



JOHN A. M. CHAMBERLAIN'S SWAN SPIRIT MIDDOW WHITE ENTRANCE

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# HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

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THE LATE MR. J. W. JACKSON, M.A.I., &c.

It is with a peculiar feeling of regret, in which every reader of *Human Nature* will sincerely participate, that we perform the painful duty of recording the decease of our leading contributor, Mr. J. W. Jackson. Last month it was announced in these pages that our friend was in a state of great suffering, and that his circumstances were otherwise in an urgent condition. To the latter intimation many of our readers have made an immediate and hearty response, but the state of the sufferer's health gradually assumed a more serious aspect, ending in physical dissolution on Tuesday morning, April 2, at 9 o'clock.

In presenting this short and fragmentary tribute to the memory of our richly endowed and much respected co-worker, our apology for its deficiencies must be the great difficulty in obtaining materials to do justice to the subject or give satisfaction to our own feelings. With that beautiful spirit of self-abnegation so characteristic of truly great minds, Mr. Jackson always, with a rare delicacy, kept his personal history and even necessities entirely in reserve. His mind was so pre-occupied with impersonal considerations and questions of general interest that even his nearest and dearest friends enjoyed but few opportunities of learning anything of his personal career or pedigree. Indeed, when he did refer to himself it was for the most part in scientific phraseology, and he consequently dwelt more upon his ethnological extraction and organic tendencies than on his family connections and early acts. All who have read his "Myths of Antiquity" in this magazine will have observed how deeply the writer revered the existing fragments of ancient Scandinavian philosophy. It was his conviction that he was descended from Scandinavian ancestry, and that the family name

was originally "Jukesen." In common with Mr. Luke Burke and other eminent anthropologists, our friend contended that the Aryan civilisations of Asia proceeded in the first place from the north of Europe, the returning wave colonising Greece and onwards to the west, giving us the existing Indo-Germanic nationalities. This is very distant information with which to commence a memoir, but it is nearly the whole of what we possess. Most of Mr. Jackson's papers and records of life-work are at present completely out of reach, being left in the care of friends at a distance or otherwise inaccessible. With this introduction to our faulty performance, we express the hope that at some future time, in connection with an uniform re-issue of his works, an appropriate biography of the author may be given to the world.

As intimated by Mr. Jackson in one of his contributions to this magazine about twelve months ago, he was a native of Bristol, of which city his progenitors on both sides of the family were prominent and influential residents. A very near relation of his was an eminent journalist in the city, and successfully established one of the leading newspapers of the West of England. Mr. Jackson was an only son, and with the prospects of inheriting an independency, his education was suited to the sphere of a gentleman. He was a lad of great aptness of mind, energy, and physical activity, but when fourteen years of age it was his misfortune to meet with an accident which not only confined him to bed for a number of years, but lamed him for life, though not so as to interfere very materially with his locomotion. This forced incarceration was not by any means time lost. The recumbent position which had for a long time to be maintained diverted the energies of his organism into the brain; and his singularly clear and comprehensive mind was not at all prevented from revelling in those treasures of knowledge and literature which it so dearly loved. Before he was twenty years of age he had exhausted all the libraries in the city, and ransacked every available source from whence it was likely he could obtain a book which he had not seen before. It will be readily conceded that, even at that age, Mr. Jackson must have been possessed of a well-matured mind, enriched by a course of reading perhaps unequalled by any of his contemporaries of even much riper years. This early study laid the foundation of that surprising erudition which characterised our friend's writings and conversation. His richness of classical allusion and profound historical knowledge were only exceeded by his exact and comprehensive acquaintance with the sciences, with the whole of which he seemed equally familiar. In short, he was at home on any subject; and when it is also

observed that he was conversant with literature of all classes, politics and contemporaneous history, some idea may be formed of the resources of his mind.

