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HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Roistic Science.

AUGUST, 1870.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RE-INCARNATION.

No. X.

THE spirits who, docile to the instructions and counsels of their Guides, pursue, without "falling," the course of their education in the fluidic spheres, are employed, as they advance in knowledge and in the desire of usefulness, in progressively higher and wider cosmic labours; among which, as being within the scope of our comprehension, are stated to be the subsidiary processes involved in the work of planetary development, under the supreme direction of the Presiding Sidereal Spirit charged with the formation and direction of each planet; the pre-personal elaboration of Psychic Substance, in the lower realms of Nature, on the surfaces of planets; and the exercise of the occult spirit influence which is constantly brought to bear on the humanity of each planet, composed exclusively of spirits who have "fallen" from the higher sphere of spirit-education, and who have to be helped up again. Thus the "unfallen" spirits are made to study every detail of all the realms of Nature, and to take part in all the work of the Universe, no portion of which, however apparently the result of merely natural causes, is exempt from the control of spirit-oversight. They visit and examine the various realms of the fluidic world, and the regions in which new Universes of planetary systems are evolved from the agglomerations of Cosmic Matter; they study the planetary worlds at every phase of their development, and penetrate, in every direction, the Matter of which they are composed; thus learning the nature and mode of action of the Psychic, Dynamic, and Material elements of the Universe, and becoming qualified to exercise a directing influence upon the production of all Natural phenomena. They also study every phase of human life, and take an active part in all

the developments of human society. Thus, when an "unfallen" spirit reaches the Sidereal Degree, it possesses an exhaustive knowledge of all the modifications of Matter in the fluidic and material spheres of planetary existence, of the action of all the modes—electric, magnetic, vital, spiritual—of the Cosmic Forces, and of all the springs and developments of Psychic life and activity, in the worlds of the "fallen" as of the "unfallen," from the first dim pre-personal beginnings of Derived Existence, up to the limit of the Sidereal Degree. But, though the attainment of that Degree, by a spirit, consists in its attainment to the state of absolute Psychic and fluidic purity which brings it into direct communion of Thought and Affection with the Creator, and thus renders error or evil on its part impossible, it will go on for ever in the attainment of Science, which, for all created intelligences, is infinite, and can therefore never be exhausted by them. As a spirit's purification is not completed until it has reached the Sidereal Degree—in other words, until it has become perfectly pure—it may, even when closely approaching that state of absolute purity, be conscious of some thought in which there may be a tendency to evil, too slight to be perceived as such by human apprehension, but which, interpreted, by the refined perceptions of the spirit itself, as an evidence of latent impurity, causes it voluntarily to exile itself to some lower world, the reactions of whose conditions will enable it to purify itself from the taint thus made manifest, and whence it will return, purified and advanced, to the higher sphere it had temporarily quitted.

It is only to spirits who have attained, without "falling," to the elevation of the Sidereal Degree, that the Creator entrusts the supreme direction of the task of planetary formation and government, and of the education of the vast host of "unfallen" (but still imperfect) spirits of every lower degree, who are being made, in the process of their own development, to carry on the different departments of that great Cosmic work under the control of those glorious servants of the Most High. The authority of the latter—consisting in superiority of scientific knowledge, of devotion to the Creator, and of ardent affection and self-forgetful service for all Creatures—is joyfully submitted to by all who are thus being trained under their orders; and who, knowing that each great Planetary Ruler is infallible in the sphere of action committed to him (*because* he has attained to direct communication with the Creative Thought), obey his orders in the happy certainty that, by so doing, they ensure their own steady advance towards the magnificent elevation of the Sidereal Degree, on the attainment of which they, too, will have become qualified to discharge the same high function for one of the planets of some new Sidereal Creation. Every planet of every

solar system throughout Infinity is evolved from the incandescent Cosmic Matter by one of these great vicegerents of the Universe; spirits who—having started, on their career of *seeming* self-development, in connection with the materiality of a planet of an earlier Creation, from the same initial point of elaboration at which all spirits begin their career (viz., through the magnetically-effected construction of the various bodies of the mineral, vegetable, and animal reigns of that planet, and the reactions of those bodies upon their formative Psychic element), have been “made perfect through sufferings” (*i.e.*, through the undergoing of the educational discipline of the progressive fluidic-spheres of spirit-training), and have steadily progressed to the Sidereal Degree without having ever deviated from the line of simple rectitude; and who, having thus attained to that Degree without the slightest sully of their immaculate innocence, have consequently never been subjected to any mode of incarnation or incorporation in any planet, even fluidic, and therefore, *though originally of exactly the same nature as ourselves, yet, never having incurred the penalty of humanization through the accretion of a material body, are not, never have been, and never will be, Men*; spirits who, from the period of their individualisation into distinct personalities, though “tempted” at all points like as” all spirits must be “tempted” in order that they may convert their negative Innocence into positive Goodness, have remained “without sin,” have always “loved righteousness and hated iniquity,” and are therefore said, in the metaphorical language of Jewish medianimity, to have been “anointed” by the Creator “with the oil of gladness above their fellows” who, though they originally started from the same point, yet, having wandered more or less widely from the path of innocence, will necessarily be longer in attaining to the same elevation, which, however—as the Omnipotent Benevolence cannot “will that any should perish,” but, on the contrary, must necessarily “will,” in virtue of Its own nature, that every spirit “should come to the knowledge of the truth” that it can only attain to happiness through its self-identification with the Creative Plan—all spirits will reach in course of time.

These glorious “Anointed” ones, these stainless, unfallen “Christs” *—the greatest, because the most advanced, of the spiritual beings of the Universe, the “Elohim” who—as the direct recipients and executors of the Creative Volitions, “are called Gods,” and constitute, when they confer together respecting the formation and development of the solar system committed to their action, “the Assembly of the Gods” whose decisions will eventuate in the bringing of the humanities entrusted to their

* CHRISTOS, from the Greek verb CHRÎÔ to anoint.

care into "their image," as finite reflexes of the Divine, and to whom, as the immediate instruments of the Creator, "all power is given in Heaven and on Earth," *i.e.*, in the fluidic and material spheres of their respective planetary "Kingdoms"—are the representatives of the splendour and perfection of the Divinity to the humanities over whose educational destiny they preside. The only conception that we can arrive at in regard to the "Substance" of God being that of the Infinite Love, while the only conception that we can arrive at in regard to the "Form" or "Person" of God is that of the Infinite Wisdom, and these Great Spirits having attained to a state in which they participate both in that Love and in that Wisdom, they may be said—not merely in the figurative language of Oriental hyperbole, but in a certain real, though non-literal and purely spiritual sense—to be, through the love with which they are animated, "the brightness of the glory" of God, and, through the wisdom with which they are filled, to be "the express (*i.e.*, expressed or manifested to human perceptions) image of His Person" (the "Logos," or "Verb," expressing the Being and Doing of the Creator in Its relation to Its Creatures), whenever, in the fulfilment of some higher mission undertaken by them for the purpose of more powerfully stimulating the progress of the humanities committed to their guidance, they "take upon" themselves "the *likeness* of men," by assuming (as they are able to do through their perfect command of the fluids and forces of all the planets of the system to which their planet belongs) a visible form, similar in appearance, though not in nature, to that of the humanities with whom this temporary assumption of a seemingly material form enables them to enter into more direct communication. But as Effect must remain eternally and necessarily distinct from, and inferior to, its Cause, they are, and must for ever remain, absolutely distinct and apart from, and inferior to, the One, Sole, Unique, All-containing Creator, whose essential Self-existence can never be communicated to, nor even understood by, any, even the highest, the purest, the most luminous with reflected Light, of the Creatures who—whatever the glory of their slowly-attained elevation—are only a product of the Ineffable, Unspeachable, Unapproachable, Creative Thought.

The "Christs" of the Universe are as numerous as the globes (material, fluidic, celestial,) that occupy Immensity* each one of

* Each world, each planet, has a spirit, of perfect purity, charged with its direction and its progress, after having presided at its formation; a spirit who is "perfect" not only morally, but also in point of science, *relatively to the mission and the work that are confided to him*: this spirit, Protector and Governor of the planet, is in direct communication with God, and approaches the focus of the Divinity. It is by him that the Volitions of the Almighty are transmitted to the spirits of the highest rank below his own; and that these Volitions, transmitted successively by the spirits of each rank to those of the rank next below it, are

which has its "unfallen," and, as receiving directly the Influx of Life and Thought from the Creator, infallible Protecting and Guiding Ruler, by whom it was originally evolved from the incandescent fluids of the Cosmic Chaos; and who, as the "Elder Brother" of the future humanity of his planet—whom he will lead up to the point at which they also, through the same direct reception of the Divine Influx, will "have life in themselves" in the same sense as that in which their "Christ"-guide and helper has "life in himself"—being ahead of that humanity by the vast distance which separates his already-attained, relative "perfection" from their initial imperfection, will still, when the members of that humanity shall have reached the Celestial Degree to which he has undertaken to conduct them, be proportionally ahead of them in Universal Science,† although they will then have become his equals in purity and happiness, and will have acquired the capacity of doing, in their turn, the "works" that he has previously done, and thus of imitating him in the doing of the "yet greater works" that, being successively accomplished by him, will also be afterwards accomplished by them, as they follow the example of his eternal progression, on the path of the constantly-expanding knowledge by which, throughout the countless cycles of unending Duration, he will, through wider and wider acquaintance with the inexhaustible possibilities of Universal Existence, continue for ever to "go to the Father."‡

at length brought down to you, by your guardians and your friends, with the rapidity of thought. It is thus that what you call the "Spirit of God," the "Holy Spirit," the "Holy Ghost," but which is really the spirit-hierarchy between you and God, approaches and acts upon you.—ROUSTAING. *Les Quatre Evangiles*. Vol. ii. p. 117.

† "The Protecting and Governing Spirits of planets are infallible and unfallen; infallible as being in direct and constant relation with God, and receiving His inspiration and the transmission of His volition; unfallen, because they have always been, and are, superior in universal science to the spirits who, after having fallen, have also reached the degree of perfect purity. In this statement you must not imagine any trace of partiality on the part of the Creator. God, the Infinite Justice, is incapable of favouritism. . . . The spirits who, after having fallen, have become purified, and have thus attained to the Sideral Degree, always regard, with a sort of loving respect, those of that Degree who have been able to maintain, intact, their pristine innocence. But you must not imagine that there is any line of demarcation among the spirits of that Degree, whether "unfallen," or "fallen" and purified; for they are equal in purity, in self-devotion, and in love. Leave to the people of your planet the hierarchy of social rank, the inequality of social conditions; in the sight of God all that is equally pure is equal. . . . The hierarchy of the fluidic world is constituted by the elevation of the spirits, and their degrees of progress; and it is therefore easy to understand that the spirit, who, from the beginning of its career, has always steadily followed the path of progress, must always be farther advanced in universal science than the spirit who, after having wandered out of that road, has at length achieved the work of its purification; and the spirit who is the farthest advanced will naturally be charged with the most important mission.—ROUSTAING. *Les Quatre Evangiles*. Vol. i. pp. 217, 218.

‡ Spirits who have become morally and intellectually "perfect" in relation to your planet, have still to make great farther progress in Universal Science, in

The missions of the "Christs" are always fulfilled with the same entireness of loving devotion to the Creator whose servants and media they are, and to the humanity whom they are charged to educate up to relative "perfection," whatever the rank and comparative importance of the planet whose management has been confided to them. Sharing the Divine Prescience in all that concerns the work he has undertaken, each "Christ" foresees every detail of the action of the humanity of his planet in the spontaneous use they will make of their free-will; knows, before he forms that planet out of the incandescent nebula from which it is to be evolved, what will be their "besetting sin" (*i.e.*, the particular error and resulting form of wrong-doing) to which, as "birds of a feather flock together," they will be specially addicted,* and shapes his plans accordingly for curing them of that "sin"; combining his arrangements of the Providentially-appointed processes of their education and purification, and thus, from the first appearance of the human race upon his planet, laying the foundations of the future "redemptive" action by which he will eventually "save" them, not from the *results* of their "sins" (which they will have to expiate, and the mischievous effects of which they will have to repair, each for himself, in his own person, until he has cured himself of his evil

order to attain to the Sidereal Degree; and after they have reached that Degree, and have thus attained to the perfect purity which places them in the category of "Pure Spirits," they will *always* continue to advance in Science, of which no spirit, however elevated, can ever reach the summit, because everything in Universal Nature progresses for ever (but this statement is so far above your present circumscribed powers of comprehension that you cannot possibly understand it). Jesus,—whose perfect and immaculate purity dates back into the night of past eternities, the greatest spirit below the Divine, but not the only one, whose science is so vast that your limited intelligences can form no idea of its extent,—though *relatively perfect* in love and in knowledge when the care of your planet was confided to him, was then, is now, and will ever be, a *student*, and labours incessantly to acquire a greater knowledge of the Book of the Infinite. He is superior, now, in point of science, to what he was when he undertook the formation of your planet, and when he made his personal appearance among you; his own progress having been proportional to the progress he has caused to be made by your planet; for God gives always more and more science to every spirit, whatever his degree of advancement, in return for the progress which his love and devotion have aided other spirits to accomplish. The Universe is illimitable, and progress is the sole aim of the spirit; God, alone, from all eternity, has nothing to learn.—ROUSTAING. *Les Quatre Evangiles*. Vol. i. pp. 223, 224.

* Stated to be, in the case of the humanity of our planet, the tendency to polytheism and belief in the "saving" efficacy of sacrificial "atonement," of rites, ceremonies, and observances, of which the temporary attribution of Divinity to the Presiding Spirit of our globe, of an "atoning" quality to the supposed "sacrifice" of Calvary, and of intrinsic utility to ecclesiastical establishments and forms, was intended to be the final, because curative, outgrowth; the destruction of that erroneous attribution, through the explanation of the real nature, office, and visible appearance of the "CHRIST" of our planet, of the nature of the Creative process, and of the *modus* of human education and purification, being destined to give its death-blow to the anthropomorphism which has hitherto obscured our perceptions in regard to the Deity, the nature of Providential action, and the true meaning and uses of life in the flesh.

tendencies), but from *those "sins" themselves*, by enabling them to get rid of the ignorance and impurity of which they are the outgrowth; employing, for this preparation of the ground for the descent into the material sphere of his planet which every "Christ" is said to find it useful to effect at some period of its development, the medianimically-inspired utterances and action of certain chosen instruments, members of the humanity of his planet, or of the higher humanities of the same solar system, who demand to be allowed to incarnate themselves in his planet, in order more rapidly to advance their own progress through the impetus they may thus be enabled to give to its humanity in some branch of development. Humanized spirits, who have worked their way up to a nearer approach towards the state of fluidicity from which they had lapsed, are often employed thus, as levers, to act upon the sluggish energies of humanities at lower stages of the re-ascensional career. All great discoveries in science, industry, and art, all religious movements, are declared to be produced by the action of the more advanced spirits of a planet who, from time to time, re-incarnate themselves in its humanity expressly to quicken some branch of its progress, or by Messiahs (missionaries) from higher planets of the same system, who have obtained the privilege of aiding—often at the cost of much temporary suffering—in the work of its advancement.

