

# HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

---

NOVEMBER, 1872.

---

## THE SPIRITUAL PRESENCES AND PROPHETIC CHARACTERS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

ELISHA.\*

By J. W. JACKSON, M.A.I.

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

(Continued.)

IN chapter vi. we have an instance of that apparent command over the laws of nature, which, however, doubtless, consists in the suspension of one by the induction of another and higher. We allude to the axe which Elisha caused to swim. As a phenomenon this must come under the category of effects, due to motive power created without contact. Thaumaturgists of all ages have professed to wield a power of this kind, and in our own day, the schieks of Mount Lebanon and the spirit-rapping mediums of America are said to afford similar manifestations of super-mechanical force. These mysterious results appear to be due to the radiation of an influence which, in so far as its sphere extends, dominates over and subdues the otherwise potent law of gravitation. When exerted, more especially within or upon the corporeal organisation of the possessor, it produces that

---

\* The reader of this series of papers would do well to bear in mind that they were written many years ago and before the author's practical acquaintance with the phenomena of Spiritualism. The explanations afforded to the phenomena discussed are wholly mesmeric, and though they do excellent duty, and do not clash with the fuller knowledge derived from an acquaintance with the results of mediumship, yet the intelligent reader will at once discover that a closer analogy to the prophetic works may be found in the annals of Spiritualism than in those of Mesmerism. Mr. Jackson notes that the greatest works are accomplished by faith alone and without conscious volition on the part of the prophet. In the latter respect, such is particularly the case in that instance where the man was restored

"lightness" to which allusion has been already made. When concentrated upon things, it lifts them from their site and puts them in motion without manipulation or direct contact from other bodies. Arago, the eminent French savant, gives a narrative of an "electric girl," who, from being affected by disease, developed this power, which, however, in her case, was exerted involuntarily, and in a rather violent and irregular manner. Among devout and holy men like Elisha, it seems to have been generally brought into activity by faith and prayer, and exerted for some specific purpose, generally of a beneficent or conversionary character.

In the next paragraph of the same chapter, we have an instance of thought-reading, where Elisha informs the King of Israel of the intentions of the King of Syria in reference to the place of his proposed encampment. And of his assured possession of this gift the servants of this potentate seem to have entertained no doubt, for they confidently informed their royal master that the very words which he spoke in his bedchamber were thus reported by the prophet to the King of Israel. This likewise is a gift not confined to the Jewish seers but possessed and exercised by clairvoyants in all ages and countries. It is a power which mesmeric lucides frequently exhibit, and of whose spontaneous manifestation in comparatively recent periods many well-authenticated instances are recorded.

In the next paragraph (2 Kings, vi. 13—18), we have an

to life by being placed in the prophet's grave. Here, there was no room for the exercise of faith either on the part of the prophet or the person operated on, as both were dead. What, then, was the active agent in restoring the defunct man? Mr. Jackson traces some beneficent power in the decomposing dust of the prophet's body. If, on the other hand, we grant that Elisha was a great medium, and that, because of certain temperamental peculiarities, we can readily understand that the grave in which the body had been placed, from the presence of these temperamental elements, would be a powerful mediumistic sphere, and thus enable attendant spirits, or the spirit of the prophet himself, to approach the apparently dead man and operate on him to his restoration.

As a fundamental principle it should be kept in view, that it is not *matter* but *spirit* operating by volition which produces such phenomena, these subtle forms of matter being only conditions whereby spirit or volition can approach certain states of being. This is the whole theory of mediumship, spirit communion, inspiration, and prophetic action. The performance of a very decided mesmeric act on a spot of a platform will ever afterwards enable the operator to achieve success more easily there than on other places adjacent, the patient even not being able to pass over the apparently enchanted spot. This consideration throws some light on the obscure question of temples, shrines, and graves, as affording means for the performance of so-called miracles. If we grant the active agency of spirits in the affairs of men, we can see that their power will be more forcibly exercised in those places where conditions exist favourable to their purpose.—Ed. H. N.

instance of seervision communicated to a second person at the prayer of the prophet. Something resembling this has been frequently observed in connection with second-sight, the vision of the primal seer being rendered perceptible by another party, on whom, at the moment, he places his hand. This arises from the *rapport* thus established, in virtue of which community of vision subsists between the two parties thus intimately related. The three degrees of sympathetic interaction arising from magnetic or mesmeric interspheration may be thus stated—community of sensation, thought, and vision, dependent respectively on corporeal, mental, and spiritual relationship. All three have been produced as scientific or experimental facts by modern mesmerists when operating on highly susceptible subjects.

In verses 19—23, there is an example of that peculiar power said to be possessed by many of the eminent magicians of antiquity, in virtue of which they were able to so derange the sensational functions of those whom they wished to elude or mislead, as to render them incapable of recognising either persons or places. This can be accomplished at present on a few especially sensitive biological subjects, but we have altogether lost the art of thus fallaciously and simultaneously impressing whole armies and vast multitudes without selection or preparation. The fact, however, is so frequently alluded to and narrated with such exactitude and evident good faith in olden chronicles, as well as in most works on necromancy, that we have no right to doubt of its occasional achievement. The American spirit-rapping mediums appear to possess a measure of this extraordinary thaumaturgic faculty, sufficient to enable them to affect the perceptions of all the persons assembled at one time in a large room. They, however, like the seers of old, accomplish this wondrous feat, not by scientific knowledge or the conscious use of means, but by the vastly more potent agency of faith working in full confidence or assistance from the spiritual sphere.

In the remainder of chapter vi., and throughout chapter vii., we have a most decided manifestation of clairvoyant intuition, descending down even into minute details, and the fortune, or rather misfortune, of an individual person. We have, however, so frequently dwelt on and explained similar instances of lucidity when narrated in previous parts of the sacred volume, that there is no necessity of here repeating our exposition of this marvellous, though experimentally reproducible, phenomenon.

In 2 Kings viii., we have two additional examples of Elisha's lucidity. He foretold the approaching famine of seven years to the Shunammite, and he informed Hazael by implication of his future reign, and directly of its destructive character to the

Israelites. In connection with both of these incidents we have an indication of the great respect in which Elisha was held by the kings of Israel and Syria. The former restored her land to the Shunammite for his sake, and the latter, when he heard of his arrival in Damascus, sent Hazael to inquire respecting his chances of recovery. The forty camels' load of "every good thing in Damascus" would also indicate that material wealth was not wanting had the man of God been desirous of it, of which, however, we have no indication. From the fact that the King of Israel spoke freely to Gehazi respecting the wonders wrought by his master, it would almost seem that the punishment of this erring servant must have been less severe than the literally interpreted sentence of the prophet would seem to imply. An unclean leper would scarcely have continued as the regular attendant on a Jewish seer, such a person being disqualified, according to the Mosaic law, either for serving the holy man himself, or for that familiar and confidential intercourse with those who came to consult him, which seems to have constituted an important part of the duty of a prophet's servant, who, in accordance with the unimposing and undemonstrative simplicity of those early days, acted as valet, grand chamberlain, and lord-in-waiting. Probably repentance had followed on his punishment, and Elisha, merciful though wrathful, had thereupon forgiven his peccant servitor.

In 2 Kings, chap. ix., we have another notable instance of the extent to which seerdom in the olden times could be used as a political engine for influencing the course of events. Elisha, in obedience, doubtless, to the divine command given on Mount Horeb to Elijah, sent a young man, of the sons of the prophets, to anoint Jehu king over Israel; and it would seem that, notwithstanding Joram being still alive, the other military commanders who were with this ambitious captain, immediately acquiesced in this prophetic appointment of the son of Nimshi. In all probability the lucidity of Elisha had enabled him to detect some intended treason among the Israelitish generals assembled at Ramoth-gilead. And to fix their choice and determine which of them should be king in place of Jehoram, he sent his messenger to anoint Jehu, whom he knew to be the chosen of God, an act of consecration, having, it would seem, sufficient authority to ensure the obedience even of these unruly spirits. Contemplated from our more highly developed and systematic civilisation, the times of the Israelitish kings seem to abound in unusual and improbable events. But this is an error arising from the misconceptions originating in our especial point of view. Such events as those to which we have been just alluding were then perfectly natural, resulting necessarily from the

constitution of society and the tone of thought and manners then existing, with which, indeed, they thoroughly harmonised. Something similar seems to have prevailed extensively throughout the ancient world, as we find occasional allusions to the choice of a successor to the throne by means of a clairvoyant in Irish and other Celtic records of great antiquity. In reading Jewish history, it should be remembered, that although the Israelites were in some points a peculiar people, yet in many of their customs they approached very nearly to their heathen neighbours, partaking largely of those now striking characteristics which were then common to the whole East.

In chapter x. we have additional examples of what would with us be considered the cruelty and bad faith, but what, among native Asian courts, would still be esteemed the praiseworthy astuteness, far-seeing policy, and energetic decision, characteristic of a great Eastern prince. We allude to the slaughter of Ahab's and Ahaziah's children, and to the destruction of the worshippers of Baal. The former act was doubtless necessary to ensure the stability of his throne, and the last was, in a certain sense, the payment of a debt due to the prophets and adherents of the Mosaic system, through whose instrumentality more especially, Jehu seems to have obtained the royal dignity. In the first he was probably guided by the ordinary counsels then prevalent in Eastern courts, as rules necessary to be observed by daring and successful usurpers. But to the last he was no doubt instigated by those zealous and devoted men, who, reared under the teachings of Elijah and following in the path of Elisha, felt that no terms were to be kept with those whose hostility extended not only to the prophets of Israel, but to the institutions of Moses and the supremacy of Jehovah. The objectionable and unjustifiable portion of the deed was not the slaying of these sons of Belial, but the fact that it was accomplished by a lie, and that, too, from a royal mouth, a piece of regal duplicity, which if sanctioned, as it probably was, by priest and seer, may suffice to show that Jesuitism is not a product of yesterday, and that the papal maxim as to not keeping faith with heretics, is derived from a most respectable antiquity. These acts of Jehu, however, suffice to show us why he was selected for the royal office. This rude though able soldier had all that daring ambition and unrelenting cruelty which so well qualified him to be an unflinching executant of God's appointed judgments on the house of Ahab and on the renegades of Baal. Desperate diseases demand desperate remedies, and rude and troubled times rear and evoke those coarse and brutal, yet vigorous and determined natures, that seem alone duly qualified for the task of governance in such periods. Mere closet-scholars, the "men of

thought," are scarcely competent judges of the conduct of "men of action" like Jehu and his advisers. Not by dry formularies and unadapted principles can the dreadful events of a theological and political crisis be met and conquered. Not by intellectual mechanism, though of the most thoroughly accomplished order, but by ebullient passion that disdains method, and fiery zeal that scorns obstacles, are nations, in the hour of their deepest trial, generally led through the valley of the shadow into the promised land beyond.

We are coming now to the closing scene in the career of the illustrious prophet who has been so long the subject of our remarks. Full of years and of honour, the aged seer was about to be gathered to his fathers, leaving behind him a renown second only to that of his illustrious master. To the last he was still zealous for the success and prosperity of Israel, and hence his dying request to Joash was, that the king would give him a sign by which he might prophesy as to the forthcoming victories of the Israelites over their enemies. This was done by the monarch's striking a bundle or quiver of arrows on the ground, the number of times this apparently simple act was repeated indicating that of his triumphs over the Syrians. It would seem that the venerable patriot was sorely disappointed at the royal lukewarmness in acceding to his desire in this matter. The king smote the ground but *three*, whereas he should have smitten five or six times. Most commentators, and probably all ordinary readers in perusing this passage, are induced to conclude that the royal blows operated in some mysterious way as a *producing cause* of subsequent victory, whereas they were simply *signs* of the vigour or weakness of the *will* whence they proceeded, and consequently indications of the energy or inertness with which the war of deliverance would be prosecuted by the Israelitish prince. Elisha probably received a clairvoyant intimation to test the character of Joash in this way, and would almost seem, from a literal interpretation of his words, to have shared in the vulgar misapprehension as to signs having the force of causes. The constitutional irritability of the old man, however, aroused, even in this last scene, by his vexation at the shortcoming of the monarch, most likely urged him into a vehemence of rebuke, under which he spoke, after the use and wont of the multitude, without regard to that strict severity of meaning which might have rendered his words a safe guide for the philosophic or accurately scientific exposition of the passage.

This demand for the performance of some apparently trifling actions, as data on which to found prophetic communications, is by no means so unreasonable as might be at first supposed. Our words and deeds are emanations from our interior being, and as

effects whereof we are the more immediate causes, largely suffice to admeasure our capacity in relation to the accomplishment of whatever may hereafter devolve upon us. Thus, in the case under consideration, a more enthusiastic and determined man than Joash, when told by the prophet to smite the ground with his arrows, would doubtless have effected this with a persistence far transcending that of the comparative indifferent and listless son of Jehoahaz. David, or even Jehu, if placed in similar circumstances, would probably have gone on smiting rapidly till requested to stop, and this would have indicated the fiery energy arising from their ardent temperament as compared with the sluggish incapacity of Joash, and so would have premonished their destiny to achieve thoroughly a course of victory on which they had once entered. In short, the manner in which Joash carried out Elisha's injunction as to the arrows, showed that he was a man of half measures, and therefore not qualified for the onerous, though glorious task of carrying out a people's liberation from their oppressors to completeness, and the prophet judged him accordingly. We have dwelt on this case at more length than its individual importance deserved, as its exposition may enable the reader to understand other instances of this testing of character prior to the utterance of lucid predictions based on the indications of ability and disposition so afforded. That seers always, or even generally, arrived at their judgment of character, and through it of destiny, by this process consciously, we are, however, by no means prepared to assert. We rather incline to the contrary opinion. Their cures were works of faith, not knowledge; and their conclusions were correspondingly the result of direct intuition, not of laboured excogitation and logical deduction.