But he did not confine his education merely to books and indoor studies. He was more especially acquainted with the great Book of Nature to which his literary acquirements were simply accessory. After he regained the use of his limbs he spent some years in pedestrian tours, thereby invigorating his body after such long confinement and gaining much useful knowledge of the world. With his knapsack on his back and a few pounds in his pocket the young student of Humanity would leave home and continue his wanderings till his necessary resources were exhausted, when he would return home and, in due course, prepare for another journey. In this way, it is said, he visited every county in England, with the exception of one. These travels were not undertaken from mere caprice or to kill time,—with his excellent powers of thought and observation, and a mind enlarged with knowledge of all kinds, the studious pedestrian found the face of nature and its varied products a rich library, supplying that which could not be obtained from books. He had some previous knowledge of almost every place he visited and was therefore ready to observe with advantage. He noted the condition, peculiarities, and wants of the people, which accounts for the accuracy and intelligence with which he always referred to educational, social, and anthropological subjects.

After his father's death he came to London with his mother to reside, which circumstance afforded him enlarged opportunities for gratifying his insatiable desire for knowledge. He became a frequenter of the library of the British Museum, and diligently availed himself of the rare gems of literature only to be met with in the national collection.

The impression must not be allowed to possess the reader's mind that Mr. Jackson was an intellectual gourmand, with insatiable appetite, eagerly devouring every literary product that came within his reach and giving nothing in return. The very opposite was the fact, and few men have wielded such a versatile and prolific pen as him of whom we write; we have no data as to when he commenced his literary labours, or what form his first essays at authorship assumed. Strange as it may seem in connection with his matter-of-fact acquirements Mr. Jackson was a poet of a high order, even beyond the appreciation of the form of thought which prevailed in his time. His poetical works are characterised by deep thought and instructive scintillations of an over-reaching philosophy. His other writings, historical, biographical, philosophical, and scientific, are indeed, prose poems—grand, original, and richly imaginative, but what

is of transcendent value, always true to nature and in keeping with the logical deductions of the most advanced science. This was the charm of our late friend as an author; while he entertained and led on the reader by his brilliant vivacity, elevated and refined by his dress, reverence, lofty thought, and poetic expression, he always supplied useful and solid information—valuable food for thought.

We have often heard Mr. Jackson say that in these youthful days he was on intimate terms with the leading publishers in London, with many of whose back parlours he was quite familiar. He submitted for publication an epic poem of 40,000 lines which the literary caterers of that day did not place in the hands of the public. A great quantity of his early writings have been lost, a large box of MS. having been confided to the care of Mr. John Grabham of the British Museum, of the fate of which no one at present knows anything; besides these, there is in the possession of Mrs. Jackson an untold host of writings which testify to the diligence of their author. Our friend's susceptible brain and active temperament would never allow him to be for one moment idle, and being blessed with that unflinching characteristic of genius—the inspirational faculty—he gave expression to many valuable thoughts not only with perfect ease but with positive pleasure. It is evident that his early ambition was to serve the world as a literary man, and from his independent social position devote his whole time to the development of the fruits of his genius and their diffusion amongst the people. But a cloud came between him and the realisation of his favourite dreams. Some pecuniary disaster swept away these budding hopes of independency and consequent usefulness to the world, and a course of life had to be chosen which would afford a source of livelihood and, at the same time, carry out the schemes of the youthful philosopher. The path chosen was that of the public lecturer—the popular teacher on the rostrum where, face to face with humanity, after the manner of the famous Greeks whose manners he loved to study, Mr. Jackson could dispense the bread of thought and enlightenment to the public at large. We have before us now a copy of these lecturing arrangements presenting a very extensive and varied bill of fare.\* How long Mr.