In considering the momentous subject of human progress, and of the agencies by which this progress is carried forward under the direction of the Presiding Spirit, or "Christ" of each planet, we have to bear in mind, in the first place, the actual impossibility, for the agents of the Supreme Intelligence who are charged to assist our advancement, of acting upon us otherwise than through the employment of means adapted to the ignorance and the false ideas of those whom they have to lead onwards; and, in the next place—the development of our faculties and the formation of our character being the real aim to whose accomplishment the knowledge of facts is only a means—the utter loss and injury to the educational character of our lives in flesh which would be inflicted upon us by assisting us to a knowledge of facts (were such a mechanical infusion of knowledge possible) by any other means than such as may allow that knowledge to *seem* to us to be the result of our own individual enquiry, or of the collective enquiry of the humanity to which we belong. For instance:—Although we are assured that we, in the flesh, never accomplish any work without the occult aid of our unseen helpers, yet, as the development of our seeming Autonomy is the rule of the Providentially-appointed spirit-action to which we are subjected, it was clearly necessary to leave us *to seem* to find out, through an advance in natural science due, ostensibly,

to our own efforts, the true meaning of the appearances which had led us, during so many thousands of years, to suppose our infinitesimal earthlet to be the motionless centre of a revolving Universe. For, if a messenger from some higher planet had announced to us, in the earlier days of astronomic observation, the true motions of the heavenly bodies, we, not being then prepared for such an announcement, should not have believed him; or, if we suppose for argument's sake, that we had believed a statement contradicted by the evidence of our senses, such an acceptance, upon authority, of an announcement which our general ignorance of natural science would have made it impossible for us to understand, would have been hurtful rather than beneficial. For, on the one hand, it would have shaken, without enlightening, our confidence in the conclusiveness of the evidence of our senses, and thus have weakened our interest in the observation of facts which is the necessary basis of positive science; and, on the other hand, it would have forestalled, and therefore prevented, the patient, laborious investigations of succeeding ages to which we owe the discoveries of modern astronomy, *i.e.* of a course of mental training whose results, magnificent as they are in regard to the facts thus brought to our knowledge, are seen to be yet more magnificent when we compare the value of those facts, *as facts*, with the value—incomparably greater—of the advance which has been made by human thought through the exertions involved in the ascertainment of the harmonious and beneficent laws which the search after those facts has revealed to us: a principle which, applicable to every branch of human enquiry, explains why it is that our progress is so slow, and has to be achieved amidst so much that appears to be discrepant and contradictory.

It cannot, therefore, be too clearly borne in mind, in enquiring into the means which our Presiding "Christ" has combined for our instruction, that the need of teaching implies imperfection in those who are to be taught, and that this imperfection, combined with the power of learning (without which all teaching would be useless), implies the necessity of a progressive adaptation of means to ends, in the educational processes by which that imperfection is to be removed. The ore does not go at once into the hands of the goldsmith and the graver; but passes up to them through the various preparatory operations which, by separating the dross from the metal, gradually fits the gold for being worked up into the jewel and the crown. On looking back upon the history of progress in our planet, we see that we have always learned, in every branch of human enquiry,—as, for instance, in our slowly-arrived-at comprehension of the "rising" and "setting" of the heavenly bodies, just alluded to, and which, until a comparatively recent date, naturally led to the belief that

the sun and the stars went round the earth—first, by the observation of facts that fall under the perception of our senses, and the acceptance of the apparent surface-meaning of those facts, and, next, by the development, through the study of those facts, of a higher power of observation which detects, in the sum of those facts, a wider meaning that reverses their original lesson, and substitutes a higher induction in its place; so that, with every increase of our knowledge, we have also acquired an increase of mental power far more valuable even than the knowledge itself, and which the mere imparting to us of that knowledge by some more advanced intelligence, without any effort on our part—were such a process possible—would have failed to procure for us.

The missions performed among the humanity of a planet, with the sanction and under the direction of its Presiding "Christ," are therefore necessarily proportioned to the various degrees of receptivity of the various families of that humanity, and consequently reflect the imperfections and shortcomings of the times and social states in which they take place, and with which it is necessary for them to harmonize sufficiently to ensure their acceptance by those whose advancement they are intended to subserve, first, by an unreasoning acceptance, and, next, by the substitution, in place of that primitive acceptance, of the higher conception of Universal relations to which a subsequent perception and rejection of the errors and imperfections of that earlier lesson will have been the means of leading them on. Thus the same presiding wisdom which provides the grass for the sheep, the grain of seed for the bird, milk for the infant, and "strong meat" for the man, deposes a teacher of Fetish-worship to tribes incapable of assimilating any higher form of religious ideas, and sends a Confucius, a Pythagorus, a Zoroaster, a Boudha, a Moses, a Mahomet, to the nations to whose special idiosyncrasy and degree of development each form of teaching is best adapted, and whose moral and intellectual progress will be advanced thereby, despite the errors with which each "dispensation" (*i.e.* the dispensing of the appropriate modicum of truth in harmony with the receptivity of those to whom it is sent) will unavoidably be mixed in correspondence with the imperfections of the place and time of its promulgation, the deflection from the purport of the germ of truth conveyed under those errors that each germ will inevitably be made to undergo through the clouding effect of the flesh upon the mind of the "Messiah" charged with its promulgation, the consequent temptation which such missions offer to the turning of their discharge to the self-glorification of their promulgators, and, still more, through the perversity, ambition, and cupidity of their continuators, which necessitate a subsequent

sending, from time to time, of Reformers—who are often a re-incarnation of the first promulgators—charged to clear away the accumulation of false interpretations which have covered the germ of truth as originally set forth. Hence the fact that while on the one hand, all the creeds of a humanity are necessarily imperfect and defective, on the other hand, all those creeds—however vitiated by the intermixture of errors in vogue at the period, and in the region, of their presentation—inculcate some notion of the relation between Duty and Destiny calculated to aid the advance of the people among whom they take their rise; and hence, also, the need of a succession of progressive “re-velations” (*i.e.* *re-veilings*, the replacing of one veil by another a little less opaque, as we become capable of bearing, and profiting by, a somewhat less obscured view of what is about us, while going on towards the *un-veiling* at which we only arrive on reaching Sidereal purity,) as the suggestions which, when first thrown out, served as beacons to guide us onwards, become an obstacle to progress, or, being left behind by the onward movement of the race, are reduced to mere landmarks of the past.

We see, therefore, how it is that, in all the medianimically-accomplished “re-veilings” of the Past, including that highest “dispensation” whose explanation, renovation, and farther development is being ushered in by the modern “Spiritual Manifestations,” there has always been—as now in those “Manifestations” themselves—so much that is contradictory, so much that challenges criticism, and demands elimination; both suggesting the necessity, in regard to our mental as to our bodily *pabulum*, of a proportional admixture of innutritious particles, as a condition of healthy digestion, and pre-supposing the continuous affording of the graduated assistance from higher spheres which we have seen to be the principal lever of Providential action in all departments of human advancement. Our successive existences, up to our attainment of the Sidereal Degree, being merely the successive steps of a process which is fitting us for that other, different, and incomparably higher life for which we are destined,—though, like the successive phases by which the blossom becomes the fruit, the worm the butterfly, the foetus the child, of the utmost importance *as means to an end*—are utterly without importance in, and for, themselves. Our educable imperfection necessarily implying successive modifications of ourselves and our beliefs, as the sole condition of our advancement towards higher states, it is equally inevitable and unimportant that we can only receive, at any given point of our progress, the partial and consequently imperfect view of any truth which, corresponding to that point, must necessarily, when we reach a higher point, be superseded by a broader view corresponding to that higher point; and therefore, while we

have no more reason to despise or condemn the re-veilings of the primitive "faiths" that, with all their opacities, have helped us onward, than has the youth to be scornful of the pap, the go-cart, and the picture-alphabet that aided him in his infancy, the attempt to confine the efforts of expanding thought within those primitive formulas is as evidently insensate as would be the corresponding endeavour to restrain the youth on the threshold of adolescence to the food, the lessons, or the garments of his infancy.

Progress being infinite, it is evident that, as no formula can ever be an exhaustive expression of truth in any branch of knowledge, no formula can ever be final; and, consequently, that no formula can ever be anything more than a summing-up of the attainment of some given epoch of human thought, or can ever be useful except as a stimulus and stepping-stone to farther progress. And this statement which, in the nature of things, must necessarily be true in regard to all other formulas, is emphatically true in regard to the formulas which express our religious beliefs, because Religion—as the science and sentiment of the relations of Derived Existences to one another and to the Self-existent Creator in Whom they have their being, from whom they all proceed, and to Whom they tend—is only, and can only be, *the result* of our progress in every other department of knowledge and of life, and must therefore change and expand with every modification and expansion of our experience.

The principle of gradual progression of whose action we have now taken a general view, will be applied, in the following paper, to the elucidation of the subject of our successive lives in flesh, alluded to in the solemn declaration of Christ, "You MUST be born again," as the Providentially-appointed condition of the "regeneration" which is to enable all spirits who have become humanised, through the accretion of material bodies, to regain, at length, the fluidic level from which they have "fallen." *

Paris, July 7, 1870.

ANNA BLACKWELL.

ERRATUM IN No. IX.

Page 308, 23rd and 24th lines, for "a power," read "an action."

* The works compiled, from spirit-communications, by the late M. Leon-Hippolyte-Denizareth Rivail, whose *nom de plume* was ALLAN KARDEC—and which are regarded by Spiritists as constituting the *commencement* and *basis* of a new phase of spiritual revelations, to be progressively given to the world by a succession of "Messiahs," or special Envoys from the higher spheres, charged to prepare the approaching "regeneration" of our planet and its humanity—have already been followed by others, carrying out still farther the application of the general principles laid down in the Kardec Books. By far the most important of these (extending, and in regard to certain points, correcting, the instructions given through Allan Kardec) is the consecutive explanation of the Four Gospels, given through the joint mediumship of Madame Collignon, a highly respectable lady of Bordeaux (well known as one of the best writing mediums of France),

THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

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

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

BRIAREUS.

GOD AS THE CREATOR—THE SANCTITY OF LABOUR.

LABOUR is a divine institution. God himself is not only the *primum mobile*, but pre-eminently the great worker. He is the poet, the artist, the architect, and the mechanician of the universe. Its suns and systems are the work of his hands. History is a divine drama, of which he is the author. The blushes of the morning, and the golden glow of eve, derive their tints from his palette. He arches the blackness of the stormcloud with the Iris-bow of hope. He hung the stars in space, and planned the mazy dance through which the planets move on their appointed courses.

And man, likewise, in his lower sphere, and with his minor means and capabilities, is also a maker, a creator, a worker. He is a poet, and, as such, has produced his "Iliad" and "Divina Comedia" and "Paradise Lost," his Prometheus Bound" and his "Hamlet." He also is an architect, and has built the Cyclopean walls of Tiryns and Mycenæ, and piled the everlasting Pyramids of Egypt. He also designed the faultless beauty of the Parthenon and the wondrous magnificence of St. Peter's. As an artist, has he not executed the Phidian Jove and the Venus de Medici, the Farnese Hercules and the Apollo Belvidere, the Last Supper, and the Transfiguration? As an engineer he has bid defiance to the sea by his moles, and covered the land with his railways. By his science he outstrips the fleetest quadruped in speed, and mounts to aerial altitudes, where the wing of the eagle never dared to soar. Through his telescopic vision the depths

and of M. J. B. Roustaing, an eminent and wealthy barrister of that town, claiming to be dictated, at the command of Christ, by the Evangelists themselves, assisted by the Apostles and by the spirit whose successive missions, as Moses, Elijah, and John the Baptist, have exercised so powerful an influence on the religious thought of our planet; an explanation of the Four Gospels which is to be followed by a similar exposition of the inner meaning of the other books of the New Testament, now being given, through the agency of the same media, by the same spirits, and to be published at periods indicated by the latter. Knowing as we do, how frequently inferior spirits assume high-sounding names, such a claim (which will naturally, and very properly, be received, at first, with suspicion) can only be substantiated by the superiority of the quality and scope of the teaching which professes to emanate from such a source; a weighty question which the translation of the work so largely quoted from in these papers, and of the Kardec books which constitute its necessary introduction and preface, will, it is hoped, enable English readers, ere long, to decide for themselves. Meantime, the students of Swedenborg may be interested in remembering the prediction of the Swedish Seer, who says, somewhere in the ARCANÆ, that "the next great unfolding of religious truth will be made through the noble French mind."—A.B.

of space are revealed to a distance, which may be expressed in figures but can never be realised by the imagination; while to his microscopic eye Nature stands bared in all her minuteness, and is exhibited to his searching gaze in her most subtle ramifications. By his chemistry he rivals even her most magical mutations; and by his telegraph he has impressed her lightning into his service, and compelled her finest element to be the swift yet obedient bearer of his simplest messages.

But these are more pre-eminently instances of man in his higher sphere of activity as an intellectual worker, as an Apollo with his poem, or, at lowest, as a Vulcan with his thunderbolt. It is in his agriculture and manufactures that we see him as the true Briareus, the hundred-armed and many-handed demigod of productive labour. He found the earth a wilderness; he has already, over large areas, made it a garden. He has replaced the forest by the city, and the swamp by the meadow. Corn waves where the rushes grew; and the reaper thrusts in his sickle where formerly the stagnant waters of the morass sent forth their pestilential exhalations. The inundating river owns the limitation of his embankments, and submits to be spanned by his utilitarian bridges. He covers the hills with his flocks, and he fills the valleys with his herds; and with his ploughshare and his shepherd's crook, may be said, in all civilised countries from Britain to Japan, to have taken possession of the earth as his rightful inheritance.

All this, however, he may be said to have accomplished previous to the present age of scientific appliances, in which, under the grand compulsion of knowledge, the very elements have been rendered his subservient agents. The true Briareus of modern times is that stupendous Frankenstein of Watt, the steam-engine, so powerful, yet so obedient—that spins a thread fine as the gossamer, yet brings down a steam-hammer with all the crushing force of a Scandinavian Thor. Yes, this is the hundred-armed Titan, labouring day and night with unwearied assiduity, now pumping water from the depths of the mine, and anon plying the loom on the busy floor of the crowded factory; here bearing the richly freighted argosies of commerce from port to port, and there carrying the thunder-laden war-ship into the very heat and terror of the battle. While yoked to the lengthened train, his fiery horse, with burning breath and piercing scream, carries the peaceful traveller at unwonted speed from realm to realm, or hurls the armed legion, with all its dreadful engines of destruction on the distant foe. The poetry of this Briareus has yet to be written. As a realised fact, it transcends the grandest conceptions and sublimest figures of the ancient bards in their endeavour to personify and deify labour. A dumb Titan! who shall prevail to adequately symbolise the ceaseless toil and super-

human power of this exhaustless and unwearied slave of man, so terrible, yet so obedient—so productive as a servant, so destructive as a master—the last grand evolution of that arch-magician—Genius?

