlds."

## GLASGOW MESMERIC AND PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE first social meeting of the Glasgow Mesmeric and Psychological Societies was held on Tuesday the 8th June, in the Wellington Rooms, Sauchiehall Street. Mr J. W. Jackson—who is the president of both societies—presided. After tea, he congratulated the members of the societies present upon having entered upon a new career, and referred to the recent combination of the two societies—the Mesmeric Society having previously existed for eight years in its separate capacity, while the Psychologists had had a briefer history, and were known up till January last by the title of “The Glasgow Association of Spiritualists.” Addressing himself, in the first place, to the mesmerists, he observed that the question of the establishment of mesmerism as one of the branches of the healing art was a question of life and death to thousands, as a great variety of diseases had been cured by mesmerism where the conventional remedies had failed. Their object was also to prevent disease as well as to cure it. The most of the diseases that afflicted humanity had no right to exist in the form in which they were observed. The spirit of the age being a grossly material one was against them; people wanted to see and to taste all their medicines; but it was their duty to persevere and enlighten the age as to the truth of their science. While the mesmerists had been devoting themselves to the practical part of the subject, the psychologists had been endeavouring to investigate the mental constitution of man. While great progress had been made in the realm of physics, little or no progress had been made in psychology and metaphysics. He considered that the great progress in physical science was caused by the adoption of the inductive method of investigation by the physical philosophers, and he was happy to say that the Psychological Society had also adopted the inductive method in their investigations into man's mental constitution.

Mr Cyrus Gracie, secretary of the Mesmeric Society, on reading his report, said they had been labouring hard for the last two sessions, doing what they could to enlighten the public by public meetings, and teaching the science of curative mesmerism to classes, and referred to the healing work and the various operations in which the society had been engaged.

Mr George Duncan addressed the meeting on the present position of spiritualism in Glasgow and the controversy regarding it in the Glasgow Herald. He considered that the Herald's conduct was very unfair—it allowed correspondents to make charges against the spiritualists, but would not allow them to reply. He had sent two letters to the Herald, but they were not inserted. When he was writing against spiritualism and opposed to it he could get his letters published, but they would not publish his letters now that he was in favour of it. The present position of spiritualism in Glasgow was very satisfactory. Mediums were being developed, and they expected to be able to have public seances in their rooms next session.

Dr George Sexton was the next speaker. Although he had not, like Mr Duncan, become a convert to spiritualism, or rather to the spiritual theory, he had studied curative mesmerism for over 25 years, and had advocated it because he was convinced that it was an agency that was calculated, if properly applied, to do an immense amount of good; and although the medical faculty and clergy had opposed it, and were still opposed to it, great progress had been made. He urged them to pursue their labours with renewed earnestness and vigour, and then truth would ultimately triumph, as a body of men, even of small talent, whose heart was really in their work, would do more towards moving the masses than corporations composed of men of great talent who were simply playing a part. The men who in all ages had accomplished great results were men of genuine earnestness and sincerity.

Mr G. B. Clark, in addressing the meeting, spoke in favour of a more in-

timate union of all the students of the occult sciences in Glasgow, showing some of its advantages, and referred in a humorous manner to the agitation for union in the Presbyterian Churches of Britain and America, and the Pope's invitation to the bishops of the Eastern and Western Churches.

In the course of the evening the intellectual part of the entertainment was varied by duets and songs, which were very effectively rendered by Miss Eliza Kinnon and Messrs Kinnon and Wilson, and Mr Andrew Cross gave two recitations—"The Raven" and "The Bridge of Sighs." The proceedings, which were of a very pleasant and agreeable character, terminated by a vote of thanks to the Chairman and the singing of "Auld Langsyne" by the company.

### ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY IN LONDON,

At the Evening Meeting held on the 1st June, Dr Beddoe, President, in the Chair, Frederick King Green, Esq., M.R.C.S., of Burford, was elected a Fellow, and M. Emile Cartailhac, of Toulouse, was elected a Local Secretary.