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\* The following are some of the subjects enumerated :—“Italy and the Italians, Ancient and Modern.—Character and Mission of the Bonaparte Dynasty.—Napoleon I. and the Duke of Wellington; a Parallel and a Contrast.—India, Ancient and Modern.—The Character and Mission of the Roman Empire, with some Remarks on the Influence of Ancient Civilisation on the Intellect of Modern Europe.—Character and Tendencies of Modern Civilisation, with some Remarks upon the State of Europe during the Middle Ages.—The Genius of Shakespeare, with some Remarks on Dramatic Literature.—The Character and Genius of Milton, with some Remarks on Epic Poetry.—The Genius and Writings of Lord Byron, with some Remarks on his Age and Contemporaries.—The Phrenological

Jackson occupied this position or the success he achieved in it we do not know, but that he was an esteemed favourite wherever he became known we may imply from an acquaintance with his subsequent career.

The culmination of this lecturing experience was the most eventful crisis in Mr. Jackson's life. At a meeting held at the Progressive Library a few months ago he gave an account of his labours in connection with Mesmerism, which movement found its champion already on the platform, cultured in public speaking, and wearing the peculiar harness necessary to give momentum to the car of Psychological Science. We learn that our lecturer was fulfilling a lengthened engagement at Bridport or some other town in Dorset, when the subject of Mesmerism was first brought before his notice. A crucial experiment at once satisfied his clear and penetrating intellect that there was a mine of intellectual wealth to be derived from a philosophical study of the subject. Soon after, he met with Mr. Davey, and it was suggested that the two might operate with advantage in concert. This line of action was finally adopted and the couple set out through the West of England and into Wales. We have spoken in towns where these pioneers opened up the ground 20 years previously, and have met with many who mention their names with more than ordinary respect. At that time it was a bold heart and clear head which dared to face the rough opposition which the ambassadors of Psychological Science had to encounter. Medical men, clergymen, and others made organised attempts to put the lecturers down, and when intellectual weapons would not prevail the two apostles were sometimes confronted by more substantial arguments. But they endured it all and triumphed, and now, the most ultra phenomena of Spiritualism are listened to with more patience than were the less astounding experiments of Mesmerism 20 years ago. And for this progressive change in public opinion let us pause and thank those who had the courage and talent to undertake the ungrateful task of thus mellowing and subduing the intellectual wilderness.

From South Wales the two friends passed into North Wales,

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Development and Mental Characteristics of Robert Burns.—The Genius and Writings of Sir Walter Scott, with some Remarks on Fiction.—Lord Bacon and the Experimental Philosophy.—Race in History.—The Anglo-Saxon Race and their Destiny.—The Beard, in its Moral and Physiological Aspects.—The Gorilla. Illustrated by a Cast of the Cranium and Brain Case, from the Collection of M. Du Chaillu.—The Imperative Duty of Acquiring and Diffusing Knowledge, with some Remarks on Elocution and Conversation.—Principles of Phrenology.—Phrenology in its Application to Education.—Phrenology as Indicative of Man's Adaptation to his Moral and Physical Environment.—The Influence of Phrenological Development on Health, Disease, and Longevity.—Phrenology as an Aid to the Metaphysician."

and from thence as a desperate speculation, and almost fool-hardy step, they essayed to try their fortune in the City of Dublin. The attempt was in the highest degree successful. For nine months Mr. Jackson lectured nightly in the Rotundo, which fact of itself, will convey some idea of the resources of his mind. The whole population became electrified by the brilliant oratory of Mr. Jackson, and the equally captivating experiments of Mr. Davey. The result was, that a most influential association was formed, with no less a personage than Archbishop Whately as its president. The association did a vast amount of good, over and above the labours of the two strangers, in spreading a popular knowledge of the science of man, and in relieving by mesmeric treatment many sufferers from painful diseases. Nor has the effect of this mission been effaced to this day. Mr. Iver MacDonnell still retains the all important function of Honorary Secretary, and, as Executive Officer, is a society in himself. On the occasions of Mr. Fowler's visits to Dublin, Mr. MacDonnell and his latent machinery have been of great use in promoting the objects of the lecturer; and to the emissaries of Spiritualism, as opportunity offers, he affords a like helping hand. We are glad in being able to present the following peep at Messrs. Davey and Jackson, sketched from "real life," by the pen of Mr. MacDonnell:—