In the 20th and 21st verses of the same chapter, we have an instance of what may be called the power of relics. A dead man let down into the grave of Elisha revives, and is drawn up alive. In attempting to explain this most extraordinary fact, we must premise that it does not stand alone in history. The sacred legends of all ages and faiths abound in similar narrations, and unless, therefore, we are prepared to deny the validity and honesty of collective human testimony, it must be admitted that cures and wonders far transcending anything for which mechanical or ordinary physiological science can account, have been effected at the tombs of defunct sanctity. The miracles transacted at shrines and sepulchres constitute a province of inquiry, to whose candid investigation modern materialists are, from their deeply-seated prejudices, thoroughly incompetent. Whether even the dead body of an archeostatic like Elisha, so thoroughly pervaded, as it probably was, by that almost supervital force which eventually carried his greater master to the skies, whether

we say, even the mortal wrappage of so sublime a spirit, might not for a lengthened period after death retain some portion of that essentially healing and vitalising virtue with which it was so powerfully charged during life, we are by no means prepared to assert. In many well-authenticated cases, a powerful though grateful odour ("the full odour of sanctity") as of musk, myrrh, sandal wood, and other substances and spices, generally used under ancient rituals for burning incense, has attached to the corpse of a religious lucide, supplying the place of that foetid emanation which exhales from the putrefying rottenness of common humanity while undergoing that process of chemical decomposition which supervenes on dissolution. Now, such a change in the elemental condition of the body as this modification in its relationship to our olfactory sensations would imply, may, for aught we know, be accompanied by a corresponding and proportionate alteration in its properties as a physiological agent. The common carcase is offensive and deleterious, nature warning us of its noxious qualities by its unpleasant radiation. Now, if conversely the really sanctified body be agreeable, may not its emanations prove also invigorating, purifying, and generally promotive of health and life? These are questions, however, which the men of a wiser future may discuss with more advantage than ourselves. Now, the inveterate prejudices of a grovelling age, capable only of a gross belief in the potency of steam-engines and money-bags, almost forbids even allusion to these higher facts of our complex nature, the full exposition of which is, no doubt, wisely reserved by an omniscient providence for a generation more worthy of the celestial light of such transcendent knowledge than the present.

A mere rationalist would, of course, get over the difficulty by asserting that the man was not dead, but only in a fainting state from loss of blood, and that the chilliness of the tomb, combined with the manipulations of those engaged in effecting his hasty interment, brought him back to a state of consciousness. This, however, is only an avoidance and not an explanation of this and similar difficulties which meet us at every step in the early history of all enthusiastic sects and all zealous and primeval peoples. The question is, have the relics of extatic sanctity a really inherent and essential efficacy, or only that apparent force which they derive from being objects of especial reverence? Are the cures wrought on pilgrims at the tombs of saints due to the faith of the devotee or to the power of defunct holiness? We would say, in the great majority of instances, to the former, the latter constituting only that infinitesimal quantity of fact on which popular credulity is ever ready to rear a goodly superstructure of superstition.



With Elisha may be said to close the list of those mighty prophets, known to us rather by their deeds than words. Earnest, ardent, zealous, fearless, and self-denying men, they were pre-eminently and especially God-appointed messengers to a wayward and backsliding people. Doing much, no doubt, by exhortation, they accomplished still more by the achievement of these mighty works which, making a direct appeal to the senses, were especially fitted to act on the imagination and feelings of a comparatively rude, but highly devotional race. From many indications it would appear that the Jews must have retrograded considerably in civilisation amidst those commotions and wars which followed on the disruption of the kingdom under Rehobaham. The ten tribes of Israel as they were termed, in contradistinction to Judah, became involved in all the follies and apostasy of Apian and Baalitic idolatry. The calves of the former and the high places of the latter sufficed for them in place of the temple and its Mosaic ritual. While their political condition was little other than one of chronic convulsion, an interminable oscillation, from the horrors of civil war and dynastic conflict, to the still greater terrors of frequent invasion by the mighty potentates of Syria or their troublesome neighbours of Edom and Moab. Amidst the prolonged confusion of such a state of things, the worship of Jehovah would have been forgotten, and faith in his power extinguished, but for the occasional appearance and urgent appeals of the Elijahs and Elishas of that troubled time. The men and the age were suited to each other; if the latter were rude the former were energetic, so that while events tended chaoswards, faithful seers were never wanting to point the more devout of the nation heavenwards.

Palestine was then the theatre of a fearful struggle between the powers of light and darkness, none the less terrible or momentous from the smallness of the arena on which it was maintained. The cardinal doctrine of unity and spirituality in the Godhead was then doing disadvantageous battle with the errors and misconceptions of a thoroughly debased polytheism, supported by power from without and corruption from within. Into this conflict, on which it may be said without exaggeration the destiny of a world depended, the seers of Israel threw themselves with all the fearless daring of inspiration, reproving renegade kings, slaying hostile priests, and overturning rival altars with a courage and persistence beyond praise, although mingled at times with a cruelty, and even ferocity, not quite in accordance with our more refined ideas as to the deportment becoming "a prophet of the Lord." Little care, however, had these poor but faithful servants for the maintenance of their own dignity, so that they could but forward the cause of their master. To pull

down Baal and exalt Jehovah was the one grand object to which their entire being was wholly and without reserve devoted. For this they imperilled their lives, to this they sacrificed every idea of ease or comfort, and to this they consecrated every thought and emotion of their high-wrought and powerfully-excited minds. Nor has the offering been in vain. The light we now enjoy has been derived from those embers, which, in the darkest hour, were fanned into flame by the breath of their prayers. The altar at which we worship has been moistened by their blood. Connecting links between Moses and Christ, while maintaining Judaism, they acted as the precursors of the Cross, and not till the world has summoned up its obligations to the latter can the full value and importance of these, its faithful heralds, be rightly estimated.

## BUDDHISM.\*

### No. I.

PERHAPS "man's inhumanity to man, when he can do so in safety," to use the words of Dr Livingstone, is never more fully developed than by the acts of priesthoods of ancient religions in after ages; when the *higher* forces of spiritual primitive powers having forsaken them, and the sympathy of their followers being on the wane, they still strive to maintain the latter in subjection; and as self exaltation has ever proved a potent enemy to spiritual *progress*, can we be surprised if priesthoods addicted to it should become more and more unrefreshed by new well-springs of spiritual knowledge of a *higher order*, which are, nevertheless, ever ready to flow into hearts made meet for their reception by humility and an absence of self-seeking, for it was in such hearts that high spiritual first fruits have ever fallen. Moreover, if the perversion in the order of nature in the lives of the priests becomes systematic, here is another potent obstacle to the manifestation of the higher interior life. If we seek we find; and the Buddhist priests certainly do seek and also find. But there are circumstances under which we only find what we seek, and this seems to be especially the case with the Buddhist priests, who are all practical spiritists.

The Buddhist priests, or lamas as they are called, are at the present time by far the most notable instance remaining in the world of the temporary but demoralising success of spiritual

\* *Souvenirs D'un Voyage dans La Tartarie, La Thibet et La Chine*, par M. Hue, Pretre Missionnaire, pendant les Années, 1844-45-46; published by Adrien Leclere et Co., Paris, 1850. *Travels of a Pioneer of Commerce*, in Pigtail and Petticoats, by T. T. Cooper; published by L. Murray, 1870.

pride, with the necessary loss above alluded to which accompanies it. So completely have they succeeded hitherto in keeping their system of religion in their own hands, and trading upon it, that M. Huc tells us, "Among the Tartars, a secular who talks about religion excites nothing but laughter and contempt. A secular is expected to occupy himself only with the affairs of the world, he has nothing to do with religion, it is an affair exclusively of the lamas." Again, "a secular would commit a sacrilege if he should put his profane and impious hands on a book of prayers." That the above assertions are not without foundation may appear in the sequence.

Among the various examples of inhumanity put in practice by the lamas, there is not one perhaps so hideous, because so unnatural, as the forced celibacy with which these lamas oppress themselves. But by this self-oppression, it must be remembered they disorganise the people from whom they spring and of whom they are a part, and when the number of celibates in proportion to the population is carried to an inordinate excess, as is the case with the Buddhists, we must expect to find inharmonious results on every side, producing a divergence from order which can be scarcely other than stupendous. There are said to exist from three to four hundred million Buddhists in the world—about a third of the world's population—and if the number of lamas and incipient lamas bear any proportion in other parts of Asia, as respects the whole population, to that which it holds in Thibet, Tartary, and China, one-tenth of the population of the whole world, one-fifth of the males of the whole world must be Buddhist priests, or priests in embryo, and all these are forbidden to marry.

M. Huc says: "Lamas are in great numbers in Tartary; we think we can assert without error that they constitute one-third of the population. In almost every family, with the exception of the eldest, all the other male children are lamas. The Tartars embrace this condition by force and not by inclination. They are lamas or seculars from their birth, according to the will of their parents, who shave their heads or let their hair grow."

The seculars are called "black men," because in contradistinction to the priests they wear their black hair long, and as there are but very few women comparatively condemned to celibacy, polygamy is of course the natural law, and under the circumstances probably a beneficial one. M. Huc, throughout his two volumes, never leads us to suppose that any nuns exist either in Tartary or Thibet, while Mr. Cooper mentions having found some at a lamasery at Bathaug, in Eastern Thibet, but they were acting as servants to the lamas and sharing the drudgery

with the acolytes. Mr. Cooper, however, says that there are some who reside with their families.

As the Buddhist spiritualism is barbarous, so are the habits of the people. In Tartary, M. Huc says the black men, or seculars, spend their lives on horseback or in idleness, leaving their work to the women. Indeed there seems but little difference in their habits from those of the aboriginal Americans of times past; the only work to which they will condescend consisting in hunting, or riding after the cattle which may have strayed.

As regards the mere fact of celibacy of the lamas, we can hardly expect any animadversions from M. Huc, himself a celibate priest. He thinks "That in proportion as the lamas increase in age, they become habituated to the state, and in the end a certain religious exaltation succeeds in attaching them strongly to that state." To this we may reply, that such results can be only partial, that we can hardly, in this question, argue from the particular to the general; and what may occur in many cases during the long and crucial period between early forced celibacy and the ripened advent of religious fervour, would scarcely be an agreeable subject to analyse.

In confirmation of M. Huc, as to the number of lamas in proportion to the rest of the population in Tartary, I will here quote Mr. Cooper's more recent travels in Thibet. He says: "At the present time, out of the population of the three kingdoms of Thibet, more than one-third are lamas. It may be imagined, therefore, what power the priesthood has over the people. In almost every family, one or more of the sons are lamas from compulsion. In a family of say four sons, the chief lama of the district will generally insist upon two becoming lamas. At the age of between twelve and fourteen the boys are taken to the lamasery, where they are educated, and when grown up admitted into the priesthood. If the parents object to give up their sons to the priesthood, the threat of anathema from the lips of the chief lama, or the grand lama of Lhasa, is sufficient to overcome all opposition. Thus the ranks of the priesthood are constantly recruited, and their power strengthened. The population, owing to this, is gradually lessening, and the lay people are the mere slaves of the lamas, who live in luxurious idleness, for each lamasery possesses enormous estates, as well as the revenues drawn from the lay population in the shape of tithes and produce both of cattle and grain."

The laity are generally kind and hospitable except when incited by the lamas, and the exclusiveness so long maintained by the Japanese had the same origin as that which is still kept up by the lamas of Thibet.

There is one discrepancy between M. Huc and Mr. Cooper, not

as to the proportion of the lamas to the people, but as to the motors who force so vast a proportion of the people into the life of an unmarried priest. M. Huc attributes the motive power to the parents, Mr. Cooper to the priests—which is the more probable I leave the reader to judge.

While the indigenous population of Thibet and Tartary are all apparently Buddhists, that religion has also spread widely among the Chinese proper.

Every lama is from his childhood brought up to practice spiritualism. Lhasa, their chief city, is only another name for *the City of Spirits*. An incipient lama has to learn a new prayer every day; their masters seem to have but little mercy on them. "The prayers," they say, "which we know best are those for which we have received the most stripes. The lamas who do not know how to pray, who do not know how to cure diseases, tell fortunes, or predict the future, are those who have not been beaten by their masters." Every doctor—and they are all lamas—professes to cure by spiritual aid, and these and the fortune-tellers, also lamas, are highly paid. The Buddhists all believe in Re-incarnation. They also believe in the retrogression of the spirits of men into animals. They carry this last strange doctrine to such a pitch that the lamas assert, "To kill an insect is to commit homicide." Hence, a lama will not kill animals for food, but he will not hesitate to eat animals killed by seculars. The objection to killing various insects is so strong that they swarm in every tent, travel with the tents, and are by no means the least of the trials which the traveller has to undergo in these dangerous countries.

The interesting narratives of M. Huc and Mr. Cooper are rendered doubly so from the fact of so very few individuals from Europe having been allowed to enter Thibet at all. As to Lhasa itself, with the exception of M. Huc, and his fellow missionary, M. Gabet, and an Englishman, a Mr. Moorcroft, who passed as an Asiatic, and who lived there twelve years, perhaps no European has entered Lhasa during the present century. Mr. Moorcroft was murdered on his way home; he had taken maps of the surrounding country about Lhasa, and these were found on him at his death. This fact has proved a strong additional motive for keeping Europeans away. Above all, they forbid ingress from India, as they suppose we should desire to take possession of their territory; and egress towards the south is "contrary to law," at least for Europeans. In both the case of M. Huc and Mr. Cooper, they were sent back due east, the former to join the line of missionaries which runs throughout China, and which is kept up by the French, the latter was sent back due east towards the coast. Subsequently, Mr. Cooper attempted, as a pioneer of

Commerce, in 1870, to enter Thibet from India by the Brahmapootra river, but he was again sent back. Messrs. Huc and Gabet would never have entered Lhassa had they not assumed the dress of lamas, learned the languages of China, Tartary and Thibet, called themselves "lamas of the west," and, like the Buddhist lamas, "men of prayers." They, however, denied their difference of doctrine, and asserted that they were "lamas of Jehovah." Indeed, their teaching their difference of belief in Lhassa itself, had much to do with their expulsion, and had they not made a friend of one of the chief ministers of the kingdom, they probably would not have got away at all.

The lamaseries, or lamas' convents, are generally blocks of small houses massed together, with gilded temples in the midst. In the district of Lhassa there are four hundred and fifty thousand lamas. There are sometimes fifteen thousand lamas in one convent. And in one in Tartary, in the country of the Khalkas, at a place called Kouren, there are thirty thousand lamas in one convent and its dependencies.

That which may seem to many a great defect in Buddhism exists in their putting the effect for the cause, at anyrate in common life—Buddha for Buddha's source; and in having no higher idea or aspiration for perfection than that which they have found in Buddha and in whom they hope to be absorbed. "There is a heaven above and an earth beneath and Buddha is master of all," said a lama to M. Huc—Buddha, the Hindoo reformer, who left earth not three thousand years ago! The Buddhists, also, as well as the Chinese, worship the moon: another effect for the cause. There are probably a few philosophers among the lamas who look higher, but Buddha, the man-God, seems at least the eternal idea of the laity, as taught by the priests. Buddha, the king's son, who gave up the inducements of a court, who gave up his wife in order that he might lead a single life of contemplation, is frequently perhaps the lamas' highest ideal; while Buddha, the practical philanthropist, who gave up all his goods to feed the poor, Buddha, the good reformer, who banished caste, who, like another heretic, the good Samaritan, gave up his time to beneficent works and comforting the lowly and sorrowful, appears to hold as far inferior a position in reference to their general life as can be well conceived, according to the showing of Mr. Cooper and M. Huc.