CHAPTERS ON EDUCATION.

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

CHAPTER VI.

My intention was—indeed, I had promised myself as much—to conclude the Chapters on Education by two articles: the one on the shortcomings of the professional training of medical men, whose admission to the privileges of this caste depended upon the favour of some twenty-six or twenty-seven colleges, each competing for fees, and unhesitatingly lowering the standard of the measure of fitness to meet their ever-growing greed of gain. But my tardiness has betrayed me; and others have so vigorously attacked this abuse that I am forestalled, and a hope exists that a change for the better may take place.

The efforts of Sir Eoundell Palmer, aided by a Council of 150 men, including judges, chancellors, and a phalanx of benchers, have at last stirred up the legal profession, and no doubt can be entertained, but that thorough, wholesome measures of reform will be taken in hand, that before another year has passed a Legal University will be one of the admitted institutions of the country, and the name of an advocate associated, as it is now in all other civilised countries, with a test of training—a fitness for that most practical and least understood branch of study, *Law*. Indeed, the wonder is, how an abuse of so flagrant a kind could have been allowed to continue for a month, a day; and the only explanation that can be given is, that really the public have been so mystified by those mummeries of appealing to the wisdom of counsel—an appeal costly beyond language, and, in nine cases out of ten, of very uncertain result, that until of late they have never lifted the curtain to take a look at the behind-scenes of legal life; not that the men are unfit or unwilling, most of those who are in practice, have studied hard, and are well up in recent cases, but owing to the utter want of scientific study of our laws, both the Bar and the Bench are constantly shifting ground, and the “uncertainty of the law,” resulting from want of thorough legal study in this land, and not because law is uncertain, has become a household word.

Measures of reform are now, however, in hand, and it would be futile to go over the ground and point to abuses which every newspaper in the land has attacked. The great Educational movement has set in; the people of England are, despite of the

endless quarrels at the schoolroom-door between divines and teachers, to be educated; the blot upon our national institutions, the great scandal of national ignorance which disgraces this land, is to be removed. Even our conservative universities, shielded by a perfect thicket of class privileges, are to become national institutions, seats of learning, and are to be what they ought to be, the centre points from whence trained youths step forth into the walks of life, to do the work of the people they have sprung from. The scandal that for every ten educated men in Germany, Switzerland, and France, we can but show one: this national disgrace is not to be any longer tolerated. The people and the Parliament are all alive to the importance of these measures of reform. And when all this has been done, how then shall we stand? Will the middle and upper classes really do their duty? Have they the power of creating what the great people of England (for we are a great people, possessing the elements of power within ourselves) ought to produce, namely, intellectual fruits, to be the inheritance of the Anglo-Saxon race, when the glory of England will be but a traditional saying on the pages of the historian? To answer this question, it will be necessary to consider from whence the intellectual forces of a race spring; and it will be further necessary to determine what are the lever powers of the mind necessary for producing intellectual fruits.

First, Endurance for labour, that power of continuous application to one subject, which alone entitles us to the higher reward of a superior mastery over a subject.

Secondly, Earnestness in our pursuits; a thoroughness of mastery over the object by singlemindedness, concentration; if I might be allowed to use the term, a devotion to the object aimed at, regardless of all self, and regardless of the applause of others—a worship of truth in the works of Nature; for it is in the realities of the actually existing that we can, and ought to worship the Power that has created all.

Thirdly, Abnegation.

These three great qualifications can only be acquired by labour—by endurance for labour impressed *organically* upon a people. To labour means to conquer, to overcome the resistance of the material we are moulding to our use. This power, *organically* developed—for no power exists without an organism—needs generations, ages, to perfect the organism of the brain function of man. The whole advance of the civilisation of the present age has been *organically* consolidated by the labour our ancestors have undergone. The law being, that brain only develops in proportion as we labour; our brain is but the outgrowth of the totality of our physical existence—is nourished by every part of the body, and has its representative in all the organisms of our

body in the brain matter. This great nervous centre, the store-house of our strength, is ever ready to receive from and supply the body.

A people, or class, unaccustomed to labour, a wandering tribe of hunters, or even the nomadic and less restless family groups of Asia, never produced beyond that which their immediate wants urged them; their organism, unsuited for higher productiveness, had not been fashioned by Dame Nature to create. The nomadic tribes of Asia, the Red Skins of America, the warlike races of Kaffraria, making every allowance for difference of race, never have, never will advance even to a level with the industrious orange-tinged Mongolian Chinese, though as a race certainly on a level with this singularly industrious people.

To exclude a people from the inestimable benefits of labour, means to lower the intellectual powers of that people, until gradually an inferiorly-gifted race arises, in lieu of the higher organically developed ancestors that preceded it. But that which applies to a race equally applies to a class. Whenever a class, a section of a community, becomes exempt from labour, it sacrifices its powers; it loses those gifts our ancestors had organically won for their race. So true is this law that, if we chose to follow up the inquiry, we could show how a people had become rich—how an upper and wealthy middle class had monopolised the fruits of the land, and how gradually the power they once held died off, the land-marks of distinction, of title, of privilege, availing but to stem the flood only for a brief hour. In Spain, a marked instance of the operation of this law is furnished us. The descendants of the valiant warlike people of Arragon, Navarre, Castile, the men who composed the armies of Ferdinand and Isabella, won the power that gave them the reward of victory by centuries of endurance in war. They had, in other words, laboured, and the reward of labour came to them. The New World opened to the Spaniard, the Portuguese; and Cortes, Pizarro, Las Casas, Vasco de Gama—a host of men of undaunted courage, of great resources, of enduring abnegation, led the advanced guard of a new order of things, adorning with their names the pages of the chronicles of those days. These national forces were all won by centuries of preparatory labour. Compare these men to the degenerate, physically dwarfed aristocracy of Spain—the *pequenitos* of the true blood. The race has literally died off, withered like a stricken branch of a tree; the decay and ultimate severance from the trunk of the life-tree of the Spanish nation is all but accomplished; and the sneers of a Cervantes, of a Lopez de la Vega, speak but of the dying strength of the once formidable and world-renowned aristocracy of Spain.

The same history of decay marked the profligate course of the French aristocracy; and, to cast a glance further back, the decline

and fall of the Roman Empire furnishes, indeed, superabundant material for the theory I have suggested. But that which applies to our neighbours, holds good for ourselves. In England, ever since the days of Henry the Eighth, the landed proprietors have formed a distinct privileged class. The House of Lords represent this element, and before the urgent necessities that made it possible for the Reform Bill of 1832 to pass the Legislature, Squiredom, in its most contracted form, ruled this land. Generations upon generations have passed, and the whole of the power of the people has been consumed to keep a numerous, hereditary, and titled landed proprietary in possession of ever-increasing wealth. What has resulted? Just what the law I have been explaining would produce. The only schools of learning, entirely monopolised by this class, have become utterly barren; the few men of note, to use the expression of Froude in his address to the Edinburgh University, are taken from without. The universities during this century have produced nothing. In endeavouring to account for this fact, it is said university men enter other paths at an early period of life, that the true results of the universities are to be found outside of the academic shades of Oxford and Cambridge. These answers ignore the fact that the Fellows, the "Dons," the Professors, remain domiciled at the universities, well provided for by ample livings. The fact is this, that the upper classes of England have been withdrawn so long from the greatest of all schools, labour, that the organic strength of the race in these classes suffers, and the barrenness of intellectual powers Mr. Froude noticed as so singularly characteristic of our universities, follows as a natural consequence to the discontinuance of application to labour. If this evil were solely confined to depriving the small minority which constitutes the upper classes of the strength for intellectual action, no great harm would be done; for as we have chronic invalids, chronic poor, equally so we have chronic rich—and all alike are unproductive. But the damage to the community does not rest here, the whole strength of the people is consumed in sustaining these classes; they, they only possessing the inestimable advantages of education. Schools and universities, every walk of life, save that of labour, is filled with the sons of the upper classes, and the nation suffers accordingly.

The day has, however, at last come for a change, not that we are ashamed of the wrong done, or care one iota for the merciless sacrifice of the great national treasure of intellectual power. No, we have been scared into doing something, because we find ourselves likely to be outstripped by our continental neighbours as manufacturers, as labourers, as merchants, and as miners. It has occurred to some that possibly when the time arrives that our coal-beds will only yield their stores of inestimable wealth

at a higher cost (and that day is not so far off), that the skilled, trained, educated man of the Continent might possibly, similarly placed, possess advantages over the untrained, neglected, labourer of this land. Should this be so, then, alas! where would those golden showers come from that fructify barren tracts, and yield an ample harvest where never a furrow has been turned? This tardy, grudgingly yielded concession, the fulfilment of a sacred duty, which the wealthier classes have so cruelly neglected—the education of the labouring man, is at last to be consummated. Parliament is busy legislating, and we are to have—*schools*. But here the matter cannot rest; beyond the primary schools that, thanks to the threatening danger of foreign competition, we are at last to have, we need, and must have a great deal more. We must have placed within the reach of every labouring man, if he can but spare the means from his hard earnings, of giving to his child (for it will be at the best his only favourite son, his curly little treasure-bearer of the intellectual gifts of the class he belongs to) an education such as the Swiss peasant or artisan, if he so minds, has placed within his reach, namely, the means of giving a complete thorough education to his son. If the boy shows promise, the Swiss peasant can, at a very trifling cost, transfer his son from the elementary classes of the primary, or communal day-schools, to the *secundarschule*, or secondary school, which has its parallel in the *école élémentaire supérieure* of M. Guizot's law. This superior school—I am quoting from M. Arnold's book—is still a national school, and paid for by the State; and if the boy shows promise, he is then passed on to the higher schools, with free posts, if necessary. I have dwelt upon this in former chapters, but I repeat thus much to show that the practical working of the plan is possible. What results? Why, that a peasant, or poor man, a mere labourer, has, if he so wishes, the means of giving to his son an education which would put those who content themselves with a mere pass examination at our Universities to the blush. And how full the measure of reward has been to the Swiss! Swiss bankers, merchants, teachers, artisans, take the best of the prizes on the Continent. In the New World, the success of a Swiss is proverbial; like our canny neighbours, the Scotch, somehow they get on. That they save their earnings, is the usual explanation; the truth being, they make their earnings, having been educated—well educated when compared with the English. Educated, trained in the school of labour, the Scotchman is more than a match for the neglected lamentably ignorant labouring man of England.

Our social condition: the monopoly of the land in a few hands (it is estimated that only 4,000 families hold land, all the rest who constitute the 30,000,000 of people in these islands are landless, have no homes) may possibly have contributed to produce

the evils of which I complain; and I have even ventured to suggest a theory, namely, that this displacement of the people augments, in the exact ratio of the increase of our wealth—that proportionately as we lay by hundred millions by hundred millions, we increase the sufferings of the people, sufferings that have their ultimate exponent in pauperism, crime. Wealth in this country is depriving the people of their homes, driving the rural population to seek refuge in our over-crowded towns. Such being the case, we have all the more need of education to alleviate the sufferings of the masses; and the necessity of placing, by training, the means of self-support within their power, becomes an imperative duty, which, unless attended to, must end in social convulsions. To ask the wealthier classes to make concessions to their poorer brethren, would be but an idle talk; it would be against the very nature of things for them to do so; but we, the people of England, have a right to say; the golden fruits you enjoy are wrung by hard labour from unyielding nature by us the people; the intellectual fruits that follow as a reward for the abnegation of labour are ours; you, the wealthier upper classes possess the bearing of gentlemen and gentlewomen, possess many advantages, but the reward of labour is ours. The *power* is not, cannot be yours; for hard-earned *power* only is capable of grasping the higher intellectual gifts the people of England, as a people, have a right to claim. Hence, I say, that the school system of England ought to be so extended, that whenever a child of promise is brought to the college by its parents, certified to by prior success in the primary schools, in such instance the State ought, as is the case in Switzerland, extend to that child the means of a superior education, the means of training its mind to grasp the intellectual fruits, the inheritance of the blue-eyed race of the North we descend from—fruits, the more southerly nations can never aspire to, for they have not been reared in the iron-labour school of the hard North.

A VISION OF DEATH.

By J. W. JACKSON.

THE following dream was experienced during the convalescence which followed the illness under which I was labouring when "The Opium Dream" occurred, that appeared in this magazine for April last. As will be seen, it involves the same idea, diversely symbolised. I was too weak to pen a record of it at the time, but the impression it produced was too deep to permit of its proving evanescent, and it may therefore be regarded, like its predecessor, as a truthful revelation of subjective existence.

I seemed to be standing beside and looking at my own corpse, which had been contemptuously cast out from the habitations of

men as a defiled and dishonoured thing, and was lying exposed in the chilly morning air on a grassy bank. I knew that I was dead, and that the miserable house of clay before me had served as the tabernacle of my earthly sojourn. I calmly contemplated every feature, still distinctly recognisable, though changed in hue and ghastly in expression, as of one who had expired in corporeal agony and mental conflict. There was nothing of the sweet and heavenly calm that makes death so beautiful, and gives a cheering earnest to survivors of the happy exit and future well-being of the departed. On the contrary, this was obviously the face of one who had died doing disadvantageous battle with depressing thoughts and disastrous influences, and in whose last hours the flickering lamp of hope had finally gone out, swallowed up in the all-embracing and everlasting darkness of despair. It was a fearful spectacle; it would have been so to any one, how much more so then to me. I read from that terrible physiognomy, in a few short moments, what the speech of man could never have communicated, and no volume has yet contained. It was a revelation too deep for words; it had to be felt, and was addressed as an awful symbol, without the weak intervention of words, directly to the horror-stricken soul.

I had not contemplated this ghastly object very long when "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream." All the signs of decay became painfully manifest, as of one whom it was time to inhume from the sight of men. And as this was not accomplished, a festering putridity set in; the body heaved and swelled as with some portentous corruption, presenting a bloated mass of loathsome abomination, from which every sense shrank with unutterable disgust. I would have willingly averted my gaze from a sight in every way so abhorrent, but this was not permitted. I felt helplessly spellbound, as if in the iron grasp of a resistless power that had unlimited resources for compulsion. The thought here occurred to me that a profligate youth and sensual manhood were thus symbolised—and from this degradation I prayed most earnestly to be delivered. As I did so, the fœtor and putrescence disappeared, the swollen carcase seemed to collapse into the semblance of extreme senility, withered, and enfeebled with long years of profitless existence. The flesh, in colour and appearance like that of an Egyptian mummy, was wasted to the bones, and the dried and shrivelled skin hung in unsightly wrinkles over the almost protruding skeleton. I knew that this symbolised the dishonourable old age which follows on a useless and unproductive manhood, in which the powers have been wasted in listless indolence, and the successive days of a long life, with all its grand possibilities, have been consumed in an unmeaning round of trifling and frivolity. It was the pitiable end of one who had died leaving all heroic deeds and every generous purpose unaccomplished, having neither will nor earnestness for the effectuation of one manly resolve.