"In the summer of 1851, two human curiosities appeared in the Streets of Dublin; they were supposed to be foreign Jews, simply because they wore their beards full, such a practice being unknown in those days. They were a powerful combination of physique and brain, under the title of Messrs. Davey and Jackson; the former being a Mesmerist of immense battery; and the latter, his partner, whose eloquent advocacy of Mesmerism, Phrenology, and kindred subjects, established these studies as true sciences in the leading towns of the Three Kingdoms. Neither before nor since, has any professor appeared to equal Mr. Jackson as a lecturer on these topics, bringing to the platform all that education, reflection, sound reasoning, eloquence, and refined taste could supply. His addresses were of a character rarely met with—at once he assumed an elevated plane of thought, and by a certain felicity of expression united to richness and dignity of language, he poured forth a flood of thought which carried away his hearers by the simplicity and soundness of his reasoning, as well as by the charming eloquence at his command. When opposed, he was perfectly overwhelming with his facts, and rose to oratory. Nor were his labours in vain. Immediately after his visit to Dublin, a Mesmeric Society was formed, to which was attached an Infirmary, over which the late Archbishop Whately presided; and subsequently a Phrenological Society was formed and sustained by his pupils. Those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, must remember his versatile powers—full of fun and

humour, he could instantly change to profound philosophy, or practical science. When a young man he had a low fever, and a "consultation" being deemed advisable, an eminent medical gentleman was called in to confer with his doctor. On being told that little hope could be held out, did he receive the intelligence with becoming resignation? No such thing;—leaning up in the bed he roared out, 'No! I'll not die for you,—I've work to do yet in the world, and I'll bury you both—begone!' And so he recovered rapidly and did the work, and it may be presumed buried his gravediggers.

"Mr. J. W. Jackson was the greatest mind the writer ever met with, and most fortunately he possesses a life-size portrait of him in oil, which he will never part with, though he would be happy to lend it to serve any useful purpose. His intellectual and moral developments were enormous."

From Ireland the partners went to Edinburgh in 1853, where lectures on Mesmerism were given, classes taught, patients treated, and the Scottish Curative Mesmeric Association formed. Mr. Davey died during Mr. Jackson's stay in Edinburgh. A lasting impression was left on that city, and many ardent admirers of these teachers yet revere their memory; and look upon them as their greatest benefactors. After Mr. Jackson's removal to Glasgow in 1862, it was his custom to visit Edinburgh occasionally, more particularly at the annual meetings of the Phrenological Association, where the friends of that science were accustomed to look upon his familiar face in that spot which had been in previous years so often graced with the presence of George Combe.

Mr. Jackson's mission in Glasgow was similar to that which had occupied the previous twelve years of his life. He formed a Mesmeric association, the members of which treated the sick gratuitously, and recorded the most note-worthy cases in an annual report. He also practised phrenology, and in his intercourse with his pupils he exercised a most powerful and beneficial influence over their minds. Mr. Jackson was no mere empirical teacher, limiting his instructions to any one idea, but his effort was to call out the man in his native power and independence. In this he succeeded in not a few instances, so that his works will exist after him in the minds he so successfully influenced to grapple with the problems of life. The Glasgow Mesmeric Society possessed a most valuable library, and habits of thought were carefully inculcated. Mr. Jackson used also to take frequent lecturing tours into the country districts, so that his influence was not confined either to one theme or one place.

All this time he was extremely busy with his pen, though his labours in this respect were entirely unproductive as far as bringing him in a livelihood was concerned. He was one of



those rare men who write for principle, not for pay. While in Edinburgh, he occupied an important literary position in connection with an influential newspaper. The editor adopted a time-serving political policy which would trim Mr. Jackson's articles to suit its unprincipled expedencies. This Mr. Jackson would not, for one moment, submit to; and rather than belie the truth, he chose to give up his bread. Such were the principles that actuated our friend, and what wonder is it that at last he succumbed to crushing want?

