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TIME AND ETERNITY—SPACE AND INFINITY.

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COROLLARIES.

If the principles and conclusions embodied in the foregoing divisions of this paper be admitted, it is unavoidable that many most important corollaries should follow. We find that the no-God hypothesis of the atheist, or shall we say, anti-theist, is untenable. So also is the hypothesis of an abstract deity, the mere impersonation of universal force, law, and order. But neither does the all-perfect Being, thus deducible from first principles, correspond to the partial and imperfect God of the theologians. The practical conclusion then to which we are brought, is, that the time has arrived for a reconsideration of both our philosophic and traditional conceptions of the Deity; a change, in the sense of growth, expansion, and elevation in the God-idea of humanity, being sooner or later inevitable. Shall we be pardoned for daring to hint suggestively at a few of the possible and probable features of this expansion and elevation, subject of course to all the correction which speculation ever receives from after-fact and experience?

There is in the first place a personal God, infinite in knowledge and power, but likewise infinite in sympathy and love; the God of our childhood and the God of our heart, restored to us as the all-perfect Father, ever present in the awakened consciousness of every one of his children; and with whom, therefore, direct and immediate intercommunion is not only possible, but to the awakened, inevitable—this infinite parent not being afar off and somewhere to seek in the distant heavens, but ever dwelling within the still depths of our own souls, if in divine majesty then also in supernal love. And let there be no misapprehension and misgivings as to

the nature and extent of this love, for that of father and mother, brother and sister, and all other near and dear relationships of earth, are but the severed and prismatic rays of the affection of God, whose severest chastisements are administered in mercy, and whose sternest discipline is the dictate of his beneficence. Let us remember that the fondest mother with her helpless infant nestling in her bosom, is but a feminine symbol of the love of God for his children; her love, inconceivable as it may be to us men, being weak when compared with his, in the same measureless proportion that the finite is inferior to the infinite.

Then we have an apparently objective and phenomenal universe, seemingly projected into time and space on the material plane, really existing as a thought in the mind of God; the divine idea, however, being a reality transcending all that the materialist has ever dreamed of, "the adamant foundation" of his everchanging world of shadowy ultimates. We thus see that the relation between creation and the creator is much nearer than that between maker and made, the visible creation being in reality God in manifestation. Hence we know that even the material universe is not a dead mechanism, but a living organism, a structural instrumentality, as we have said, for the effectuation of the divine functions on the phenomenal plane of being.

And if we can affirm this of the so-called material, what shall we say of the moral universe whereof we are ourselves a part? If suns and systems, with their mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, are all organic instrumentalities through which the divine life fulfils its various and beneficent purposes, how far more emphatically may this be affirmed of the different orders and countless individualities of the great hierarchy of created intelligence, the veritable sons of the infinite, not figuratively, but inherently and essentially children of God, each one of whom, let us hope, will some day be able to say with the inspired and holy Galilean, "I and my Father are one," and in a certain very lowly and devout sense perhaps, even, "he that hath seen me hath seen the Father." It is here that we see not only the possible but the assured, and we may say with all reverence, inevitable efficacy of fervent and believing prayer, which is not only figuratively, but really and virtually, not only in form but in essence, the soul communion of the son with his father, they not being severed by *diversity* but united by *IDENTITY* of nature—a strong phrase, but used here advisedly.

As this momentous subject of prayer has been, more especially of late, a matter of controversy, a few additional remarks may not be wholly misplaced. Some few exceedingly foolish persons, forgetting that to omnipresence, all multiplicity is absorbed in unity, urge that, granting communion between God and man to be possible, the Divine Father could not be troubled with so

many different petitions—as if the sun shone less brightly into your apartment because he simultaneously floods that of your neighbour with equal glory. On this let it be sufficient to say, that as in our supplications to the Supreme we are dealing with a being, not figuratively and by title only, but *absolutely* INFINITE, every individual intelligence throughout the entire range of moral creaturehood, has God as much to himself in his wrestlings, petitions, and aspirations, as if he were “the only begotten of the Father” from all eternity—an utterance blasphemous to the sons of the bondwomen, but sublimely devout to those of the free.

Then, again, we are sometimes told by the believers in a mere impersonation of law, that prayer may be a very beneficial “exercitation” for us, but cannot possibly produce any effect upon God. But supposing that the petitioner be a son and the petitioned a father, not again figuratively but virtually, what then says all analogy and experience? As to the “impossibility” of God’s “decrees” being altered, we have already dealt with that under “Time and Eternity.” In truth, however, the efficacy of prayer is a matter to be settled inductively rather than argumentatively, by *a posteriori* experiment rather than by *a priori* reasoning. The question here is not what is possible, but what is actual, not what metaphysicians or men of science may deduce from the principles or facts falling within the range of their cognition, but what prayerful souls have experienced in response to their trusting and filial petitions to the *throne*; nay, let us put it, if not less figuratively, then at least more forcibly and *truthfully*, to the HEART of the Omnipotent Father. Just imagine George Müller reading a logical demonstration of the inefficacy of prayer! Newton smiling at the specious fallacies of an old Ptolemaic astronomer is poor in comparison!

Our remarks on prayer cover special providence and the particular care of individuals. Omniscience and omnipotence are neither overwhelmed by multiplicity nor confused by diversity, the unerring wisdom of the one and the unfailing power of the other, being as much at the service of each of the countless millions of God’s children, as if he were the sole care of the divine mind in all the fulness of its knowledge, and all the plenitude of its resources. The fallacy of those who object to the detailed exercise of God’s providence on the ground that his realm is too extensive, and its presumable duties too varied and onerous for his direct action and immediate supervision, arises from their inability to even remotely conceive of the infinite; their utmost effort in this direction being simply a vast finite—to be oppressed and confounded by the charge of a limitless universe. So the idea that special providence is impossible, because it would interfere with the regular action of law, is based on the conception of an impersonal Deity, devoid of either the will or

the power of an INFINITE FATHER to regulate the affairs of his universal household. Nature, as a blind force, could not accomplish this; but infinite power, directed by infinite intelligence, and moved by infinite love, not only *could*, but *WOULD* exercise all the prerogatives of both the paternal and maternal office, and that, too, with a detail and efficiency of which no merely human family, with its limited resources and restricted intelligence, could afford even an approximative illustration. The fallacy here arises from the false postulate that Nature, as known to men of science, is the totality of God, a proposition, to say the least of it, quite as short of the truth, as the assertion that his body with its animal functions is the totality of the man. Here, again, it is simply with an inadequate conception of the infinite that we have to do; enlarge the conception and the objection disappears as inapplicable. Infinite love, guided by infinite knowledge, and operating with infinite power, so far from deranging the *harmony* of the universe, would simply emphasise and sustain it—just as judicious parental control and supervision induce more of order and method, and consequently more comfort and happiness, in the family than could exist without them.

Here we touch the key note of the whole matter. 'The moral universe is a vast family of relatively free but radically imperfect, because all of them finite, and some of them undeveloped, beings, often placed in juxtaposition, and frequently impelled to interaction. Now, whether we reason from analogy and experience, our safest procedure, or attempt in a grander way to deduce our conclusions from the data here afforded, according to "the doctrine of forces," in either case we must come to the conclusion that perfectly judicious parental supervision would be best for such a family; and whatever is best occurs under the rule of infinite wisdom and infinite love. Now, again, reasoning from analogy, we suppose it is almost unnecessary to say that much of parental love and supervision, which is perceptible enough to the elder children of a well-regulated household, is altogether unknown to or imperfectly appreciated by its younger members, till at length we come to baby, who, in his infantile immaturity, neither knows nor cares for aught save the uttermost possible indulgence of his own whims and caprices. So when some worthy friend informs us that he cannot see God in history or society, and is decidedly unconscious of any personal experience of his presence or influence, we are simply reminded of his present status in the family circle. He will know better by and bye!

The ideas we have been endeavouring to illustrate are by no means new. Pantheism affirms the universality of God, in which, however, his personality, and consequently his parental and moral relation to the several individualities of his

intelligent creation, is so thoroughly merged, as to be practically lost. Its God is only infinite in power, not in love, and scarcely in knowledge; for he is presumably ignorant of and indifferent to details, being simply an impersonation of Nature. Theism, more especially the theism of orthodoxy, affirms the personality of God, but is prone to detract from his universality. He is specially the God of one nation or sect rather than another. He has his predilections and hostilities, and, according to some expounders, his moral arrangements are so imperfect and inefficient as to leave a large section of his household eternally under the sway of evil, and so the miserable victims of everlasting punishment. In other words, the God of theology is simply, as we have said, an inadequate conception of the infinite, his personality limiting his universality, and so detracting from his absolute infinitude of being.

Thus we have seen that Theism and Pantheism, regarded separately, are each but the special, and so partial, expression of the bipolar truth of the one in the many, of unity in multiplicity, the centre and circumference of the same circle—both very necessary phases, however, in the development of the God-idea of humanity, and hitherto apparently delivered respectively into the keeping of the Semitic and Aryan divisions of the Caucasian race. If we do not mistake, one of the higher missions of our age is the reconciliation of these two great schools of thought; not by denial but affirmation, for each is in possession of a truth of which the other is devoid—the religious Theist, in accordance with Semitic ideas, denying the divinity of nature, and the philosophic Pantheist ignoring the personality of God. Christianity, if not the first, is at least an early and very important stage in this process of reconciliation; for while it very distinctly affirms the personality of God the Father, it also equally asserts the participant divinity of his incarnate Son; the Aryan and Pantheistic doctrine of “God manifest in the flesh,” being the cardinal article of Christian faith. But it specialises this *principle*, converting it into an exceptional *fact*, attaching only to the person of its founder. The next stage, that probably which immediately impends, is a proclamation of the universality of the principle of the sonship of man and the fatherhood of God, involving eventually the admission that, as we have said, Nature is divine, and that all being, whatever its grade, is an organ and instrumentality through which the universal life is in process of manifestation.

It is inevitable that the general acceptance of such ideas as those at which we have hinted, should be followed by many very important practical conclusions and results. When it is admitted that exactly in proportion as God is our Father, all men are our brothers and all women our sisters, the true solidarity of

society and of communities will be established, and this, too, not on the unnatural principle of a dead level, but according to the divine order of a spiritual and material hierarchy of intellect and organisation. Then shall we also confess that the good of one is the good of all, and the injury of one the injury of all, what we do unto others being, in truth, done unto ourselves eventually.

Even the brute portion of creation will perhaps be regarded with profounder sympathy, when it is felt that they too constitute a grade of no mean significance in the great scheme of divine manifestation. Sentient life is separated from us by too wide a gulph. We contemplate the animal kingdom through a Semitic in place of an Aryan medium. We do not believe in the divinity of their vitality. We have yet to learn that they are the stem of which we are the flower, that through them more immediately, as through the vegetable kingdom more remotely, we strike our roots down into the mineral and comparatively inorganic basis of telluric life. We do not accord them the honour due to their rank in the scale of being. We despise their intelligence and undervalue their affection, and fail to read aright even the organic symbol of their outward form and internal structure. But the times of this darkness are passing away. Aryan science is gradually gathering up the golden links which bind the several provinces of creation into one; and while comparative anatomy is revealing to us the grand outlines of our community of structure, comparative psychology is slowly unveiling the profound relation which the several orders of sentient life bear to that intellectual realm which is the crowning glory of this earthly sphere. The day is perhaps not infinitely remote when men shall know that the voices of the grove are not only figuratively and poetically, but virtually, the matin anthem and the vesper hymn of creation; the prayer and praise of wood and field, scarcely less harmonious, or perchance devout, than the organ tones and mellowed chants that pulsate through the pillared aisles and echo from the vaulted roof of yonder minster.

Nor can this admission of the inherently and essentially divine character and quality of creation fail to elevate and refine the feelings with which we regard law, the insentient portion of the material universe. Thus contemplated, the graceful forms and varied hues and grateful odours of the vegetable kingdom constitute a beautiful province of the spiritual symbolism of nature, of whose profounder significance and more mystic import we have yet scarcely mastered even the alphabet. Nor can it fail to exalt the sentiments with which we gaze upon the landscape to know that woodland and meadow, winding stream and mountain peak, are the very thoughts of the divine artist, made thus manifest on the walls of time. While the unresting cycle of the

seasons, the ceaseless ebb and flow of the tides, nay, the very breath of the tempest as it sweeps through the millionfold harp-strings of the forest, will assuredly appeal to deeper sympathies when felt to be direct activities of the life of God. And what shall we say of the mightier cosmic sphere, in which not only our own small earth but the entire solar system is a little thing, to be seen as a shining star at one distance, and its individuality merged in nebulous radiance at another. What a life is here—how vast in duration, how immeasurable in extent! And this life with its resistless force and stupendous movement, let us remember, is a thought in the mind of God—aye, and in the mind of man also; for that plummet which you let down into the measureless remoteness of space with your mightiest telescope, is in reality let down into the depths of your own soul, where suns and systems of suns, in all their dread immensity, are but a reflected image of the creative thought of your infinite Father, of whose nature you are a participant, and in whose divine work of educating order and beauty out of confusion and chaos, you are, let us hope, an honoured instrumentality.

The existence of evil, the place of man, and with him of organic and sentient life, in the scale of being, together with many other subjects of considerable importance in this connection, yet remain to be discussed. Perhaps we may recur to them at a future period.

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 LIV.

"'Happiness like ours, dear Leonard,' I said, 'is a great and beautiful gift—is it not? How I pity those that never know it. It would now be such a weary thing to attempt to wear out life without you, when even your coming lights up all the present, and fills every corner of my heart with music and joy. There is a question you have wished sometimes to ask me, I know; but would not because of your womanly consideration for me. Is there not now? And I looked clear into his frank eyes, which did change and falter a little before mine; but he sat without speaking, and I said, 'Shall I answer without being asked?'

"'Yes, if you know what it is, witch.'

"'Then I will. No, I never loved before!'

“He started, and involuntarily dropped the hand he was holding in his. ‘Were you then ever capable of marrying without loving?’

“‘Yes; but not without believing fully that I did. And I was blest above everything, but this present lot, in being able entirely to respect the man whom I called husband.’

“He picked up the abandoned hand and carried it to his lips. ‘You were then a fortunate woman, Eleanore. My knowledge of life has convinced me that that is very rarely the case with men or women who make the mistake you did. And dear heart, how many, many there are of them!’

“‘Yes, more than we dream of till we search below the surface, whose lying smoothness conceals the unrest, the loathing, and even torture, in which many proud hearts wear themselves into bitterness, or depravity, or stony coldness.’