Mr J. Park Harrison exhibited native relics, flints, implements, etc., exposed by the sea at Arica, Peru, during the earthquakes of August, 1868; and sketches by Lieut. Harrison of sculptured monuments in Easter Island.

A paper was read by Mr G. Harris, F.S.A., on "The Distinctions mental and moral, occasioned by Difference in Sex." The difference between the sexes was asserted to be one of a material nature only, affecting not merely the organisation, but also the texture and temperament of the material frame, which could not however be supposed to extend to the immaterial part of our nature. A great difference prevails in different departments of nature in regard to sex. In the case of some animals the female is larger and more powerful than the male; and however great the difference between individuals occasioned by sex, that occasioned by age, education, and other causes, are wider still. Among mankind moral as well as mental differences ought to be considered; and the establishment of a difference did not necessarily imply a superiority on either side, though one sex must necessarily assume the rule. Among animals the greatest feats in the way of instinct have been performed by females. Although women have, in many respects, greater opportunities than men for literary efforts, especially in the large amount of leisure at command, they have not equalled men either in philosophy, poetry, painting, or music. But if they have not equalled the men as composers, they have rivalled them as vocalists, and also as performers on the stage. In history and fiction female writers have been below the rank of male authors; in the art of letter-writing they have perhaps, in certain respects, exceeded them. As regards certain moral qualities, however, such as courage and constancy, experience might lead us to doubt whether the females might not claim the superiority; in deeds of heroism they have rivalled, if not eclipsed, the men. In respect to their capacity for government, the instances adduced of great female sovereigns showed that here also the softer sex is fully capacitated for the highest duties. As regards professions fitted for females, those which embraced the care and instruction of the young, and ministering to the sick, women are peculiarly adapted to fill; and in many branches of literature, as well as in business of several kinds, they are well fitted to engage. Nevertheless the differences between the sexes are both essential and extensive, and such as no artificial attempts can lessen; that difference, however, may not be one of actual mental or moral superiority on either side; each sex has its proper sphere of exertion and its sphere of duty, in which, and in which alone, it is calculated to excel.

Mr. J. McGrigor Allan, F.A.S.L., then read a paper "On the Real Diffe-

rences in the Minds of Men and Women," which was intended as a challenge to the advocates of the intellectual equality of the sexes. It entered into elaborate arguments in support of the proposition, that "There must be radical, permanent distinctions in mental and moral conformation, corresponding with those in the physical organisation of the sexes." The writer held that man excelled in reason,—woman in intuition; and adduced as a proof of woman's inferior reflective power, her superior instinct, in which man is surpassed by most mammalia. Girls are quicker than boys, because woman reaches maturity sooner than man,—a strong argument against the alleged equality of the sexes. Woman is always more or less an invalid. For physiological reasons, which underlie the whole question, no woman can pursue uninterrupted mental and physical labour, like man. The paper contained details as to relative size and conformation of the crania and brains of man and woman. The assertion, that women are successful rivals of men in the fields of intellectual labour, was disputed. Women are not first-rate novelists. In the highest branches of art they cannot compete with men. Of all public professions, the stage offers an opening the most legitimate for female energy and talent. Women excel as singers, dancers, actresses, and musical performers. Here there can be no invidious rivalry of sex. All women are more or less actresses; for nature and habit combine to render them proficient. In the highest realms of literature and science, man reigns supreme. The inventing, discovering, creating, cogitative mind is pre-eminently male. In the domain of pure reason, it is extremely doubtful whether women have contributed one profound original idea of permanent value to the world. Women who fulfil conjugal and maternal duties properly, are the finest specimens of the sex, and are working far more efficiently for the mental and moral progress of mankind, than those who complain of the tyranny of man and the slavery of women. We dare not ignore the lessons of experience. Thousands of years have amply demonstrated the mental supremacy of man; and an attempt to revolutionise the *status* of woman, on the assumption of an imaginary equality, would, as Dr Broca says, "induce a perturbation in the evolution of races; and hence it follows that the condition of women in society must be carefully studied by the anthropologist." Women who claim equality of the sexes are, in reality, contending for empire. They want masculine in addition to feminine privileges. They wish to be both men and women, but are nondescripts. The study of nature leads us to scout the palpable falsehood, that there are no real distinctions in the minds of men and women.