It is, however, much to hold in veneration so great and good a man as history reports Buddha to have been; and it is, perhaps, because the Chinese worship their ancestors who did not hold the high principles of Buddha, and find the grand moral precepts of Confucius too hard for them, that their name has become a by-word for indifference in religion, and for having

made no progress, intellectual or moral, during the last two thousand years. Mr. Cooper mentions a magnificent temple in China, dedicated to Confucius. He found its courts covered with grass; he was told that it was only entered once a year, on the festal-day of their great teacher. Laotse, the great rival of Confucius, has many more ardent adherents.

Nothing perhaps shows more the gradual decadence of the Chinese than the malversation of the higher orders and their general oppression of the people. The cruelty and injustice of many of the mandarins, the depredations of the soldiers, who, without pay from head-quarters, are the scourge, the demoralisation, and the robbers of every town through which they pass, for these and the travelling mandarins, with their suite and cattle, must be fed gratis; further, the misery and evil of their towns, the dilapidation of their roads and bridges, the very wide-spread insincerity and trickery of the trading classes: all point to the breaking up of a race who, in worshipping mere ancestors no better than themselves, can have but a scant ideal of a God of order and truth, and but few aspirations towards the seeking of perfection, or if they have them heed them but rarely.

It will be my object in future papers to give some remarkable facts of Modern Spiritualism in Tartary and Thibet, scarcely to be exceeded by accounts of more ancient date which we have lately read in different Spiritual works; although these, like the others, will not be found to be of a high order, yet their results are startling and often effectual. I also propose to give some further comments on the results of modern Buddhism on the moral and intellectual state, not only of the people but of the lamas themselves.

W. R. T.

---

[The student of comparative theology will not fail to perceive the great value of the facts stated above, in determining the relations that exist between the religion of Thibet and that of Western Europe. The parallel is more striking in the Romish Church than amongst Dissenters. Both systems have their Pope and celibate priesthood, who keep their people in abject slavery and prevent the voice of progress from reaching the ears of their votaries. There is one very noticeable superiority on the part of the priest of Thibet. He has some knowledge of psychological processes, and hence is of some use in society beyond the enforcement of meaningless dogmas. This is perhaps the only good which is to be found in either system—a good which has existed to a considerable extent in the Romish Church, but of which the Protestants are singularly deficient. It is plain that these religious forms have had a common origin

anterior to the Christian era, and may have sprung primarily from the British Islands. In this age, we are witnesses of another wave of psychological progress. Mesmerism and Modern Spiritualism supply all the excellencies or essential characteristics of all the religions with which we are now acquainted, but without their enslaving priesthoods and degrading dogmas. It should be the prayerful care of the modern reformer to keep his science pure and uncontaminated by the prevailing superstitions, and in due course the earth may be inhabited in its more civilised portions by a truly enlightened, free, and happy population. ED. H. N.]

---

### SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

WE have lately received from Mr. Reeves of York Road, some very beautiful specimens of his spirit photography. One of the sitters is a gentleman from Manchester, "C. R." We shall be glad to know if he recognises the spirit figure. Another sitter is Miss Lottie Fowler, and the spirit is a very neat and fascinating image of a little girl. Mr. Reeves has some very successful sittings at his place in other departments of Spiritualism.

In addition to the hazy forms which have been obtained at Bristol by Mr. Beattie, Mr. Dixon, of Albany Street, London, has, through the mediumship of Messrs. Herne and Williams, and "M. A.," a gentleman who recently communicated an account of extraordinary phenomena to the *Medium* and *Liverpool Mercury*, obtained results of a similar kind; and the absence of the mediums on the continent has alone prevented these interesting experiments from being carried to a greater length. Reports are frequently received from other quarters of successful attempts at spirit photography, so that this manifestation seems to be on the eve of becoming more general.

There is a large and varied collection of such photographs at the Spiritual Institution, and they are inspected by hundreds of visitors. They constitute a very interesting exhibition, and should be seen by all who take pleasure in acquainting themselves with these phenomena.

Mr. Hudson appears to be more patronised than ever in the matter of spirit photographs, and his success in obtaining identities improves. In fact, Mr. Hudson seemed to be in no way interrupted by the very severe scrutiny through which he has passed, but has been patronised by a steady succession of sitters. The *carte* now before us, bearing the likeness of the venerable and devoted William Howitt and his daughter, also contains the image of one of Mr. Howitt's departed children—a more distinct and



recognisable likeness than those of the sitters in the flesh. Mr. Howitt's testimony is thus given in the *Spiritual Magazine* for October:—

“During my recent short and hurried visit to London, I and my daughter paid a visit to Mr. Hudson's studio, and through the mediumship of Mr. Herne—and, perhaps, of Mr. Hudson himself—obtained two photographs, perfect and unmistakeable, of sons of mine, who passed into the spirit-world years ago. They had promised to thus show themselves, if possible.

“These portraits were obtained under circumstances which did not admit of deception. Neither Mr. Hudson nor Mr. Herne knew who we were. Mr. Herne I never saw before. I shut him up in the recess at the back of the studio, and secured the door on the outside, so that he did not—and could not—appear on the scene. Mr. Benjamin Coleman, who was with us, and myself took the plates at hap-hazard from a dusty heap of such; and Mr. Coleman went into the dark chamber with the photographer, and took every precaution that no tricks were played there. But the greatest security was, that not knowing us, and our visit being without any previous announcement or arrangement, the photographer could by no means know what or whom we might be expecting. Mr. Coleman himself did not know of the existence of one of these children. Still further, there was no existing likeness of one of them.

“On sending these photographs to Mrs. Howitt in Rome, she instantly and with the greatest delight recognised the truth of the portraits. The same was the case with a lady who had known these boys most intimately for years. A celebrated and most reliable lady-medium whom they had spiritually visited many times at once recognised them perfectly, and as resembling a spirit-sister, whom *they told her* had died in infancy long before themselves, and which is a fact.

“I had written a letter to state these particulars publicly, when a friend, who mixes much with the London Spiritualists, assured me that to his knowledge Hudson and Herne had played tricks. On hearing this, as I had no means and no leisure, during my short and fully occupied stay in England, of ascertaining what was really the truth, I kept back my letter, reluctant to sanction fraud should it by any possibility exist; but on all occasions I have stated that, so far as I was concerned, the result of my visit to Mr. Hudson was a perfect success.

“It was my full intention to have made another experiment with him, but found it impossible, much to my regret. I feel it, however, only due to Mr. Hudson and to the cause of spirit-photography to say that my visit to him was thoroughly satis-

factory—that by no merely earthly means could he have presented me with the photographic likenesses which he did; and that I, moreover, feel an inward and strong conviction that he is an honest man. Were he otherwise, he would, in fact, be a very great fool, since my own experience with him is proof positive that he can, and does produce realities.

“I may add that the two portraits in question are the best and more clearly developed of any that I have seen, except that of Annina Carboni, obtained by Chevalier Kirkup in Florence.—  
Yours faithfully,

“WILLIAM HOWITT.

“August 10, Dietenheim, Bruneck, Austrian Tyrol.”

We have seen a great number of other successful portraits of spirits which have been recognised in the most satisfactory manner, but the sitters have been in many cases persons in private life, and who have not energy of public spirit to push them to the front with their testimony. Others have been persons in such social positions that they dared not give publicity to the fact that they were interested in Spiritualism or had sat for a spirit photograph. A praiseworthy exception to this too general practice amongst those who could really lend some influence to the movement is communicated in the following letter:—

“21 Green Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

“October 20, 1872.

“Dear Mr. Burns,—I asked my friend Mrs. Hughes if she would be willing publicly to add her testimony regarding the genuineness of Mr. Hudson’s spirit photographs. I have much pleasure in sending you her answer:—

“‘I shall be most happy to lend what small weight my name may have to support that worthy and honest man, Mr. Hudson. One of the spirit photographs I have was taken on a glass I brought myself and had previously marked. I also always went into his dark room on the several occasions I was there and followed the whole process, from the cleaning of the plate—never losing sight of it—till the spirit forms were developed on it. I can, therefore, affirm that there was no imposition in the production of the spirit images on my photograph—it was all honest and above board, and thinking it so, I am ready to declare it to be so to the world. Yours affectionately,

“‘13 Grosvenor Square.

GEORGINA HUGHES.’

“I need scarcely add that Mrs. Hughes authorises you to publish her testimony in favour of Mr. Hudson if you think it will be useful to the cause of truth and justice. Yours very truly,

“LISETTE MAKDOUGALL GREGORY.”

The foregoing testimony, which is only one of several dozens

we could adduce, is confirmed by our own experience, the result of successive sittings. We have not been able as yet to recognise the identity of the forms obtained, but there is no question in our mind as to the genuineness of the manifestation. When we have visited the studio in the company of sensitives, they have always felt the peculiar sensations indicative of spirit presence when the images of spirits were being taken. The spirits thus represented were not relatives, and therefore could not be recognised though answering to the descriptions given by other spirits.

A very interesting development in connection with spirit-photography is the fact that at Kingston-on-Thames Mr. Russell has repeatedly obtained plates exhibiting what photographers would call unmistakable signs of double exposure, a feature which is also observable in those pictures which actually contain *the well recognised likeness of spirits*, and therefore indisputably genuine.

In Mr. Russell's studio the spirits have the power of materialising themselves, and performing acts in connection with material objects to an almost inconceivable extent, and unfortunately some mischievous gnome associated with the locality, and opposed to the practice of mediumship on that spot, used means to obliterate the most interesting pictures while in an unfinished state. This is to be regretted, as such pictures would have been instructive objects, but we have the testimony of several unimpeachable witnesses to the fact. No doubt success will follow further attempts, as the Kingston Spiritualists are not men to be frustrated by the difficulties attending the work before them. The scientific argument of the spirit "Katey King," as to the signs of double exposure being produced by the refraction of the light through the psychical substance surrounding the medium and necessary for the production of a spirit-photograph, was itself a significant point, and to the philosophical mind argument of much force. (See *Medium*, No. 128, and *Human Nature* for October.)

These signs of progress and authenticity have actuated several influential Spiritualists, connected with the legal and scientific professions to combine themselves for the purpose of demanding proof from those who have publicly affirmed that they were cognisant of circumstances proving Mr. Hudson's guilt as a cheat and imposter through the utterance of spurious spirit-photographs. Up to this time these proofs have not been forthcoming, so that the statement of them remains a public slander, which, whether damaging or not to the interests of the persons attacked, must have been very annoying and painful to their feelings, and ought to be either confirmed or expunged from their history as Spirit-

ualists. We are not in favour of legal processes, and think the severest punishment which can fall on the head of an opprobrious detractor is that sense of meanness and personal degradation which, like a legion of devils, is sure to infest his consciousness sooner or later. But it is a duty to the public either that the threatened proofs should be forthcoming, or that due apology should be made; and we are decidedly in favour of any steps which would lead to such a result. Several sums of money have been offered towards a fund for that purpose, and legal advice has been solicited. All stains on either side must be wiped out some time, and the sooner the better.

We are, and always have been of opinion, that Mr. Hudson's manifestations, like all others, should be exposed to the most searching scrutiny. But the evolution of spiritual phenomena is a scientific, not a judicial process, and should be carried out by patient investigation rather than the hasty judgment of "another Daniel." But who are the men who have arraigned Mr. Hudson? Look back into their halt-limbed and blind-eyed blunders, and it will be found that they were so destitute of practical knowledge of photography that they had to contradict themselves repeatedly before they could satisfy themselves that Hudson was a rogue, and that they were *not* fools! Such are the simple facts, and are we to suppose, after so much pitiable fallibility and self-contradiction, that ignorance and rashness have reached the extreme limit of their tether? Having swallowed much of their own hasty conclusions based upon assumed knowledge which *they did not themselves possess*, these very accurate and learned gentlemen may perhaps have by this time a throat sufficiently wide to take down a few more gulps of bitter confessions. All that can be said is, that the charges against Mr. Hudson are purely inferential, and we are free to admit the inferences are highly worthy of notice, and those who say they have evidence to substantiate them are bound to adduce it or retract their hasty judgments. The "refraction" argument comes in as a powerful antagonist to them, and the palpable results produced at Kingston-on-Thames, as well as the signs of double exposure on plates bearing real spirit likenesses, consigns the "inferences" to the winds completely.

Our position, and that of our contemporary, *The Medium*, has all along been, that if the *cartes* were intrusted to a committee of photographers, they would be condemned. But at the same time it was kept in view that spirit-photography, being a fact beyond the experience of any committee of photographers in Britain, they are utterly incapacitated from giving a judgment upon it. The ordinary physical manifestations, if intrusted to Tyndall, Huxley & Co., would receive exactly the same fate as

spirit-photography has at the hands of the "trade." The decision of the gentlemen of the camera is then an absurd impertinence which, however much supported by "evident indications," can never deny the fact of the photograph of a spirit having been taken, or explain away the possibility of the "evident indications" being produced by agencies of which they know nothing.

It is well to bear in mind that the science of optics, and indeed all questions connected with the agency of light, are in a remarkably crude state, so much so indeed, that the most learned do not know the extent of their ignorance. If we contemplate the possibility of a spiritual influence interfering with the conditions of such a *lucid* principle as we know they can do over the ponderable forms of matter, then we can readily imagine the extreme *darkness* which must possess the common mind when endeavouring to grapple with the question of *light* thus complicated; and remember also that very few photographers are philosophers, the best of them being only skilful manipulators, and that best class forming such a small proportion that one of them is seldom met with. They are something like the washerwoman who knows that if she puts a tub under the spout on a rainy day she will collect water, but as to the philosophy of rain-making she is innocent as her last born in the cradle. But if such an unusual phenomenon as red snow, or a shower of small frogs or fishes were to be talked of (facts which are not unprecedented), how the simple washerwoman would be quite nonplussed. To the credit of the humble *blanchisseuse*, be it remembered, that she is modest and retiring, and does not profess to know everything—a virtue which speculating photographers and their dupes would do themselves infinite credit by imitating.