“‘I escaped such a fate myself, years ago, Eleanore; very narrowly escaped it; and though I have many times been most devoutly thankful for that fortune, I never did so rapturously appreciate it as when first I heard these lips pronounce my name, and felt them yielded to me in that kiss which sealed the tacit promise of our hearts.’

“‘And this blessedness,’ said I, ‘which is so rare and dear to us, is worthy all nurture, is it not? Amid all the offices and duties and pleasures of the life we are entering upon, dost thou see any to compare with those which may preserve to each of us in the other what we may rejoice in to-day?’

“‘Nothing comparable to it, my queen.’

“‘It is of that I would speak; and, Leonard, I prove my exalted estimate of thy manhood in what I am about to say; wilt thou accept my earnest and plain word, as a like testimony to my womanhood?’

“‘All thy speech is that to me,’ he replied, bending, with a fond caressing movement over me—the more tenderly, I suppose, to remove the hesitancy he felt yet lingering in my mind.

“‘We are so apt,’ I said, ‘to measure acting and speaking by conventional standards, that often the honest soul lacks courage to do and say the highest or most unusual right thing, from dread of this; and women have so long accepted, in the sacred relation of marriage, a position which ignores their individual life and freedom, that I feel I risk the perfectly candid, unprejudiced judgment even of a soul as large and free as thine, in asking for any other; but I must be heard, with whatever consequences, on this subject, which so nearly concerns us both; I must speak from my heart, and may God give me power to reach thine.’

“I sat erect beside him, holding his hands and looking into his questioning eyes, which were fixed unwaveringly upon mine. ‘I could not, dear Leonard, accept the position I have named; and feeling that, it is every way an obligation of mine to say this now. The position of my sex in these, as in all other matters, was fixed ages ago, when the external life and its capacity in material power were at once the proof and measure of right; and it has been only very slowly modified since, even amongst the best peoples. Laws are more friendly to us than they were; custom does not rivet her fetters upon all souls with so merciless

a hand as she was wont ; and society, seeing woman prove herself in many and various ways worthy her pretensions, looks with more toleration upon her than formerly—hopeful signs for us of transition to a truer and larger life. But in attaining so much, some of us have conceived the desire for more ; and thou who hast adopted into thy heart one of these outlaws of the old, shouldst see and know whereto her heart and mind will tend, when she shall have entered wholly within the sacred circle of thy love.

“ ‘ I see, dear friend, in other phases of it, perhaps, and in less measure, as my acquaintance with the world is narrower, the same disappointment of human hopes and affections in the institution of marriage that you lament. I see ardent love dwindle, perish, and change, by slow degrees, through the lapse of years, when not more quickly, into coolness, indifference, and finally loathing. Ah, how one shudders in contemplating this change ! What uncounted ages of agony must have been endured by those who have passed through it ! I see men held to the family, as an institution, by the whole body of family ties, rather than from deep, personal love to the wife and mother. I see women—and this is to my heart a most painful sight—all the delicate bloom and spontaneousness of life crushed out of them—spiritless, abject, narrow, because of the impoverished inner state—held to the family by the maternal ties alone, their weary feet beset with the cries and needs of imperfect, ill-conditioned offspring—and so wearing out life, and welcoming the near approach of death, when all the external or world-seen conditions with them are brimming with hope and promise.

“ ‘ Oh, Leonard, this is the crowning outrage to which we have been doomed—this of compulsory maternity. Many a woman who would be blest as the mother of two or three children, wears out her existence in bearing and rearing a large family. She could have bestowed care and culture upon herself and them, in the first instance ; now she is unable to do either. She had power, life, health, courage, in ample measure, for the few her heart would have prayed for ; but these gifts are poor and stinted in the many. She would have *grown* in all the experiences which of right ought to be hers as a mother, had she exercised that holy power in the spontaneous freedom of her own nature, only ; but she *dwindles* under the constraint and burden that are laid upon her. She would have preserved the health, beauty, and geniality of her youth, and they would have lighted and sweetened her declining years ; but she is now the enfeebled shadow of herself. Her children are born of her material being alone. They lack the wealth of spontaneous love, courage, hope, reverence—beauty which should be theirs—the legacy of her highest spiritual life to them. They are imperfect beings, wanting magnanimous trust in God or man ; wanting generous faith in life ; wanting the inner strength which alone can bear the aspiring soul firmly and brightly above the storms that bend and darken it—above its own errors and sins, making it feel that it is greater than any deed—dearer to God than any vengeance.

“ ‘ Ah, Leonard, herein is great wrong done to humanity, as well as to us. Do not doubt it. The mother who directly and inevitably acts for God to her children, should have a godlike freedom in her action.

“ ‘ We cannot blind ourselves to the mournful truth that there is a frightful usurpation of low rule in the nature of man, and that woman is often the victim of this misrule—woman in what we call virtuous and honourable life, as well as those unhappy ones who are equally our sisters, and who were once somewhere equally beloved as we are.

“ ‘ Our life is a compound gift, dear friend—a union of the finite with the infinite—and any not base relations of two beings must partake of both. We love the person of our friend, whether of our own or the opposite sex ; we clasp the hand or kiss the lips with a pleasure proportioned to the intensity of our affection, which is the infinite fact. And I believe no relation can be true and lasting, glorifying those who sustain it, in which the spiritual does not predominate. I would have mine to thee stand high above all possibility of harm from the material. The noble form on which I look with pride as well as love, shall no wise cloud or hinder the soul I am seeking in thee. I would not have one of its demands jar the spirit-harmony which makes thee now the most welcome object to my eyes and soul that the earth contains. I would not have the delicate bloom of our love irreverently or carelessly brushed away by the usurping sense, for all else that life can offer us.

“ ‘ And is there need or excuse that it should be ? Hath not the dear fatherly and motherly God widened and filled, with a divine munificence, the circle of our happy experiences, that, when all are brought to distil their essence into our souls, no one need be repeated to satiety ? Have we not pure spiritual love, which would make the thought of thee, wert thou altogether gone from me, a deep and lasting joy ? Have we not parental love, which comes into the soul of man and woman as the sun’s warmth to the unfolding flower ? Have we not thought, and its various expression ? aspiration, with its sacred fires ? achievement, with its rich contentments ? self-denial, with its satisfying rewards ? hope, with its promises ? faith, with its yearnings and victories ? nature with all her glory and tenderness ? art, with her splendours ? knowledge, with her attractions ? And shall the soul so provided for descend to the slavish, withering indulgence of mere sense—substituting that for all or any of these high joys ?

“ ‘ O dear friend and hope of my life, I know thou art not a sensualist ! It is not written in this face, which I look unshrinkingly into, because manly, healthy thought and emotion answer me there. It has not perverted the currents of thy noble nature ; nor shorn thy spirit of its delicate outgrowths towards the high and the pure. But I would have all this remain so in thee and me in the years that are before us. I would ask that perfect respect shall continue between us, and be carried into all the details which make up the sum of life ; that my personal freedom toward thee be kept as inviolately my own in after-time as now ; and so when our children—the offspring of thy glorious manhood—shall bud and blossom in our house, there shall reign in both our bosoms the proud consciousness that each life there is the free and unstinted gift of our whole natures.

“ ‘ Canst thou accede to this ?

“ ‘ A light, half-grave and half-smiling, had been slowly dawning in his eyes while I was speaking the last sentences. It had cost me a great effort to say all this, Anna, and much—very much more that I have

now forgotten; for I did not know how it would be received, even in his large, unjealous heart. But I was very happy, when I ceased, to be drawn to his bosom, with words of infinite peace and comfort.

“‘Come to my heart,’ he said, ‘with all thy demands. In our perfect love be found the guarantee of their satisfaction: in that and in somewhat here’—laying his hand upon his breast—‘that would shrink from enslaving the meanest creature, and that would rather see thee, beloved, dead and hidden from mortal eye, than feel that one of the high desires which make thee what thou art had been violated. There have been true and noble men in all time, Eleanore—rulers over themselves, and not tyrants over others. Dost thou believe there are some such yet? and wilt thou trust to having found one? I claim no less than that high character, dear Eleanore, though I should, perhaps, live years without finding thee time and occasion to assert it in words. Do not think me a braggart, dearest, for saying so much. Dost thou want other assurance, or will this supply its place?’

“‘What next I spoke, they were true, heartfelt words: *‘I am at rest with thee.* I dared not be conscious of demanding so much that might not be looked for, without declaring it frankly; now I trust thee entirely.’

“‘Thanks to thy fond woman’s heart for those words, and the light of the soul in those confiding eyes, that sanctions their meaning! I were baser than the basest to betray the trust so given. But now, my own, have I not purchased the right to be heard and heeded? I also have somewhat for thy hearing. Shall I speak?’

“‘Go on, mocker,’ I said.

“‘Well, then, thus runneth *my* speech. There is a wild and wondrous region of country, about a hundred miles hence, to the southward, to which I have bound myself, by solemn contract, to repair at the end of ten days from this date. Am I to go alone? Tell me,’ he urged, when I did not speak, ‘will you go with me, Eleanore?’

“‘Yes, Leonard. I will cheat myself by some vague notions of duty, because you are not going to live in luxury, into the delight of sharing your life. It will be very hard, and rough, and miserable—will it not?’ I said, piteously.

“‘Very,’ he replied, with answering wretchedness of tones. ‘Very. It would be a noble piece of self-sacrifice to go down there, and mitigate its hardships.’

“‘Don’t be impertinent, sir,’ I said, ‘nor ironical, or you shall find that I have a clever hand at correction.’

“‘I dare be sworn you have. It would poorly second such eyes if it were not; and I think I remember the day when you could have used it on my unlucky ears with a relish—could you not?’

“‘Ah, yes, I could; and the more because then I loved you, rash, graceless man.’

“‘Did you, Eleanore—did you? How that confession endears you to me! And yet, how she fronted me,’ he continued, ‘with the look of an angry goddess, ready to annihilate her poor worshipper!’

“‘You wounded my dignity, sir, by that unmannerly kiss.’

“‘Then, I will heal it now by a mannerly one. There! Will that leave us clear scores for future skirmishing?’

"He was in the mood for bantering, and I let him go, to his heart's content, thinking—there has been enough of solemn talking and thinking—to make play the wisest and happiest change. Nevertheless, dear Anna, I felt sad, as I always must when there is reference to our experience on the Tempest. At any chance mention of it, my mind takes in for the moment all the anguish in which it terminated; and at this time, in spite of myself and my best efforts at deceiving him, I grew sadder in heart, with the gay words on my tongue, till I saw I must be overcome by my feelings, or break through them by a great change of thought.

"‘Leonard,’ said I, astonishing him out of all propriety by the sudden and startling question, ‘when shall we be married?’

"‘Heaven only knows, if you do not,’ he replied; ‘have you not just promised to go with me at the end of ten days; If you let me name the day, it will be nine before we have to start.’

"‘Then you can’t do it, sir,’ I said. ‘I had a passing fancy to try how far you could be trusted with a power that I shall exercise much more wisely.’

"‘Seriously, Eleanore, my queen, I should like the day, for certain good reasons, which come from my head purely—and therefore I hope will weigh with you, if those of the heart would not—to be as early in this short time as you can afford. I wish Mrs Anderson to receive visits in the city a few days before she goes to the mountains with me, and I wish to have one long day’s ride with her, unaccompanied by caretakers. I have promised myself the pleasure of showing her, all alone, the beauties of the Val de Duc, and some mountain-views that will be new to her. Will that tempt you, or must I plead further?’

"‘Will three days in the city suffice for the dignities of the occasion?’ I asked.

"‘Four would be better,’ he replied, demurely.

"‘I believe you are deliberately entrapping me,’ I said.

"‘Be watchful, then,’ was the provoking answer; ‘for when I have fairly caught you, farewell to your debating of times and seasons. All shall then be mine—all!’

"‘Three days in the city,’ I repeated.

"‘Four,’ he reiterated, and ‘one for the ride, and another to make preparations. That will give you three whole days after this to—to look your fate in the face. With my help, I think you can sustain them—but don’t ask for more. You gave me the question: I have decided it. Come, now, shall it not be so? Dear Eleanore,’ he whispered, ‘if there is no good reason against it, let it be as I have said. My judgment as well as my love asks it, and methinks I have waited long enough.’

"‘Very long, sir! It is scarcely a year since first we saw each other.’

"‘It is fifty,’ he said, ‘by all computation that I can make. It seems another life so long gone in the past, when I did not love you.’

CHAPTER LV.

"So it was settled, dear Anna. It was yesterday and I have to-day and to-morrow—for he cheated me at last out of a day, as I discovered

by his laughing in my face, this morning, when I was counting on my fingers, to settle it all definitely.

“ ‘ You lost a day in your reckoning, Eleanore,’ he said, ‘ and it will have to come off this end of the time, because you see, it can’t be lost at the other.’ ”

“ ‘ I never will have faith in you again,’ I said. ‘ You are no better than other men, who think it clever to deceive a woman.’ ”

“ How much I need you now, Anna! Only think of my going through all these days amongst strangers—not a woman to whom I can speak. La Signorita would be kind, and is, as far as her power goes; but that does not meet my want. I want an English tongue, and a soul like yours, dear friend, to move it. Leonard is hurrying matters along, though not helping me much, by setting Phil to inquire if I am going to get a papa for him; and he came in just now from the garden, where they had been walking, shouting with laughter at Phil’s hot resentment of having anybody for a papa but him. The argument had grown a little warm between them, and Phil, wanting help to sustain his view of the case, rushed headlong into the house, to get final authority upon it.

“ ‘ Isn’t Turnel Anderson going to be my papa?’ he asked, with flushed face and angry eyes. Isn’t he mamma?’ ”

“ ‘ Not unless he behaves exceeding well and carefully for the next two days, Phil.’ ”

“ ‘ He will, mamma—I believe he will,’ said the poor child, anxiously.

“ ‘ But you are angry with him, Phil. Do you want him now for your papa?’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, yes, mamma dear. I’m angry *because* I love him.’ ”

“ ‘ There’s a precious off-shoot from the mother-tree,’ said Leonard, gathering us both into his arms, to Phil’s great joy and contentment.

“ We are to be married on Tuesday morning, at the Hotel du Nord—receive a few visits that day, and the next, take the promised ride. There will be present only Messrs. Hedding and Huntly, and the Senanos, old and young; the latter having entreated me to ask permission for them to go. The good little creatures seem really very much attached to me, and look quite sad, for a moment, when my going is mentioned. Don Alexandro and La Signorita both bid me say they hope you will come and take my place. They like ‘ Americanos ’ very much, they think, now.