Besides publishing a series of *Lectures on Mesmerism*, Mr. Jackson published a work entitled, *Mesmerism in Connection with Popular Superstitions*, explaining, by well known psychical principles, many of the ghostly tales and beliefs in charms, omens, and the like, which prevail amongst the people. His work *Extatics of Genius* was a profound investigation into another realm of psychological mystery. Taking the cases of Pythagoras, Socrates, Apollonius, and others, he showed that their peculiar power and genius resulted from their ability to assume an extatic condition—a state of natural lucidity or inspiration. This original and novel application of the higher phenomena of Mesmerism attracted the attention of the leading minds of that day in connection with the subject. Mr. Jackson's contributions to the *Zoist* were highly esteemed by Dr. Elliotson, and it may with truth be said that the radiance which the genius of our friend threw around the subject transformed Mesmerism into a new and more extended plane of investigation, from which the normal phenomena of mental action might be better understood and appreciated.

From Mr. Jackson's early reading, we must infer that no one theme, however grand, could absorb his attention. Forty years ago we find him eagerly making the acquaintance of that new luminary, Thomas Carlyle, through "Sartor Resartus," which was then appearing in *Fraser's Magazine*. Mr. James Gowans of Edinburgh, one of Mr. Jackson's most intimate friends, informs us that the writers he esteemed most, and who had exercised the greatest amount of influence over him, were Thomas Carlyle, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and James Elishama Smith, so well known as the founder of the *Family Herald*, but more particularly, to Mr. Jackson, as the author of the *Divine Drama of History, The Shepherd, &c.* Mr. Jackson maintained a fraternal correspondence with Mr. Smith to his death, after which event he suggested a plan for republishing a selection of "Shepherd Smith's" miscellaneous essays, with a biography. That this regard for Mr. Smith, one of Mr. Jackson's noblest contemporaries, was of a lasting description, may be inferred from the warm and generous way in which Mr. Jackson alluded to him

in a recent issue of this magazine when reviewing a number of *Freelight*.

During recent years Mr. Jackson also enjoyed the familiar friendship of Mr. Gillespie of Torbanehill, author of the *Argument a Priori*, in connection with whom he contributed to the *Journal of Sacred Literature* some papers on Pantheism in Thought, or some such title. They were reprinted for private circulation, and formed the basis for an able article by William Maccall, which appeared in *The English Leader*. Mr. Jackson enthusiastically admired Maccall's "National Missions."

During his residence in Scotland, Mr. Jackson published a series of *Lectures on Phrenology*, which were soon out of print; also, *Ethnology and Phrenology as an Aid to the Historian*, a work which has been justly admired by men of the highest ability. Following close upon these efforts was the formation of the Anthropological Society of London, of which Mr. Jackson was an eminent Fellow, and special friend of the founder, the lamented Dr. Hunt, whose death was so similar to that which closed our friend's career. Though Mr. Jackson could not be present at the meetings of the Society and take part in its work at head-quarters, yet, under the diploma of a local secretaryship, he rendered most efficient aid in introducing the subject of Anthropology to his wide circle of acquaintances, but more particularly did he serve the new science with his powerful and ready pen. From the commencement of the *Anthropological Review*, up to its cessation, we constantly meet with the name of our friend attached to the most elaborate, profound, and lengthy articles which *The Review* contains. The following list will give some idea of Mr. Jackson's services in this department, all done free and for nothing, not even receiving that which would pay the postage on the bulky packages of MS. continually being forwarded. Some of these articles are really works in themselves, and the whole taken together would form the respectable produce of a lifetime:—

*Ethnology and Phrenology as an Aid to the Biographer.* February, 1864.

*Buchner's Force and Matter.* February, 1865.