---

## THE POETRY OF PROGRESS.

### AN ITALIAN BARD.

THE tide of sympathy flows in every soul in one direction or another. Like the magnetic current, the innermost desires of each individual have their poles of attraction. These radiating streams may ebb and flow on various planes, and visit in their endless rounds many of the departments of being—scientific, societary, and celestial. On the geographical plane, ours seeks a congenial channel east and west, its spray scattered amidst the new nationalities with distinctive characteristics, now finding a home in the New World, and its trunk centering in Italy and the beautiful lands of the Orient, sending forth deep radicles

into the rich soil of human experience, which, for thousands of years, has accumulated in the lands beyond the Indus; yes, and we feel as if we had once upon a time grown somewhere else, and that our true home, as a soul seeking its ancestral origin, is amongst the ancient hordes of now nameless Scandinavians and Britons, who gave form to thought, sharp and well defined, ere it vaporized under vertical suns into dreamy mysticism.

From whatever cause it may arise, we have for years cherished in anticipation the grand future of the Aryan race extending eastward, when liberty and progress shall have awakened them to the greatness of their destiny—a future worthy of their past renown. No Semites are we with unthinking devotion to a fanatical theocrat; but rather would we follow those men of thought and culture, whose giant minds had explored the universe ere Judaism was born, or had gathered up some fragments of a philosophy then ancient, and which it had not the brains to comprehend.

Nor do the currents of sympathy which thus flow from our bosom expend themselves in arid sands, or become absorbed by the relentless torrid sky. On the contrary, they meet with congenial springs, and tiny rain-drops, and often combine with such to form singing rivulets and bubbling fountains, to gladden and refresh the lands through which they flow. We record it with pleasure, *Human Nature* has many warm friends in the East—not only in the Italian peninsula, but in that larger region bounded by the famous rivers of Asia. In some countries it is the only spiritual and progressive literature in circulation, and representing as it does the unconfined and universal features of our common humanity, it is, more especially in foreign lands, the ambassador of a universal religion and a cosmopolitan fraternity.

Amongst our numerous correspondents, we can reckon few equal in largeness of heart and clearness of perception to Cavalière Sebastiano Fenzi of Florence. This gentleman is a warm friend of our contributor, Miss Blackwell, and is an enthusiastic admirer of the principles of human development which she inculcates. Though deeply attached to those teachings, he is not therefore by any means a man of one idea. His scholarship is too ripe, and his culture too perfect for that. He has so far mastered the difficulties of the English language as to write poetry very creditably in the native tongue of Shakespeare. If any of our readers desire to contemplate practically, the ponderous obstacles which stand in the way of accomplishing such a task, let them think for a moment, what labour they would have to bestow, ere they were enabled to write verse, passing well, in the language of Dante or Tasso. It is said that poetry is the most difficult form in which a foreign language can be used, and it takes great

courage to assume the responsibilities of authorship under such circumstances. Mr. Fenzi's volume of poems, in English, now before us, bears ample testimony to the ability with which the author has accomplished his task. But we are more pleased with the progressive sentiment which pervades these productions than the very perfect literary dress in which the author's thoughts are attired. We quote one poem, which is peculiarly adapted to our pages, and indicates in a happy way the sentiments of the author. The respective merits of the naturalism of the dying man, the exhortations of the priest, and the transcendent value of illumination are honestly and philosophically set forth.

### A SONG BEFORE SUNRISE—DEATH-BED CONFESSION.

(A DYING MAN AND A PRIEST.)

I've reached my journey's end.—The dream is past.—  
There's twilight yet, but night is closing fast.—  
Father, thine aid I seek, because my heart  
Craves to be heard by thee ere I depart.

Woe and regret are mine, but no dismay.—  
Death is a debt which all who live must pay;  
It is a duty we must all perform—  
To rot away, a pasture to the worm!—  
Have we not known it all our lives? Then why  
Deem it so hard? ... and yet, alas! I sigh—  
Sigh for affections that my bosom bind—  
Sigh for the loved ones I leave behind.  
Yes, sigh! for Reason's voice though strong in me,  
Nature's is stronger still.—It so must be!—

To think I never may behold again  
The smile of those I prize, doth fill my brain  
With all the harrowing throes of clenched despair. ...  
Yon sun and stars—yon planets that fore'er  
Move in their destined orbits up above,  
Are worlds inert, unknown to life or love;—  
And we, endowed with life and love and reason,  
Are doomed to weep and smile here for a season,  
And next to vanish through that portal grim,  
Whereon the Church inscribes: "*Have faith in Him.*"

To anguish and to doubt a helpless prey—  
E'en on the verge of this my final day,—  
Cannot in justice be the lot that I  
May look for from above, if meant to die  
Flesh and soul in one swoop—for can it be  
That He, Jehovah, who thus raised in me  
A sense of what is equitable and right,  
And with it quickened Hope, should now requite  
My soul oppressed, aggrieved, with endless night?  
Can this be just?—and would not luring Hope  
Be but a fraud to mask the dwarfish scope

Of sublunary life?—Father, I crave  
 One quick, terse word, that may revive and save  
 Me from the sceptic's gloom ere yet the shroud  
 Be spread over this form—whilom so proud!

My heart's resigned—I can subdue all fear;  
 But fondness wrings my soul and claims a tear!  
 Tell me ... that love is an eternal link—  
 That all shall live again, and none can sink  
 In the abyss of darkness and of nought,  
 As godless, hopeless atheists have taught—  
 Say that in yon bright spheres whither we're borne,  
 We meet and love again those whom we mourn—  
 Say that Religion's not a morbid notion,  
 But Nature's beacon o'er life's darkling Ocean—  
 That life is not a mockery, but is  
 A passing ordeal on our way to bliss!—  
 I prithee tell me all, and more than this,—  
 But not with words of mysticism, as you  
 From pulpits lavish on the passive crew;  
 Give me the voice of Reason—simple—clear—  
 A beam of truth, such as alone can cheer  
 The mind depressed, the heart that sinks beneath  
 The unrelenting grasp of withering death. ...  
 I tell thee, father, that this weary head  
 For knowledge thirsts, not faith, ere life is fled.

My son, I know thy wants—thy mind hath soared  
 Beyond the modest sphere which doth afford  
 The moral food that soothes and sates most men.  
 Yes, climbed hast thou too high above our ken,  
 And now thou panting view'st with startled glance  
 The world outspread in a more broad expanse.  
 The moth thus lured by glare doth singe its wing,  
 Falls helpless down and dies a tortured thing.  
 The universe is boundless. Yonder maze  
 Of many a myriad stars whose twinkling rays  
 Have shot for ages through the azure vault  
 Ere blending with our sight, prompts us to halt  
 And ponder deeply on our earthly state;—  
 So small the body, yet the soul how great! ...  
 It reached those very stars, and did unveil  
 Their mysteries—their laws—nor did it fail  
 Over our globe to gain the fullest sway,  
 Forcing the very levin to convey  
 Our messages of fire o'er mount and main,  
 And rend of Time and Space the thralldom chain!—

If such the power our soul possesses here,  
 Can it, form-like, be doomed to disappear?—  
 The atom-clay, though but by nature meant  
 To be our spirit's passive instrument,  
 For ever must exist—can never perish—  
 How then can man refuse the faith to cherish  
 That well his soul (the life-atom) must share  
 The fate of matter, and live on for e'er?



Still dost thou doubt!—and lurks with thee the fear  
 That all with life must end upon the bier;  
 And that the loved companions, torn from thee  
 By death's iced hand, thou ne'er again shalt see.  
 The Ruler willed that such should be our dread,—  
 Such the grim lowering menace over-head.  
 Yet hope lights up the dismal scene and shows  
 A brilliant vista to dispel our woes.  
 It whispers to the heart: "He that hath sent  
 Your spirits here to pine and to lament,  
 Think ye has done so from the sheer desire  
 Of witnessing your throes, your torments dire,  
 And then, when sated with the wanton game,  
 Bring death alike upon your soul and frame?  
 Avaunt with such abortions of the brain,  
 Roused into shape by impious thoughts insane!—  
 Yon heavens scan, yon worlds by myriads see  
 That stately move in endless harmony—  
 Read sermons in yon galaxy on high,  
 And fill your breast with rapture and with joy;  
 For He, the mighty Lord of Earth and Space,  
 Must needs own *Truth and Love* His Throne of Grace.  
 And when all toil is past, all sorrows o'er,  
 Tempered and pure your souls to Him shall soar,  
 From star to star, and live for evermore."

Nature proclaims this—and her voice is plain  
 To ev'ry heart—though not to the proud brain.  
 For 'tis the heart of man that folds the seed,  
 Which Faith doth quicken to a living Creed.

But Science, stubborn daughter of the brain,  
 Smites at the edifice with hand profane,—  
 As all that reason fails to prove a truth,  
 For her exists not, is a dream forsooth!  
 And yet the inner voice no man of lore  
 Can hush, though ere so headstrong, or ignore.—  
 And if he quaff the bitter cup of grief,  
 He falters back to Nature for relief;  
 And firmly clings to Him, the Lord of All,  
 Who rules the stars, yet marks the sparrow's fall—  
 In whose existence now he must agree—  
 Who made us? If we *are*, HE too must *be*!—

---

I thank thee for thy words; they well display  
 The shades and glimmers of our mortal way,  
 Yet no new light I glean—the distant shore  
 Seems still as bleak and misty as before.  
 But lo! whilst wax my limbs all cold in death,  
 And e'en the rattle intercepts my breath,  
 A strange and glorious light shines in my brain,  
 Whence a white form emerges and a strain  
 Sweet on my ear its rhythmic numbers sends,  
 And with it blissful a sensation blends:

"Fear not!—fear not!—thy sand is run,  
 But death thou'lt stingless find;

Beyond it shines a brighter sun  
 Than where thy heart hath pined.

" Those dear to thee, who long ere this  
 Have winged their souls above,  
 Shall greet thee to the world of bliss,  
 Where blooms eternal love.

" And they who linger on and are  
 Affection's gems to thee,  
 Shall know that now there dawns a star  
 The world from doubt to free.

" The star shall be the beacon light  
 Their course aloft to steer,  
 And waft them from the throne of might  
 The word that quenches fear.

" For man hath won, through grief and gloom,  
 The plane where terrors cease—  
 And where the threshold of the tomb  
 Is earnest sure of peace.

" All, all shall know the truth denied  
 To generations gone;—  
 Man's lot is now beatified,  
 Redemption's day begun!"

---

Such are the notes that soothe my dying ear,  
 And of existence my last twilight cheer.  
 Is it a dream?—a madness? No, my heart  
 Tells me 'tis truth. Oh! father, I depart!!...  
 But bliss is in my soul—soon shall I see  
 The lov'd one of my life—where ... where is she?

SEBASTIANO FENZI.

---

### THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY'S REPORT ON SPIRITUALISM.\*

IT is not necessary for us to say one word as to the profound influence which the experiments of the Dialectical Society have had on public opinion, in respect to Spiritualism. The reports which from time to time appeared in our own pages and other periodicals, garbled though they were, afforded a redundancy of evidence, derived from the most reliable sources, as to the facts of Spiritualism. These testimonies, weighty though they be, are as nought, compared with the labours of the sub-committees of the Dialectical Society, in their efforts, experimentally, to discover the reality of the phenomena, which work was accom-

---

\* Report on Spiritualism of the Committee of the London Dialectical Society, together with the evidence, oral and written, and a selection from the Correspondence. London: Longmans.

plished by ladies and gentlemen, unaided "by any professional medium," and the majority of whom "commenced their investigations in an avowedly sceptical spirit." When such a committee was ready to declare that "the table moved without contact, or possibility of contact with any person present, thirteen times," the movements being in different directions," and also that "the experiment was conducted throughout in the full light of gas above the table," no wonder that the reprobate press denied such incontestable witnesses a hearing, and that honest people began to believe that there was "something in it after all." The summing up of the Committee, as it were, by some magic act, elevated Spiritualism in public estimation up to its own level, and the movement has proceeded with perceptibly less friction ever since. The decision of the Committee was as follows:—

"In presenting their report, your Committee, taking into consideration the high character and great intelligence of many of the witnesses to the more extraordinary facts, the extent to which their testimony is supported by the reports of the sub-Committees, and the absence of any proof of imposture or delusion as regards a large portion of the phenomena; and further, having regard to the exceptional character of the phenomena, the large number of persons in every grade of society and over the whole civilized world, who are more or less influenced by a belief in their supernatural origin, and to the fact that no philosophical explanation of them has yet been arrived at, deem it incumbent upon them to state their conviction that the subject is worthy of more serious attention and careful investigation than it has hitherto received."

Though the opinion above expressed, has, to a great extent, permeated the more intelligent and progressive strata of society, yet the report contains matter of far more importance than the wonders evolved, or the opinions expressed. One of the sub-Committees held 40 sittings, accurate minutes of which are given, constituting a record of experience unparalleled in the literature of the movement, and containing descriptions of manifestations, and the conditions under which they were obtained, many of which will be new to experienced spiritualists. Another sub-Committee give a remarkably intelligent and dispassionate report of the results of their experiments in a classified form. This section of the work is of special interest, as it discovers the important fact that the sitters obtained intelligent intercourse with the power moving the table, and even test messages. A third sub-Committee evolved physical power of a very decided character, but of the nature of which their philosophy could furnish no explanation. These features of deep interest and instruction might be enumerated to a much greater extent, were

it necessary. But we pass on to notice a very prominent characteristic of these memorable investigations, which runs all through the special work of the sub-Committees with noticeable distinctness. We allude to the apparent honesty, impartiality, and earnest intelligence with which every act was approached, and the results recorded. There is no desire to write to the disadvantage of the Spiritualists, who are throughout regarded as fellow investigators, in a matter in which partizanship can find no footing. Neither is there any special pleading on behalf of foregone conclusions, derived from Spiritualist sources. An air of reliability and unbiased certainty appertains to the work in such a marked degree, that no person, of an ingenuous and intelligent mind, can rise from its perusal without being impressed with the truth of what is stated, and his resolution strengthened in the direction of further and independent investigation. The report candidly states: "The oral and written evidence received [from the Spiritualists interrogated] by your Committee, not only testifies to phenomena of the same nature as those witnessed by the sub-Committees, but to others of a more varied and extraordinary character." In addition to the exhaustive details in the body of the work, these are recapitulated in a catalogue of nine different kinds, suggesting to the reader, that when he has mastered the position assumed by the Committee, he is only just on the threshold of the inquiry.