“ I shall hardly be able to write you again, my dear sister, until I am in the mountains, but I hope your next letter will bring us news that you are to sail before the steamer following this will reach you. It would be such a delight to have you see and know my happiness, without being obliged to relate it to you.

“ Thine, as ever,

ELEANORE.”

“ P. S.—Leonard stands over my shoulder, having this moment come in, to see that I write you about coming. He says, when you arrive, you are to ask for Mr. Hedding, at the hotel I have named; or, in case of his absence, which is unlikely, for Mr. Huntly; and these gentlemen will be instructed how to send you comfortably to us. You are to come there first, remember, and after a long visit, I may consent,

if you desire it, to your looking for something to do. I can't endure to think of its being more than two months yet before we can see you, unless you come by steamer, which would be attended with some trouble and risk of delay, by reason of the change you have to make at Panama. Adios, dear Anna ! ”

When this letter came I was in San Francisco, making preparations to sail, too full of interest in the voyage and its issue to be capable of much in anything about me. The Marsdens were as kind and helpful as ever. Their school had passed into other hands, and they were living in the lower part of Bush Street, which had already grown from the desert of a year ago into a thoroughfare.

The third day of my stay with them, as I was sitting at a front window, I saw a man, carefully wrapped up, walking slowly by their house, whose bearing seemed familiar to me. Afterward I observed him, again and again, pass and repass. He was evidently very feeble, and walked with his face so covered that I did not make him out till I placed myself in the door one day, and looking closely at him, saw that it was Mr. Garth. I was too much pained and surprised to speak instantly, and he had passed by before I could decide that I ought to have stopped him. When next he came—and he seemed to have regular times of going out—I spoke to him from the door, calling his name.

He turned and gazed at me for a moment, and then, approaching, said : “ Is it Miss Warren ? ”

“ It is,” I replied ; “ and I am very much pained to see your poor looks.”

“ I have been very ill,” said he, “ of fever in the mines, and now I believe I am dying.”

I invited him in, and his pale face blanched to a still more ashy hue when I told him, in answer to his inquiries, that Mrs. Bromfield was then no longer Mrs. Bromfield, but Mrs. Anderson, living in Chili, and that I was going to visit her.

“ I am glad to hear of her happiness,” said the poor invalid. “ Anderson is a noble fellow, and worthy of her, I believe—which is saying a great deal, Miss Warren, of any man. But I can't help feeling it bitterly, sometimes, that I should be left to fall to the ground alone. I had no right, I know, to hope to interest her ; but one cannot always measure one's deserts correctly. I am not dying of unrequited love, though, Miss Warren ; don't think it. I held up and went on very well, till I was imprudent enough to expose myself by working in my brother's place in the water, on the Middle Yuba ; and that brought all this on—that, and being treated by some of the murdering quacks who infest the mining regions.”

I often saw him afterward, in the few days of my stay, but he seemed to decline very rapidly ; and when I sailed, carrying kind messages to our friends, and some beautiful presents to Phil, whom he yet remembered with the old affection, I thought he could scarcely survive a fortnight. So sadly perished the scholar and gentleman.

CHAPTER LVI.

I WAS more fortunate than either of my friends had been in their passage ; arriving early on the thirty-ninth day from San Francisco, I landed and went in haste to the Hotel du Nord, heeding nothing—scarcely noting the strange aspect of the foreign city, and anxious only to find one or other of the gentlemen who had been named to me, and get on the road as quickly as possible to my dear Eleanore, and her husband and child, all of whom my heart longed to embrace. I sat in the public parlour half-an-hour, which seemed as long as half-a-day would at other times, waiting, while a lively Chileno girl was searching, or pretending to search the house for Mr. Hedding. I thought it must be large, and the man must have strange habits, if it takes all this time to ascertain whether he is within or not. At last I said to myself, I'll just step along the passage to that room where the chatter is going on so incessantly, and see if anything can be learned there. I knocked at the door, and when it was opened, three servants—two girls, and a waiter, with a white apron before him—presented themselves, all olive, or between olive and brown in colour.

“ Mr Hedding,” I said, speaking the name very distinctly.

“ Usted quiere ?” said the man. I did not know what this was ; but assuming that it meant did I want the person I had named, I answered very emphatically “ yes.” Then in the universal *si si*.

“ Bueno,” said he calmly, “ Yo lo busco.”

I went back to the parlour and waited again. Still he did not come, and losing all patience, I returned to the door, where upon tapping once more, I found the same parties social as ever.

“ The man,” I said, and seeing I was not understood, I spoke the name again, and bethought myself to put a shilling into the fellow's hand. It changed the face of affairs as well as of him in a moment. I returned again to the parlour, and in a few minutes a very gentlemanly looking man, of middle size, with a head well-covered with snowy hair, an erect carriage, and quick, firm step, entered the room, with his spectacles in his hand, and approaching me, said, “ Do you wish to see Mr Hedding, ma'am ?”

“ Yes.”

“ That is my name.”

I handed him my card. “ Ah !” he said, looking pleased and clear

at once, "you are the friend of Mrs Anderson. You are very welcome. How do you do?"

I replied to his welcome and inquiries; but told him I was more anxious to get on the road to my friends' home than for anything else. Could he tell me about the time or manner of going?

"You go by stage, ma'am, to ——, within seven miles of them, and there you have to take mules. It would occupy three days at least—perhaps a part of the fourth. Mrs Anderson has written me a note since she arrived, giving a sketchy account of her journey, which seems to have been very pleasant; but she was going to Paradise, you know, ma'am, and had her archangel beside her, and a cherub with her, one may say: for the boy is as charming, in his way, as the mother."

Would he kindly ascertain, I asked, the times of going, and inform me?

"Yes, immediately," and he left me for that purpose. My impatience increased during the waiting to a most uncomfortable degree. I felt the slowness of everything in this Spanish city, and wondered how Eleanore's keen, fiery temperament had ever endured it.

When Mr Hedding returned, he brought the disheartening news that the diligencia, as they call a stage, went but once a week, and had gone the day before.

"Then," said I, feeling perfectly unable to endure the delay, "I must hire some special conveyance. May I ask your good offices in this also?"

"Certainly, ma'am. Do you speak Spanish?"

"Unfortunately, not a word."

"Then I fear you may find some difficulty in getting along with the people on the road, unless I could find a driver who speaks a little English. But even then, they are such a graceless set of petty rogues, from first to last, that you would be at their mercy."

"If I had Antonio now," I rather muttered than said.

"Ah! you mean Col. Anderson's man, a trusty, faithful fellow; but he went with them."

"What can I do, sir?" I asked. "I wish so much to go that I will pay any reasonable price, and overlook many inconveniences. I would like to start to-day—at once."

"I will go out and do the best I can for you," said Mr H., "but you had better take patience into the counsels directly; for I assure you, ma'am, Chili extras and expresses, and all that sort of thing, will try any spirit—much more an American's, because we are the people, of all the world, for despatch and impromptu proceedings in these things." I had it on my tongue to say that he seemed to have suited himself with enviable success to the temper of the country, so deliberate was his speech and action, while I was fretting intensely within, at the prospect of delay. But I restrained myself, and the good gentleman, after

a few more words, went on his kind errand. It was more than an hour before he came in, and then he was looking so warm that I hastened to cool him, as fast as possible, with regrets, thanks, apologies, and hopes, all poured out confusedly for his relief. He had succeeded in finding and engaging a driver who was called very honest, "among Chilenos, remember, ma'am," and had selected a horse and carriage which would be here at one o'clock.

I was truly thankful for this success, and with a meekness and docility which I am sure ought to have charmed him in any woman, I accepted his advice in regard to my luggage, leaving most of it to be sent by Col. Anderson's freight-waggon, which went up and down twice a month. He gave me a list of the prices I was to pay on the road, the amount my driver was to receive, with reiterated charges not to give him a dollar of it till I was ready to have him leave me—a glossary of the few indispensable words I should need to use, and thus I set off, with many expressed misgivings on the part of the good gentleman that I was undertaking a rash and almost dangerous enterprise.

"But I see," he said, "you are, in one thing, at least, like your charming friend. What you want to do *must be done*." He wished me all manner of good fortune, shook my hand, spoke some last words of warning in Spanish to the driver, and we rattled away through the streets of the city; then over a rough country, with incredibly bad roads; then over a considerable plain, and finally, hills and rough roads again, and so on, till darkness came and hid everything from my view for at least two hours and a half before we stopped for the night. But I am not going to tell you of the bed of untanned oxhide I had there, or the breakfast, or the slow starting, or anything else that worried or amused me, but hasten on to the end of my journey, which I am sure you must wish to see as much as I did.

I rode three days—considerable part of the last two through an unsettled country of towering mountains, with deep, fearful chasms between them, not wide enough to deserve the name of valleys anywhere, except in three or four places, where were clustered a few huts, with now and then a smartish adobe house. In these spots gardens bloomed and flourished, and here and there a few poorly-fenced fields were redeemed from the domain of nature. It rained slight showers twice, which made the travelling much better than it could have been two months earlier; and often, in passing the difficult or dry, dusty places, where the rain had not fallen, I asked myself—how did Eleanore go through all this?

But then I remembered the archangel, and felt that all was right with her.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR UNBLESSED WORKERS.

Hot are all the streets and hot the lanes,
 Hot are all the houses and the fanes,
 Hot is every alley, every wall ;
 Stifling hot the workshops, where the "hands"
 Work side by side from morn till night in bands,
 In an atmosphere the boldest to appal.

Their faces, wan and sickly, seem as though
 The hand of fate wrote on them only woe ;
 Their eyes are full of sadness—sad to see,
 And dreaminess, as though their hearts were far—
 Far away from all this dinginess and jar,
 On some green and flowery woodland, holt or lea.

Young girls with beauteous faces, forms so fair !
 Scarce matured, seem worn and aged, for grim Care,
 Her sister Want, and all her haggard brood,
 Have been their sad associates from their birth,
 And little of the gracious in the earth
 Their dark and tangled path have ever strewed.

The old seem doubly aged ; oh dear Heaven !
 That human cheeks should be so deeply graven
 With the lines of care, and misery, and sin.
 And sin ! oh spare the mark in Heaven's name !
 For not alone are they themselves to blame
 For the slough of bitter wretchedness they're in.

Not all to blame ! For think ye, oh ye great
 Who stand and guide the mighty helm of state ;
 And ye, oh idle landed ones ; and ye,
 The princely men of merchandise who gain
 So much of power and affluence by the pain
 Of those who toil in life-long poverty ;

And ye who set yourselves to be the guides
 And teachers of mankind, who see the tides
 Of wrong that overwhelm us, and who shirk
 To encounter with the evil, but for place,—
 Preach easy creeds to broadcloth and to lace,—
 O think ye, if some of these ills that lurk

In this our land, ye might not stay or check,
 If ye did but your duty ; but ye reck
 Not how the rest are living, so ye live,
 So full of Mammon worship is the isle,
 And empty, paltry babblings that beguile
 Almost to think 'tis better to take than give.

How blessed are the poor ! how bless'd to labour !
 How blessed as yourself to love your neighbour !
 Such talk and cackle hear we every hour.
 They're lies, all lies, and every word a lie ;
 Or else would ye who speak them swiftly hie
 To those dark haunts where poverty doth cower,

That ye might taste its blessedness, O fie !
 Is't bless'd to hear for bread poor children cry ?
 To see them grow untaught, sink into crime,
 Or else become part of that army vast,
 Whose fate it is to toil till life is past,
 Amidst its darkness, desolateness and grime ?

Or is it bless'd when nature all rejoices,
 In beauty decked, and with her myriad voices
 Makes resonant the mountain and the plain,
 To be cooped up in stifling shop or shed,
 While fiercely hot the sun shines overhead,
 And never see one green unbrageous lane?

Or is it bless'd with all man's hopes and longings,
 Desires for fame, and passion's deepest throngings
 For knowledge, beauty, happiness, and power,
 To see all chance to feed the famished soul
 Fade far away and leave dark death the goal
 Of hopes, that high as hid Ben Nevis tower?

O labour, thou art noble, worthy all,
 When thou art free and doth not man enthrall!
 But when from dire necessity of want,
 Year in year out mankind must toil and sweat
 The bare provisions of this life to get,
 Without a chance to leave thy noisy haunt,

To calm the spirit, ease the chafed heart,
 And bid grim fever from the veins depart,
 By ocean shore or on some mountain side,
 Where poesy in her wild home doth dwell,
 Where wild thyme grows, and swings the heather bell,
 And soars the lark in her melodious pride;

Then thou art all ignoble, slavish, low,
 And mak'st man mate to wretchedness and woe!
 Man was not made for thee, but thou for him;
 And oh, 'tis sad to think how many mortals
 In ceaseless moil pass thro' death's shadowy portals,
 Into the land of hopes so silent and so dim.

No country has for them its passive joys,
 There to forget the factory's buzz and noise,
 The tinkling brook, the flowery vale, the height,
 Topp'd with its crown of fragrant pines, the moors,
 With silent tarn that us so darkly lures,
 And the whole spreading vault hung with the lamps of night.

No joys like these break on monotonous work,
 But aye beneath the pall of smoke and murk
 They pass their days, and in the sweltering heat,
 Dream of cool woods, and breezy downs, and nooks,
 Where green ferns wave, and caw the noisy rooks,
 And earth's bright stars grow beauteous at their feet.

Deserted are the streets, and many a house
 Is left alone in tenantry of the mouse,
 Whose occupants, by seaside or by lake,
 Enjoy their yearly respite from the care
 Of business, and the hot and sultry glare
 Of sun, whose beams no friendly copse doth break.

The toilers whom no leisure comes to cheer
 With its jaunts thro' odorous woodland, glen, or brere,
 See these loungers of the sea-side soon return,
 With their faces fresh and ruddy, while their own
 Are pale and thin, and scored with wrinkles down,
 And chased with ruts by sorrow's flowing urn.

Say, oh ye vapid talkers, is it bless'd
 To labour in such manner without rest,
 Thro' the winter cold and dreary, illy clad;—

Through the spring time when the buds are bursting forth,
And the brooks go gurgling onward o'er the earth,
Unchained from icy bondage, light and glad ;—

Through the summer hot and sultry, far away
From its fields of golden grain and blossomy spray,
In the factory close and dingy, and to live
In dens so vile, unhallowed, melancholy,
That nought on earth but home, that name so holy,
The brightest ray of heaven here, could give

To them the faintest sanction ? Oh, ye wise !
Can ye tell us where the blessing of it lies ?