*Race in History.* October, 1865.

*Psychonomy of the Hand.* October, 1865.

*The Roman and the Teuton.* January, 1866.

*Race in Legislation and Political Economy.* April, 1866.

*Race in Religion.* October, 1866.

*Art in Relation to Comparative Anthropology.* January, 1867.

*On the Value of Phrenology in Anthropological Investigations.* January, 1867.

*On the Theory of Development.* July and October, 1867.

Iran and Turan. April and July, 1868.

The Race Question in Ireland. January, 1869.

The Aryan and the Semite. October, 1869.

The Antiquity of Civilisation, in the *Journal of Anthropology* for October, 1870.

Such were Mr. Jackson's pastimes during these years, his active life being to gain a precarious living by teaching classes, lecturing, Mesmerising, and examining heads. While he might have been eking out the means of existence in seeking profitable employment for his pen, he was thus overtaxing his energies for the benefit of humanity and science. His crowning enthusiasm was for Anthropology. He considered it the fitting term under which to include all inquiries respecting the nature of man, theoretical, scientific, or practical. Phrenology, Mesmerism, Spiritualism, Ethnology, &c., he regarded as so many distinct, yet interrelated departments of anthropological research. During the Russian war he wrote and published an ethnological solution entitled, "The People of Europe and the War in the East;" and his last contribution to the Anthropological Society was a similar paper on "Race in Connection with the Present Franco-Prussian War."

It is now in order that we should notice Mr. Jackson's connection with *Human Nature*, at the commencement of which we had not the pleasure of enjoying that gentleman's acquaintance, though we were familiar with his labours. Being frequently in Mr. Nisbet's office he had seen proofs of our prospectus, and suggested some verbal alterations therein. This was the first indication of that which bore such ripe fruit in after years. After our first number appeared, some copies of the *Progressionist*, a magazine which had existed for a few months under the editorship of the Rev. G. B. Porteous, were forwarded to know if the "Myths of Antiquity" contained therein would be suitable as contributions to *Human Nature*. We gratefully accepted the proffered kindness, and almost imperceptibly Mr. Jackson's papers became a regular feature in our pages. We have never been able to make out how much we are indebted to Mr. Nisbet's thoughtfulness towards us on the one hand, and Mr. Jackson's spontaneity on the other, for the regular continuance of these favours. When one series of papers were finished another was quietly introduced, and Mr. Jackson and Mr. Nisbet had the management of the whole left in their hands. This is a wonderful illustration of Mr. Jackson's true character. He sympathised with the scope and object of *Human Nature*, saw that it had mighty difficulties to encounter in order to maintain its ground, and though there was no prospect of its being able to remunerate either writers or editor, Mr. Jackson gladly lent it

his aid. He had also beside him much valuable matter which was too far advanced to find acceptance in the ordinary literary market, and so it was generously given to appear in this magazine. Our friends know well that *Human Nature* has been considerable of a burden from the first, and the peculiar circumstances of privation and difficulty under which it has been carried on prevented any remuneration being afforded to either editor or contributors. However, we gladly accorded to Mr. Jackson what kindness it was in our power to bestow, and when he purposed to visit London, the Progressive Library became his head-quarters, and every means were adopted to introduce him into new circles of society and promote his mission in every possible way.

Mr. Jackson has been heard repeatedly to observe that he gained more popularity and recognition from the readers of *Human Nature* than from any other class for whom he laboured. This may be understood when we state that however burdensome the sustenance of *Human Nature* may have been, yet it is by far the most widely circulated of any anthropological periodical which has been contemporary with it; and however much Spiritualism may be despised as a department of anthropological research, yet it claims a list of supporters which would certainly not disgrace the Fellowship of any learned body associating in this country. Such being the case, *Human Nature* introduced Mr. Jackson to the most liberal and intelligent Spiritual Anthropologists throughout the world; and the leading friends of the movement in our colonies, America, France, Germany, Russia, and other places, from time to time expressed a warm interest in their favourite writer, which has assumed a very practical and unmistakeable form since his death. Andrew Jackson Davis has repeatedly expressed his deep interest in Mr. Jackson's contributions; and Epes Sargent, in his recent work on Spiritualism, "Planchette, or the Despair of Science," quotes freely Mr. Jackson's opinions and views. In a letter, dated Boston, April 4, 1872, he refers to having seen the paragraph in the *Medium* which first announced the state of Mr. Jackson's circumstances. In a letter to a friend in London Mr. Sargent thus speaks of Mr. Jackson:—