We have stated that this book has produced a very favourable influence on public opinion, which is true, but we venture to affirm that the useful work which the volume before us is destined to accomplish is yet in its infancy. The impression it has produced is more the result of rumour as to the general issues presented than a practical and personal acquaintance on the part of the public with the contents of the book. We do not mean to imply that the work has fallen dead from the press. By no means. The greater part of a large edition has been sold and well read. Indeed, the report has admirably fulfilled the purpose for which the Committee designed it, and yet it is only in its youth—in the morning of its career. Now that the Committee have done their part with it, it is the duty of Spiritualists to take it in hand and do theirs. Hitherto the very high price at which the book has been sold has prevented the friends of the movement from being able to expend their funds economically in its dissemination. To meet this difficulty, the Editorial Committee has placed at our disposal a goodly parcel of copies to be offered as a premium volume to the purchasers of the present number of *Human Nature*. These copies will be sold with this number at 7s. 6d. each, which is half price. The object in doing so is not to get rid of the edition at a sacrifice, or break the price of the book,

which will continue to be sold as hitherto at 15s. The special purpose in view is to induce such a form of action as will bring the book more intimately in contact with the reading public. The plan suggested is that the Committee which worked Mrs. Hardinge's "History of Spiritualism" take the matter up, and by adding to their number, use all efforts to introduce the "Dialectical Report" into every public library in the kingdom. Of course, we have not stock sufficient to supply a copy to one in ten of the purchasers of our magazine, but if an encouraging response is obtained, copies may be produced to any extent. We hope this arrangement will not be lost sight of, but that a genuine effort be made to place the work in as many libraries as possible. In such a position it is capable of exercising a powerful educational influence. It would not only improve the individual reader, but it would stir up those discussions on the subject which have of late been such a prominent feature in Mutual Improvement Societies and other such bodies. These associations are nearly bankrupt for topics on which to ventilate their minds, and Spiritualism is often taken up as a novel and exciting matter for discussion. That such is not the case more frequently proceeds from the dense ignorance which exists in many quarters in respect to it. A copy of the Report, however, in a library is sure to excite inquiry, and lead to discussion and the public ventilation of the question.

Many of our readers are connected with local institutions, and might use their influence to induce the management to purchase a copy or accept one if offered as a gift. Others could afford to purchase copies and donate them to likely libraries. Indeed, it would be well to have a general fund in London from which copies could be sent to such places as might come under the notice of the executive. In other instances a few subscribers might put their sums together, and thus enable themselves to place a volume in a library where it would be a silent and convincing teacher.

To those who have not seen the book we have to say that it is of a size of page larger than *Human Nature*, and occupies 412 pages on good paper, and is well bound, so that it is a good bargain at the money.

## THE LAW OF GRAVITATION.

(*To the Editor of Human Nature.*)

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Close has my thanks for his letter in your last number criticising portions of my paper on Gravitation, &c., and, being unfortunately a very poor mathematical scholar, I feel that,

whatever may be the real merits of my case in reference to the main points at issue, I am engaging in a very unequal contention with him on that account. For that reason I will not attempt to enter upon any general defence of Sir Richard Philips, especially as I believe he defended himself with great ability in his life-time. The extract Mr. Close has given from Philips' "Million of Facts" being framed to suit his purpose, I append a note of his own words as they occupy but little space; mathematical readers may then form their own conclusions.\*

My critic says I confuse between the *law* of gravitation and the *nature* or *cause* thereof, and so I think does Newton continually, notwithstanding his denial quoted by me in page 307. Indeed, it is almost impossible, in an argument of this kind, to separate altogether between the facts and the supposed cause, and in general, when Newton's law of gravitation is spoken of, both the facts and his view of the cause are understood. Because the planetary bodies, being dependent for their motions upon a common source and centre, naturally exhibit a certain uniformity of motions in reference to that centre and to each other; Newton, as I have shown, starts three *pure hypotheses* to account for these motions, one of which is that of attraction, to which he attributes gravitation, for although he evidently sees how untenable is the idea, and therefore half repudiates it at one time, yet at other times he identifies himself with the hypothesis, which is undoubtedly now universally attributed to him, and included in the term, "Newton's Law of Gravitation."

My original account of Newton's theory of the tides, as well as other parts, suffered from being curtailed in order to reduce my paper to the limit of time for reading it. I thank Mr. Close for his

---

\* Page 411.—"Newton tried to prove his sub-duplicate law by asserting that the moon falls 16 feet in a minute, but Sir Richard Philips contends that the moon falls *equally* from the tangent of her orbit, in *all parts* of it; and that, in every quadrant, she falls from any tangent at an assumed speed, a quantity equal to the radius or distance, and a *proportionate* part in every minute of time. If she fell 16 feet in a minute, a lunation would last 597 years, since her mean motion is about 200,100 feet in a minute, or 40 miles. Dividing, however, the feet in the radius, or distance, by the minutes, during which the moon falls *equally* from every point of her orbit, the mean fall per minute is 127,225 feet :—

Logarithm of radius	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5·374,778
Feet in a mile	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3·722,604
<hr/>								
Feet in the distance, or fall	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	9·097,382
Minutes in a quarter	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3·992,809
<hr/>								
127,225 feet per minute	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5·104,573
<hr/>								

The mistake appears to have arisen from taking on *paper* the crown of an arch where the curvature is rapidly *vanishing*. Even if relevant, the versed sign does not vary with the law of falling bodies, and, therefore, if it *happened* to agree for a minute, it would not agree for a second or for two minutes. And whether a degree of the earth is 1 or 2 miles more or less, per Norwood or Picart, would not make a difference of the 100,000th part!"

clear and concise reading of Newton's theory, and I admit an error in suggesting that the sun would pull against the moon in the case mentioned. What I deny in reference to the tides is, that any force of the nature of *attraction*, exerted by the moon, could possibly act so as to produce upon fluids the results described. The results are manifestly in some way the effect of *motion*. The experiment which I suggest to prove this has not been tried, I believe, in that form, and I fear it is more difficult to manage than Mr. Close supposes. He thinks the flow would be only on one side of the basin, but surely it is obvious enough the rapid rotary motion would, as Sir Richard Philips asserts, cause a corresponding flow on the opposite side.

The diagram on page 309 is one of Sir Richard Philips', and, of course, the sense in which the equator is called the *mean orbit line* is that, in consequence of the inclination of the earth's axis, the points in the plane of the orbit, or to which the sun is vertical, shift regularly along the ecliptic to the extent of  $23\frac{1}{2}$  degrees equally on either side of the equator. It has no reference to any variation in the inclination of the axis. I am deeply conscious of my inability to do justice to Sir Richard Philips' theory, and in describing the diagram in question, which is given expressly to demonstrate the principle of a centripetation of objects above the tropics and towards the poles, I fear I have not dwelt sufficiently upon the proportionately increased, because more direct, centripetal effect about the equator of the compression caused by the rapid progress of the earth in its orbit, which, but for the equalisation effected by its rotation, would induce all the loose parts of the earth to trail off behind; the said collapsing force in the polar latitudes being indeed the effect of that tendency. —Yours truly.

THOMAS GRANT.

---

## OLYMPIA COLONNA: A TALE OF MEDIÆVAL MAGIC.

BY MRS. J. W. JACKSON.

---

### CHAPTER XV.—WAKING.

COULD Bianca have seen the change that came over the dusky face of her husband as he bent over her—the quick flash and sudden pallor of the olive cheek, and the look of intense hate that glared from those lurid eyes—it would have frozen her soul to sleep forever. His nervous fingers closed round his poniard's jewelled hilt; but sheathed it before the point of the glittering blade was bare. No, he could not shed *her* blood; at least not sleeping, smiling in her dreams.

Great drops of agony gathered on his brow, as he unclasped the relaxing arms from his neck. The Marquis slipped noiselessly from the room: to his tortured heart it seemed as if morn would never break.

"False to me!—false to De Montserrat!—I who worshipped her! O God! my heart will burst. Her coldness was not modesty; she loved another

while she wedded me, and pined for this Adrian when I folded her to my bosom. But patience, I will have revenge; such revenge as shall pale the cheeks of these supple Italians, and terrify their frail dames," muttered the Marquis, fiercely, between his clenched teeth.

In his heart he cursed Bianca's attendants, whose tales only too surely confirmed the seeming guilt of their young mistress. The terrible insinuations and ready lie of some of her women who had incurred her displeasure sickened him, nearly driving him mad. His soul refused to believe what was well known, but in the face of such startling disclosures, could he withhold his credence? Surely all were not liars and traitors? Stern resolve was written on the Spaniard's brow when he sought an audience of the Prince.

"Thrice welcome, fair son, what would you? the Marquis de Montserrat is an early petitioner this morn," said Nicholas cheerfully, extending his hand in friendly greeting. The last words died away on his lips as he beheld the rigid face of his son-in-law.

"What ails thee, De Montserrat? speak out, man," cried the Prince hastily.

"I come for justice, your Highness; my honour is sullied, my name disgraced."

"Thou shalt have ample redress. By whom is this insult offered to you, noble Marquis? were they of my own family they should not escape."

"Prince, be not so rash, the offenders are the Count Urbino and your daughter. She loved the Count, aye, loves him now, and bestows the caress on me she meant for him; she dreams of him in her sleep, and has dishonoured me. Her women tell tales enough to condemn them, did not my own ears convince me."

The fire gleamed in the Prince's eye, and the hot blood purpled his pale cheek; neither sigh nor sound escaped him. He heard the impassioned Spaniard to the end. In cold icy tones Nicholas answered: "You shall have justice, my Lord Marquis; your honour shall be amply satisfied. Leave me, I would be alone."

When De Montserrat withdrew, Nicholas fell on his knees. The strong man's frame bent under the weight of surging passion that seethed in his bosom.

"My sins have found me out. I am punished, great God, by my own child!—she loved Adrian, and I must condemn them to death!—the bitterness of death is mine for life!—they will soon be free. Oh, Bianca! thy father dare not plead for thy young life and fresh beauty. Could no other hand but these be found to strike me, and bring my grey hairs to the dust of humiliation. Just heavens! it is right. I had no mercy on her; why should I look for it!—my God, my God! thou hast given me a bitter cup to drink!"

Knots of anxious faces whisper together in the corridors of the ducal palace; men's cheeks blanch, and women's eyes are wet—the gloom of woe has settled over the palace—in the hearts and in the halls there is grief. The gloom is not confined to the palace; the streets are deserted, the festivities have ceased, the masquers are dispersed. The horrible tale has spread through the city into the valleys and hamlets. There is to be a council held—a solemn secret tribunal is to sit in judgment—on what? A Prince's dishonoured name.

"What of the Princess Bianca; how does she bear the matter?" inquired Piero da Vinci, the improvisatore.

"Oh, she weeps and prays, and prays and weeps, but says nothing. The trial will come on the first day of Lent."

"Poor Princess, she is likely to have Lenten fare enough," said Piero, sighing.



"Count Urbino has again fallen into the hands of the Church, which will not handle him very tenderly, on the score of heresy; besides, this little affair with the most noble Princess makes him a dead man," quoth a young page, looking dolefully at Piero.

"Will the Prince sit with the Signoria, and condemn his own child? they will not ask him surely."

"Aye, Piero, he will, but none know what the Secret Ten will do."

"The Marquis demands justice, and thinks it a thousand years until the noble Signoria sends young Urbino out to execution."

"And what will become of the Princess, Bernardo mio?"

"What becomes of all those poor souls who have wedded one man and loved another?"

"God have pity on her, poor lady; I'd as soon be at the mercy of a mad dog than under the spiritual care of that sour-visaged monk, Fra Paulo; he is father-confessor to her, but she will confess nothing, but drives the old owl off with scorn."

"Pretty good for a woman on the brink of eternity, Bernardo."

"Yes, Piero *mio*, so deep in love is the young Count that when he heard of the foul charge made against the Lady Bianca he willingly gave himself up to stand a public examination, to declare his and the lady's innocence. His friends dissuaded him from so mad a project, but the noble Count is sick of life since he has lost the Princess."

"Everybody can tell how fair his trial will be. Since the Frate Gualamo raised such a pother about truth and purity, and a general reformation of the Church and clergy, troublesome inquirers into these matters, who are supposed not to screen them, are put out of the way quickly. Men have thought more on those subjects since the Frate preached in San Marco. Though he is so long dead, the doctrines he taught have taken deep root in more places than Florence. The Church is not considered infallible now as in those days; the Pope's bull does not frighten us quite so much as it once did, though for that matter our Duke had to be very civil to the Holy Father when he was here, but that did not keep Prince Nicholas from patronising such men as Bartolomeo Riccio and Lillo Giraldi and Marco Colonna, who care no more for the Pope's bulls than I do for the mew of a kitten."

"It is rumoured that the Colonna will resume his teaching in the University shortly, Piero."

"No, he hath refused, he will not tolerate the interference of the Pope; besides, he is for the new faith. There is mischief brewing at Rome for him."

"The fair damozella, his daughter, is looked upon with a suspicious eye, since the Princess's maid, Lucia, was put to the torture. The secret council have been keeping their eyes and ears open; they say the beautiful Olympia has a demon."

"Holy Madonna! it must be a good demon; the Lady Olympia is an angel of mercy to the poor and sick."

The moon again shone over the white marble fountain, and on the pale up-turned face of Bianca in her agony. The morn would bring her face to face with her calumniators, and she was too proud to plead—she could die—she was dishonoured.

---

#### CHAPTER XVI.—THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

How changed was life within the last three days! men seemed metamorphosed into demons—mercy was a delusion, and justice a mockery! There was no truth, no faith, no high-souled principle nor magnanimity on earth—all were false, all were base. So Bianca thought and felt; even

her strong faith in God's supreme wisdom and goodness seemed shaken. Every support on which she had leant had turned into a spear that pierced her heart. Her hopeless love that she had so bravely laid on the altar of duty had been turned against her by her enemies. And Adrian—she durst not think of him. For her he had given himself up as an offering to clear the foul stain from her fair name. Would the fierce fanatical priests believe him, or the stern, turbulent Signoria? and would her father? To the nobles Adrian Urbino had ever been an object of dislike and suspicion; amongst them he had many enemies who would swear away his life.

The loud, slow knell of tolling bells struck on Bianca's ears and on her shrinking heart with a thrill of agony. It is the bells from the church of the Marqueta, calling together the Signoria; for to-day a prince sits in judgment on a princess, and that princess his own child. All Ferrara is on the tip-toe of expectation; the case is a rare one, exciting universal interest and much sympathy.