Ye answer no ; but answer yet again,
Is it right that they should bear and suffer so ?
Do not ye of power and affluence to them owe
Some aidance to alleviate their pain ?

Are we not brother's keepers, every one ?
And shall He not require us, each his son ;
(For call ye not him Father in your prayers ?)
To render up a reckoning, one and all,
As stewards, of each duty, great or small,
And settle up with him our life's affairs ?

A. T. STORY.

SPIRITUALISM IN RUSSIA.

THE following interesting paper was prepared by Mr Aksakof, of St. Petersburg, to be read at the International Conference of Spiritualists proposed to be held in London in May last. It is highly acceptable in its present form, for translation into which we are indebted to Signor Damiani, of Clifton :—

As a representative of Russia I ought certainly to tell you before anything else a few words concerning the state of Spiritualism in my country. Here it is known by the name of Spiritism, because it reached us through the French works of Allan Kardec, who has systematised and made this doctrine popular in France, and who, still more, has given it this name in order to distinguish it from that which, in philosophy, is generally comprehended under the denomination of Spiritualism. Its followers in France as well as here call themselves, regardless of all etymological rules, *Spirites*, instead of calling themselves Spiritists. Their number in Russia, or rather in the two centres of our civilisation, Moscow and St. Petersburg, can only be counted by dozens ; they could, and certainly would, have been more considerable if we were not deprived of the means offered by the press to express publicly our opinions on this subject, of which I shall speak at more length directly. One of the most zealous representatives of Spiritualism at St. Petersburg is General Apollon Bolteïn. He has translated into the Russian language the principal works of Kardec, and has, besides, written much himself upon this matter, but has not had the privilege of being able to print his works. One of them has been translated into French, and printed at Paris under the title, "The dogmas of the Church of Christ explained according to Spiritism," 1866, Reinwald. Among the co-operators of the "Revue Spirite" we have here General Foelkner, whose translation of the "Letters of Lavater to

the Empress Marie of Russia," was published in part at Paris, in 1868, at the International Library, and also M. H. Stecki, who, in 1869, published at the same library an essay entitled "Spiritism in the Bible." We have here, as well as at Moscow, several writing mediums and others, but as to the test mediumship for physical manifestations, we are quite wanting in them. By way of recompense, however, we have at Moscow, in the person of M. Artemovsky, a very good healing medium. What seems extraordinary to us is, that he holds his seances publicly, having had the good luck to receive permission from the authorities. Some mediums here, whose curing functions had commenced to attract sick people to them in crowds, did not meet with the same success; the police interfered, and these gentlemen were obliged to confine themselves to practising in private.

Regarding the state of our Spiritism from within, I ought to say that I do not see enough union among its followers, without which no doctrine can become a social and reforming power. If we are going to seek the causes of this disunion or of this weakness, which amounts to the same, I believe that we shall find it in the two following facts:—In the first place stands the onesided study of the subject; partiality inevitable in consequence of its being in all cases derived from the one source—the works of Allan Kardec and his *Review*—a partiality excusable for the Russians, who generally know French and not English, and in consequence imitate the intellectual movement of Europe by the production of French literature; but wholly inexcusable for Kardec, who holds his lectures exclusively within the limits of his circle, and not only ignores that which is done out of France, but ignores even, or feigns to ignore, what is done in France by that circle of Spiritualists whose organ is the "*Revue Spiritualiste*," by Pierart.

This pretence of ignoring is carried to such a point that M. Kardec, whilst announcing upon the wrapper of his review, the Spiritualistic periodicals appearing in Germany and in Italy, does not even make mention of M. Pierart's journal, and all this for the simple reason that the spiritualists do not accept the doctrine of re-incarnation, as if the source from whence Kardec had derived his system had been another and more authentic one than that of Pierart. The difference of opinion on this subject ought to have been equally respected on both sides, and ought only to have served as a motive for a deeper investigation of the question. This exclusive way of behaving towards the new doctrine has caused itself to be felt in our circles; the greater part of our spiritualists see nothing in Spiritualism beyond re-incarnation. Thus it is that dogmatism, that eternal source of discord in religion, threatens to invade Spiritualism, one of whose principal merits is, having avoided the rock of sectarianism, and not having wished to form a written and obligatory confession of faith. What is strange (or perhaps just the contrary) is, that these "spiritualists," having accepted the dogma of the re-incarnation, and believing themselves faithful followers of Spiritualism, dare not or will not follow its doctrines against the dogmas of contemporary theology, that is, to stand by the logical deductions of the acquired truths to their legitimate extent; they stand consequently on neutral ground between the orthodox of their national church and the rationalism of Spiritualism. A great and new truth always dazzles us, and if

we accept it without regard to its reference to history and science, our position towards this same truth becomes infatuation; we believe ourselves already in possession of the absolute truth, whilst the first step to take in that direction is to dedicate ourselves to that possession in favour of relative truth. It is only from this point of view that facts and theories, human actions, and opinions appear to us in their proper light, with their legitimate rights.

In the second place, we are disunited and weak, because we are entirely deprived of the liberty of speech and of the press when it treats of Spiritualism. Another cause of the imperfect knowledge that our public and the spiritualists themselves have of this movement is, that purely scientific works are alone exempt from censure; all the others ought to pass either by civil or spiritual censure. The civil censor, thanks to a particular aversion of the last *Ministre des Affaires de l'Interieur*, M. Valouief, has received special instructions not to let anything appear that relates to Spiritualism. A fool throws a stone, says our proverb, and seven wise men cannot recover it.

It is thus that, with us, very often general regulations are fettered or modified by individual bias. As to spiritual censure, it sees in Spiritualism an Anti-Christian doctrine, and in its phenomena the work of Satan, a sufficient reason for forbidding the press all Russian productions written on the subject. It is remarkable that nearly all works treating on Spiritualism in the French and German language, as, for example, all the works of Kardec and his "*Revue*," have free course in our city. One must suppose that in this case the authorities allowed themselves to be guided by the consideration that these same works in the Russian language would add greatly to the propagation and popularisation of this doctrine, a consideration which, in truth, is not without foundation, but which is much weakened by this fact, that with us there is no person, however little educated, who does not read French; and in this way the evil influence of this doctrine, although recognised, is in no way arrested. This being the case, one may well ask, Why should one half of society, that especially which represents the enlightened part of the nation, be able innocently to read books which are considered pernicious for the other half?

If we must really admit the utility of moral and intellectual tutelage in the form of a censor of the press, one cannot regret that such an institution allows itself to be guided, nearly always, by public opinion, and by temporal and superficial considerations. The historical importance of events escapes it, that is why also it does not see in Spiritualism a religious movement, led and sustained by an imperious demand of the human mind, reacting with force against the increasing materialism of science, which kills in intellectual men all religious feeling without being able to replace it in an adequate manner. In the same way, also, like an administrative institution, it (censure) cannot distinguish the religious side of a question from its scientific side, the doctrine of facts. Since there are facts which propagate in society this spiritual epidemic—facts which the professors of science entirely reject, and the authorities of the church accept, though all the while attributing them to diabolical influence—it is clear that the surest means of remedying this evil is to give these facts the greatest publicity, and

to insist that they should be submitted to a conscientious investigation on the part of those to whom government and society confide their moral and intellectual direction. But censure, like all other institutions, allows itself to be tempted by power, and wishes to stop the evil by prohibitions in the name of the law. What is the result of it? Civil censure, by regarding the interests of science, does not believe itself authorised, which is very natural, to prohibit the selling of nearly all the new foreign scientific productions, as well as their translation into the Russian language. By this means all the anti-spiritualistic doctrines have with us great currency, and materialism, though tacitly, only spreads more and more. On the other side, the spiritual censor, whilst defending the interests of the church, and lamenting the triumphant march of materialism, does not see in Spiritualism the reacting movement, whose use is to equalise (not to say more) the contrary movement; consequently whilst civil censure authorises the printing of materialistic works, spiritual censure prohibits the printing of spiritualistic works, whose only end is to establish by experimental means the fact of the soul's existence and of its immortality.

Such being the state of things, the Russian press has only seen, up to the present time, articles on Spiritualism which cover it with ridicule and contempt, or which obliged them to prove how diabolical and pernicious it was; articles, at all events, unfair, since the first and last word remains with themselves. We cannot be much astonished that such is the state of the press with us, when it is nearly the same in France, England, and America. You have an example of it in the last work of Mr H. Dixon,—“*Spiritual Wives.*” But what is important is, that you have the right of replying, whilst we must keep silence.

Allow me now to tell you a few words about myself in particular. Desiring in my turn to make the Russian public acquainted with the phenomena of Spiritualism, I had chosen for that purpose the work of Professor R. Hare, and I had extracted that which principally related to the experimental part of the question. But the censor remained inexorable, and I have been obliged to have my translation printed at Leipzig, where it remains buried in the warehouse of M. Wagner, suffering the same fate as a Russian translation of Swedenborg's work, “*Heaven and Hell,*” which I had printed some years before. That our learned men are not behind yours in their contempt for Spiritualism, I can prove to you by the following example:—We have at the University here a professor of logic and psychology in the person of M. Vladislávlef, translator into Russian of Kant's “*Critique de la Raison Pure,*” author of “*Doctrines, Psychologiques, Contemporaines,*” &c. Wishing to direct his attention to the psychological phenomena of Spiritualism, I gave him my Russian translation of Hare, some numbers of *Human Nature*, and the autobiography of Davis in German. Reading this enraged him so much that his indignation was such he could hardly contain himself. “All that,” he replied to me, “is only detestable humbug. Davis is an impudent man, Hare an unknown person. When I read it I believed I was at a tavern.” This reply deserving immortality, I record it.

How much we are restrained in our literary pursuits, I can again show you by the following anecdote:—Lately I have been occupied in

writing a critique on Swedenborg's "On the Doctrine of the Scriptures," whose end was to prove the inconsistency of that doctrine by its own propositions. When I presented my manuscript to the spiritual reviser he sent me to the civil reviser, because I do not examine Swedenborg's system from an orthodox point of view, but only from the formal, logical side, like all other philosophical systems; and when I gave my manuscript to the civil reviser, he sent me to the spiritual censor, because my work, from the first page to the last, only treated of Holy Scripture!

Convinced in this way, by my own experience and that of others, of the impossibility of serving, at least for the present, the cause of Spiritualism in my own country, I found that in awaiting more favourable circumstances I had nothing better to do than to transport my activity to a foreign land. In 1863 I learnt for the first time that a German translation of the works of A. J. Davis had been undertaken by the celebrated naturalist and philosopher, Mr. Von Esenbeck and his associate, Mr. Wittig; but all my attempts at having more information about this enterprise were fruitless until 1866, when I had the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with Mr. Wittig, and the displeasure of learning all the difficulties he met with during the publication of his translations. I then offered him to become the editor of them, and immediately we set ourselves to the task. In 1867 appeared "The Reformer," in 1868 "The Magic Staff," and in 1869 "The Principles of Nature, and her Divine Revelations," printed by Mr. Wagner at Leipsic. More ample details of the "History of the Introduction of the Harmonial Philosophy into Germany," the reader can find in the last work of Davis, "The Memoranda," in which he wished to give up a chapter to this subject. It might appear strange why we have commenced the publication of his works with "The Reformer," without following the chronological order, upon which Davis himself particularly insisted; but it is because nearly all the manuscripts were at Bremen with Mr. Ruthman, who had begun talking about their publication, without having, however, caused the enterprise to advance during many years. This is why, without losing time, we had commenced by that which was ready at Mr. Wittig's. It is only lately that we have had the good luck, not without trouble and expense, to re-enter into the possession of all these manuscripts, and henceforth their publication can be re-established in chronological order. What reception the German public will give them, the future alone can decide. We cannot count upon immediate success, and we shall not deceive ourselves upon this head. The prejudice of German science against animal magnetism in general, and Spiritualism in particular, and, on the contrary, its predilection for materialistic tendencies, are, in the present time, too strong for us to expect a serious and impartial critique. On the other side, silence still less attains our end, and our first duty is to extricate the public from the ignorance in which they live as to the real value of modern Spiritualism. To attain this result the works of Davis appear to me the most suitable. Germany requires above all a philosophical system, which should be in a state to present not only an accordance of facts with a given doctrine, but even with the exigencies of actual science. From this point of view the harmonial philosophy

has appeared to me entirely worthy of the attention of German thinkers. Many persons, knowing the works of Davis, have expressed sympathy with the undertaking of their publication into German. Thus, one of the best known and most respectable followers of Spiritualism in America, Judge Edmonds, in a letter that he wrote me in March 1869, expresses himself on this matter in the following manner :—" In one respect A. J. Davis and I differ : he looks upon Spiritualism rather as a philosophy, while I regard it as a religion. Therefore it is that his works must be more valuable in Germany than mine can be. With us and our impulsive nature, the religious aspect is the most important ; in Germany the rationalistic must be." As a psychological phenomenon, the person of Davis offers us one of the most remarkable types or the modern spiritualistic movement, and under this head deserves to be deeply studied. In the German edition of his " Principles of Nature," I made it a duty to collect all the proofs which had come to my own knowledge to establish the mesmeric origin of this work, and the further self-development of Davis, by way of pure intuition, like an incontestable psychological fact. While publishing his principal works, I had intended to cause some little treatise to appear after each volume, concerning the phenomenal side of Spiritualism, so that the German public should also take note of the most remarkable experiences and studies which have been made in this direction in America and England.

I have just heard by the last number of the *Spiritual Magazine* that the Dialectical Society of London has nominated a special committee for the investigation of these manifestations. I see in this a happy coincidence with the project of an international conference, and I hope that the latter will profit by this opportunity, by defending to the utmost the interests of our cause. Signor Damiani, who on this ground challenged our adversaries with a proposition of paying £500 in case of not succeeding on his part, ought no doubt to have good guarantee in order to execute his programme with success, and consequently he may render a great service to our case by seconding the Dialectical Society in its experiences. With the aid of such test-mediums as Home, Marshall, Everitt, Nichol, and others, and having on our side such scientific authorities as Messrs De Morgan, Wallace, Varley, and others, it seems to me that one may also hope to attain good results by a public scientific examination of these phenomena.

After having read the fine letters of Messrs W. M. Wilkinson and Shorter, in reply to the invitations that they have received on the part of the Dialectical Society, I add that the invitations to assist at the experiences in question ought to be communicated not only to competent judges in physical sciences, but also to philosophers, and particularly to psychologists. On what reasons, for instance, could Mr Lewes ground his refusal, who in the preface of his " Biographical History of Philosophy," wished to show how the scientific method ought to be applied to the explanation of the phenomenon of table turning, and has concluded that this phenomenon was due to an unconscious movement of the hands placed on the table ? Now that it is proved that the phenomenon does not take place on account of the contact of the hands with the table, does not Mr Lewes feel obliged to instruct us upon the further application of this scientific method ?