As I was still young, it struck me forcibly that what I was now witnessing could not possibly be a history; but then came the equally humiliating thought, blasting me as with a flash of light-

ning, that it was a prophecy—that here, as in a magic mirror, I beheld not my past but future self. My feelings under this, had they been directed to any other than the Infinite, would have been abject. I bowed down in my innermost soul, praying, if it were possible, that this cup, too, might pass from me. Scarcely had I done so when the dried and shrivelled skin, as strained beyond its utmost powers of tension, cracked, or rather split, like an over-ripe seed-vessel, disclosing, as a fair kernel within the roughness of this outer husk, the semblance of a blooming and beautiful youth, who now lay calmly sleeping in the morning light, with the *debris* of my poor dishonourable body scattered about him, like pieces of old, dry, discoloured, mildewed leather, on the dewy grass. My first feeling at this glorious sight was a thrill of unspeakable delight—a bounding heart-pulse of unutterable joy; my next a pang of agony and disappointment proportionately severe. On looking more attentively at this radiant stranger in whom I thought to have recognised my regenerated self, there was not a single feature of resemblance to be traced. Whether in general contour and expression, or in minute physiognomical detail, not the smallest resemblance, the remotest relationship could be discovered, and this, too, although I felt as if the issue of eternity depended on such a recognition. I could only regard him, therefore, with the feelings of an admiring but personally uninterested stranger.

My attention was so concentrated on this marvellous transformation that I had hitherto neglected to observe the locality in which it occurred. On looking round, however, I perceived that we were in a vast lawn or rather park, in which clumps of ornamental timber and masses of wood were tastefully disposed so as to produce the most pleasing and picturesque effect. Between these were grassy glades, along which the eye roamed into the far distance, over a gently undulating plain, decorated apparently in a similar manner. But what particularly struck me was the mixture of tropical with temperate vegetation. The palm and the oak, the banian and the ash, grew side by side. It was the same with the flowers, which were scattered in profusion on every side, looking as if all the conservatories or rather zones of the world had yielded up their treasures to contribute to this concentrated display of floral splendour, the gorgeous hues of the tropics mingling with the softer and sweeter beauty of our own homely wild flowers. Nor was there anything incongruous in this; all seemed the harmonious parts of a system of being grander than our own. There were also trees that seemed like the lords of the forest, which were covered with the most exquisite blossoms, having the delicate hues and refreshing fragrance of the rose, so that at a distance they looked like huge rhododendrons in full bloom. Others were like the laburnum, with long pendants of varied colour and graceful form, that had only to be plucked and wound around the head to make a chaplet of exquisite and unapproachable beauty. Everywhere was the impress of a most genial climate. No untimely frosts had nipped, no cutting winds had blasted a single production of this happy land, in which every-

thing seemed to have attained to the completeness of its type, and glowed as with the elating consciousness of perfection. Perhaps it was spring. I had an impression it was *always* spring in this blessed place, but I nowhere saw any fruits—all was pure and beautiful bud and blossom. Sights and odours there were in abundance, but no grosser appeal was made to the senses: indeed, this was needless, for the very air of this paradisaical region seemed sufficient to support life. I felt it was here not only possible, but intensely, indescribably pleasureable to live by respiration alone. The whole body breathed, and at every inspiration dilated and throbbed as with the infusion of a new tide of life and energy, which pervaded it like a pulsation to its farthest extremity. Amidst this profusion of beauty, I was struck with the entire absence of all traces of labour. Everything seemed to have grown spontaneously in its place, and to have assumed its present form without aid or interference. It was all the product of a nature more glorious than I had previously known, and was in reality as wild as an American prairie, or an Australian sheep-walk. This, said my internal monitor, is the New Eden.

Having contemplated his habitation, my attention now reverted to the sleeping stranger. The rays of the rising sun were mingling with his golden locks, and as I gazed, reached his eyelids, which quivered under the stimulus, and then opened. He was awake. Looking round for a moment, he sprang to his feet, and in doing so, towered at once into the strength and stature of perfected manhood. That, said my interior voice, is the New Adam. I had never seen so glorious a specimen of our race. The figure in general outline resembled the Apollo Belvidere; but the chest was ampler and more finely arched; the swell of the muscles on the limbs was more strongly marked; the feet and hands were smaller; the wrists and ankles more slender, and yet the knitting of the joints seemed firmer, and the whole frame more elastic. He was of higher blood than even the glorious Lord of Day. He was obviously unconscious of my presence, and I therefore observed him at my leisure; but with an intellectual interest so intense and absorbing as to render me for the time utterly oblivious of my own particular fortunes. His first impression was clearly that of astonishment—his next that of admiration. I saw those large, deep, lustrous eyes drink in their first intoxicating draught from the peerless beauty of the new creation. It was genius, in soul communion with the radiant glory of unsullied nature. His delight was boundless; but its manifestation was measured, for a royal spirit was behind that gifted intellect and profoundly susceptible nature, and the last expression of those high and commanding features was the lofty consciousness of supreme power, as of a king taking lawful possession of his realm. It was a face whereof I have seen no mortal exemplar. The stamp of a cultured and heroic life was there, but no trace of the painful labour and experience through which it had been achieved. There were the effects but not the processes. There was an invincible will, yet nothing to indicate previous conflict. There was an ex-

pression of unequalled refinement and intellectuality in the features, and yet none of the wear and tear of arduous study. He was fresh as the breath of the dawn, blooming as an opening rosebud, from which the scarcely risen sun has not yet kissed the pearly dew of the morning, and yet he seemed in possession of all and more than all, that we accomplish by a whole existence of effort and endurance.

Having contemplated his more immediate possessions, he walked down one of the open glades, as if to make a farther inspection, or perhaps, to make an experiment of walking, for it was his first attempt, and was worth looking at. I have seen lounging in the streets, marching on parade grounds, strutting on the stage, and sundry other kinds of human locomotion, and was vividly conscious the whole time that I was looking at sundry tame animals, gravely going through their predetermined evolutions. But here was the untamed lion of the wilderness. The carriage was that of one who not only had never known fear, but who did not even know there was anything to fear. It was the bearing of a man who had not only never seen a master, but who, by inspiration, felt that he was uncontrolled lord of all on which he gazed. The bounding elasticity of that step, the perfect ease, grace, and spontaneity of that motion, the flexibility of the limbs moving in untrammelled freedom as perfect exponents of the will, the oneness of that glorious organisation, that seemed to so instantaneously interpret the volitions of the pervading spirit, combined to render it a spectacle never to be forgotten. It was the revelation of a being in the full perfection of his appropriate attributes, and on whom sorrow and strife and the shadow of death had never fallen. Yes, the immortality of an unfading youth was stamped on every limb of that deathless frame, and expressed in every lineament of that victorious countenance, where neither the history nor the prophecy of disadvantageous battle was anywhere visible. I should have known, even if I had not seen the manner of his birth, that he had never experienced the helplessness and dependance of infancy, or the subjection and restraint of childhood, and that before him, even on the most distant horizon, no cloud of mortality lowered in its portentous gloom, closing up all access to the bright land beyond, except by the baptism of darkness and the grave.

Having thus satisfied my rather pardonable curiosity in reference to this radiant Lord of the New Eden, I turned with a feeling of the profoundest humility and self-abasement to the contemplation of whatever might remain of that miserable husk, my own vile body, from whence, like some bright-winged and gorgeously-hued denizen of the air coming out of its chrysalis cerements at the first breath of summer, he had so marvellously emerged. I looked, but every fragment had utterly disappeared, the fresh earth having absorbed and assimilated all remains of my earthly tabernacle, and with them, as I concluded, every trace of my terrestrial and temporal existence. I had been thoroughly "used up" as a mere process for the production of another, and had now nothing left but to disappear from creation, and return into the infinite void, whence

I had been evoked. As this sublimely terrible idea realized itself with fearful and resistless intensity in the profoundest depths of consciousness, my entire being was pervaded with a feeling of indescribable melancholy, sorrow, and regret. The fathomless vistas of futurity, adown which I had been accustomed to gaze with the mingled awe and hope, inspired by an undoubting faith in immortality, seemed gradually closing up like some vast prospect of a fair country devoured by the shadow of an advancing eclipse, but for me that eclipse was to be eternal. The everlasting gloom came closer and closer, it pressed upon me from every side, and I was involved in worse than Egyptian darkness, for this, I felt, was to be the precursor of annihilation.

I have known, perhaps, as nearly as most men still walking about on this beautiful earth, what it is to physically die. As a boy, I have felt the scalding tears of a fond mother descending on my fevered cheek, as she returned to my bedside, after receiving the crushing award of a consultation of physicians, that the case was hopeless, and their art could do no more. As a man, when this faithful nurse had passed to her reward, I have seen the strangers, who had witnessed my almost mortal struggle with, and perilous escape from, the last enemy, look on me with mysterious wonder in returning health, as one who must have been specially preserved as for some appointed purpose. And yet I never experienced anything approaching to the *sinking* sensation which accompanied this subsidence of all the powers and endowments of being. It was the mental and physical in combination yielding up their every right to be. It seemed as if each passion, affection, sentiment, and faculty were separately expiring, and thus consciousness, successively stripped of all its attributes and accessories, at last dwindled to a point. I was at the limit of existence, on the very verge of extinction.

During this process there was no recalcitration, no repining—not the remotest approach to a feeling of injustice or uncalled for severity; on the contrary, perceiving that I was now in a sphere where results remained while processes perished—where ends were perpetuated while means were disused—where the temple remained while the scaffolding disappeared, I cordially acquiesced in the propriety of my own extinction, feeling indeed, that my poor abortive and ineffective existence was even as a mere process, something utterly contemptible; the only wonder being that it had in any way been connected with such a glorious result as I had lately witnessed. At length, as thought and memory gradually died out, I was left with but this one idea, to which I clung with the tenacity of a drowning man, "GOD IS JUST." With this as a watchword, I looked fearlessly into the infinite vacancy, and as I commenced this short sentence, expected at its termination to lapse into everlasting nothingness. It was nevertheless boldly uttered, the last vanishing remnant of my being giving an entire and unqualified assent to its truth. It was an internal utterance, as of the dying spirit speaking to itself. It was reiterated, till from my failing force it sunk,

like an expiring echo, into ever-enduring silence, the stillness of that death from whence there is no resurrection.

At this moment, as if caught in the arms of infinite love while being precipitated into the yawning gulph of oblivion, I heard the tones of a voice that united in itself every note and cadence of the deepest, purest, and most devoted affection. It was as if the gentle voices of father, mother, brother, sister, friend, and lover, were united in one soft, sweet harmonious flow of soul-speaking music. The depth, tenderness, and power of that voice can never be forgotten; it is a recollection for eternity. It penetrated my being, as light pervades the darkness, filling it with a richer life, and suffusing it with a more genial warmth, than it had ever previously known. It said, "Fear not, my son, that *is* thyself but renewed, transformed, regenerated." As this was said the darkness, which had previously encompassed me, cleared away, and the garden was again revealed with all its gorgeous beauty, glowing in the ruddy radiance and dewy freshness of that glorious morning. While gazing on this glorious scene, I thrilled with a delight so exquisite, a joy so intense, that the weird corporeity or eidolon under which I had hitherto existed, subsequently to the natural death of my earthly envelope, began to vibrate with such force, that its limited powers of cohesion were thoroughly overcome, and it dissolved into the semblance of a mist which floated on the pure air, and was bathed in the sunlight of that early hour.

I did not lose consciousness during this strange transformation, but dwelt in the mist as I had previously done in the eidolon; and now commenced a process of purification by which I was adapted for my new habitat. As clouds part with water in the form of rain, so did I drop by drop, restore to the earth all the more terrestrial elements obtained during my mortal pilgrimage. First went down all base thoughts and grovelling desires, none of which could be held in suspension by that clear atmosphere. Then followed a perfect shower of casual incidents and unimportant details, the mere lumber of the mind; till at length principles and conclusions alone remained, as if these were all that had been realized during my temporal sojourn, the detailed facts, as processes, being lost, and only the universals, which are independent of circumstance, surviving. I cannot express the invigoration and elevation of mind which accompanied this, its liberation, from the dross of time. There was an ease and freedom of intellectual movement, and a clearness of outlook, such as I had never before experienced. I perceived truth, even the most profound and abstract, directly and immediately, as we see phenomena. It was beheld intuitively, as if by a faculty especially appropriated to its recognition. While an all-pervading harmony left no room for that warfare within, of which all here must be more or less conscious. The force thus developed is inconceivable, and produced a calm consciousness of power, absolutely sublime.

In strict accordance with the deep symbolisation which had pervaded the entire vision, and of which I was dimly conscious throughout

its strange events and wonderful metamorphoses, the floating mist in which dwelt my consciousness, became more and more transparent as it parted with its terrestrial attachments, until, as a tenuous vapour, it was thoroughly pervaded, not only by the light but the *warmth* of the solar rays. I was inexpressibly happy, and had but one desire left as yet ungratified—it was for re-union with my brighter self, the radiant youth of the New Eden. Scarcely had this wish been definitively formed, when, as by a moral gravitation, I floated towards him, at first slowly, but with an increasing momentum, until overtaking and circling him round, as in the ardent embrace of an everlasting love, I felt that temporal life with its sins and sorrows, was past, gone like the phantoms of a nightmare dream, and that eternity with its enduring glories and illimitable prospects, was the grand reality which alone remained.

The ecstasy attendant on this thought was too powerful for the continuation of slumber, and I awoke to find myself not a radiant dweller in Eden, but the feeble occupant of a sick chamber.

It may not, perhaps, be amiss to state, as a pendant to the foregoing, the physiological fact, that since my recovery from the illness during which these dreams were experienced, more than a quarter of a century since, I have never suffered from one day's serious indisposition. This would seem to indicate that they were the accompaniment, and, perhaps, the indication of a constitutional crisis, eventuating in a certain measure of physical regeneration. But the pathology of dreams, if it was ever understood, has now been lost. Of their psychology we may, perhaps, speak more at length hereafter.

PHRENOLOGICAL DESCRIPTION OF CHARLES DICKENS AND MARK LEMON.

BY PROFESSOR L. N. FOWLER.