"The enclosed printed paragraph will give you some idea of a man in London to whom I want to send two pounds sterling. The Mr. Jackson referred to is a man of remarkable culture in the departments of anthropology and metaphysics; he is a poet, too, of no mean ability, and above all, I am told, a very good fellow, though I have never seen him. But the last ten years I have been in the habit of reading his contributions, and have formed a high estimate of his abilities. He has not been a Spiritualist until very

recently, when certain remarkable phenomena converted him. He had before that been an opponent. It is not through any sympathy with him on this account that I send him my mite, but simply because I believe him to be a worthy man in distress."

Our readers well know that though Mr. Jackson had witnessed some of the phenomena of Spiritualism, he explained them by reference to Mesmerism. A paper which he read at the opening of the Glasgow Psychological Society, and which was printed in these pages, gave his views on that subject. It may with safety be stated that Mr. Jackson was much more of a Spiritualist in his feelings than in his intellect. At any rate, he used quite familiarly the phraseology of Spiritualists in his intercourse with them, and always listened to facts or witnessed phenomena with a courteous deference and unprejudiced interest. On his arrival in London we took every opportunity of introducing him into select circles at which the most famous mediums were in the habit of sitting. Here Mr. Jackson witnessed the phenomena in all its phases, and his experiences, more particularly at Mrs. Makdougall Gregory's, were given in the *Medium* from week to week as they transpired. These reports are perhaps the most intelligent and scientific records of spiritual phenomena that have ever been given to the public.

An extract from a letter, written by Mr. Jackson shortly after his arrival in London, gives in his own words his position in respect to Spiritualism:—

"London, March 6th, 1871.

"You will have seen by *Human Nature* and the *Medium*, that the Spiritualists have received me very warmly, and have done some rather wonderful things in my presence, to which I have borne my testimony. I never feared the face of man in the matter of Mesmerism and Phrenology; neither shall I shrink from bearing witness to any *facts* I may see in connection with the so-called Spiritualism. On their value and bearing in reference to Psychology, I have yet to decide. There is a general desire expressed that I should settle in London. 'The spirits' say I am the right man at the right time, so do the anthropos, but as yet 'clouds and darkness rest upon it.'"

Shortly after his arrival in London, Mr. Jackson made the acquaintance of Mr. Slater and his family, including the Misses Dixon. At their family circle spiritual communications intimated that he was to write a book on Man, this he assiduously laboured at, and in connection with his reports of spiritual seances, it was his last literary effort. Two parts have already been published, the third is in the hands of the printer, and the fourth is said to be all but completed. The strain brought upon his brain by this imposed work, and the pressure of circumstances, brought on the final crisis.

Being located in London, Mr. Jackson lost no time or opportunity in prosecuting his life work. He attended the meetings of the Anthropological Institute, and took part in the discussions: eagerly investigated Spiritualism, practised Phrenology, and Mesmerism, and otherwise occupied every spare moment: but his grand idea was to establish a Mesmeric Institution in London, similar to what had resulted from his labours in other cities of the empire. Of his views and prospects at that time the following extracts from letters written to a correspondent will give some idea:—

“London, Dec. 7th, 1871.

“I am working hard to establish a Mesmeric Association in London, and am rather weary with the labours it imposes. I addressed an audience at the Spiritual Institution last night on the subject.”