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

LONDON DIALECTICAL SOCIETY AND SPIRITUALISM.

BY JNO. JONES.

IN the number of *Human Nature* for June, there was a statement as to the leading characteristics of this society. The majority of the members, consisting of men well known to be rigidly opposed to Christianity, and to the existence of angels or devils, the subject of spiritualistic phenomena, therefore, taken up by them with reluctance, as being unworthy of their serious examination, a vigorous committee of some thirty members it was expected would soon expose scientifically the monstrous delusion so rife in society, "that miracles were not only possible, but they were of frequent occurrence."

Dr Cameron has the merit of bringing the subject before the Dialectical Society, and by his narrative of facts forcing attention to Spiritualism. An east end of London weekly newspaper, called the *Eastern Post*, has the merit of giving clearly and fully the evidence tendered to the committee by persons of well-known standing as to phenomena superior to that produced by the *ordinary* laws of nature. Extracts from that paper have been occasionally given by a portion of the London and provincial press. The evanescent character of the newspaper press, a passing panorama of events, has suggested that the evidence given before the committee be collected and published in *Human Nature*, so that at leisure and in a convenient form, and for future reference, the testimony of the witnesses may be secured, who have frankly come forward, and, through a cross fire of strange questions, been able to prove "that spirits exist." This is the more needed, as possibly when the committee make their report, there may be as little correctness and system shown as there has been in the manner of handling the witnesses. So many thousands of volumes of religious theories have been published by church and dissent, that we shall avoid them as much as possible when put by members of committee, or given by witnesses. FACTS are what is needed. Gather facts as flowers in the garden of the supernatural, and classify; then will be revealed the mystic pattern of beauty, which, blending with earth wonders, will, by the perfection of proof, show that MAN IS IMMORTAL.

EVIDENCE.

The Committee of the Dialectical Society engaged in the investigation of spiritual phenomena met at 4 Fitzroy Square. There were about twenty members of the committee, a number of visitors, and those who had consented to give evidence as to the facts they had witnessed.

Mr Daniel D. Home, the celebrated medium, was invited to give his testimony. He said that he did not come prepared to give evidence; he thought that would be better done by those who had seen the phenomena, many of which had occurred when he was unconscious.

But he would be very glad to answer any questions that might be put to him.

Dr Edmunds—Can you state the conditions under which manifestations take place?

Mr Home—You never can tell. I have frequently sat with persons and no phenomena have occurred; but when not expecting it, when in another room, or even sleeping in the house, the manifestations took place. I am, I may say, extremely nervous, and suffer much from ill health. I am Scotch, and second-sight was early developed in me. I am not imaginative; I am sceptical, and doubt things that take place in my own presence. I try to forget all about these things, for the mind would become partly diseased if it was suffered to dwell on them. I therefore go to theatres and to concerts for change of subject.

The Chairman—Will you give us some information relative to external physical manifestations, such as the lifting of tables or persons? Do you go into a trance?

Mr Home—Certain things only occur when I am in a trance. But the trance is not necessary for all the phenomena, the only thing necessary is that the people about should be harmonious. The “harmonious” feeling is simply that which you get on going into a room and finding all the people present such that you feel at home at once. At times I have been awakened at night by a presence in the room, and then the spirits would dictate what was being done elsewhere. I wrote it down, and found it always correct.

A Member—What are your sensations when in a trance?

Mr Home—I feel for two or three minutes in a dreamy state, then I become quite dizzy, and then I lose all consciousness. When I awake I find the feet and the limbs cold, and it is difficult to restore the circulation. When told of what has taken place during the trance, it is quite unpleasant to me, and I ask those present not to tell me at once when I awake. I myself doubt what they tell me. I have no knowledge on my own part of what occurs during the trance. Manifestations occur at all times—during a thunderstorm, when I am feverish or ill, or even suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs. Scepticism is not a hindrance, but an unsympathetic person is. Sex has not any influence. As for mediums they are generally very nervous. For years after I was born I was not expected to live. At the age of six I was not able to walk. I have been given over by Dr Louis, of Paris. The spirits told me I should get better. I found the manifestations beneficial, if not overdone. It is calming. At the time of the lawsuit with Mrs Lyon I had congestion of the brain. I was paralysed; my memory left me. They told me I would get well again, and it has been so.

Mr Atkinson asked witness the difference between manifestations in and out of trance.

Mr Home—In a trance I see spirits connected with persons present. Those spirits take possession of me; my voice is like theirs. I have a particularly mobile face, and I sometimes take on a sort of identity with the spirits who are in communication with me. I attribute the mobility of my face, which is not natural, to the spirits. When I am raised in the air I am awake. I am told that when I am in a trance I

frequently take a live coal in my hand. I was sceptical on that point, and on taking one in my hand when awake, I raised a blister. I have never been mesmerised, and cannot mesmerise. I may say I am exceedingly sick after elongations. While in Paris I saw the figure of my brother, then in the North Sea. I saw his fingers and toes fall off. Six months afterwards tidings came of his having been found dead on the ice, his fingers and toes having fallen off through the effects of scurvy.

Mr Coleman said he had read a letter from Mrs Trollope, in which she said she received almost daily evidence of the presence of the spirits of her family, more particularly of her children. He also remembered seeing Mr Home, while at his house, lifted from his seat, carried into an adjoining room, brought back again, and laid on the table. Mr Home knew he was so, because he asked for a pencil, and wrote on the ceiling.

Mr Home—Yes, I recollect that perfectly. In the houses of several people I remember being lifted. On one occasion I was staying at the chateau of M. Ducosse, the Minister of Marine. I was then half a foot in the air. The movement was so gentle that I had not observed it in the least. I moved back from the table to see if it would occur when I was standing. It did occur. I was carried to the end of the room. The Count de Bourmont, one of the senators, was staying there. I had evening dress shoes on. He took hold of the shoes when I was in the air; they remained in his hand, and I was carried up. One Sunday evening Lord Adare was told to put flowers outside a window; we saw the flowers brought into the room where we were. The Master of Lindsay was present as well as Lord Adare. Instead of my body being lifted, the flowers were taken from one window to another. I do not remember being taken out at one window and in another for I was unconscious, but numbers witnessed it. Once I was elongated eight inches. A man was standing holding my feet. In one case I was laid on the floor, and Lord Adare had hold of my head, and the Master of Lindsay of my feet. The elongations were not confined to my legs, but I seemed to grow very much from the waist. I have seen a table lifted into the air with eight men standing on it, when there were only two or three other persons in the room. I have seen the window open and shut at a distance of seven or eight feet, and curtains drawn aside, and, in some cases, objects carried over our heads. In the house of Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall, a table went up so high in the air that we could not touch it. I have seen a pencil lifted by a hand to a paper and write, in the presence of the Emperor Napoleon. We were in a large room—the Salon Louis Quinze. The Empress sat here, the Emperor there. The table was moved to an angle of more than forty-five degrees. Then a hand was seen to come. It was a very beautifully formed hand. There were pencils on the table. It lifted, not the one next it, but one on the far side. We heard the sound of writing, and saw it writing on note-paper. The hand passed before me, and went to the Emperor, and he kissed the hand. It went to the Empress, she withdrew from its touch, and the hand followed her. The Emperor said, “Do not be frightened, kiss it;” and she then kissed it. It was disappearing. I said I would like to kiss it. The hand seemed to be

like that of a person thinking, and as if it were saying, "Shall I?" It came back to me, and I kissed it. The sensation of touch and pressure was that of a natural hand. It was as much a material hand seemingly as my hand is now. The writing was an autograph of the Emperor Napoleon I. He had a beautiful hand. Mr Gordon has been lifted in the air. In the House of Mr Berghem a smelling-bottle on the table began to tremble as if some one with a very shaky hand had taken hold of it, and then it began to spin round on the table; it span a minute at least. There were three witnesses who saw that. I went into a trance immediately afterwards, and told them that a spirit named James was present. I learnt afterwards that Mr James had a very shaky hand. The Emperor of Russia, as well as the Emperor Napoleon, have seen hands, and have taken hold of them, when they seemed to float away into thin air. I have never seen material substances brought into a room when the doors and windows were closed. Flowers have been brought in from a parterre, but the spirits always asked for the window to be open. When other witnesses were present they have seen heads. One witness will testify to having seen heads in her lap at night. They were luminous; there was quite a glow from them.

Mr Dyte—As to future rewards and punishments? Mr Home said that bad spirits see the continuous results of the wrong they have done, and in some instances have endeavoured to repair it by declaring where concealed papers were. Spirits retained or showed special marks of identity, scars, &c. When the "Henry Clay" was burnt in America there was a case in point. I saw Jackson Downing standing before me with a deep scar on his forehead. I said, "Jackson Downing is lost!" "No," said Dr——, "he is saved; he swam on shore with Mrs Downing." Mrs Downing was at the hotel, but she became uneasy when she found that her husband did not appear. She said she had seen him on shore after he swam with her. It was then found that he had swam out again to assist some one, and a mast falling overboard split his skull just as I saw it.

The Chairman—Do they always retain a ghastly wound like that you have just described? Mr Home—No; it is merely shown as proof of identity.

A Member—Do you ever see the spirits of persons who are living? Mr Home—No; that pertains to second sight, quite a distinct thing. Then I see the individual himself, and not his spirit. A deadly tremor comes over me, and there is a film on my eyes, and I not only see persons, but hear conversations taking place at a distance.

A Member—Have you effected cures? Mr Home—I would prefer that those who were cured should answer that question.

Mrs Cox, of Jermyn Street, was then called, and she stated that she had seen levitations. She saw Mr Home rise gradually in the air, and make a cross on the ceiling with a pencil. She saw him carried out into the garden. She had seen a card-table lifted on to a table, and then removed to a couch, no person touching it. That was at her own house in Jermyn Street. She had felt the spirit form of her baby, and could believe she was still nursing it in the flesh. She corroborated Mr Home as to the existence of spirit hands and forms. She was cured by a spirit touch. Thirteen years ago she had a constant pain

in her side ; a spirit hand was placed on the spot, and then went to Mr Home for more power. She then used a decoction of hops by direction of the spirits, and she was completely cured. She had seen the accordion played, and the piano when locked was played by the spirit of her child. There was a very elevated tone in the instruction of the spirits, and she believed she was a better person under their influence.

The Countess de Pomar said that she had seen a burning coal placed in the hands of a lady, who was not in the least burnt. The lady deposited the coal on a piece of paper, which lighted and a hole was burnt in it.

Signor Damiani, in addition to the evidence as narrated in the August number of *Human Nature*, said—I am not a medium, and know nothing whatever about a medium's state during spiritual influence ; but I can give my personal testimony as to a variety of phenomena that have come under my notice. I have been present at 200 seances, and have seen tables rapped, tilted, and lifted into the air. In Italy I have seen the table rise bodily like the piston in the cylinder of a steam engine. Spirits will not gratify curiosity, and I have seldom, if ever, been able to get the information I wanted. In the town of Bristol, while I was staying there, there was a murder, and I thought I could get the name of the person who had committed it from the spirits, and put the police on the track. I went to Mrs Marshall, and asked the spirits to read my thoughts. They said they could do so. They did so, and advised me not to interfere, and that they would not tell me. They said, " We are not detectives, and the arm of God will surely reach the murderer." I have been in contact with a large number of mediums.

A Member—Are there any wicked spirits? Signor Damiani—Yes, and lying spirits. I know a remarkable case in point connected with Dr Livingstone. You will remember that for a period of some two years it was supposed that Dr Livingstone was dead. I went to a seance at Mrs Marshall's, and I asked, " Is the spirit of Dr Livingstone here ?" A spirit answered, " Yes ; I am Dr Livingstone !" I then asked him how he had been killed, and he related all the particulars. He said that a native had crept up behind him, and given him a blow of a club on the back of the head, and killed him outright at once. I asked what happened then, and the spirit said that the savages boiled his body and ate it. I said, " That was horrible ! You must have been greatly horrified by your body being boiled and eaten ?" He said, " No ; I was not horrified at it, for we must all be eaten !" Well, as you may imagine, I was greatly struck by this. I wrote out an account of Livingstone's death, and of his body being boiled and eaten, and I enclosed it in a paper, and gave it to a gentleman, with injunctions that he should keep it, and only open it when I should tell him on the discovery of the facts of the doctor's fate. But we all know that Livingstone was not killed at all, and the spirit was simply lying.

The Chairman—How can you distinguish between a medium who is an impostor, and a spirit that is a liar ?

Signor Damiani—You cannot distinguish, but in that case it was the spirit that was lying. Mrs Marshall would have had no object in

telling me an absurd story about Livingstone's being killed, and boiled, and eaten. And the explanation the spirits gave was this: "You came here," they said, "out of curiosity, and you found an impertinent spirit, who amused himself at your expense." It was simply the trick of a ragamuffin spirit.

Mr Glover then described various phenomena which he had witnessed in the presence of Mr Home. He had seen an accordion played, a table made so light that it could be lifted without effort, and then made so heavy that lifting was impossible, &c. He took up a pencil, and the spirit wrote the name of his grandfather. He also wrote a verse of a hymn to God, to the tune of "God save the Prince of Wales." Once when the air of "The Last Rose of Summer" was being played, he said that he thought the spirits ought not to play a profane air, and immediately a most magnificent hymn tune, which he had never heard before, was played.