The stately procession moved solemnly along, with banners and drums, in the direction of the ducal palace. In the grand council chamber, or hall of judgment, sits the Duke D'Este, pale, thin, and motionless, on the throne or dais. Near him stands Conrad de Montserrat, the dishonoured husband, with clouded brow, impatient at the delay of slow-footed justice. Nobles and attendants throng the spacious hall. The Signoria have entered. Through a side door pass several monks, one of them bearing a large crucifix in his hand. All eyes are turned upon the ghostly train—not a sound is heard, not a breath breaks that deep stillness. A darker frown shadows the Spaniard's face, and a firmer compression of the lips of D'Este. Ladened with heavy chains, the clanking of which sent a chill of horror through the hearts of the bravest, walked Adrian, with head erect, and dilated eyes, proud, exulting, triumphant; behind him came the familiars of the prison—those terrible ministers of evil. Close to the foot of the ducal chair came the prisoner—before the stern implacable face of the judge, those haughty eyes maintained their proud defiant look. An expression of fierce regretful scorn pressed over Count Urbino's handsome but wasted face as he returned the Prince's strong glare. How long these two men gazed upon each other—as if under the spell of some terrible fascination—neither knew. An eternity of hate was concentrated in that glance, when a slight motion, a faint rustle broke the spell. Closely guarded and veiled a woman's form advanced slowly and firmly opposite where Adrian stood, sending the hot blood to his face, blinding him with the strong tide of feeling and surging back to his heart, leaving his cheek paler than the marble pillar near which he stood. It was she—Bianca—his beloved—his goddess. Where were they who had dared to sully the purity of that dear name! A thousand unseen spirits seemed to nerve his soul with fresh courage, and lend eloquence to his tongue. One look—and only one—dared he trust himself to give Bianca, and that glance almost unnerved him. Oh, the exquisite agony that one look revived, and revealed the blank, hopeless love of that sweet young face—the downcast eyes, from which the big bright tears were falling slowly and heavily. No colour dyed the pallid cheek, but the broad white brow was streaked with the swollen veins that seemed to rise higher and darker with the suppressed emotions of the beautiful sufferer. It was a sight that touched the hardest heart there—many a veteran's eye became dimmed for the first time, maybe for years. They could not believe a being so fair—so divine in her deep humiliation—could be guilty.

The Prince rose up amidst that oppressive silence and addressed the prisoner in cold icy tones.

“Adrian Urbino—two days ago I thought I possessed a daughter—the

child of my declining years—a child of hope. She was my pride; and I built fond hopes upon her. To-day I am a childless man. Thou hast sullied the brightness of my joy, and brought disgrace upon my name; and for that thou must die. Who would not do as I have done? Thy hot youth broke the ties that bound us; we forbade thee to return to our dominions, but ever a rebel from thy cradle, thou disobeyed; now the last links are snapt of mercy and clemency, but not by me. It was worthy of thee, Adrian Urbino, to stab the father through the daughter. Away! Seek forgiveness of thy crimes—before the sun sets thou shalt know if God can pardon thee—His mercy may absolve thee; but on this earth thou and I together for one day cannot live. Farewell, the Priest awaits thee. And thou, frail thing, shall behold thy paramour die—thou alone, not I, have shed his blood. The Convent of Our Lady of the Pillar shall receive thee into its walls, where by penitence and prayer thou mayest redeem thy soul from its sins. Live; we will not see thee more, but first see *his* head fall gory from the block. Away!”

“Hear me, Prince, the doom you have passed I do not dread, but before I die I would clear the guiltless—I would clear thy daughter’s fame. Aye, Prince, do not start; she is innocent and pure as the angels. Believe a dying man. On me rests guilt, if there be any—I only am to blame. I, Prince, have saved your life once, let me save your honour now. Is the word of Urbino not to be believed? Prince, you did not always frown when I pleaded.”

“He lies—he swears falsely,” cried a deep voice from the centre of the hall. “I have proofs—eye-witnesses of their meeting in the garden.”

“Hearest thou, Adrian Urbino?” asked the Marquis de Montserrat, mockingly. This is thy glove; she wore it in her breast—thy guilt is proven clear, did the angels in thunder tones plead in thy behalf.”

Unappalled by these terrible words, Adrian lifted up his shackled hands to address the Duke D’Este, when the low cry of anguish near him stopped his utterance.

With every nerve and faculty stung to the utmost tension, Bianca had heard her father pronounce that terrible sentence, charging her alone with the death of Adrian. Her public disgrace, *his* ignominious end—stung her soul to madness. Once—twice—she attempted to speak, but her tongue refused its office—her lips were parched—she felt her frame reel. By one desperate effort she strove for utterance, to hurl the lie back upon her detractors.

With one wild wailing shriek that froze the hearts of those who heard it, and echoed through the vaulted chamber, the unhappy Princess fell at Count Urbino’s chained feet, and the tessellated pavement was dyed with a purple stream. By superhuman strength Adrian burst his fetters, and raised the dying Princess.

“Adrian—beloved—we shall meet soon; courage—the bitterness of death is past,” murmured the Lady faintly, turning her dim eyes on the Count. Exerting all her fleeting strength, Bianca threw her arms round her lover’s neck and expired.

Stupefied with horror at this scene, some attempted to take the unfortunate Princess from Urbino’s arms. Astonishment and pity paralysed the hearts of all; only a deep groan from the father of the poor lady broke the horrible peace. He hid his face in his hands; the crimson stream at his feet—*her* blood! he could not bear to see it flow.

“Farewell thou murdered saint, we shall spend eternity together. I hasten to meet thee in Paradise,” said Adrian, kissing the lifeless lips. “Priest, do thine office quickly; I long for death.”

## CHAPTER XVII.—THE RACK.

"AWAY with him to the rack!" "Torture to the traitor; he bears a charmed life!" "Break him on the wheel; he is in league with sorcerers and the devil!" burst from a sea of angry throats as they crowded and hustled Adrian as he left the hall of judgment. "Torture the traitor before our eyes; he hath killed the Princess; he hath a devil!"

In all ages, and in all circumstances, a mob has ever been the same. Swayed for good or evil by a breath, two days ago the same voices that clamoured so loudly now for Adrian's destruction would have raised a hundred swords in his defence—would have bared their own breasts to the dagger that he might be safe. And whence now this hostile extreme? Father Paulo and his accursed brood had been industriously poisoning the minds of the people against Urbino's faction, saying all sorts of things against him and his friends. The fierce cry of the furious populace, "Away with him to torture!" rung in Adrian's ears, but to his understanding it conveyed no meaning. His soul was filled with one image, and his brain with one idea—Bianca, and that she died for him and through him. He was lost to all external sense of suffering; the agony of despair had benumbed all powers of thought. The pitiless gibe, the spit of contempt, or the blow from the sharp stone that caused the blood to spring from his white temples, were all unheeded. But for the guard of soldiers, Adrian would have been dragged from the priests and drawn to pieces. The harsh, grating voice of Father Paulo sounded in his ears.

"Have courage, my son; the prison doors are strong; the people cannot enter."

His victim answered not a word.

Urged out of his place by the pressure of the crowd, Father Paulo was forced several yards aside. Another cowed figure stepped into the Jesuit's place, close to Adrian, and whispered hastily—

"Adrian, my poor son, Adrian, canst thou listen to me—to your old master? Hast thou forgotten Colonna?"

Like one in a dream, the captive fixed his eyes upon his questioner.

"Speak, dear father. When I am lifeless, only then shall I fail to know you."

"They are leading you to death—to the rack. Swallow this quickly now; it will free you from pain," said the good doctor, putting a small cup of purple fluid into the prisoner's hand. It was a very small cup—such as one could hold in the hollow of his hand.

With wonderful ingenuity, Count Urbino lifted the small vessel to his mouth, as if he wiped the blood from his face that streamed from the wound in his temple, returning the golden cup to the doctor in an instant. So quickly was all this done, that the soldier walking beside the prisoner perceived nothing unusual. A fresh impetus from the crowd without drove the guard and the prisoner several feet forward, so that when Adrian turned to thank his master the hooded monk had disappeared. A terrible force from behind was pressing them onward. Curses, yells, stones, and missiles of all kinds fell on the prisoner's ears and head; he felt them not. A rush was made to break the guard and drag him forth, when the cavalcade reached the gates of the prison, and the poor blood-stained, insulted victim entered its gloomy portals, to finish on the block the end of that terrible drama.

It was well for Count Urbino that a strange apathy crept over his senses since he drank the subtle draught given him by his old friend, as the mockery of a trial commenced whenever he entered. Without further delay, he was led to the torture-chamber, to be examined on some nice

points of Church doctrine. The Pope had sent a letter that very morning to Ferrara, expressing a wish that so "damnable a heretic" might be converted, and that he would, if possible, recant before he suffered the extreme punishment the incensed Mother Church inflicts upon her disobedient sons and daughters.

The horrible engine was fully disclosed to view, but Adrian looked at it calmly, without feeling the slightest thrill; nay, so coolly did he behold the terrible instrument, that he marvelled at his own serenity. What was it that was wrapping his whole being in this waking lethargy? The Inquisitor-General read over the charges brought against him:—

"Adrian Urbino, added to the other grave charges fully proven against you, the Holy Father impeaches you with foul heresy. In your possession have been found many writings by that apostate of Germany, Martin Luther, besides the works of other false teachers, who, by their perverted minds and unhallowed books, seek and do lead the weaker sons of the Church into error and darkness. But the Holy Father is ever merciful towards her repentant children; renounce your heresies, make a full confession of your sins, and the Sovereign Pontiff will grant you absolution from Purgatory, and freely admit you into the Church Triumphant. Should you persist in your wickedness, and refuse to divulge your accomplices in evil, death by the rack awaits you. Count Urbino, will you confess?"

All waited to hear the accused's answer.

Adrian neither looked at his judges nor seemed to address his words to them, but in a clear voice said:—

"I will confess nothing to man. I do not acknowledge the authority of the Pope, and you may tell His Holiness I shall be admitted into the Church Triumphant without his aid. Now, do your worst."

Pale with anger, the Inquisitor motioned to a familiar to seize the prisoner.

Adrian permitted these men to strip him and stretch him on the dreadful machine without a word. The quick wrench of the screws did not seem to disturb the victim much. His executioners were astonished: such stoical endurance was rare. Tighter and tighter the screws were turned: no sound escaped the Count, though his arms were torn from their sockets, and his limbs wrenched from their places. Blood welled from the victim's mouth in dark streams, yet his face was placid as a sleeping child's.

"Question him, Signor Rinaldo. Perhaps he will confess."

"Adrian Urbino, do you still persist in your wicked heresy?"

"I do. I deny the Pope. I am not of the Catholic faith. Its errors I have renounced long ago," was the answer plainly, but slowly, spoken.

"Blessed saints, what an obstinate heretic! Ah, he is dead, and without confessing, accursed man! Take him down, and carry him to the block. The Duke and the people must be satisfied."

Little ceremony had those hardened creatures of the Inquisition. They hastily tore down the mangled victim, and bore him to the place of execution. Several others suspected of treason were to suffer that day, most of them of the noblest families in Ferrara. A groan of horror escaped these unhappy youths when the bleeding body of the unfortunate Count was laid on the scaffold, at the foot of which stood Dr. Colonna, disguised still in his religious dress. He had come to beg the body, he said, for the purpose of interment.

Addressing the executioner in mild tones, the old man said—

"Friend Goro, couldst thou give me the body of yonder youth without severing the head from the trunk?"

"No, Father; the State demands his head," was the curt reply.

"Brother, the State is satisfied with his life; let me have his body," said Colonna, looking the man steadily in the face, muttering, "It is my will."

Unable to gainsay the monk, who spoke so commandingly, Goro pocketed the gold, and gave the monk the boon he sought.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—RAISING THE DEAD.

"My father, the bleeding has stopped at last. How long will he sleep?" said Olympia, bending over the inanimate form of a man stretched on a couch in an obscure chamber of Colonna's house.

"Not long, my child. Sleep thou, Olympia, and see if any of the vital parts of the poor youth are damaged by that infernal rack."

Scarcely had the doctor spoken, when the beautiful head of Olympia dropped on her breast, and she sank back on a cushioned divan, from which she had risen to look at the dead and mangled figure, wrapped up in its shroud. Severing a curl from the head of the corpse, Colonna held it before Olympia.

"Look; what dost thou see? Look into him, and tell me accurately what thou seest. Omit nothing. It is my will."

"I see the lungs have bled considerably, but are stopped; the veins have closed. Pour some more drops—three, not more—into his mouth."

"Good!" said Olympia, as her father obeyed.

"Has the heart's action ceased, my child?" inquired Colonna, gently.

"Yes; only a slight vibration of the heart is perceptible. Give him some powdered opal in the elixir; that will help to restore the heart's action."

"Look again, my Olympia. I have done as you have said."

"Breathe on the head, and fill the lungs; then pass him downwards."

An anxious pause ensued. Olympia had sunk into a deeper sleep, still holding the piece of hair in her drooping hand. Implicitly the sage obeyed the injunctions given him.

"Poor boy, it is well you drank that memphitis. Blessed Creator, thou hast made nothing in vain: to assuage the cruelty with which man torments his fellow-man, thou hast provided this wondrous stone. Give me humility to learn the deep secrets of thy universe, and understanding to heal the sick and humanise us all!" murmured Colonna, earnestly raising his eyes to heaven.

"See, my child, has life returned to the shattered casquet?"

Again the girl pressed the hair to her eyes and brow.

"Yes, my father, the action increases. Continue the magnetic current; guide thy fingers over his heart."

"Shall I give any more elixir?"

"No; dress his wounds with thine own balsam. They have firmly closed, and the ointment will render the joints more flexible. Considering the dislocation caused by the torture, it will be better, my father. He must suffer no pain when he awakes; it would kill him. Ah, the heart beats quicker—steadily! He is safe; the blood begins to circulate through the veins!" cried Olympia, joyfully, in her sleep.

"Blessed and bountiful Father, I am unworthy to be thy instrument," said Colonna, solemnly continuing his labour with fresh zeal.

Life did indeed return to the senseless form. The pinched features relaxed their rigidity; the chest began to heave perceptibly; and then the breathings became regular, though faint at first.

The good physician's heart was gladdened by these favourable symptoms.

"Olympia, look once more. His eyelids begin to quiver. Shall he awake?"

"No, my father; leave him in the magnetic sleep. He will gather strength."

"Will his reason be unimpaired by the shock given to his body? Canst thou tell, my daughter?"

"Yes; he shall recover body and mind, but not for many months."

"My daughter, shall we escape detection? Will the authorities ask for his body? Will the Prince be satisfied with the report alone?"

"They will not question. His enemies and friends suppose him dead; and the fishes preying upon his remains."