ABOUT thirty years, ago in the town of Worcester, Mass., U.S.A., I had an interview with the late Mr. Dickens, and examined his head, marked off the organs and wrote out his character, and published it in the American Phrenological Journal. It may be of interest to many at the present day to know what phrenology would say of his organization. Neither his body nor brain were large in size, but medium; yet the quality of both was of the highest order. He had a compact, condensed and concentrated organization, with a predominance of the nervous and muscular temperaments, and was characterised for activity, industry, and elevation of mind, for all the superior organs and functions of the body and brain predominated. The lower, animal powers were only sufficiently vigorous to meet the demands of nature, without giving him any of those strong animal impulses and passions that characterise some men; hence he was under the control of his higher powers, and was not obliged to spend much time or energy in combatting passions and base desires. The vital temperament was not so well developed as the

mental temperament and nervous forces. His muscular and osseous systems were favourably developed, but concentrated like the feminine rather than the masculine. His brain was comparatively full in all its parts, but more prominently developed in the superior part of the frontal lobe, and in Benevolence than in any other part. He had too much imagination to be a dry, abstract philosopher, and yet he had too much philosophy to be a dry, practical scientific man, dealing only in fact in a dry way. He had large Eventuality with large perceptive powers, but these were guided by the reasoning faculties and the sentiments, inclining him to look after the higher and more perfect works of creation, and to understand character in its endless variety of phases; for few men were more close observers of mankind than he was, and he remembered what he saw and could communicate it to others, most minutely and true to life. He excelled in language, and had a very large organ of Language. His eye was very full in development, and the expression of it was clear and intelligent. Scarcely any one else but Shakespeare could use as many words intelligently to communicate his ideas as he could. Order was very large as seen on the corner of the eyebrow, giving him power to arrange, systematise and work by rule. This faculty had very much to do with his success in presenting his efforts to the world in so successful and attractive a manner, and in thus arranging his stories he was enabled to make the most of them. Causality and Comparison were both very prominently developed, giving him thoughts and opinions of his own, and disposing him to present his ideas in his own way, and enabling him to analyse, classify, describe, discriminate, compare, contrast and fully illustrate his ideas. His head showed large Mirthfulness and Agreeableness, located at the outerside of Causality and above it. These faculties disposed him to take mirthful, playful, youthful, and ludicrous views of subjects; to ridicule, make fun, excite mirth and address himself to the young, jolly, elastic, buoyant, healthful mind, giving sprightliness and elasticity to all he said and did. His Ideality and Sublimity were large, as seen in the height and width of his head above his temples. These qualities enabled him to embellish, magnify, spin out, beautify, elaborate, and even create imagery for the occasion, and would have made him a poet if he had devoted himself to writing poetry. Dickens excelled most writers in his power to present his ideas fully, clearly, and to the life. Benevolence was very large, as seen in the fulness and height of the front portion of the top head. This quality of mind mellowed his whole character and threw "the milk of human kindness" into all his writings. His most bitter and sarcastic things amused while they stung. He lived and laboured for the good and the happiness and improvement of the race. If angry, it was in a just cause. If he wounded, it was to remove a tumour. Cautiousness was large, and Acquisitiveness and Secretiveness were full. Their combined action aided to give sufficient prudence and worldly wisdom, so that he did not labour for naught, nor did he squander the result of his labours. His Veneration was not large. He cared little for cere-

mony, past usages, or conventionalities. Spirituality and Hope were well developed, and aided to give him sentiment, emotion, faith, power to present marvellous or spiritual views of subjects; to describe disembodied spirits, or immaterial subjects, and to talk, write, hope and plan as though there were another life and a future existence. Conscientiousness was large, as seen in the height and width of his head above the centre of the parietal bones, and on both sides of Firmness. This quality of mind gave him a consciousness of obligation, sense of duty, and stimulated him to live a consistent life. Firmness was quite prominent, giving perseverance, though not great obstinacy and stubbornness. He could be influenced by reason or duty. Self-esteem was not large. He had only the dignity and pride that came from his intellectual and moral consciousness of his own importance. He was naturally progressive and democratic. Approbativeness was large, and rendered him sensitive, polite, affable, mindful of appearances, ambitious to excel, and to do his best. His social brain was large and had a decided influence over his character and actions. He took a social, domestic view of life in all his writings. His natural appreciation of woman was great, and he had strong love, and was capable of appreciating female society; but his animal impulses, as a class, were not predominant. His life, as a whole, was under the guidance of his moral and intellectual faculties. His writings appealed to the higher rather than the lower powers of mind, and it seemed to be his strong desire to remove some of the absurdities and lumbering machinery of society. His wit was used to ridicule evil, and his imagination to show off extravagantly the absurd notions and foolish superstitions existing among intelligent men. His sympathies were always with the poor, and it was his greatest delight to benefit the distressed and down-trodden. When Dickens commenced his public career, schoolmasters were tyrants, and treated their pupils as though they were guilty, because they were ignorant; as if they were subjects to beat rather than to teach; subjects upon which to vent a domineering spirit, to hate rather than to love. He found the court proceedings full of old fogey notions, and justice greatly impeded by useless formalities. He found the church greatly obstructed in its Christian work of saving souls, and that the doctrines and principles of Christ were lost sight of by creeds, ceremonies, superstitions, and dogmas that were only so much old rubbish and so many clogs to the wheel of progress. He found society full of etiquette, each one stood on his dignity, and there was more formality than reality. He showed these absurdities in a ridiculous manner, and many of them are now among the things that were. Society is coming to its senses, and a man is valued more for his real merits and what he has done himself, than for the position society or hereditary law has given. Ceremonies look hollow or like a balloon only full of rarefied air or gas. The poor are beginning to be objects of sympathy, and are treated with some consideration. Charles Dickens's philanthropy was *heart-felt*, and reached the *heart*,

while he was one of the best, and most touching and successful humorists ever known.

Mark Lemon was born in 1809, had only an average education at a common school or academy, was designed to be a merchant, was at an early age thrown on his own resources and took to writing for the stage. He had a lion-like appearance, had a large head and body, and possessed more than ordinary mental and physical power. His physiological organization indicated a very great amount of vital power and animal life, giving feeling, emotion, warmth, and ardour of mind, and availability of talent. He was fully developed in muscular power, and in nervous susceptibility,—all set in motion by strong impulses and desires. His Phrenological developments were most marked. He had great powers of observation and ability to absorb from everything he saw. He had quick and correct perceptions of what was going on around him. All the qualities were prominent, which gave him memory and knowledge of names, places, faces, the language of others, the order and arrangement of things, of actions and association of ideas, and of impressions made on his mind. Language being large, gave him great conversational power and command of language, and ability to make known his ideas to others in a capacious manner. His head was broad in the temples, indicating skill, versatility of talent and fancy, as well as taste and imagination. Mirthfulness and Imitation were largely developed both in head and character, and they were greatly facilitated in their activity by his pliable, elastic, warm, sympathetic, available talent. Causality was not large; he had more of a practical, common-sense talent than one inclining to reason and abstract philosophy; but, having the entire centre of the brain fully developed, he had great intuition and discernment of character, and ability to say and do the right thing at the right time, and in the right way, giving him the power to perceive the peculiar state of mind, capacities and tastes of others, so that he knew whom to get to do things he could not do himself. Neither his temperament nor his organization indicated that he was rigid, bigoted, or made of corners and angles, but that he was rotund, smooth, and mellow, and knew how to apply himself and adapt himself in what he did to the tastes of others. His own organization was not particularly elevated and spiritual; hence he could more easily adapt himself to the common medium mind and taste. He had full Secretiveness and Acquisitiveness, giving him good business qualities, powers of negotiation and ability to keep his mind to himself when necessary. Combativeness and Destructiveness were not large. He was far from being carnivorous, cruel or cross; in fact more force and hardness of mind would have been an advantage to him. He possessed a superabundance of "The Milk of Human Kindness," fresh, pure and sweet. His general organization indicated kindness, sympathy, politeness, affability, fair pride, and self-appreciation and firmness, together with a strong, social domestic nature. Mark Lemon has made his *mark*, has filled and drunk the cup of life, but in it there was much more of the luscious *grape* than the acid *lemon*.

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

THIS gentleman has laboured so hard at his work amongst us that he has been laid up by ill health. He has now somewhat recovered, and at the moment of writing is in London. We have had the pleasure of viewing a very beautiful model of Mr. Sen, done by Miss Fellows, a promising sculptor from Wolverhampton, but who is now studying in London. This bust is not only a good portrait, but a beautiful work of art. The artist has caught a very pleasing and characteristic expression of the great reformer, and the attitude is noble and dignified.

Mr. Sen has written from England several letters to the Brahmo Somaj in India; from the second epistle we make the following extracts:—"Here am I in this far-off country, thousands of miles away from my home, my family and friends; yet I am not wholly a stranger in a strange land. England is as much my Father's house as India. His loving arms encompass me here as they did in my country. He has given me numerous friends, and has enabled me to feel myself at home in many a family. Often have I rejoicingly united my feeble voice with theirs in the worship of our dear Lord, the common Father of England and India. In spite of the differences of race and nationality, we have all stood round His holy altar, and as one united family rendered homage to him. I have protested against worldliness and weak faith, against the heartless worship of an abstract and absent Deity, and against impurity of character concealed under the cloak of theological conformity. I have pointed out the difference between the spirit of Christ and the dogmas of Christianity; between saying unto Him, Lord, Lord, and doing the Father's will; between the profession of Christianity and the inward growth of Christ's life in the individual soul, and the assimilation of his blood and flesh to man's spiritual being. I have said that to be a Christian means only to be Christ-like; and that salvation, redemption, atonement, and regeneration means nothing more than the sanctification of the sinner's heart, and the harmonising of man's will with God's will. As a member of the Universal Theistic Church, I have protested against all manner of sectarian antipathy and unbrotherliness, and advocated the unification of all churches and sects in the love of the one true God. I have denounced war and the use of intoxicating liquors, and have heartily advocated the peace movement and the temperance movement. Let not India sleep or lag behind. Rouse up the millions of her sons and daughters, and cast off the fetters with which they are enchained to idolatry and caste. Proclaim the joyful message of liberty throughout the length and breadth of the country, and build in every town and in every family an altar unto the true God of salvation. Preach not lifeless dogmas or creeds; form no narrow sect or clan. Faith in the living God is your only creed, a creed of fiery enthusiasm and invincible power. Go forth in all directions with this living faith, and it will enkindle in the hearts of all around the sacred flame of pure religion. And let your words be words of love and peace, not of sectarian antipathy. Love all parties, and gratefully accept all that is good and true in each. By love shall ye conquer falsehood, and error, and

uncharitableness. Be true to the sweet and eternal Gospel of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and gather all races and tribes, castes and clans, in one fold. Thus faith and love shall make India free, and thus shall our nations joyfully unite with other nations of the east and the west in hailing the kingdom of God."

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

FACTS THROUGH MRS. EVERITT'S MEDIUMSHIP.

June 16.—The circle having been duly constituted, we read the first six verses of the 6th chapter of Revelation, and from 11th to 16th verse of 9th chapter. The Bible used did not contain this last chapter as the leaves had been torn out. The spirits directed that a press should be looked into for a perfect Bible, but Mr. and Mrs. Everitt insisted that there was no Bible in that place. At the urgent injunction of the spirit search was made, and one Bible, then another, and a third was discovered, and no one in the circle knew that such books were there, as some of them were old family reliques that had been lost sight of. The last found Bible contained the pages required. This was in itself a very good evidence of the fact that the spirits know of matters not known by the persons sitting. When the proper conditions were obtained the following message was given in the direct writing:—

"You will see by the parts of the Word given you to read that the Horse takes a prominent part. It represents the intellectual principle or understanding of man. The colour is the quality, the rider or director the guiding power of the mind. First you have a white horse, symbol of purity of faith with love, while he that sits on him, the Word, or Wisdom, is crowned and goes forth conquering and to conquer. In this state the Church is pure in faith, and the Word of God grows mightily and prevails. The second is a red horse: the understanding of Truth had deteriorated, Faith was no longer pure; still Charity was not wholly gone; sects and parties all drawing their weapons from the letter of the Word, war with each other; and that which in the first state went forth to conquer, now takes peace from the earth, and enables men spiritually to destroy each other. Now, again, the horse is black; the understanding is completely darkened through the influence of Evil, Charity has waxed cold, and the Love of God and the Neighbour little regarded."

At the bottom was written—"The power has left, wait a little."

The above was given in seven seconds. After the light was again put out the following message was written on the other side of the paper:—

"The fourth seal is a pale or colourless horse, and the Word which was at first a savour of life unto life has now become the savour of death unto death. That which was intended for the food of souls becomes, under the perversions of those who receive it, deadly poison. The Word of God which, to the humble and sincere, is spiritual health, is to the proud follower of Error, spiritual death. As the sword of the Spirit is truth, so the sword of Evil is error. By this sword thousands and tens of thousands, were spiritually slain. Then again comes the white horse, and he that sat on him was faithful and true. He is clothed in a vesture dipped in blood,

and he is called the Word of God. Here the horse as I told you before is the purified understanding or intellect of man. And the rider is the Word of Wisdom guiding or governing the Understanding. Without that being guided—without mounting the white horse, the Word makes no conquest, but the Word or Truth of God is clothed in a vesture dipped in blood. Now, as blood is the life of the body, so love or affection is the life of the soul. And a garment dipped in blood denotes the quality of the Truth, that it is clothed by and encircled with Love. Thus the whole represents the destruction of Evil and Falsehood through Truth united to Love, appreciated by means of the understanding, and guiding and working by the intellect of man through the Lord Jesus Christ."

In this last instance, 264 words were given in five seconds. The pencil was not held by anyone, and the writing was done by the spirits themselves, without the intervention of mortal hand. It was done in complete darkness, and the ticking sound usually heard when the writing is being given was heard, and thus the time which elapsed was calculated.

On a subsequent evening, as Mr. Hockley sat with Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, the conversation turned on the theory of La Place respecting the origin of worlds. The lights were extinguished, but the room was not totally dark, as Mr. Everitt could see his friend. As the conversation proceeded, Mrs. Everitt was observed to pass into the trance, and the following pieces of direct writing were found inside of a large book which lay on the table. The book was open before the writing was given, and it was found shut with the writing enclosed at the place where the book had been open. It was suggested that the spirits might write on the wide margins of this large book, but "John Watt" answered that it would have to be more magnetised first. For some time back Mrs. Everitt has been impressed to keep the bits of paper for direct writing in the tube through which the spirit voice is given, which is, no doubt, for the purpose of saturating it with the peculiar influence or magnetism, necessary to the performance of the wonderful phenomenon of direct spirit writing.

The following is the communication referred to above:—

"This natural or material world in which we live, as to the body, proceeds, or is derived from the spiritual world, and subsists by continual influx from it. It is as a spiritual thing formed into a palpable or material thing, or an essence clothing itself with a form, or a soul making to itself a body. Therefore this world and all in it corresponds to heaven and heavenly things, but through the fall of man, evil, or the hellish world, has gained a form in outward nature. Man's reasoning faculties stand in the centre of the three, and receives impressions from each. Therefore, if reason be not enlightened from above, under the control of good affections, it is a mere automaton, ready to enlist on any side."