TABLE TURNING.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing to the *Times*, and giving names to the editor to satisfy him "of the truth of these very extraordinary circumstances," relates the following facts:—In 1863 one of my sisters was visiting a lady who had a niece possessed of wonderful power. One morning my sister was seated on a large sofa, and the subject was introduced. She expressed great doubts, on which the young lady requested my sister to place her hand on the mahogany frame of the sofa. The young lady placed her hand on the opposite part, and immediately the sofa moved away from its position, and came violently in contact with the dining table. My sister was frightened and got up, and subsequently the young lady asked her to get on the table. This she did, and being again requested to place her hand on it, the operator placed hers also, and without a moment's delay the table moved towards the bow window. My sister jumped down and looked fearfully at the lady. A few months after my sister related this to me. I was as well acquainted with the parties as she was. It happened that in the following year, 1864, I came with my family to London, and, among other visitors, the aunt and niece called one morning while we were at lunch. We mentioned the circumstances which I have related; and on expressing our doubts, the aunt said her niece did not like to show her power, as she really felt frightened at it herself, and her father strongly objected to her displaying it, but as we were such old friends she would not mind showing us, provided anyone had the influence necessary to assist her. My wife went to a heavy arm chair, which is in my house at this moment, and being of rather an excitable temperament the lady thought she might aid her power. The hands were placed, my wife's on one side and the lady's on the other. The chair instantly moved several feet with my wife on it, who got up in fright and astonishment. I said—"To satisfy me, will you try and move the cabinet piano?" which stood against the wall. The two ladies placed their hands at the extreme ends of the piano, which advanced out from the wall some distance. At that moment a young man-servant was in

the room clearing away the lunch, and looking with surprise the lady said, "I wonder if George has any power?" He was requested to place his hand on the dining table. The lady placed hers, and the table with all the lunch things on it made a dash towards the fire place, and the boy was fixed against the wall. His fright can only be judged of by those who witnessed it. A round table, mahogany, was standing in the bow window; one of the casters was off. The young lady touched it accidentally at the same time that my wife's hand was on it, looking at the boy's wondering gaze. A noise was heard coming from the table, which ultimately moved hastily towards the window, and there it remained close to the frame. All this occurred in my dining room at Maida Hill. We were afterwards told that, on one occasion, in her own house, the servants wanted to move a four-post bed, and, not being able, the housemaid, said "Let us ask Miss M—— to assist us." She came up, and, telling the servant to place a hand upon the wooden post at the foot, the young lady placing hers on the other, the bed moved forward, and would have proceeded, had not the lady and servant taken off their hands. The bed required men's aid to get back again to its original place, being large and very heavy.

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

THE MYSTERY OF CAUSATION.

(To the Editor.)

I thank you for admitting my long detained scrap into your July number. I thought you had shut the door in my face, but I can afford to wait. In my case, the heat and passion of youth have long since cooled down, and I can scarcely realise the aggrieved state of jaunty young gentlemen of Mr Atkinson's build who so piteously complain of "low practices" and "personalities." For my part I have noticed no epithet that has been levelled at that gentleman as an individual, but only as the exponent of certain notions and styles of talking; and truly, if he had got an unfortunate probe in the ipsial tissues, he has amply atoned for it by dragging into the dock your publisher, Mr Burns, and holding him up for personal execration. "The editor of Human Nature" is quite a different "phenomenon" from Mr Burns, even though that gentleman should occupy the editorial position. Here, indeed, is a case for fine and scientific distinction: Mr Burns is an *objective* reality; whereas, the editor of Human Nature belongs to the *subjective* plane of being. For this slight breach of etiquette I do not in the least blame Mr Atkinson. It is quite possible that a gentleman so unsophisticated in the arts of the low and vulgar should become unconsciously finctured with their peculiar vices on his first connection with such a foreign influence. Those important metaphysical questions are certainly more worthy of Mr Atkinson's attention than mine, hence, I shall pass them and notice his remarks in your last number. This discussion, as conducted by Mr A., must become interminable. Instead of controverting the arguments of his opponents he declares that it is not according to Bacon, or that it is the view of Comte, or that Hamilton, Mill, and a host of others have been bold enough to pronounce against the whole thing. Now, I have the satis-

faction of declaring that I am a tremendously ignorant old man. I do not know that I dare boast of having read a consecutive page of either Comte or Bacon. Mill I found far too wordy, and as for Hamilton, his books are too high priced to show themselves down in this part where adult humanity has to work hard and exist on a crown a week; but as far as I have seen from quotations in other books, the truth according to these great lights has just been the same as the truth according to myself or our little Dick. Though I am shamefully ignorant of what Bacon and others think about things, I fancy I know what I myself think about. Mine is not "unconscious cerebration." I am persuaded I have got brains in my head though I never saw them, which conclusion on my part may perhaps puzzle Mr A.; and that these brains are for the purpose of doing my thinking, just as the brain of Bacon was the "unconscious instrument" of his intelligence, not "source" as Mr A. has it, as long as that intelligence required its services. Well then, having brains, I cannot make out why the first four lines of my last letter imply a denial of causation. It is rather intended to ridicule Mr Atkinson's "unknowable" philosophy which makes causation a myth. My opponent's position is, however, more unfortunate in another important respect: he immolates independent thought and the exercise of reason on the altar of despotic authority and servile quotations. He is in the same category with the traditionists, ritualists, and gospel disputants who set usage against usage, one holy father in conflict with another equally revered authority, Peter against Paul, and the Shibboleth of each petty sect in the teeth of all the world. These good zealous people will carry on a wordy war for centuries and sacrifice thousands of their fellows as a dark back-ground to the ridiculous figure they themselves cut on the front of the canvas, without ever asking their own reason and common-sense to help them in their unmanageable difficulty. The Authoritarian is a pest, which it is the bounden duty of every rational creature and lover of his species to "stamp out" with every effort in his power. The fangs of the creature are easily drawn; disdain to touch his barbarous weapon, and he decomposes into a thin vapour—a pea and thimble trickster with words. I feel it to be my duty to point out a notorious instance of inaptitude on Mr Atkinson's part when he accuses "Mr Burns" of calling the opinion of his opponents "chaff and stubble," whereas the expression used in the editorial note to my letter was, that "all except truth were as chaff and stubble." This simple case shows how easy it is for the quotationist to raise thousands of petty issues without even touching the rind of the question.

The backbone of the difficulty, according to Mr A., arises from the stupendous fact that the infinite is unthinkable. This will all depend upon the capacity of the investigator for undertaking the thinking process, and, consequently, the clearness of his definitions of the terms used. The stale jargon of "feeble human beings" being unable to comprehend a "mysterious power and formative principle in universal nature," is the cant hurled at the head of every thinker, by the blind votaries of sectarianism. It is to be met with in every effort of preconceived-notionists to trammel and bind the minds of their fellows, and it is to be found, amongst other "padding," in the last pious novel. Besides, it carries with it its own refutation. Mr Atkinson declares that there is a "mysterious power and formative principle in universal nature;" the very thing I contended for in my last letter. But such a power cannot be "unknowable" or "unthinkable," for Mr Atkinson declares it, or else he talks without thinking. And again, if it is in "universal nature" it must be distinguishable everywhere, and patent to the observation of the most "feeble human being." What, then, are we to make of Mr A.'s further "experience," implying that this "formative principle" is the result of formation! Was there ever a greater absurdity perpetrated in the pages of a "Philosophical Periodical!" One is apt to fancy he is reading *Punch* or the *Tomahawk*. But further, Mr

Atkinson confounds the "formative principle" with "mental phenomena," which shows he has not the least notion of what he is talking about. Verily, the subject is to him "unthinkable." He ascribes the same attributes to the infinite as to the finite—the unconditioned and the conditioned; consequently his "Cause" becomes a "Fabricator," a kind of overgrown mechanic—an instrument, not a "Cause."

Spiritualism, Mr A. declares, does not help him in this difficulty, viz., the "nature of the absolute formative principle." This surely need not puzzle us, since the relative formations of this "absolute principle" are everywhere around us. The operative principle and its effects are the necessary parts of one great whole, and there is no "mystery" in it if we understand what we mean by the terms we use. But Spiritualism does help us to a solution of the question. It reveals to us the important fact that the conditions of existence are vastly different after death to what they are in earth-life, so much so, that our language and mental capabilities will not enable us to get definite information thereon. This is certainly a great step for those who fancy they know everything by their acquaintance with "material formation." Mr Atkinson has been recently treating the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* to the same course of remarks that he has for some months presented in your periodical. There he came into collision with Mr William White, with whose final rejoinder I shall conclude:—

"Mr Atkinson multiplies words to little purpose, and adduces arguments which I should contest point by point. That we can know anything of causes apart from effects, I deny as strenuously as he does; but that from effects we may know causes, I as strenuously maintain. I never met Mr Atkinson, but from his writings I have a definite conception of him as a cause in which common sense is so nullified by art, that he can witness manifestations of intelligence, and at the same time question their intelligent origin. Consistently, he treats God as he treats Spirits.

"Let me repeat. From what God *does* we learn what He *is*. Our experience of Nature is an experience of its Creator; our experience of Human Nature affords a yet deeper insight; whilst in Christ, we hold, God has revealed His very heart. God as unseen is known on no other terms than Man as unseen. So much of God we presume to know, and trust to go on learning to eternity.

"That many philosophers have pronounced God unknown and unknowable is true, but I have too little respect for authority to be affected thereby. Their grand fallacy has been the endeavour (an endeavour Mr Atkinson imputes to me) to know God apart from Nature, apart from Man, and especially apart from Jesus Christ. Vain indeed is that quest; whilst the search for God manifest in His handiwork is fruitful from the outset and ever onwards."

ANTHROPOLOGOS.

LORD BACON ON SPIRITUALISM.

(To the Editor.)

Not knowing the foundation of Mr Atkinson's peculiar views, I was quite unable, and indeed unwilling, to connect it with the groundwork of "bottomless follies" held by Pythagoras and others; and consequently it would have been wrong to have applied to him the introductory portion of the passage from Lord Bacon, the omission of which has, notwithstanding, given him umbrage; and as Mr Atkinson has now repudiated the views of Pythagoras, it proves I was right, but as his opinions seem to me intimately connected with the superstructure laid thereon, I naturally confined myself to that portion of Bacon's

remarks ; and as Mr Atkinson has only supplied a part of that which he considers a deficiency on my side, and has notably omitted the particular sentences regarding the superstructure which affects himself, I have pleasure now in supplying the whole passage. Bacon says :—"The philosophy of Pythagoras (which was full of superstition) did first plant a monstrous imagination, which afterwards was, by the schools of Plato and others, watered and nourished. It was, that the world was one entire, perfect living creature ; insomuch as Apollonius of Tyana, a Pythagorean prophet, affirmed that the ebbing and flowing of the sea was the respiration of the world, drawing in water as breath, and putting it forth again. They went on and inferred that if the world were a living creature, it had a soul and spirit, which also they held, calling it *spiritus mundi*, the spirit or soul of the world, by which they did not intend God (for they did admit of a Deity besides), but only the soul or essential form of the universe. *This foundation being laid, they might build upon it what they would!* For in a living creature, though never so great, (as for example in a great whale,) the sense and the affects of any one part of the body, instantly make a transcurſion throughout the whole body ; so that by this 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."

From the above we find that "bottomless folly" was not confined to those who held that the world was a great living monster ; but was extended by Bacon to those who "watered and nourished it" and "built upon it what they would ;" and certainly the superstructure of "bottomless folly" is bottomless indeed. I found then that those who built upon this bottomless foundation were, according to my understanding, in agreement with Mr Atkinson on some points, and that Mr Atkinson was also in accord with Paracelsus, who "ascribed to imagination exalted, the power of miracle-working faith ;" to that I therefore confined myself, and said, "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 and 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." I am still of that opinion.

In my article of July I considered brevity also of importance, as a previous article I had written to "Human Nature," in answer to Mr Atkinson, was after some consideration by the editor, rejected on the ground of its being too diffuse. I think now the editor was wise in

that rejection, and in waiting for a chance to bring him an article on the same subject, which should combine brevity, acumen, and success.

W. R. TOMLINSON.

(To the Editor.)

SIR,—Mr Tomlinson, in your July number, is pleased to associate me with Mr Atkinson, but we are only distant relations, and I fear lest Mr Atkinson should think he is dishonoured by the connection, as I really have an unshaken faith in the spiritual philosophy, though I don't believe in half of the conundrums of the spiritualists. There is a dispute between those gentlemen and Bacon, too, which they will never be able to settle, I doubt, by reference to the "*Novum Organum*," or the "*Sylva Sylvarum*." Bacon believed in witchcraft, no doubt; but that was a Christian dogma in his day. If not necessary to salvation, it was essential to safety and freedom from persecution. He believed in evil spirits, too; but who can disbelieve in them that believes in the Bible at all? But let us understand the thing. Evil spirits, according to Scripture, were fallen angels, and angels were superhuman beings; even Jesus himself was said to be a little lower than them. Well, Bacon believed in that sort of evil spirits, and they are precisely the things which have been exploded by our spiritual philosophy, or, rather, we have shown them to be subjective powers, and not objective beings. As Bacon is an authority for witches, he may also be quoted in support of my views without giving offence to either positivists or spiritualists, I hope. He says,—"*The mind abstracted or collected in itself, and not diffused in the organs of the body, has, from the natural power of its own essence, some foreknowledge of future things, and this appears chiefly in sleep, ecstasies, and the near approach of death.*" There my Lord of Verulam, you are rational; in the other case you were scriptural; and in many places your works testify you were ruled by the church more than the dictates of nature. Mr Tomlinson would attribute those powers of the mind to spirits of the dead, but Bacon thought differently, and the Scriptures are not in favour of that idea. It is true Jacob dreamed he saw angels going up and down stairs; but what sensible man would take that dream of the patriarch to be objective. Mr Tomlinson is a clergyman, and ought to know these things better than ordinary men, and I wish he would attempt to prove from the Scriptures that any bodies' kinsfolk ever appeared to them at any time, as recorded either in the Jewish or Christian Scriptures. It was all the "*Lord*" and "*angels*" down to the period when Moses and Elias appeared to Jesus and the disciples on the Mount. From that time till now the Church of Rome has had Jesus, and the Virgin, and the saints, appearing in vision to ecstasies frequently, which is more consonant with Scripture authority than the other idea so commonly received by spiritualists. How do we know that the veritable Moses and Elias appeared to Jesus? There is no proof they did, beyond the record, and that is not much to depend on, for Peter talked without knowing what he said, and no doubt the others were in a similar state of confusion. It seems to me they had a spiritual manifestation, and they saw two strangers, who were called Moses and Elias, because those two men were representative men in the Jewish Church, just as

Jesus and the Virgin have been looked upon since. Seership is a science, and must be rightly understood. If a clairvoyant sees a man, he may only be a figurative man after all. If he sees a figurative vision, and cannot read it, but gets confused like Peter, he may talk nonsense, like the church, all the days of his life. There is John, too, made an ass of himself, and wanted to worship the angel or power by which he saw his visions. But the power said, "I am thy fellow-servant," which is supposed to mean he was an old prophet that was dead. Really such stupidity is worse than madness. All seers are greatly developed in the spirit which is able to appear to the mind while in a state of ecstasy or trance. People who have no experience in this matter cannot and won't believe, but it is all true. We may see ourselves without knowing who we are.