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## ADMISSION OF WOMEN TO THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

A RATHER curious, but decidedly interesting and pleasant meeting took place at the rooms of the London Dialectical Society, in George Street, Hanover Square, last night. The chair was occupied by Mrs Dyte, and a paper on the above subject was read by Miss Washington. Equality of the sexes being one of the principles of the society, it was not at all strange to the members to be presided over and addressed by ladies, nor, beyond the novelty of the circumstance, was there anything to distinguish the progress of business from that of similar assemblies conducted by men. Miss Wallington, speaking in a manner neither too diffident nor over-dictatorial, but with firmness and lucidity, divided her subject into three parts, to show, first, that a large number of women have the requisite powers of mind to enable them to fulfil the learned professions, with advantage to themselves and benefit to humanity; secondly, that such ladies ought to be allowed to exercise their faculties in those professions if they desire; and thirdly, that the objections raised are founded more on prejudice or fear than sound argu-

ment. Referring generally to eminent women, she pointed out that high powers of intellect in them have resulted from only accidental development; while, in the case of men, the results are brought about by a system which has been in use for ages in their favour. Nevertheless, they had instances of high intellectual eminence by women throughout all ages. Beginning with Hypasia, daughter of Theon of Alexandria, in the fourth century, and mentioning Aspasia of Myletus, an instructress of Socrates, she came to the eminent women of our own day, noticing particularly Mrs Somerville, Harriet Martineau, and Caroline Herschel. Having thus proved the capabilities of woman, the next point was, whether she should be allowed to exercise them. The principal difficulty to be met was that men have for ages arrogated to themselves the right—thank God not divine—of reserving certain walks of life for themselves. There was no reason why women should not enter the learned professions as well as men. Nay, they had already begun in medicine. It was asserted that woman would lose her morality if she left home. Did Florence Nightingale carry less of this morality to the Crimea than had given beauty to her domestic circle? Although she implied that single women would be most available for the professions, yet widows left with families would frequently find the knowledge previously acquired useful to them. In medicinal practice women now act as nurses. Why should they not be trained to help men in the higher branches, so that the exertions of both may be more effectual? As to preaching, there were instances of sermons being written by the minister's wife, delivered by him, and praised for excellence; and in the legal profession one of the leading members of the bar, whose name she was not at liberty to mention, attributed to the prompting of his wife the eminence he now enjoys. Willingly granting that the majority of women are in nature essentially domestic, and having no wish to see them otherwise, there were at the same time a large number of women not fitted for domestic life, and to whom such a life is fraught with misery for themselves and whoever may be connected with them. At any rate, there are not men enough in the United Kingdom to marry them all, so that clearly many cannot get married, whether they like it or not. A spirited debate followed the reading of this lady's very able, concise, and well-written paper. The president said it was admirable, and she was sure it would afford ample matter for discussion. Mr Vincent, after complimenting the reader, believed that women can be most useful in the silent use of that influence which they exercise now. The women of England—he said, in excusable forgetfulness of the masculine and feminine—have not the same confidence in woman as a “medical man” as they have in the more regular practitioners. Men would be more inclined than women to place themselves under female treatment. (Laughter.) Dr Edmunds, who, committing the same sort of lapsus, always addressed the chairwoman as “Sir,” said it was as reasonable for ladies to attend on gentlemen as for gentlemen to attend on ladies, but not more reasonable.—*Daily Telegraph*.

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THE friends of an International Congress of Spiritualists held a series of meetings at the Progressive Library, 15 Southampton Row, London, W.C., on Saturday and Sunday, June 19 and 20, when it was resolved to call a general meeting of spiritualists at the same place on July 15, at 7 o'clock, P.M., to form a committee to carry out the object of promoting an International Congress of Spiritualists. Ladies and gentlemen interested are cordially invited to attend this meeting.