This was given more slowly than the other messages that had been received by this process.

Mr. and Mrs. Everitt have suspended their sittings in London for some time, and are on a tour in the North for the benefit of their health. We hope some of our readers will have the pleasure and good fortune of making their acquaintance during their tour, and that these very wonderful phenomena may be witnessed by entire strangers under a change of circumstances. The Everitts deserve a hearty welcome from all lovers of spiritual science.

STRANGE MANIFESTATIONS.

Office of The American Journal of Spiritual Sciences,
767 6th Avenue, New York, July 6th, 1870.

DEAR BRO. BURNS,—I am in receipt of your letter and several of your Spiritual papers, which you have had the kindness to send me, and for which please accept my sincere thanks. I sit down just now to write to you one of the most extraordinary physical manifestations that has occurred in this country, at a house I have just visited. I would keep the publication for my paper, but it does not come out until September, and I don't want the spiritual friends to be kept ignorant of the glorious progress of the world of spirits. I was sitting with a lady, (Mrs. Marquand) quite celebrated here for several spiritual powers of development, who is controlled at times by Madame *Guion*, (you know her so well), and it was mentioned to me that these manifestations had been going on for several weeks but not until now so violently. I went at once to the house, No. 972 6th Avenue, New York, and found out from the family the following particulars. They occupied the 2nd floor, and the family consisted of a girl (medium), 11 years old, an uncle, also an uncle just deceased, and two aunts. They appeared to be people in middle circumstances, Catholic persuasion, with strong prejudices. They were ordinarily intelligent, but the girl was unschooled. I happened to get there just after the spirits had made a raid, a carnival, or a feast, or a *fete*, whatever you may call it. It would have puzzled an artist to have drawn in a few moments the picture of devastation I saw. I could not but laugh the moment I opened the door to see the work that seemed to me to be the *play of bad boys*. However, there was a sadness in my heart, because I felt that whatever may be the cause, something was wrong somewhere. I felt thoroughly relieved in returning home to read the explanation. I will give you all I know. Entering the parlour, the various pictures from the walls were strewn about, *except the Catholic pictures* which were not touched. Behind the sofa, and under it where one could not go without lifting the sofa out, lay every moveable thing in the house, not very heavy, as nicely and in regular order as could be; then in the pantry lay upon the floor perhaps 20 dols. worth of china, plates, tureens, dishes, all emptied out of the cupboard at one time, in a heap, and smashing nearly every one of them. They showed us a conch shell which fell in the lap of a lady; a large fine looking-glass broken all to pieces; a sewing machine which had been just rented, thrown over, and lay on the floor broken; a large bell in the hall, which had been rung furiously. In the bed rooms, articles were found stowed away between mattresses, and one of the uncles said he had 4 dols. taken from him. These people were strong Catholics and unfriendly to Spiritualists. The rappings began at the door and in the house before the old man died, but nothing so terrible as the above. They could not punish the girl for it, because it occurred in *broad day light* when the girl was not near the places where the destruction was going on. A spirit seized the girl's hand one time and hurled something at an aunt, for which she was whipped; she seemed to love her aunt, and is said to be affectionate and kind. When the girl was sent away the manifestations were less violent. We stooped

down and picked up pieces of the broken ware, a sample of which I mail to you.

SURMISES.

Some say the devil did this; of course all say, "It was no good spirits." Spiritualists were unable to give a reason why a poor family should be broken up. Some thought the former landlord of the house, now deceased, had been wronged; others that the evil spirit had come to take the sick man away, and believed a malicious spirit was trying what pranks he could make. As for ourself, we were sadly puzzled what to think of it, so various were the contradictions of things. And so this would have remained for ever an unsolved mystery, a fact only in history, and no more, *but for Spirit eyes* which looked through and saw it all where mortals are blind. We convened a circle on going home, and to our mental inquiry What does this mean? we received a written communication in the following words:—

"THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS."

"The remark made by the lady was not a foolish one about the Catholic pictures, they remained while the others were taken down.* There is a battle going on at all times with Catholic spirits against liberal religion, and there is a force of two kinds of spirits to gain possession of that child where you have been; the Catholics have so far had the sway. A host of Catholic spirits were around the man that died in that house, and the doctor brings his, used as a force, also in that direction. There are no spirits here that desire to injure any one, but they have a wonderful power through the force in that house, so many mediumistic combinations; they will leave no means untried to get that child into their power, as they are taking this course in order to frighten the relations and to get them to place the child in a convent for safety; then they have all they want, and then they will wield the child, after they get her, with her powers, to accomplish their own purposes. Other spirits have also been there, but as soon as these Catholic spirits see and realise the approach of other spirits that they know are as yet not strong, they overpower them, and the result is these terrible physical manifestations. The uncle that has passed away had more to do with it than they know, but not consciously; that will soon be proved. They cannot approach very readily when those present are well balanced in their spiritual and temporal organisations; but as soon as those whom they can overcome, whose organisms can be controlled or laid by, they show their power. Two young priests (spirits) together with an old cardinal, have been around and amongst them many days. They care not what is done so they drive them to do what they want, and then feel that a mighty lift or power. They are doing or showing their power as spirits, and it is only on account of the trouble they make that there need be any sorrow. Let them work, let all the spirits work in all the ways they can. The greatest spiritual battle ever fought on earth will take place between Catholic and liberal Christians. They watched you out of the house, and stood by you when you picked up the glass off the floor. The child is a powerful physical medium, and when brought under schooling, in herself, and the spirits that use her are of a more liberal and loving kind, these manifestations will change. Take a few select individuals who have faith in physical manifestations, and hold a circle up there, several physical mediums, men and women a select few, and you will have some tremendous manifestations, unless these Catholic

* I remarked to the Catholic lady, who had said, "It was evil spirits," because the Catholic pictures were not molested hanging upon the walls, "Madam, that is a foolish remark, they could take any pictures down."

spirits withdraw, and then they will not be so violent. It is a strong effort for Catholic supremacy.

"Spirit explanation of the physical manifestations in the Catholic family at No. 972, 6th Ave., New York, given through Mrs. Marquand at 767, 6th Ave., the 1st of July, 1870—Mr. Swackhauner, J. H. Hall, Mrs. Marquand, circle. Verbatim Copy."

Several spiritual friends wonder at this manifestation because spirits war on each other, but did not an evil spirit fight for the body of Moses, and did not Josephus describe contending armies in the heavens? What wonderful light these things are throwing upon history, and how daily proving the Bible. Spiritualism here is beginning to revive with great power. I feel very confident its glorious career is not begun to be felt yet.

J. H. HALL.

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

A QUESTION FOR THE STUDENTS OF HUMAN NATURE.

To the Editor.

SIR,—It has fallen to my lot to meet with individuals who exhibit quite contradictory characteristics: in some cases may be seen one person showing the most tender solicitude for dumb animals, but morose and even cruel to some of their fellow-beings: others possessing the most fastidious taste and critical judgment in matters of art and literature, yet prone to indulge in the coarsest and most depraved habits of a sensual kind.

How is this? What explanation can be given to account for such opposite tendencies residing in one individual? The intellectual nature so cultivated and refined, the moral being so ungoverned and debased! It is an interesting question which might be usefully discussed by those who are competent to deal with it. The two specimens named, are worth analysing.

ENQUIRER.

WHERE IS THE SUMMER-LAND?

BY J. B. LOOMIS.

In *The Universe*, of the 21st instant, a correspondent asks the question, "Where is Heaven?" The writer seems to have wandered into a wilderness without compass—left the trail, and has evidently got lost. The computations and figures designed to express distances and velocities look formidable, but figures have little to do with answering the question, "Where is Heaven?" Let me say first, that the writer makes the mistake common with many others of substituting the term "heaven" for Summer Land, or Spirit Land. Heaven, according to the Harmonial Philosophy is a condition, not a locality, and for sake of clearness it would be well to bear this in mind in all such investigations.

The computed distances and velocities, which are so liable to turn the investigator away from a perception of the real nearness of the Summer Land, whether right or wrong, are of very little

value in this connection. The milky-way tract of stars is an elongated plane, or rather field, of suns and planets. It is comparatively a thin aggregation or stratum of stars, and to one situated outside, or to a dweller in the Summer Land, this star-tract spreads with almost boundless extent overhead. To dwellers in different parts of the Summer Land other milky-ways appear in the infinite heavens above them.

Now an observer on our planet, looking into, or in the general direction of the galaxy, looks *away* from the Summer Land, or in a direction tangent to it. In looking at Sirius, which is one of our nearest fixed stars, we see an object which is five times more distant than the Summer Land is from us. When we look at those remote and faint points of light, which the telescope only reveals, and of which no instrument can detect a parallax—from whence light has been travelling with such amazing velocity for so many countless ages, we are still looking in a line of the plane of this great star stratum. But let us turn at *right angles* with this line and look parallel with the axis of the vast milky-way, and with a short reach we look directly out beyond its thin field into the blackness of real space. Now if, while so looking, the earth should happen to be in proper relation, in its annual revolution and diurnal rotation, our line of sight would extend directly towards the Summer Land. But although we know its direction, it cannot be seen in the present state of optical science—our instruments are still too imperfect to distinguish its ethereal light. It will require years of improvement in optical appliances before the space-penetrating power of our telescopes can focalize the pure light of this sublime zone of *all* firmaments. Yet it will some day be discovered as a strange, pure, golden zone of light trailing through the blackness beyond the stars! It will attract more astronomical attention and cause more interest than ever the zodiacal light has done, and its interest will never cease so long as our planet remains, and men behold the heavens!

Sir John Herschel says, in reference to looking at right angles with the plane of the milky-way:—"In such cases it is equally impossible not to perceive we are looking *through* a sheet of stars, and of no great thickness compared with the distance which separates them from us." Again, in the direction I have indicated—parallel with the axis of this great plane of stars called the milky-way—Herschel says, substantially, "We seem to look beyond the stars, which appear to be projected upon a black background, out into space."

So it appears that research is advancing with strides "better than it knows" toward a positive demonstration of that great question, Where is the Summer Land? The human spirit is far more perfect than any optical or mathematical instrument, for it is their maker, and it is not strange—it need not be incredible to a thinking mind that the spiritual sight should antedate by centuries the external discovery of this divine zone, which is the sublimation of all the suns and planets of space.

The stars, 61 Cygni, Lyra, and Sirius have a decided parallax, and of course their distances are approximately known; but the same line of sight that takes in any of these would, projected in the direction of the Summer Land, extend billions of miles beyond it. By this we may readily see that the distances and figures that look so formidable in attempted estimates on this subject, are of little value, for they over-estimate vastly the distance we all travel at the advent of our ascension called death. In fact, the Summer Land is so near that it is far more likely to be discovered, as stated above, than is the parallax of some of those remote telescopic stars that gem the infinite space! Compared with these the Summer Land is very near us, in our immediate neighbourhood—a truth which should give calm repose and trust to every harmonious mind.

New York, April 30, 1870.

DR. J. R. NEWTON.

THE best abused man in England for the last few weeks has been the gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article. And why has he been thus vilified by the Press and the “unco guid”? Simply because his mission is unfamiliar to the eyes and ears of the great bulk of the people. Even some spiritualists begin to stand aloof and question the propriety of Dr. Newton's course. It was foreordained by such that Dr. Newton should closely adhere to his work of healing, and establish himself in the hearts of the people as a respectable philanthropist, and successful physician by spirit-power. All this has been accomplished. Dr. Newton has spent some hundreds of pounds in his work amongst the masses, and has established himself at great cost in a suitable mansion, to give dignity to his position as a popular medical practitioner. But such is not his mission, however grateful it might be to the conceits of a few, or the happiness and comfort of his patients. Looked at through the narrow sphere of SELF it is a most important matter to have the functions of the heart regulated, consumption averted, and debility and death postponed. Such acts, however good they may be in themselves, are of too narrow and contracted a sphere to be worthy of exalted and universal love, in which circumscribed specialties are swallowed up in the wide necessities of all. If the force which would relieve indigestion or lameness in one hundred cases would reflect the light of a new truth on the collective mind of a nation, it would be a bad misapplication of such force to devote it to the former narrow purpose. Yet Dr. Newton's power over disease is not less efficient and marvellous on account of his other duties. He makes the lame to walk in many cases instantly. The blind see at once or progressively. The deaf hear, and the debilitated are strengthened. These mighty works are performed often by him by a mere touch; sometimes by a short invocation and nervous shock communicated by the will-power of the Doctor. Patients have been relieved by shocks being sent to a great distance, the patient being brought *en rapport* with the Doctor through the presence of a friend, a scrap of writing, or a garment. In other cases articles of clothing have been magnetised by

Dr. Newton, and returned to the afflicted with great benefit. But the most remarkable mode of communicating this power is through the agency of Dr. Newton's photographic portraits magnetised by himself. By these numbers have been relieved, and most interesting experiments have been performed therewith on clairvoyants, sensitives, and mediums. Some of these can select from amongst many an article or photograph that has been magnetised by the Doctor. Some experience a cold feeling, others a burning feeling, when they handle these magnetised portraits, or any object which Dr. Newton has touched. Some persons have been healed in his public meetings, even without being touched by him, and several cases have been authenticated of sufferers being thoroughly and permanently cured, simply by thinking of Dr. Newton to the exclusion of every other thought. Those who have not been out of doors for months or years have suddenly been made to walk, and have shortly regained health and strength. We do not utter exaggerations, but give expression to sober facts which can be abundantly authenticated. Our next step as students of Human Nature Science is to fathom the deep import which lies concealed under such facts. By what means does Dr. Newton relieve the sick? A lame man comes up hobbling painfully on a pair of crutches. Dr. Newton lays the crutches aside, steadies the patient, strokes his brow and face with the right hand, takes the paralytic or rheumatic patient in his arms, and, by inducement and pressure, makes him sit down as close as possible on his haunches. Then with a lift from the Doctor and the command "Arise!" the patient gets up, walks with difficulty, then more freely, now easier, and sometimes finishes the scene by dancing, and marches away in triumph with his crutches over his shoulder, and gains in strength every hour till he is as well as ever he was in his life. Here comes a patient with defective vision; the Doctor works on the eyeballs with his thumbs, and the power of sight is greatly augmented or fully restored, and complete recovery is the work of time. The deaf have their ears manipulated, then the Doctor blows into them, at the same time holding the patient's nose and asking him to endeavour to blow it. It is startling to see a patient come up hearing with difficulty loud conversation, and in one minute going away able to hear a whisper. Dr. Newton breathes on the chest of those afflicted with heart disease and causes the patient to breathe deeply while he bends forward. Consumptives inhale the breath while they throw out their arms. Those with rheumatism in the shoulders and arms put their hands round their head in a circle. To expel disease generally the Doctor says to the patient, "Look at me," and standing back a step and fixing his eyes on the sick person, the Doctor says, "In the name of the Powers that be, disease, I bid thee depart." At the same time giving his hands a thrust down and sending a shock of will power into the patient; when this is done in a crowd all the sensitives shudder with the effect it produces upon them. It is worthy of remark that though Dr. Newton handles lame and stiff people in such a way as would cause intense pain under other circumstances, yet very few seem to be incommoded by the Doctor's treatment. A soothing influence seems to stream from the Doctor's system and flow into the patient as his organs

move. A command is generally given to be obeyed by the sufferer, as "Arise," "Throw out your arms," "Shake your head," "Look around," etc., etc. The observance of these acts places the patient under the control of the Doctor's will, and enables a power to flow into the sufferer which could not be so well communicated without these means.