A. GARDNER.

HOW MR HOME LOST HIS BRANDY.*

(*To the Editor.*)

MR HOME himself explained the fire test. He said, "All we did was, by arranging the electrical currents, to shield the hand from injury." In your last number we read of the extraordinary phenomenon of brandy being extracted from the glass, and how the same agency that had removed the liquid poured it back into the glass. This, too, was, I have no doubt, done also by electricity; and we mundanes would effect it also, if but we knew how, and had the means at our command in the same way as the "spirits," "od forces," "unconscious action," or whatever you like to call them, have; but this last I doubt whether we ever shall have.

M. Goupy, a French writer, in his book on "Talking Tables, Mediums, Spirits, and Somnambulism," shows us how, in a clumsy sort of a manner, we can, by means of machinery, imitate this last trick of the "spirits," the "od forces," or "unconscious action," which latter, in the present instance, seems to have known pretty well what it was about.

M. Goupy says,—“A grand fact puts us on the right road. This fact is, that all matter is endowed with three existences—first, the gaseous; next, the fluid; and third, the solid.

“Water is an example of this: it exists in vapour, water, and ice. This is not, perhaps, the best example possible, for no chemical combination appears to enter it, while it does in most others; but it is, at any rate, an example of common experience.

“Now, how could the water expand into vapour, if it were not by a force of repulsion which constrains all its particles to withdraw from their centre and from each other? How could vapour condense into water, or water into ice, were it not for a force of attraction constraining the same particles to draw together to themselves and their centre? These two forces, which produce the one expansion, the other concretion, must be equal to each other; for if one had a greater action than the other, the other could not exist, and these are

* This letter was written in February last, and refers to remarkable phenomena which occurred at one of Mr Home's seances described in our January number.

both the attributes of electricity alone. Electricity is then the principle of the transformations of matter. Do you want a proof?

“Take a quart of water, place it in communication with two closed vases capable of holding two thousand quarts, and put it under the influence of a galvanic battery. The water will decompose itself into two gases, which will fill the closed vases. Having done this, re-unite the two with precaution, and subject them to an electric spark; a flash, an explosion, will immediately take place, and the two thousand quarts of gas will be re-converted into a quart of water.”

Perhaps I shall be able to tell you at a future time—if Messrs Home, Bray, Atkinson, or Gardner, do not forestal me—how the alcohol went, but at present I wait for more light. W. R. T.

WHISPERINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

FANATICISM IN SPAIN.

THE readers of *Human Nature* are already aware that our learned contributor, H. D. Jencken, Esq., is at present on a visit to Spain. A recent calamity which has befallen him has made the whole nation acquainted with his sojourn in that country. Mr Jencken, in a letter to the *Times*, gives an account of the assault committed upon him, agreeing literally with the one given below, which we had the pleasure of receiving direct from Mr Jencken, soon after its appearance in the Spanish papers.

(To the Editor of the “*La Politica*,” Madrid.)

Lorca, 21st July, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR,—At nine o'clock last night this noble and populous city was the scene of an unexampled and unheard-of deed, which by its strangeness and horror has hitherto had no parallel.

A few days ago there arrived two or three English gentlemen, who are engaged in a judicial question of particular interest, but which possesses no importance to the people of the country. One of said gentlemen, a most estimable person and of highly charitable sentiments, went out to walk alone through the parks and gardens in the vicinity of the town, that there he might breathe the fresh air in those truly picturesque scenes, lighted up by the silvery beams of the moon, when suddenly that inoffensive man was surrounded by a crowd of country people, who enclosed him as in a whirlwind, and, armed with axes, pikes, and bludgeons, attacked him and wounded him like a wild dog, bruised his face with blows, knocked out his teeth, broke his head, battered his body, and, arresting him they tied his arms, and conducted him to the public square, beating him with knives and sticks as they went, pulling his beard, buffeting him, and calling with loud cries that he should have his head cut off.

In this manner, with his body bruised, bathed in blood, and covered with innumerable wounds, they arrived with him at the Council Chambers, where fortunately were assembled the Volunteers of Liberty, who on perceiving the tumult without knowing the cause which produced it,

sallied forth among the crowd, rifle in hand, and rescued the unhappy victim just on the point of drawing his last breath. In the rooms of the Town Hall there happened to be, along with the Mayor, several of the principal citizens, among others the Sr. Mercader, who being unable to contain the feelings of horror and profound indignation which the sight gave them, mixed among the crowd, who followed their unhappy victim even within the doors of the edifice, repulsed them forcibly, arresting some of them and lodging them in prison, while they compelled the rest to disperse.

The wounded man was at once attended to with all the skill and attention which his pitiable plight claimed, and afterwards the Sr. Mercader conveyed him to his own house in his carriage, where he is cared for with the utmost tenderness and the most lively solicitude. Thanks to God, he is becoming better, and we hope soon to have the consolation of seeing him cured of his serious wounds, which is the desire of all the town, interested in the health of this person, whose misfortune is their disgrace.

The only cause of so abominable an outrage, Mr Editor, appears incredible, but it is the following:—A report has gained ground among the stupid and ignorant lower classes that there are some men with large beards who go about secretly in pursuit of children to carry away their marrow, with which they cure the small pox and oil the telegraph wires, which cannot work without this unctuous application. They distinguished the English gentleman with a large beard, walking alone through the promenades, and believing him to be one of those men, the country people of both sexes united and sacrificed him, bringing him to the public square in search of the Mayor, to present him as a savage, and asking permission to finish him at once by cutting off his head in their presence.

The authorities rivalled each other in their zeal and activity to discover the perpetrators of this outrage, adopting the most prompt and efficacious measures to assist the law, and more especially the most worthy judge of the first instance, Don Francisco Rubio Falres, who since last night has not left the prison, in conjunction with our no less worthy promoter fiscal, Don Juan Carlos de Julian, receiving declarations and hastening the proceedings with the utmost celerity.

The volunteers on this occasion have given most important services. To them is owing the salvation of the victim and the imprisonment of the criminals, who already exceed twenty in number. The police officers and bailiffs also deserve well of their country by their distinguished comportment.

Our dear and sympathising Mayor, model of honour and civic virtues, has published a manifesto, of which a copy is annexed, in order that you, Mr Editor, may have the goodness to insert it in the columns of your distinguished periodical.

THE JACKSON TESTIMONIAL.

MR J. BURNS,—SIR, My attention has been directed to an article having your signature attached to it, which made its appearance in the May number of your excellent monthly, *Human Nature*. The article is in

reference to Mr J. W. Jackson, president of the Glasgow Curative Mesmeric Association, Fellow of the Anthropological Society of London, &c., &c.

For a good many years I have had the honour of being enabled to enrol Mr Jackson in the list of my friends, and from personal knowledge I can vouch for the thorough accuracy of the statements advanced in the article in question, so far as they are facts relating to my friend, and I have no doubt that the inferences you draw from your statements are perfectly legitimate. No man, in fact, is better entitled to a worthy testimonial than my esteemed friend, Mr Jackson. He has laboured in the cause of the public for many years. Most disinterestedly has he laboured, thinking always of the general weal and seldom of himself. His wish has uniformly been to enlighten and ameliorate mankind, and very few of his thoughts indeed have been bestowed upon his own personal interests. A more unselfish labourer for the common good never lived. According to his light has been his all-unselfish work: a fine example, he, of those grand and good men—grand in their goodness—*of whom the world is not worthy.*

But that is not the only reason. Mr Jackson's labours have been disinterested, but they have been valuable also. Let those who have been benefited in one respect or another by Mr Jackson speak out, and we shall have a goodly host to proclaim the value of his services. He has not wrought in a detached and obscure corner. His labours have been extensive and most varied.

The readers of your periodical know the nature of Mr Jackson's exertions in one direction. The readers of the *Glasgow Christian News* can speak as to what has been done in another direction. The readers of the *London Anthropological Review* can tell how ill that quarterly would have got on without his prolific pen, to which no subject, coming within the anthropological horizon, could come altogether amiss. But why should I go on enumerating the vehicles which have served to give Mr Jackson's lucubrations to the public?

To take another field. How much has Mr Jackson done in forwarding the views and operations of societies intended to promote the cure of man, as suffering from disease—disease of the mind or disease of the body—psychologically or corporeally? But I must stop short. I shall only further illustrate my position by a reference to a circumstance of a private nature of which I was cognisant. A lady, a near friend, suffering from a stiffness of the limbs, for which she had tried in succession a number of expedients, as representing as many different schools of hygienic treatment—this lady, I say, tried to get cured, but tried in vain. Even mesmerism itself, at the hands of a master of the treatment, failed. All failed. But Mr Jackson had not been tried. As a last resource Mr Jackson was tried, and with what result? The stiffness disappeared from the limbs, the lady began to walk about with greater and greater ease, and from that day to this (it is years ago) the lady has had the use of her legs as much as any other healthy member of the community. Knowing this—which, in truth, brought the benefit of Mr Jackson's services home to myself—and knowing also all the other things which I have glanced at, how could I refrain from coming forward to announce that I can honestly endorse your written testi-

monial, being also prepared to contribute my share to the fund which is in course of being collected?

I have written this of course with the view of its appearing in the pages of *Human Nature*. I felt it my duty to contribute in the money way; but not the less did I see it a duty to follow your example and contribute by my pen as well as by my purse.

I forward my subscription (£20) to Glasgow, and to Mr C. Gracie, the secretary of the committee formed for the purpose of raising the testimonial fund.—I am, Sir, your very obedt. humble servant,

WILLIAM GILLESPIE,

Author of "The Argument, *a priori*."

46 Melville Street, Edinburgh, Aug. 10, 1869.

[We beg to refer our readers to the address and subscription form which appeared in the advertisement department of our last number. We hope our readers will all do what they can to promote this well deserved testimonial.—ED. H. N.]

THE STELLAR KEY DEFENDED.

(To the Editor.)

THE allegation of your Brighton correspondent, Mr Howell, of the physical impossibility of a zone within the milky way, as described by Mr Davis in his Stellar Key, is, I need hardly say, pure assumption, and belongs to that category of cases of which Professor De Morgan has given an example. "When the great engineer said before the parliamentary committee that he expected more than ten miles an hour, the greater barrister—greater for the moment—turned away and said, 'I will not ask this witness another question.' The barrister's moment is gone: the engineer's moment is a long future. Any one who chose, might collect such a list as would powerfully edify those who can do without it, and would not do a bit of good to those who want the warning."

Eternal durability! rest! where in the pages of the Harmonial Philosophy will your correspondent find this principle enunciated? If he reads with care he will find exactly the opposite,—unceasing change—perpetual and eternal progression! That matter and motion are co-existent and co-eternal. That "the laws that govern nature go on with a steady and unchangeable progression. They are not at any time retarded or accelerated. Nothing can prevent the natural results of these laws. They are established by one great Positive Power and Mind, and equalled by a negative or ultimate equilibrium. Hence their continued and united forces, by the influence of which all things are actuated and developed, and pass on in a steady process of progression." That accompanying each development "were corresponding productions," and that "whether the chain is unbroken from the first development of living species, to those which now exist, is a question which has no essential bearing upon the inductions legitimately received; for the generalisation of the geological and physiological sciences leads to corresponding universal truths."

Your correspondent seems to imagine that seers and disembodied spirits ought, *pari passu*, to have become omniscient, or at all events, to know "more of the great unknown than we that are embodied." But would such an arrangement be in accordance with nature's law of slow progressive development so well known to philosophy? Does it follow because a man is translated to a higher sphere of being, with larger scope for his perceptive

faculties, that the transition should necessarily be accompanied by a simultaneous maturity of judgment and refinement of character? Surely this would not be a natural but a supernatural development.

To be consistent, your correspondent would doubtless hold as absurd, the idea of certain philosophers, that man was *ground* out of mineral elements "by millions of tons annually, which pour like a mighty river through" creation and culminate in him. How much more rational the idea of a miraculous creation as expounded in Genesis. And yet as regards both ideas, he might say, "I am afraid that the imaginations" of men on this subject, "are wild steeds without the rider's reason to guide them. Their accounts differ so much, that I cannot take their evidence in my court of justice." But would not such a mode of procedure be riding a very wild steed indeed towards justice, with little or no probability of the rider ever reaching his goal?

A. B. TIETKENS.

SPIRITUALISM IN GLASGOW.

MR GEORGE DUNCAN (not long ago a strong opponent of Spiritualism, but now an enthusiastic convert to its truth) complains of the violent opposition of the newspaper press. He says:—Take a case in point. A short time ago a discussion arose in the columns of the *Glasgow Herald* on modern Spiritualism. The opponents challenged the spiritualists to exhibit the phenomena. I accepted their challenge, but the *Herald* would not insert my acceptance. The opponents continued to challenge. I again wrote to the *Herald*, stating that I was willing to have a seance with any number of unbelievers, at any time and in any place, the whole proceedings to take place in broad day light. The *Herald* again destroyed my letter, but continued to publish the challenges of our opponents until the end of the controversy. Is this conduct not despicable? Their object I dare say was to make the public believe that the phenomena could not be produced in this city at least. I took an opportunity of publicly exposing this contemptible conduct of the *Herald* in presence of one of their reporters.

Take another instance of injustice. The "Rambling Reporter" of the *Herald* was present at a seance with me, but as none of the usual conditions were complied with, the phenomena was unsatisfactory. I told them that it would be so, but they persisted in violating the conditions. The Reporter promised to *suspend his judgment* in the matter until he saw more of it, but instead of doing so he published a burlesque of the whole proceedings in the *Herald*. I published a reply in the same paper, and offered to have seances with any respectable person who desired to witness the phenomena. The result is, that I stand engaged for nearly 20 seances, and more than 10 persons are to attend each; and all these persons, though unbelievers, are nevertheless disgusted with the conduct of the *Herald*. Such conduct will only tend to promote the cause it means to injure.

INFORMATION WANTED.

I AM a learner, very interested, not a sceptical person—in fact, I neither believe nor disbelieve that disembodied spirits are the intelligences that move the table; but I am engaged in carefully investigating the subject with the simple view to ascertain the truth. I have had

many seances, and very good and delightful messages, but as far as I have gone I have never asked a test question (where the answer was unknown to a member of the circle) that I have got a correct answer to, though the intelligence has indicated that it could and would tell me. Now, I can quite understand that there may be many things good spirits cannot do, but I cannot understand that they should say they can and will, if they cannot. This is the great obstacle to my connecting the phenomena with spirits, and leads me to connect it with some curious law of the mind, induced by a loss of magnetism (a sort of mesmeric state). If you can help me I shall be very much obliged.—INQUIRER.