"One question more, sweet child. How long must our patient remain in the sleep?"

"From three to four days, my father, administering three drops of the elixir twice a day—morning and evening."

"Good! Excellent! O, Science, thou art indeed divine!—thy secrets inexhaustible, unfathomable! Who can by searching find out the Almighty? The rivers of wisdom are deep, and the deepest diver can only feel how little he knows. Would that I, instead of being an obscure Italian physician, had been a neophyte in the same temple of learning as Apollonius of Tyana, that I might have been a humble disciple of that great teacher—to have drank in wisdom from his lips, as the parched earth the refreshing dews of heaven! But, alas! I am only Marco Colonna, the aged scholar, not very rich in worldly goods. The dross of earth I covet not. Thank God, I have a pure, sweet daughter, and yet a noble, high-souled woman, of lofty thought and grand aspirations, blended with the simple faith of a child. O, my glorious Olympia, thou art my strength! Through thee I can read men's souls better than they can themselves, bend their passions to my will, forestalling their designs upon my life. Ay, they seek a pretext to throw me into prison, that the monks might torture the sorcerer;—it will come, but not yet. Meanwhile I am more fortunate than the divine Apollonius. I, the obscure Italian, have a pure, spotless daughter to consecrate to science."

"Yes, my father, thy daughter seeks the advancement of science as earnestly as thyself. At all costs, at all sacrifices, I will, nay, I have, wedded Wisdom as a bridegroom, and I will be a true wife to the husband I have chosen. My father, bless me, and consecrate the union," said Olympia, rising, and approaching her father majestically, her radiant face lit up with an ecstatic smile.

Startled and awed by his daughter's words—for he thought Olympia was still deep in the magnetic sleep—the old man replied, solemnly stretching out his hands in benediction:—

"Blessed be thou, my child, in thy choice; press on, and thou shalt reap a crown of immortality. Mayest thou grow in knowledge and wisdom, and mayest thou carry in thy hands the healing power transmitted to us from the great healers of Esculapius, Ægea, Delphi, Dodona, and Babylon; and as thou art good and beautiful, be thou powerful in healing and teaching thy brothers and sisters of this great human family, for they are very ignorant and very bigoted. The sons and daughters of Italy think science a crime, and wisdom heresy: be thou powerful as a healer—it is my will—thy dowery thou bringest to thy divine spouse."

"Thanks, O, my father. Pray that God would give his angels charge concerning me, lest I, who am so weak, should fall and fail," murmured the beautiful sibyl, meekly bending her head.

"Pray without ceasing, my beloved. Prayer helps faith, and faith is half the victory. We shall pray for and with each other, my daughter."

"Awake! Awake! It is my will," cried Colonna, dispersing the magnetic current from off Olympia's head. "Art thou fatigued, my gentle one?" inquired the old man fondly.

A bright smile and a loving kiss was his best answer.

## CHAPTER XIX.—THE MARQUIS DE MONTSERRAT.

THE winged hours flew silently and swiftly, bearing on their train the woes and joys of men—that heaving freight of palpitating life, the gods only understand. The tragic end of their fair young Princess threw a gloom over the gay court at Ferrara. A feeling of distrust crept into the hearts of the people—each dreaded his neighbour—confidence and faith were at an end. What had the late executions done to restore peace? Twelve of the noblest families suffered. Their grey-haired sires and gallant sons shed their blood for—what? Their country? The State demanded it, the Church required it; heresy was sapping her foundations and threatening her overthrow. Now that the sacrifices were completed, the people began to be afraid that they had been too hasty, and the anger of the nobles would fall proportionately heavy on those who so clamorously called for this effusion of patrician blood. Nobles do not like to see their children slain, however calmly they may look at the spilling of plebeian puddle. Of course, the unreflecting people never thought they were only the tools in the hands of monks, who had very cleverly made them the mouthpiece of the Church, whereby she could securely shout anathema, anathema! but though the nobility saw through this false pretence they were not willing to break with the Church, because throwing off the yoke of Saint Peter implied a great many disagreeable contingencies Italian grandees shrank from. Therefore, they revenged themselves upon the people in various ways, and as the bent of their different dispositions directed them.

Among other illustrious personages who felt themselves aggrieved by the untoward issue of events, was the most noble Marquis de Montserrat. For the first time in his life fortune had frowned upon him. Conrad felt the goddess was unreasonable; he did not expect such a scurvy trick would be played upon him, just on the eve of success too. Therefore, he felt proportionately indignant with fortune and Ferrara, and resolved to leave a city which used him so shamefully, shaking the dust off his spurred heels in testimony against it.

All seemed to have gone wrong with the Marquis of late; he had lost his bride—that was his own fault, and he had lost his coffers wherein he kept his Spanish doubloons—some daring thief had carried them off, leaving no trace behind him. Why not apply to the Duke D'Este?—the Prince was no niggard; he rewarded his friends liberally, and punished his foes severely.

Ah! but Conrad de Montserrat could not forget that terrible look D'Este gave him in the judgment hall, when Bianca fell on the marble floor like some fair statue overturned at its base. That strong glare froze his soul, and as the purple stream dyed the white pavement, that look grew more intense as if it would carry annihilation to a world. The Spaniard started in his sleep—D'Este's look haunted him in his dreams.

And what of Nicholas? how did he bear these many griefs? Silently and sternly. No smile ever lit up that clouded brow; joy was for ever a stranger to his heart. What he suffered none knew, and few cared. He said nothing, he heard no sigh, and shed no tear. In that proud palace Bianca's name was never heard more; the fish in the fountain were forgotten and left to die. The gentle hands, that ministered to them and the rare tropical birds, were still for ever; God had no more work for her to do on earth. Spiders spun their webs over the rich brocades and eastern silks that adorned her apartments, and the Prince kept the keys. Sometimes when all was still, he, like some guilty thing, would steal into the chamber, and lean on the balcony, where she and Adrian leant in days gone by, gazing



sadly at the moonbeams throwing shadows o'er the orange grove as they had often done before. Ah! a ducal coronet is not so soft a pillow; it hath its thorns too. Montserrat dared not trouble the Duke D'Este any more with his griefs; they never saw each other since that fatal day.

"O cursed chance, if I find the thief I will have him bastinadoed and sent to the galleys," muttered the Marquis, firmly.

"Aye, my Lord, if you had him I warrant his ears would be nailed to the first tree we met," said his valet and confidential secretary.

This man possessed a wonderful influence over the Castilian. An Italian by birth, and by profession a barber, Montserrat had picked him up in his wanderings. Nicolo took advantage of his position to answer his master so pertly—having lathered the Spaniard's dusky countenance with soap, preparatory to shaving off yesterday's crop of bristles. No man looks dignified under the hands of a barber, neither can he speak with authority, when his nose is being used as a lever. Nicolo felt his master was entirely under his control, so, without expecting or waiting for an answer, the barber went on—

"Now, my lord Marquis, your chin is as smooth as a maiden's; a touch of the scissors to your locks,—so, that is perfection. Another Apollo. Pity the fair dames are all in mourning; scarcely a girl will look at a man now, my lord, the death of Count Urbino has frightened them all, *picato!* Ah, but my noble master pines not after bright eyes and sweet lips; no, he pines for his precious coffers with the golden clasps. Saints! that a Spanish noble should lack gold; oh! it is monstrous," sighed the valet disparagingly.

"Peace, fool, what matters that to thee; hast thou any lack?" cried his master angrily, freeing himself from Nicolo's manipulations.

"O, most noble Marquis, I did but grieve for your excellency's loss," replied the barber, with an injured look; then adding, in an absent way—"There is a great sorcerer lives in this city, who has a daughter who can find out the devil's most secret thoughts, that he does not know himself, but of course you nobility would not condescend to look at such a base man's daughter for information."

A sorrowful smile lighted up the Marquis's dark face.

"Where is this most potent sorcerer, Master Nicolo?"

"In Ferrara."

"What is his name?"

"Marco Colonna."

"What! Doctor Colonna?"

"Even so, my lord; if it were the devil himself who took your strong box, the damozella Colonna would tell you where to find it."

The Marquis de Montserrat mused for a moment, and then said—

"Bah! I have no wish to raise the devil in company with an old hag."

"There you are wrong, my lord, the old hag is fairer than the holy Madonna in the Nunziata, and as bright as *hesperus*; her hair is more golden than the sunbeams, and her skin is purer than the mantle of Carraza," cried Nicolo breathless from enumerating so many wonderful perfections.

"And where does the Doctor Colonna keep this divinity of his? She seems to have smitten you deeply."

"In the via Colonna, my lord Marquis; there is only one house, you cannot mistake it," replied the secretary, finishing the Spaniard's thoughts and interpreting his desires. That was part of Nicolo's power and use.

No more was said on the subject, but when it was night, a closely muffled figure left the city and sought the via Colonna, to find out where the casket had gone. Superstition and curiosity here strangely blended in

De Montserrat, in seeking this visit. The high admiration Nicolo had of Olympia's beauty piqued him. She had not appeared at court, therefore he had not seen this wondrous paragon. With all his intense desire to behold her, Conrad shuddered in his ducal shoes to think that he was going to hold direct communication with the devil. Was it not better to lose all his gold twenty times o'er than risk such an encounter?

If the Church finds out that I held such unhallowed meetings, Saint Maria! Nothing but visions of the inquisition and the auto-da-fé filled his soul. His meditations were brought to an abrupt termination by finding himself before the gloomy portals of the via Colonna.

---

#### CHAPTER XX.—CLAIRVOYANCE.

"FATHER, there is an evil shadow approaching our dwelling, I can feel it; hark! it comes nearer, it is at the door," said Olympia, rising in some agitation from her chair by her father's reading desk.

"Calm yourself, my daughter, canst thou see the figure; is it a man or a woman?"

"It is a man; Zamora has admitted him; he is in the outer saloon; O my dear father, he presages evil to thee and to me," said Olympia, with tears in her beautiful eyes.

Scarcely had Olympia finished speaking when Zamora entered to say, "the Marquis de Montserrat would desire to speak with the Signor Colonna."

"What can the Spaniard want?" exclaimed the physician in some alarm, his thoughts reverting painfully to a certain scene at the foot of the scaffold two months before. "Be calm, my daughter, he comes in peace." So saying, the doctor descended to meet his unwelcome visitor.

Meanwhile, Olympia, anxious to unravel the matter, threw herself into the magnetic sleep.

The surprise and astonishment of De Montserrat was not greater than his fear. The saloon into which Zamora had shown him was so different from what he had anticipated. The rich carpets from Persia, brocades, and fine paintings adorned this room, besides the display of massive plate on the carved beaufits struck the visitor quite differently from what he had expected. The astonishment was brought to a climax by the entrance of the noble-looking proprietor of all this.

Instinctively the Marquis bowed deeply to the venerable figure before him. At a glance, he felt this was no vulgar charlatan; nay, he even began an apology to the philosopher for this intrusion.

"To what may I ascribe the honour of this visit, my Lord Marquis?" asked Colonna calmly.

"I have lost a coffer containing valuable papers and much gold, and I heard that your fair daughter could unravel the deepest secrets," replied the Spaniard, recovering his self-possession.

A frown of anger settled on the Colonna's face as he haughtily answered the noble.

"My Lord de Montserrat, you have been misinformed; my daughter is not a fortune-teller, nor does she prostitute the knowledge she has acquired to such purposes; her talents are devoted to science, and humanity's great needs. But if you have any trouble, or in need of aid, I will be proud to serve you, my lord."

"Pardon me, learned sir, I am but a stranger, and only heard from report the wonderful gifts of your daughter. Doubtless, the knave lied," said De Montserrat, abashed.

"Let that pass; tell me how I can serve you."

"Not many days ago my coffer was stolen from my possession, but by whom, or where it has gone, I cannot tell."

Taking a crystal goblet from the table, Colonna filled it with water, and put a golden plate on the mouth of the vessel, and let it remain so for a few seconds,

The Marquis watched his host attentively; his superstitious fears were fast re-appearing, muttering many an *ave* and *credo*.

"*Madre di Dios*, it does not look very bad after all."

Colonna now removed the plate and placed the goblet upon it. An opaline tint ran through the water as the sorcerer looked upon it and vanished in a moment.

"My lord, the party who took your casquet is in Venice, and has laid your papers before the Doge. You think of going to Venice. When you descend the Stairs of St Mark, a sword shall pierce your heart from the Lions that guard the entrance. You will never get those papers into your possession. The person who so abused your confidence was the same who betrayed the Princess Bianca into a seeming guiltiness in your eyes, and those of her illustrious father."

"*Cresto!* what a man!" cried the Marquis in open mouthed terror, "Signor Norvallo could not betray me, and yet he has gone to Venice."

"I cannot tell the name of your friend, but when he frowns there is the likeness of a horse shoe on his brow. It appears in a red circle," continued Colonna calmly.

"Thou hast described him correctly, Signor," said his visitor, with blanched cheek.

"If I might advise your highness: you would be more safe in the Low Countries than in Venice. Your treasonable correspondence with the De Medici will, as I said before, cost your grace your life."

"*Peccato*, but I cannot go anywhere; the villain has taken my gold, and the usurers will not trust me until I can give them proofs, and that will take time, venerable doctor; even my marquisate does not save me from these accursed Jews."

"Curse not, but bless," said Colonna, mildly.

"You cannot bless a Jew, can you?"

"My lord, the despised race were the chosen of God; let us refrain from reviling those whom He chastens," returned the necromancer in the same mild tone.

"These are new doctrines, reverend Signor," said his guest coldly.

"I think your grace said you were in want of gold to enable you to continue your journey," the physician said after a long pause.

De Montserrat started.

"Yes, *Madre de Dios!* I have not a real left. Can you tell me where I can borrow, Signor Colonna?"

"Yes; I shall accommodate you, my lord."

"You, Signor?"

"Is it remarkable?"

"Pardon me; you are the most remarkable man I ever heard of," cried De Montserrat in real surprise.

"Well never mind me, you shall have gold."

"Will you make it? have you found out the philosopher's stone, most wonderful sorcerer?"

"No, I am only a poor bungler. How can I, an obscure scholar, find out what puzzled Apollonius Tyana, Plato, and Socrates. Even the great Pythagoras could not perfectly comprehend what the philosopher's stone was. He did not find it, although quacks and charlatans often declare they have found the wonderful stone. Believe them not; they lie. In

1340, the secret of making gold was found out by one Nicolas Flamel, and I got it when I studied at Rome, in my youth. Come with me, and I will give thee some I have just made," leading the way to his laboratory. Colonna showed the astonished Spaniard four or five ingots of good gold.