And now, What do all these things teach us? for unusual phenomena must indicate laws hitherto unknown. Medically, then, it is apparent that drugs do not remove diseases, otherwise disease could not be removed without them; but in the experience of Dr. Newton we find that he has benefitted or completely cured tens of thousands to whom medical aid was of no avail whatever. It is also evident that agencies used for the cure of disease should not devitalise the patient, but act in accordance with vital law. Then it is to be observed that the mind has unlimited influence over the body; in fact, that disease is the mind psychologised by certain circumstances into that state which results in disease in certain organs. Hence a psychological influence of a more positive kind eradicates the previous impressions and restores health and harmony. Dr. Newton uses this will-power on the minds of his patients very extensively, and it is amusing to see those with positive minds quite restored and yet sceptical of the fact till their own experience convinces them of the reality. We have now considered the use and agency of vital power and will-power in Dr. Newton's treatment, but these are scarcely adequate to cover the whole ground. Dr. Newton's clairvoyance and peculiar power of diagnosis even in cases which he has not seen nor heard described, ally him to mediums of the highest class, and his individual experience attests the fact that he is in almost constant communion with spiritual beings. When conditions are favourable for spiritual control and action in him then is his power greatest and his success most marked, but when disturbing influences supervene neither will-power nor vital power avail him in his work. Clairvoyants have also repeatedly seen spirits over him and around him while operating on those who seek his aid.

With the spiritual relations of the subject we must not omit to consider the theological. The popular faith is said to rest upon certain wonders called "miracles," which occurred at one period amongst a peculiar people, and nowhere else, and can never occur again. Dr. Newton shows that such a supposition is false, and he moreover says that a dead faith rests upon past works, but that living works flow from a living faith. It is thus inferred that the special divinity of Jesus as resting upon such acts is a gross mistake. Dr. Newton claims to be controlled by the spirit of Jesus to heal and speak, and that Jesus has declared to him face to face that he was only a good man, and did his mighty works by natural law, or mediumistic power, the same as Dr. Newton does, and not by any supernatural aid whatever, as commonly understood. Such considerations arouse the ire of the populace, and a feeling of coldness amongst "respectable" spiritualists. If Dr. Newton settled down, and paid particular attention to those good people's mandates and sick friends, then they would delight in nothing so much as to lionise him to the full extent of their power. But Dr. Newton prefers to be controlled by spirits, not men—

to be influenced by the laws of spirit-life and not the ephemeral conventionalities of society. The prevailing suppositions respecting his power, and the interpretation given to the historical cases with which it is considered parallel, are false, and Dr. Newton's mission is to expose these errors and uphold the truth. Miracles are not impossibilities, but acts performed by a means not generally understood. Jesus was not God incarnated any more than the rest of mankind, but a man whose parental, spiritual, and organic circumstances enabled him to distinguish himself in the way he did, and his case was not by any means a solitary one. Dr. Newton has cured many times more people than Jesus ever did, and by extraordinary means, such as photographs, which means were not in existence at that day. When Jesus promised to visit from the spirit-world those who loved him and remained attached to his teachings, he merely uttered a law of spirit-life by which he and others of like sympathies aid Dr. Newton, and those who are in harmony with the spirit of Jesus's life. The Gospels are a record of facts, natural facts, embellished by the ignorance and fanaticism of those who wrote them and transcribed them from time to time. But the great Bible to which they refer is being daily written in the lives of men who exist on the earth at the present day, and the true Word of God are the unchanging laws which control the phenomena of nature, and the acts of men in all ages. To open up some part of this eternal Word, and give a leaf from this living Bible, Dr. Newton comes amongst us. His healing is not the end of his mission, but only means to an end—a sign to attract attention, and lead the minds of men to the universal truth which lies beyond.

Dr. Newton's mission is not a selfish one. He does not receive fees sufficient to pay a fraction of his expenses. He treats all who are not able to pay "without money and without price." He visits provincial towns on Sundays, and lectures and heals the sick publicly. By so doing he stirs up the minds of thousands to a mighty truth, which, if understood, would not only put an end to human suffering, but enlighten the mind in regions now occupied by the darkest clouds of superstition and bigotry. Dr. Newton's practice teaches that the physical body is not the man, that all medication should be applied to the unseen powers within the body, and that each human being is a magazine of healing power to his neighbour. He communicates the healing power to many, who practise it with success: but all have the power more or less latent within them.

As a specimen of the results of this treatment we append a few cases from the *Medium*, a weekly paper, which records Dr. Newton's progress. The following are some of the cases treated at Dr. Burns's chapel:—

Mrs. Hill, 17 Dudley Place, Paddington Green, had been an invalid twelve years, the last four years bedridden; had advice from hospitals and medical gentlemen, all told her the one thing—her case was hopeless. A member of Dr. Burns's church, hearing his kind pastor had offered his chapel to Dr. Newton for healing purposes, being a constant visitor at Mrs. Hill's, told her he would carry her to the Doctor if she would like to try the means employed. She consented, knowing that it is our duty to use every

means. Dr. Newton told her at once he could make her walk, and in less than five minutes she walked from the table-pew to the body of the chapel, and would have walked home if the mob would have allowed her. We were anxious that days should elapse before we called upon her. On the twelfth day we found her stronger and better able to walk. If Dr. Newton had no other case than this one, we think it would amply repay him for his trouble in coming.

Harriet Redding, 16 North Wharf Road, Paddington, had rheumatics, unable to bend her knees; now is able to kneel, and expresses herself very grateful to Dr. Newton.

Miss Monk, 7 North Street, Grove Road; she was suffering from dropsy, and lump in the throat caused her to suffer with bronchitis most of the winter. It is now six weeks since I took her to see Dr. Newton. She came to the chapel and thanked him, told him she was quite well, never better in her life. We called upon her since, and she says she will be glad to see any one if they doubt this statement.

Mr. Bird, Carlisle Mews, came as a looker-on; his minister said to him, "You have been suffering great pain the last few weeks, and I am sure Dr. Newton will relieve you." The Doctor did effectually, for all pain was taken from him before he left the chapel. The next day he came and told the Doctor his wife was ill with rheumatic fever, had been in bed several days. The Doctor described her case and the position she was in; told him he must get her up, and give a free circulation of air to the room, use plenty of cold water to the suffering part, and give her a mutton chop. I called a few hours after, and found her gaining strength, and the pain had left her. Her husband showed me the rings that had to be filed off her fingers from their being so swollen. Dr. Newton said she would be in her own place at chapel on the following Sunday, and true it was. Now she is able to attend to her duties quite well. They both say they shall ever feel thankful to Almighty God that Dr. Newton came to New Church Street Chapel. Any person is at liberty to call upon them.

Mrs. Rickets, 10 Avenue Market, had not been out of doors for six months. She sent her slipper. Dr. Newton said, "She will be able to walk here to-morrow." She came to the chapel, and walked home, is still able to walk, and is much improved in health generally.

William King, 17 Devonshire Street; gout and rheumatics, had not been able to bend his ankle, and suffered intense pain. His hip joints were so stiff that he could not bend so as to sit down. Now he can stoop or sit down close to his heels. Many in the neighbourhood can testify to this.

These are only a few of the many cases that have come under our observation. All uniformly speak with the deepest feeling of Dr. Newton's great kindness and gentleness with them, and the manifest desire which he exhibited to relieve their sufferings. If space would permit, we might give a long and interesting account of the wonderful manner in which Dr. Newton described those whose garments were brought to him, even to their state of body, surroundings, and the marks on their faces. These features of his labours have deeply interested us, and, taken in connection with his remarkable power over disease, impress the mind with the fact that he possesses powers far above those of ordinary men.

MISS E. A. WATHEN, 32A New Church Street.

MRS. E. COWPER, 388 Edgware Road.

THE readers of *Human Nature* will be glad to learn that J. M. Peebles has reached his home in safety. His passage was tedious (12 days), and rather unpleasant. He has now departed for the West, to confer with Hudson Tuttle on the publication of the forthcoming "Year-Book of Spiritualism."

A LETTER FROM MELBOURNE.

April 21, 1870.

Now with regard to Spiritualism, its position and prospects here, of which, I presume, you have but little information. Ten years since, I do not think there were twenty spiritualists in Victoria; it is probable by this time we have a hundred times that number. The growth of Spiritualism here has, until within the last few months, been quiet and steady. The manifestations being mostly intellectual ones, we have had but few striking physical phenomena, nor indeed have I or others connected with me sought or encouraged them, thinking the strata that was being formed the best basis whereon to build the structure, and believing that the wise influences on the other side would develop physical media when necessary. We have not sought to proselytise, but rather to present the truths entrusted to us, to all minds that seemed open to its reception. About six months since the public interest was attracted more towards the subject by a lecture delivered by Mr. B. S. Nayler, of this city (a gentleman of known ability and erudition). The subject was "The Battle of Science," but the principal part of it was devoted to the advocacy of Spiritualism. About the same time, a paper was read before the Eclectic Society of Melbourne by its President, Mr. H. Turner, on Spiritualism, and was afterwards published in pamphlet form. Being cleverly written *and opposed to the Spiritual theory*, it was very favourably reviewed by the press. The majority of Mr. Turner's arguments are, to those who have the slightest knowledge of the subject, very superficial and absurd. I send you herewith a copy of his paper, together with an antidote I published shortly afterwards. The reading of Mr. Turner's paper led to a long discussion in the Eclectic Society, the ultimate of which was the recent appointment of a committee to investigate the subject, and report to the Society. The composition of this committee, however, is such as to preclude any probability of a satisfactory investigation of the subject. Nearly the whole of the gentlemen composing it are strong opponents of the Spiritual hypothesis, and only one of them a believer, and he but lukewarm. Under these circumstances they are not likely to receive the support of the friends of the cause, nor to obtain among themselves satisfactory manifestations.

During the discussion a gentleman (member of the Society) introduced his son, twelve years of age, upon the platform, and although whilst blindfolded he wrote a description of persons standing behind him, and, at the request of a bystander, rapidly and correctly punctuated the matter covering a large sheet, whilst his eyes were covered thoroughly, it was sneered at, and attributed to collusion. Regardless of the character of the father, who is well-known in Melbourne as a strictly honourable and high-minded gentleman, it is astonishing how prejudice will warp the minds and blind the reason of otherwise intelligent men.

Mr. Nayler delivered several lectures bearing upon Spiritualism, but was not favourably received after the first two or three, owing to the theological character of his deliverances, which were in other respects excellent. In November last (the public interest in the matter being

still alive), Mr. Nayler started a paper devoted to the cause, but his indignation at the unjust attacks made upon Spiritualism and Spiritualists, caused him to adopt a course, which was inimical to the success of the paper among the general public, by begetting a feeling of antagonism to the whole subject. I send you herewith the five parts published up to the present time, from which you will see that they were commenced at the wrong end; had the last been first, they would have made a much more favourable impression.

The "*Glow-worm*" was looked upon from without as the recognised organ of the spiritualists, although the great majority were opposed to and did not countenance the tone of it; at any rate, the issue of Nos. 1, 2, and 3, instead of increasing public interest, seemed to throw cold water on the embers, and public interest has consequently died out. True, Spiritualism is, I am happy to say, as full of vitality as ever, and is slowly but surely progressing. We have no public circles, but there are numerous private ones, not only in Melbourne and suburbs, but in several of the up-country townships. There are two in Melbourne, whose doings will be heard of in due time. Our most noticeable medium is a lady who was developed by Mesmerism some three years since, and through whom some most remarkable manifestations have taken place. Her body has been levitated as Mr. Home's has been, and she has written in Greek, Hebrew, Latin, and other languages of which she is perfectly ignorant.

Whilst staying at my house, she was, at her own request, left in a perfectly dark room, with ruled paper before her, and, under these circumstances, wrote an interesting communication; a portion of which was in Greek characters, neatly and distinctly written, and *on the fine ruled lines*.

Her brother-in-law, who developed her, is a gentleman of intellect and position, and an earnest spiritualist. He has recently printed for private circulation a number of her communications. He entrusted a few to me for circulation among those who were likely to be interested in or profit by them, and I will venture to send you a copy. The bringing of flowers and playing of music by unseen hands has lately been developed in a private family. The latter phenomena I have not personally witnessed, the former I have.

You will see in the last number of the *Glow-worm* allusion made to a proposed conference of spiritualists, but I do not think it at all likely to come off at present, we are not ripe for it yet. To many of our leading men who are spiritualists, the taking part in such, would imply a sacrifice which they are not all at present prepared to make. This applies more especially to professional men and ministers of religion. However, I have little doubt that when the necessity for combined action arrives, we shall not be wanting in material for organisation.

There is need for a lecturer who would present or explain in a temperate and attractive manner to the public the philosophy of Spiritualism, and if such a one does not come shortly forward, I will take the field. I will keep you posted up in anything of interest occurring here, and shall be glad to hear from you of anything not published in the magazine.—Meantime, with kind regards, I remain, yours fraternally,

W. H. TERRY.

THE WELSH FASTING GIRL.

A COMMITTEE of doctors appointed a corps of nurses to watch the "Welsh Fasting Girl." The parents put her entirely in their charge. At the end of eight days she died; and, because of that, the parents have just received sentence—the father to twelve months, and the mother to six months' imprisonment. Such is modern science!—I am, &c.

JUSTICE.

DEATH OF AN EMINENT SPIRITUALIST.

A DEAR brother spiritualist has just left us. Dr. Hahn of Stuttgart, of whom I gave you a brief notice in *Human Nature* of February last, has gone to join the host of our kindly helpers in the Summer Land. In a letter dated 9th instant, his widow writes to me:—"I remain desolate, but he is gone to that state of being which he so ardently desired to attain." Dr. Hahn was a very remarkable man. Of an exceedingly handsome person, learned, and of great renown in his profession as a physician, an unsurpassable inspirational artist, a great musician, and, above all, a medium with manifold gifts, he was *the only spiritualist* in the capital of Wurtemberg; but he, amidst the pity, the derision, and the scepticism of his fellow-citizens, calmly yet firmly maintained the grand truth of spirit-communion. May the blissful state of being which he preconceived, be fully realised for him in the brightness of his sphere.