A NEW METHOD OF PROVING SPIRITUALISM is adopted by a correspondent, who writes a letter bearing post mark Liverpool. He says he is much interested in the subject, having read some of the works, but desires to be convinced of the truth of what he has read. He does not sign his name to the letter, adding that if we can put ourselves in communication with him it will be good proof of the "truth of our teaching." We do not remember having "taught" anything like what is implied in the above novel request, which is a very unique sample of the wild notions which ignorance begets in undisciplined brains. Our correspondent seems to think that it will be a matter of great importance to us to have him convinced of the truth of what he reads. His first step must be to feel his own responsibility in the matter, and his second to secure the services of a wet nurse to help him over his infantile difficulties.

ARISTIDES VERGI, writing from Beyrout, Syria, informs us that science is at a very low ebb in that country; all the ancient splendour is gone. The destruction has been complete; even the change in the race of people has been from one extreme to the other. The giant enemies of science, bigotry and fanaticism, predominate amongst them. An effort has lately been made to establish a society for the study of science, but its prospects are not good. Modern Spiritualism was introduced here in 1864. At first it made rapid progress, but the clergy found that it developed the popular spirit and imparted knowledge inconvenient to their interests. By means of superstition and force they tried to dissuade the people from making experiments, but the propagators did not flinch at this difficulty, and now they have their little circle of good members of different creeds and nations.

A STORY is going the round of the Indian and China papers that the young Emperor of China, being curious to judge for himself of the effect of opium, tried a pipe, and of course suffered severely. The Queen Mother made inquiries, and having found out that one of the chief eunuchs had supplied his Majesty with the opium, had him beheaded, as an example to the rest of the household, and a fresh proclamation against the use of the drug was sent through the empire. There are "Princes" nearer home whose morals are not so well tended.

Artesian wells in the African desert are being sunk in considerable numbers. Thirty thousand palms and other fruit-trees are being cultivated by this means. The water is impregnated with epsom salts, but is said to be wholesome notwithstanding.

HEALTH TOPICS.

THE VACCINATION QUESTION.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"How-ever true it may be, as Mr Paget, the magistrate, said that the 'greatest and wisest men of all nations approve of and strongly recommend vaccination,' that 'the highest in the land have their children vaccinated,' and—what is more to the purpose perhaps—that compulsory vaccination is part of the law of England, it is clearly becoming more and more necessary that the public should be reassured as to the merits of the process. Explain it how we may, the fact is that for many years past a strong distrust of vaccination has been spreading, a distrust which in every case is believed to have good grounds in actual experience and observation. Inquire, not amongst 'the highest in the land,' perhaps, but amongst the poorer classes, and you will find almost every woman abounding in instances of healthy children destroyed by vaccination. It is not often alleged that the children die of the process; what you commonly hear is that 'they were never the same afterwards'—were never well again. So general is this conviction, so fast is it spreading, it rests upon grounds of such painful experience (as they who hold it say), that we may confidently look for increased evasion and defiance of the law. Dread of a fine will not weigh much with men and women who believe the health of their little ones to be at stake; and we may even find parents going to prison, like the poor woman who was dealt with by Mr Paget, rather than subject one child to a process which they believe killed another. Something must be done to reassure the public mind on this subject, or presently it will give us trouble. When the law conflicts with domestic instincts and affections the sooner the misunderstanding is cleared up the better."

EFFECT OF DIET ON THE NERVES.—A man living solely on beef, as the Indians generally do, and full of freedom and fresh air, has blood very nearly approaching in chemical character to that of a lion, the fibrin and red globules being more abundant, in proportion to the *liquor sanguinis*, and the temper of his mind approximates to the indomitable savage. . . . Without exercise of a violent kind, this state of blood is apt to become intolerable, because it rouses the animal instinct to such an excessive degree that reason becomes perplexed and confused by innumerable sensations, which she finds no means of subduing by demand on thought, since the nerves of volition and power are unduly excited to reflex action, and thus the balance of brain-power, by which the mind maintains dominion over the body, being disturbed, the animal is apt to prevail over the rational, and the man to behave like a brute. —*Moore's Use of the Body.*

REPORTS OF PROGRESS.

MR AND MRS SPEAR left London for America on 3rd August. Persons desirous of communicating with Mr Spear may address him at our office, and the letters will be forwarded.

DR E. P. MILLER of the Hygienic Institute, New York,^{U.S.} is at present in this country investigating the position of the health movement.

A LONG account is given in the *Eastern Post* of a meeting of the Dialectical Society, at which Miss Anna Blackwell gave the views of Spiritualism as presented in the works of Allen Kardec. We may find space for some of them in our next issue.

MR J. M. PEEBLES has arrived in England. At the time of writing we have not had the pleasure of meeting him and learning his programme. We understand that his sojourn in Europe will occupy about six months. We hope our friends will invite him to visit them in their respective localities.

THE LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' "DAY OUT" is arranged to take place on Saturday, September 11. The place fixed on is Hampton Court Palace, the gardens, Busby Park, &c. It is thought best to leave parties to find their way down as best they can. Trains from the Chatham and Dover, Metropolitan, North London, and South-Western Railways run direct to Hampton Court and Teddington for Busby Park during the whole day. Excursion return tickets may be obtained at Waterloo Station for 1s. The place of rendezvous, and where parcels may be left, will be Mr Wooderson's, next door to the "Grey-hound" Inn, Busby Park Gates. Arrangements will be made to provide refreshments at a fixed rate at Mr Wooderson's, where parties bringing their own provisions may be accommodated. Those who intend joining this pic-nic should send in their names to our office by the 8th, and give some indications of their requirements. Friends should reach Hampton Court by twelve o'clock. An exploring party, accompanied by a guide, will be formed to "do" the royal apartments, full of ancient paintings, and the gardens. After tea a grove meeting will be held under the Linden trees by the stream in Busby Park. Mr J. M. Peebles, from America, and other distinguished friends are expected to address the meeting.

MANCHESTER ASSOCIATION OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The Committee and Members of the above Association intend holding their first half-yearly Convention in Grosvenor Street Temperance Hall, Oxford Road, Manchester, on October 2nd and 3rd, 1869, when papers will be read and discussed relative to the subject of Spiritualism. The Committee respectfully solicits the co-operation and assistance of the friends of progress in Great Britain, feeling convinced that a mutual exchange and amalgamation of influences will conduce to a cultivation of a spirit of harmony and unity of desire amongst those who will assemble together to discuss the best means of propagating and placing upon a true fundamental basis the philosophy of Spiritualism. In consequence of the great success attendant upon the monthly conferences held of late, the Committee feels warranted in the above object, hoping that all friends of the cause will give it as wide a circulation and support by their presence as their position may conveniently allow. All communications to be addressed to the Secretary, JAMES THOMASSON, 22 Pimblett Street, Lord Street, Cheetham, Manchester.

MISCELLANEA.

THOMAS CARLYLE ON "A FUTURE STATE."

THE following letter, says a correspondent of a Glasgow paper, was received many years ago from Thomas Carlyle, in reply to an inquiry put before him by a young lady who had given her mind much to the moral problems involved in the question of a future state. The letter has never been published:—"The Grange, Arlesford, September 27, 1848.—My Dear Madam,—The question that perplexes you is one that no man can answer. You may console yourself by reflecting that it is by its nature *insoluble* to human creatures—that what human creatures mainly have to do with such a question is to get it well put to rest, suppressed if not answered, that so their life and its duties may be attended to without impediment from it. Such questions in this our earthly existence are many. 'There are two things,' says the German philosopher, 'that strike me dumb—the starry firmament (*palpably* infinite), and the sense of right and wrong in man.' Who ever follows out that 'dumb' thought will come upon the origin of our conceptions of heaven and hell—of an infinitude of merited happiness, and an infinitude of merited woe—and have much to reflect upon under an aspect considerably changed. Consequences good and evil, blessed and accursed, it is very clear, do follow from all our actions here below, and prolong, and propagate, and spread themselves into the infinite, or beyond our calculation and conception; but whether the notion of *reward* and *penalty* be not, on the whole, rather a *human* one, transferred to that immense divine fact, has been doubtful to many. Add this consideration, which the best philosophy teaches us, 'that the very *consequences* (not to speak of the *penalties* at all) of *evil* actions die away, and become abolished long before eternity ends; and it is only the consequences of *good* actions that are *eternal*—for these are in harmony with the laws of this universe, and add themselves to it, and co-operate with it for ever; while all that is in *disharmony* with it must necessarily be without continuance, and soon fall dead'—as perhaps you have heard in the sound of a Scottish psalm amid the mountains, the true notes alone *support* one another, and the psalm which was discordant enough near at hand, is a perfect melody when heard from afar. On the whole, I must account it but a morbid weak imagination that shudders over this wondrous divine universe as a place of despair to any creature; and, contrariwise, a most degraded human sense, sunk down to the region of the *brutal* (however common it be), that in any case remains blind to the *infinite* difference there ever is between right and wrong for a human creature—or God's law and the devil's law.—Yours very truly,

T. CARLYLE."

EXTRAORDINARY MIRAGE AT DUNBAR.—One of the most extraordinary instances of mirage that has been witnessed at Dunbar for fifty years at least, occurred on Friday afternoon. The remarkable appearances were principally confined to the objects in connection with the sea, and it was to the Bass and the May, St. Abb's Head, and the various promontories, the extraordinary phenomena seemed particularly restricted. Somewhere about mid-afternoon the Bass began to assume a size and

appearance out of proportion with its usual character. Instead of the bluff bare rock rising nearly at right angles from the sea, it had the appearance of a huge castle, surrounded by a giant causeway, seemingly fifty yards broad, and as compactly Macadamised as any court-yard. The most extraordinary appearances, however, were presented by the May. The island itself seemed to be within a few yards of the shore, although it is at the distance of six or seven miles, and the smallest object could be perceived upon it with the naked eye. At one time it seemed to open up, the jagged rocks opening and closing like the jaws of a shark, and displaying a deep and dark gulf between. At another time it seemed reversed, and the north could be as distinctly seen as the south. Several vessels which were in its neighbourhood had a most remarkable appearance, some of them seemingly inverted, and others standing right on their beam ends. St. Abb's Head, which in ordinary circumstances can scarce be seen from Dunbar, seemed to stand half-way across the bay, and all the creeks and points intervening were as clearly defined as if they had been at right angles to the eye instead of being on the same plane with it. The extraordinary phenomena attracted the attention of large crowds of people, many of whom appeared considerably excited by them. The afternoon was excessively hot and sultry, but there was nothing otherwise to account for the unusual phenomena. The appearances lasted under various shapes for several hours.—*Scotsman*.

WARNING IN A DREAM.—A few weeks ago a serious accident occurred in Bulmer village to a pic-nic party going to Castle Howard. The party made the journey in an omnibus, and it seems that the wife of one of the men hesitated to join the party, and tried to persuade her husband not to go, because she had dreamt a week before that they were in an omnibus and were upset going through a village and greatly injured, fright awakening her. The man and his wife, however, did go, but on reaching Bulmer the woman became greatly excited. Not only, she remarked, was the omnibus that which she had seen in her dream, but the village was that in which the accident she dreamt of happened. The words were scarcely uttered when the omnibus was upset, and a scene of great confusion resulted. Those on the outside were thrown to the ground with great violence; one man was rendered insensible by the omnibus falling upon him, and several sustained rather serious injuries. The woman to whom the accident was revealed beforehand was herself badly hurt, but her husband's was the worst case, he sustaining a dislocation of an ancle. Medical aid was quickly procured, the sufferers were relieved, and afterwards conveyed to their homes. Every incident of the accident seems to have been pictured in the premonitory dream.

A CURE FOR SOMNAMBULISM.—Professor Pellizzari, of Florence, has hit upon a cure for somnambulism. It simply consists in winding once or twice round one's leg, on going to bed, a thin flexible copper wire, long enough to reach the floor. Eighteen somnambulists treated in this way have been either permanently or temporarily cured. The *Gazzetta Medica*, of Venice, which reports the fact, says that copper wire is known to dissipate magnetic somnambulism, and that this circumstance led the Professor to have recourse to this strange remedy.

FOURTEEN YEARS ASLEEP.—The *Hickman* (Kentucky) *Courier* says :—Miss Susan Caroline Godsey, the sleeping wonder, died at her mother's home, some eight miles from Hickman, on Wednesday the 14th July. The history of Miss Godsey is well known to the public, a statement of her wonderful condition having been published extensively by the press of the United States. At the time of her death Miss Godsey was about 26 years of age, and had been asleep, as described, about 14 years. The existence of this wonderful case of coma or preternatural disposition to sleep has been doubted by many, but the fact is indisputable. Indeed, some twelve months ago Miss Godsey was taken to Nashville and other places for exhibition, but we understand many even of the physicians of Nashville looked upon the case with suspicion. The history of the case is briefly—When about twelve years of age she was taken with a severe chill, and treated accordingly by her physician. As the fever which followed her chill subsided, she fell in a deep sleep, in which condition she has remained ever since, except at intervals. It was her custom at first to awake regularly twice in every twenty-four hours, and, singularly, within a few minutes of the same hours each day; but of later years she awoke oftener, so much so that many considered it was an indication of her final recovery. She would remain awake five, ten, or perhaps fifteen minutes, and then gradually drop off to sleep again. When asleep, it was utterly impossible to arouse her. She never complained of bodily pain, though when asleep she was very nervous at times, and appeared to suffer considerably by the violent twitching and jerking of her muscles and limbs, and her hands clenched tightly as if enduring severe pain, but when awake she did not appear to suffer except from a drowsy, gaping inclination, and persistent effort to cleanse her throat of phlegm. She generally passed into sleep through violent paroxysm, which would last perhaps five minutes, and she would then sleep a while as calmly and quietly as an infant. Miss Godsey was of medium size, and her limbs and muscles were well proportioned and developed, and grew considerably after her affliction.

A MAIDEN'S "PSALM OF LIFE."—Tell us not in idle jingle "marriage is an empty dream!" for the girl is dead that's single, and things are not what they seem. Life is real! life is earnest! single blessedness a fib; "Man thou art, to man returnest!" has been spoken of the rib. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way, but to act that each to-morrow finds us nearer marriage day. Life is long, and youth is fleeting, and our hearts, though light and gay, still like pleasant drums are beating wedding marches all the way. In the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life, be not like dumb driven cattle! be a heroine—a wife. Trust no future, howe'er pleasant, let the dead Past bury its dead! act—act to the living Present! heart within and hope ahead! Lives of married folks remind us we can live our lives as well, and departing leave behind us such examples as shall "tell." Such examples that another, wasting life in idle sport, a forlorn unmarried brother, seeing, shall take heart and court. Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart on triumph set; still contriving, still pursuing, and each one a husband get.—*American Paper*.