"Thou art a munificent sorcerer."

"These are yours, my lord. Shall I send them into Ferrara for you by my faithful Sebastiano?" said Colonna, unable to conceal a smile at his visitor's astonishment.

"What interest do you wish upon these ingots, most potent alchemist?"

"None; I present this to you in hopes it may aid your journey."

"You overwhelm me; command me how I shall repay your generosity," cried his guest.

"Noble Marquis, I do not require help. Come to me should you need more, but be silent as to the source from whence you obtained this aid. I rely upon your honour."

Astonished, subdued, and terrified, De Montserrat took leave of Colonna, closely followed by Sebastiano, bearing the heavy burden.

"Does it not not fatigue you, my friend, to carry such weights?"

"No, your excellency, the doctor has made me strong, the saints be praised.

"Stop here, my friend—nay, just follow me, that will be better."

So saying, the Spaniard led the way to his apartments, and deposited the precious load in an oaken chest strongly clasped with brass.

"My good fellow, here is a florin for thee," said the Marquis, turning to Sebastiano, but he had disappeared.

"*Cresto!* truly, this is a wonderful man and wonderful servant. I wish I had seen the daughter; she must be an angel, if Nicolo can be believed."

---

#### CHAPTER XXI.—THE PLAGUE.

THE hot winds from the Levant swept over Italy, bearing death in their train, gathering strength and malignity from the noxious vapours and putrescent exhalations from the lagoons and Pontine marshes. Florence and Venice were already smitten, and then Ferrara was doomed. Thousands were daily seized, and hundreds died. Terror and anguish took hold of the people. In the palace and in the peasant's cot the terrible scourge raged. None were exempt, and few survived. The Jesuits solemnly averred that God, in His anger, had sent this awful pestilence upon the people for the sin of heresy; for was it not raging on the other side of the Alps, in heretical Germany, where that awful Son of Perdition was burning the Pope's bull, and scoffing at the indulgences the Holy Father was giving to his children by his servant and faithful minister, Dr. Tetzel? The people believed, and redoubled their prayers and offerings to the Nativity, to the Nunziata, to the bleeding Mother, and to all the saints, and the pestilence increased in fury and could not be stayed. The streets were filled with litters carrying the dead and the dying; houses were turned into hospitals; death reigned in beautiful Ferrara.

Among its first victims was the Duke D'Este. Rendered more susceptible to disease from his deep melancholy, the plague found the broken-hearted man. His first symptoms were headache and violent pains in the limbs, accompanied with great sickness; then the ominous purple spots on the cheeks and chest. It was the plague. His attendants fled, terrified, from his bedside, and left him to die. The hot pain mounted to his brain, and the poor Prince raved and asked for his murdered daughter, besought her to come and cool his blackened tongue and scorching brain. White hands soothed the fevered brow, and held healing draughts to his lips; but

they were not Bianca's. Too late the succour came to Nicholas D'Este. The terrible disease had done its worst. The sick man never knew the ministering angel at his bedside, but raved of his dead wife and child, then closed his eyes for ever.

In the Convent of Our Lady of the Pillar the epidemic raged with unabated fury. The sedentary life, so deeply tinctured with melancholy superstition, no doubt rendered the poor nuns an easy prey, while many of the sisters died from very fear. Into this plague-stricken house Olympia brought healing and relief. When all fled, she stood firm. Nobly did she perform her self-imposed duties.

"Oh, Madonna, art thou the Mother of Mercy come to us? Santissimus, what great sinners we must be when the plague was sent! Who art thou, Madonna?"

"The Mother of Mercy sent me to you to heal you, Sister Ursula," said Olympia, softly bending over this grey-haired nun who spoke so childishly.

"Oh, Madonna, I went to the Nunziata when the plague came, and prayed to the Mother and Babe to stay the pestilence, and keep it from our convent; but it came for all that, and many of the sisters died. Do you think, Madonna, it was because we were not walking up to what the Frater preached before he suffered?"

"What did he preach?"

"He said—'Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.' My mother heard him say these words in the Duomo at Florence. She repeated them to me, and I have never forgotten them. Do you think, Madonna, I can enter the kingdom of heaven—I who am so old and sinful? It seems to me, though I have lived in a convent all my life, I have not come so near the kingdom of God as you, Madonna. I shuddered from the plague, and hid myself; but you, beautiful Madonna, are not frightened to touch the dead and the dying. O, Mother of Mercy, through thy crucified Son, pardon me!" groaned the plague-stricken victim.

"Have faith, sister, and believe, if you pray to God, He will sustain you, and enable you to live or die as becomes a Christian. As Moses lifted up the brazen serpent in the wilderness to heal the poor Israelites, so will Jesus lift you up if you look to Him, and Him alone," replied the beautiful nurse, bathing the livid face of the sufferer with magnetized water, and then making the passes or strokings over the patient's body, as was practised by the Egyptians long before Moses, learned in all the learning of the Egyptians, brought his captive brethren from the house of bondage.

"Blessed Madonna, come to-morrow!" murmured poor sister Ursula, sinking into a deep, healing sleep.

From cell to cell Olympia went, bearing relief and healing to many, and tenderest sympathy to all. The beautiful and devoted girl seemed to bear a charmed life. Many thousands died daily; among the poorer class the mortality was frightful. Nobly did Dr. Colonna and his heroic daughter work in that plague-stricken city. The sick were brought into the churches and colonnades that the good physician might lay his hands upon them. Men with blackened and distorted limbs blessed him ere they expired, and mothers held up their little children to him to heal.

"Save my bimbo, good doctor! The blessed Mother keep you! But for you I should have lost my Giovanni. Here are some fresh grapes for your daughter," cried a brown-cheeked Tuscan peasant woman, holding a chubby, black-eyed boy working in convulsions.

"Give him six drops of this mixture morning, noon, and eventide, good woman. Liza, take thy grapes to the Convent of Musa Angella. The poor sick women will thank thee for thy refreshing offering," said Colonna, kindly placing some quattrinos into the woman's hand.

"Gesu! Three quattrinos! My Giovanni will be able to buy another goat. Thanks, noble Colonna. Blessed saints! he must be the holy Saint John to come and heal us as he does."

The plague, after making fearful havoc among the inhabitants, slowly began to abate. The number of deaths became sensibly on the decrease. The people had now time to lament their lost ones, and the monks returned to Ferrara. The virulence of the epidemic had frightened the ghostly advisers of the people from their posts. The churches had been converted into hospitals, and for many weeks there had been no service in the Church of the Nunziata. Lent for once was really a time of humiliation, prayer, and mourning, but not for sin. Ferrara mourned her best and bravest sons—her noble Prince, so just, so brave. Would she ever behold another who would so liberally endow and protect her interests? Well might Ferrara mourn; evil days were in store for her. The horrors of the pestilence were succeeded by the still greater horrors of the Inquisition. Another prince came to rule in Este's halls. The stern justice of the late Duke did not adorn the character of his nephew; neither did the love of the arts and sciences, or learning of any kind, find favour in the eyes of the new Duke. Pleasures of the worst kinds alone gratified him. While the people cried for bread, Alphonso revelled in boundless profusion, squandering the riches his uncle had gathered together with so much care against the time of need.

Olympia and her father, in these altered days, mingled little in public, but quietly and patiently tended the sick and fed the hungry; and the Jesuits watched and waited in silence.

---

#### CHAPTER XXII.—EVIL FOR GOOD.

THE pestilence left Ferrara, satisfied with its ravages; grim Famine walked abroad, and men's hearts groaned with sore distress. There was no corn or wine to feed the people, yet the granaries of the ducal palace were full to overflowing. The new ruler cared not that his people cried for bread; he was not of the lineal house of Este, but of a collateral branch, wholly under the dominion of the Church—a bigot and a fool—only a puppet in the hands of the ambitious and crafty Jesuits, who used him for their own vile purposes.

The spread of the Reformation and the shameful indifference of the clergy to the people's sufferings drew upon the Jesuits and the Prince well-merited odium. Only one man in Ferrara sympathised with and relieved the starving inhabitants, and that man was Marco Colonna. From his own private resources he sent to Milan, Venice, and the Levant for supplies of wheat, to feed the remnant of wretched beings the plague had left. The monks looked with jealous eyes upon Colonna, marvelling greatly at the riches of the poor scholar, and industriously circulating reports of evil against him and his daughter. A solemn conclave met within the chambers of the palace to investigate the manner in which the heretical sorcerer supplied the wheat and wine to the people. Among the bitterest of his enemies was the Rev. Father Paulo. He had never forgiven Colonna for reproving him in the University, before all the students, for teaching unsound and false doctrines. So effectually had the doctor shown the hollowness of the monk's tenets, Father Paulo was never able to appear at the University afterwards in the capacity of instructor. Now, when an opportunity served, this spiteful priest was the first to raise suspicious and sinister reports about a man who had done so much for his country when help and relief were most required and difficult to obtain.

"Yes, my Lord Duke, this Marco Colonna is a wicked sorcerer, and hath made a compact with the Devil to supply him with boundless wealth in

return for getting his heretical soul. No doubt Dr. Colonna has been prompted by the Arch Enemy to ensnare the unwary and simple; and in proportion to the number of precious souls he leads away, his diabolical master recompenses his servant with increased wealth and greater power. Furthermore, most illustrious Prince, he hath a daughter of unearthly beauty, who practises witchcraft and sorcery. She hath led away many simple-minded nobles and brave gentlemen to everlasting perdition by her unholy spells and incantations," said the Jesuit, submissively.

Before the Prince was able to say a word, a thin, treble voice from the body of the hall cried—

"'Tis true, my Lord Duke; the good father says quite truly. I saw that accursed sorcerer raise a man who died of the plague. He was a malefactor, and had escaped from the galleys. No doubt, the sorcerer knew that, and naturally thought he would prove useful to him."

"Ah, my good friend, Pietro, come forward and tell all thou knowest of this damnable heretic and his unholy acts," cried the father.

Thus adjured, Pietro, a little hunchbacked lawyer, came forward, making many lowly obeisances to the Prince and nobles standing around the throne.

Men in those days believed in sorcery, witchcraft, and magic in all its phases, as devoutly as they believed in God and the saints. The crusade against old women and moonstruck maidens was raging in all the fury that ignorance and bigotry can lend. None were spared who fell under the terrible suspicion. Thousands perished amid the cruellest tortures—by fire, by steel, and by the poisoned bowl. Witches and wizards were held accursed by God and man, and he who brought them to judgment was doing God's service and securing divine favour and protection for such meritorious acts. Then the sublime and mystic lore of Chaldea, Egypt, Greece, and Rome became a scoff; the forbidden black arts of bigoted and ignorant barbarians of the middle ages; the purer and simpler, because natural, modes of healing practised by men like Pythagoras, Apollonius of Tyana, Empedocles, Plato, Socrates, and a host of others; besides, the prophets and priests of Israel, from Moses down to the Apostles and early Fathers. The great and grand faith had gradually become corrupt, and declined until it became a byword and term of contempt in the mouth of the ignorant and fanatical.

But all this time we have been wandering from our subject. What are those early sages to us now? The Prince of Ferrara and his bigoted courtiers care more for the evidence of the cripple Pietro than all the wonders of the Esculapea.

The swarthy cheek of the Italian paled; he believed in witchcraft and the black art.

"My lords and nobles, you have all heard the terrible statement made by this honest citizen concerning the dangerous man, Marco Colonna, and his no less dangerous daughter. We ourselves know somewhat of this vile heretic and his accursed arts. The late Duke D'Este was an especial patron and friend to this magician. No doubt, he was under strong spells and charms, which caused my illustrious uncle to remain blind to this Colonna's unholy practices, seeing he was spell-bound and under the power of the Evil One. But, noble sirs, I thank God I am under no such unhallowed influences. Let the traitor be brought to condign punishment. Ye all know the doom of a heretic and sorcerer. Bring his daughter before us, and let her answer the charges brought against her. Destroy the serpent and his vile brood. Where is this slave whom he by the power of the Devil restored to life?—he shall witness against his benefactor. The State and holy Mother Church demand the bodies of this man and his no less guilty child. Let them be taken alive. Should they be harmed in any way, we will punish the offender with death. See to it, priest. Let a body

of guards attend thee in thine errand. Seize all the heretic hath. The gold, silver, and rare gems we will reserve for our foreign bride, whose galleys ere this should have reached our shores ; the books and other furniture the Church can take to decorate her altars. I care for none of these things," said the duke in an undertone to Father Paulo, who bowed humbly, and glided away like a spirit of evil to execute his mission of woe.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE MAGIC STAFF.

(*To the Editor of Human Nature.*)

DEAR SIR,—Many readers of the "The Magic Staff," or Autobiography of Andrew Jackson Davis have been much disappointed at not finding a portrait of his wife, Mary F. Davis in that volume. After reading the first part of the last chapter on page 545, where he says, "*of her (Mrs. Davis') appearance I need say nothing, as the artist has pictured that in the fore part of this volume,*" which, if he has, all I say is, that it has never been published as yet. Hoping this may meet the eye and reponse of that truly inspired writer through the medium of your pages, I remain yours, &c.,

22 Arundel Street, Landport, Hants.

ROBT. H. FRIAR.

THE PRINCIPLES IN NATURE ON WHICH LIKINGS, ATTACHMENTS, AND LOVE DEPEND.—A lecture on the above subject was delivered before the Dublin Philosophical Society by Mr. Iver MacDonnell of that city. He reviewed the researches of Reichenbach into the Odic force ; and by a comparison of the brain, in its phrenological aspect, with a central telegraphic establishment with its various departments, and recognising the mesmeric powers of man, as proved in his own experience, showed that the feelings, interacting between the mesmerically and odically related, accounted for these phenomena of the mind. An amusing illustration of Lady Dashaway's ball was given, where all the ladies were collected to the matrimonial market—the rich, the beautiful, the accomplished, &c.—but only one marriage ensued, and this was between a rising young barrister and a plain, unportioned young lady, who happened to be the governess in the family where, unfortunately, he had been invited. The odic sympathy and mesmeric action awakened by dancing, and particularly by the universal practice of kissing, were fully treated by the speaker. The audience, which was numerous, and chiefly ladies, seemed highly pleased with the views advanced as well as the numerous homely illustrations and delicate handling of the subject, and passed the usual vote of thanks. We are glad to see such subjects treated by such practical men as Mr. MacDonnell, and hope the philosophers of Dublin are enlightened as to the reality and power of those forces, which are no less real because not subject to our senses.