Clifton, 15th July, 1870.

G. DAMIANI.

THE BIBLES OF THE WORLD.

"God is One. The Universe is a Thought of God: the Universe therefore is also One. All things spring from God. All things participate in the Divine nature, more or less according to the end for which they are created. Man is the noblest of created things. God has given to man more of His own nature than to the others. Everything that springs from God tends towards that amount of perfectibility of which it is susceptible. The capacity of perfectibility is indefinite in man. Humanity is One. God has created no useless thing. Humanity exists; hence there must be a single aim for *all* men, a work to be achieved by all. The human race must therefore work in unity, so that all the intellectual forces diffused among men, may obtain the highest possible development in the sphere of thought and action. There exists therefore one Universal Religion for the human race."—DANTE.

In the *Antologia*, Florence, July, 1830, Mazzini suggested the publication, for popular use, of the following books which he denominates "National Bibles, springing up—the cathedrals of art—from the collective genius of a people in the primary epochs of their existence, and containing, more or less clearly sketched forth, their traditions and the germs of their future and innate mission. Such are the *Rāmāyana*, the *Mehābhārata*—expressions of the two great Indian cycles: the Persian *Shahnameh*, the echo of the ancient Iranic traditions; the *Iliad*, the German *Nibelungen Lied*, the fragments of the Scandinavian *Edda*, the *Divina Commedia*—all of them of unknown authorship, with the exception of the work of Dante, whom the privilege of re-existence conceded to Italy has enabled to assume the position of a prophet standing between two epochs of national civilisation."

He also recommended the publication of certain "Books of Religion," by which he says he "understands not those codes, more or less borrowed, more or less sectarian, of the secondary Polytheistic, Catholic, or Protestant Churches, but the great monumental works which are landmarks in the series of religious syntheses, the Bibles of the epochs, each of which is a page of the Bible of humanity, and the foundation of a vast period of progressive civilisation:—the *Vedas* of India, the *Nagkas* of Zoroaster, the

Israelitish Bible, the Gospel of Jesus, the Edda of Snorro, and the Koran.—The first of the two collections—which might be much aided by the translations of Lassen, Max Muller, Gorresius, Rasenius, and others—would give us, if intermixed with philosophical discourses upon the primitive traditions, mythologico-historical legends, and national songs of the various peoples, the basis and origin of the idea of nationality.

The second—if the various Bibles were linked together by discourses and studies, showing the progressive advance of the one beyond the other, and the heresies, sects, and derivations—analogue all of them—which issued from each, and broadly sketching the philosophies which arose between them to fulfil their mission of analysis of what had been, and preparation for what was to follow—would offer the most splendid demonstration possible of that law of progress which is the life of humanity, and might lay the first stone of the long-invoked and inevitable religion of the future.”—*Life and Writings of Mazzini*, Vol. II., pp. 111-112.

LIFE.

THAT life is real and earnest, most people know without our repeating it, but what its objects and purposes are, we think few persons realize. To eat and drink is the cardinal and all important object of some; to get rich and be popular and respected is the cardinal object of more. To gratify in some way, some, or all of the passions, is the main object and effort of still more—especially of the male sex—while but few seem to realize that the highest and best object of life is to secure such condition and development as will bring the most advanced and happy reception and condition in the life to come; to remove all obstacles to the love of every soul that knows them; to gain the affections and highest regards of such company as they would choose to dwell with in the spirit-world. Few really realize of how little importance is wealth of coffers when compared to wealth of mind, and depth and breadth of affections; how utterly worthless is popularity and worldly praise, if the spirit-world has no part in it, or if the soul does not really merit it for its goodness. Nor do many persons realize that “fame and shame” are the same to God and to the soul that rises in its own dignity above them, when conferred by the ignorant multitude. Intrinsic merit of character is what we all rest upon in the life to come, without regard to earthly popularity and abuse. Some writer says:—

“It is not all of life to *live*, nor all of death to *die*.”

In some sense it is, and in another sense it is not. Life is eternal and death is ephemeral. The former had no beginning, and has no end, of course, if it be eternal, and the latter is the name we give for unrobing it of the earthly body and leaving the soul naked in its true and real character; stripping off with the body earthly riches, fame and shame, so far as the people conferred them. The people take back on their own heads whatever they had unjustly or undeservedly bestowed on the one who has slipped out of their sight; the sound of their applause dies in faint echoes before it reaches the spirit shore, and the abuse brings only a smile of disregard from the soul and its friends, if they are beyond it in condition, even before the body is cast off. What can be more satisfactory than a well-spent life—one with which the soul is satisfied, and feels and hears the approving angels in their waiting welcome at the opening doorway, even though profane, vulgar and vindictive epithets still linger on the tongues of the ignorant or wicked? Those who feed and depend on popularity here, may dread to lose it by death, and consequently, dread death; but those to whom popular applause is only the passing breath of perishing mortals, it has no terrors and need not be crowded off. We should all so live as to be ready to pass over at any hour of any day, and to rejoice at the approach through old age.—*Warren Chase*.

MISCELLANEA.

SIGNOR PARISI of Florence, who recently visited England, is a very devoted teacher of the philosophy of man's immortality. He recently started the *Aurora*, a very high-class magazine, but, for want of proper recognition, it had to be discontinued, at which we have many regrets. Signor Parisi visited London a few weeks ago, and we were very much pleased to make his acquaintance. The old gentleman wears well. Though 74 years of age, yet he is young in spirit and nimble in body, and as enthusiastic as a boy. He writes from Florence, advocating unity of thought and purpose, in harmony with the views enunciated by Allan Kardec. We are glad of this international exchange of thought and motive, and only regret that dissimilarity of language shuts out from each other's love and goodness so many exalted minds. We are always glad to hear from our friends abroad.

WE see in much of the poetry and literature of the day that Spiritualism is progressing. From a recent poem of Whittier's we extract the following:—

So sometimes comes to soul and sense,
 The feeling which is evidence
 That very near about us lies
 The realm of spiritual mysteries.
 The sphere of the supernal powers,
 Impinges on this world of ours.
 The low and dark horizon lifts;
 To light the scenic terror shifts;
 The breath of a diviner air
 Blows down the answer of a prayer;
 So to the calmly gathered thought,
 The innermost of truth is taught,
 The mystery dimly understood,
 That love of God is love of good,
 And, chiefly, its divinest trace
 In Him of Nazareth's holy face;
 That to be saved is only this:
 Salvation from our selfishness,
 From more than elemental fire,
 The soul's unsanctified desire,
 From sin itself, and not the pain
 That warns us of its chafing chain:
 That worship's deeper meaning lies
 In mercy, and not sacrifice,
 Not proud humilities of sense
 And posturing of penitence,
 But love's unforced obedience;
 That book and church and day are given
 To man, not God—for earth, not heaven—
 The blessed means to holiest ends,
 Not masters, but benignant friends;
 That the dear Christ that dwells not far,
 The king of some remoter star,
 Listening at times with flattered ear
 To homage wrung from selfish fear,
 But here amidst the poor and blind,
 The bound and suffering of our kind,
 In works we do, in prayers we pray,
 "Life of our life, he lives to-day."

AN eminent writer has kind words for *Human Nature*. He says, *Human Nature* is decidedly improving. Miss Blackwell's papers are opening up to us a very important phase of continental thought, which cannot fail ultimately to modify modern philosophy. Like much else in our day, it is essentially a resurrection from the past, the epicycle of Pythagorean and Brahminical doctrines on the same subject.

DEATH IN THE ROUGE POT.—It is impossible to walk in the Row, to saunter along the Drive, or to attend any of the various gatherings where fair faces are supposed to be the chief attraction, without noticing how many of them owe their imagined charms to another hand than that of Nature. During the last eight years the odious practice of painting the face has been steadily growing, until, in the most conspicuous classes of society, the practice has ceased to be the exception, and has become the rule. Once more, as in the time of Steele, we have a race of Picts amongst us. Formerly, an old harridan, if she spread a little cautious rouge over the cheeks that age would have spared had unremitting excitement not been superadded to years, was pointed out with the finger, and was in a double sense a marked woman. Nowadays the youngest fingers dabble in the pigment. The disease has spread from the cheeks to every portion of the face. The mouth, which one would have thought the last to catch the infection, has taken it in the most violent form, and hundreds of women in London go about with a perpetual lie upon their lips. Pencils for the eyebrows and even for the eyelashes, are common wares on a modern toilet-table. Nothing strikes a stranger to Hyde Park more forcibly than the want of expression in the countenances which flash past him during the hours that carriages congregate in that much affected spot. They lack all mobility. There is no play of feature about them; they are fixed and set. Moore would never have compared any of them to the lake that breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun. This phenomenon, so often remarked on, is fully explained when it is remembered that a single injudicious smile might mar the labour of hours. Were it not that there will always be found women to incur any risk, and indeed any certain and inevitable peril, in order not at a given moment to do themselves what they call injustice—*i.e.*, forego any means of seeming handsomer, as they think, than they really are—it might be hoped that the injurious nature of all these colouring matters would, in this age of chemistry and its exposures, put a stop to their employment. To use a feminine expression, they ruin the complexion in the long run; and the woman who begins by an infinitesimal quantity of rouge, ends by laying it on as thick as circumstances will allow. There are some people who attempt to defend, if not to advocate the practice, on the plea that women ought to make themselves as beautiful as they can, and that these pigments are in many instances considerable beautifiers. Of course, we utterly traverse the alleged fact. Seen at a distance, or only for a moment as she flashes past, a woman by their aid will often attract more eyes and be thought for the instant a handsomer woman than she would without them, but proximity instantaneously exposes the deception. But even were it otherwise, we cannot persuade ourselves that such practices as we have been speaking of can be followed by any one without entailing a very deteriorating effect on the character. We do not speak here—though much might be said on the subject—of its meretricious quality; we refer rather to that hourly familiarity with the false and the spurious which induces a disregard for the sanctity of truth, simplicity, and ingenuousness. The thing is dirty and dishonest in itself, and we have Shakespeare's authority for believing that people's natures become subdued to what they work in.—*Daily News*.

At a public sale of books, "Drew's Essay on Souls" was knocked down to a shoemaker, who, to the great amusement of the crowded room, asked the auctioneer if he had any more books on shoemaking to sell.

YOUR HUMAN NATURE is giving very general satisfaction to many highly gifted minds. Mr. Jackson writes some of the finest things, and from a very lofty realm of thought. He ought to have a grand testimonial, and we hope sincerely that he will.—*From a Letter from Andrew Jackson Davis.*

A MUCH-RESPECTED PHYSICIAN residing at Bercy, near Paris, has recently fallen a victim to his professional zeal under singular and painful circumstances. A young woman had thrown herself into the Seine from the Quai de Bercy; some young men plunged in after her and succeeded in bringing her body to the shore. Dr. Launessau was sent for, and on his arrival found the young woman apparently dead. He, however, had recourse to all the known methods of restoring animation, and among others to that of reviving the action of the lungs by the inspiration of his own breath. After two hours' assiduous efforts he had the satisfaction of observing signs of recovery. The doctor was exhausted, and as his patient gradually recovered strength so he became enfeebled, and finally died from exhaustion, produced by his incessant and successful efforts to preserve the life of one who was a complete stranger to him. . . . [We are inclined to think that other causes besides that of physical exhaustion hastened the good doctor's death. Some peculiar form of psychological *rapprochement* may have been established, which revived the vitality of the lady at the expense of that of her preserver.]

AN INTERESTING PHENOMENON.—At Coatham, near Redcar, Yorkshire, in a house whose inmates are occupied in a well-known charitable work for the relief of suffering humanity, an apparition has, during the last year or two, been frequently seen, not by any particular one, but by several of those residing in the house. The spectre is that of a young lady who holds on her lap an infant, and weeps over it, rocking too and fro, and (so the story runs) appears from her behaviour desirous of communicating with those who see her; but they being scared, are afraid of speaking to her, or of taking means to learn her wishes. The only explanation which can be given is, that some years ago, a child belonging to the house was missed, and no trace of its fate could be discovered, and that a young lady (whom the seers say the apparition resembles) being shortly afterwards taken ill, and lying on what proved to be her death-bed, expressing a wish to see a relation of the child, a messenger was despatched, but the relation arrived only just in time to find the lady dying, and to witness some painful and fruitless attempts to divulge something which evidently weighed heavily on her mind. As far as can be learned, the seers are not at all acquainted with the modern spiritual theories and manifestations.

PUBLIC-HOUSES WITHOUT THE DRINK.—The sixth "public-house without the drink" was opened on Tuesday night at Chapeltown, under very favourable auspices. The well-known motto, "Come and Welcome," appears conspicuously enough to all passers-by (whether on the top of the omnibus or on foot), as do also the large characters of *British Workman*, No. 6, while the old sign of the Swan has been erased to make way for the words so familiar in other parts of the town—

A public-house without the drink,
Where men may sit, talk, read, and think,
Then safely home return.

The taproom and inner parlour are supplied with daily papers and monthly periodicals, while the large clubroom upstairs is admirably adapted for meetings of various kinds which may be held in connection with the place. Clubs and sick societies can here be accommodated without the necessity of "drinking for the good of the house." The opening was celebrated by a tea, bountifully provided by the ladies of Chapeltown, in the Wesleyan schoolroom.—*Leeds Mercury.*

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TO THE READERS OF HUMAN NATURE.—At a meeting of a few friends and admirers of Mr J. W. Jackson, it was resolved to take steps to raise a fund for a testimonial to be presented to that gentleman in recognition of his able and valued services as a writer and lecturer on Mesmerism, Phrenology, and kindred subjects. A committee was formed to promote the object for which the meeting was called; and among other arrangements they think that an appeal to the readers of *Human Nature* might well be included, as they feel satisfied that there are many of the readers of this magazine who might desire to testify their respect to Mr Jackson in the manner proposed, as an able and gratuitous contributor to these pages. They have reason to believe that the readers of this magazine include many who entertain sentiments of high admiration for Mr Jackson, as one whose literary ability and professional skill, displayed in a cause which has encountered much opposition, is entitled to some public mark of recognition of a substantial character. Without entering into details, it may be stated generally, that Mr Jackson has devoted the greater part of a long life to the advocacy of, and instruction in, Curative Mesmerism and Phrenology, a work which the readers of a magazine such as this, to whose pages he has, as already stated, been an able contributor, are presumed to be interested in; and the committee think that no apology is necessary in asking their assistance in promoting the object in view.

Subscriptions sent to Mr Hay Nisbet, printer, or to Mr James Burns, publisher of *Human Nature*, will be duly acknowledged.—In name of the Committee,
Glasgow, April, 17, 1869.

C. GRACIE, Secy.