“London, Feb. 7th, 1872.

“I have to make a thousand apologies for not having acknowledged the receipt of the books from Mr. — and yourself, together with the kind letter that accompanied them, but the truth is I was so busy as to be practically overworked.”

Such was the progress of events when disease crushed the hopeful aspirant. An acute state of phrenitis supervened, which rendered the sufferer harmlessly delirious for several weeks, which was followed by low wasting fever, till he shrank away to a shadow, and died of inanition. In his lucid moments he understood his case exactly. The state of his body was such that he could take no food, and it may be said that he fasted almost absolutely from the commencement of the attack. He felt quite resigned to the approaching end, his sole grief being for the survivors—Mrs. Jackson and the little boy and girl. Though his case was not by any means a hopeful one, it was not expected to terminate fatally till near the end. He traced his collapse to the thirty years of intense activity and toil which he had undergone, in which every effort of his nature had been called into action to stimulate him onwards. But the last two years had been characterised by severe privations, which were all the more painful because they had to be carefully shielded from the gaze of the world.

Mr. Jackson's state, and the manner in which his case was taken up by the Spiritualists, is well expressed in the following paragraph from the *Medium*:—

“We are sorry to be under the necessity of reporting that Mr. J. W. Jackson has not yet recovered from the serious illness we referred to a fortnight ago. The intense state of mental activity which then prevailed has now subsided, but he still lies in a very weak state. His illness is the result of many years of incessant brain-

work and activity, coupled with much hardship and anxiety. For nearly thirty years our friend has devoted every effort of his life to the cause of humanity, teaching from time to time the highest truths of which he became cognisant. Since his arrival in London, and, indeed, some time previous, he has devoted his attention to Spiritualism with great assiduity. Indeed, before the dawn of modern Spiritualism, Mr. Jackson discussed similar phenomena in the light of mesmerism and psychology. He has latterly brought his vast experience and powerful intellect to bear upon the spiritual phenomena; and before his coming to London, and since then, he has given his attention to these manifestations with unwearied industry. The readers of the *Medium* are indebted to his pen for the numerous intelligent and graphic reports of seances, held chiefly at Mrs. Makdougall Gregory's, in the presence of the most distinguished mediums of the time. As contributions to the scientific testimony respecting these phenomena, Mr. Jackson's papers stand second to none, and have been of great use in establishing in many minds the nature and reliability of these manifestations. And now that powerful intellect lies prostrate, overwhelmed by unremitting toil and many cares which have been from year to year set aside that humanity might be served. It is indeed a sad sight to see a life thus spent, at such a crisis surrounded by little ones for whom there is no provision during their parent's incapacity for his professional duties. Under such circumstances, Mr. Jackson's recovery must be protracted and difficult; but remove the load of care from his shoulders, and the best medicine would be administered which the case demands. Mr. Jackson is in a strange city, but should not be without friends if genius and devotion are any bond between souls. We hope all our readers will feel their indebtedness, and promptly rally round their suffering friend with such aid and comforts as they may feel able to bestow, as some have already done. Messages may be left at our office."

This appeal brought ready help to the suffering family, and tested in a significant manner the great esteem in which the sufferer was held. Ample means came in from all quarters, more particularly from his late friends in Glasgow through the hands of Mr. Nisbet. The readers of *Human Nature* in distant parts—those who had never seen his face, but had known him simply from his contributions—came forward with handsome sums. Mr. Chinnery of Paris moved the Anthropologists, seconded by Dr. King and Mr. Harris, and they promise to do something handsome for the survivors.

Thus were the means acquired to perform the last sad services to the deceased with due decency. Mr. Burns, who had been so closely associated with the friend whose loss was so severely felt, undertook the part of a son, and in every way aided Mrs. Jackson in all the necessary arrangements. The interment took place on Saturday, April 6, at Kensal Green Cemetery, where a

family grave has been purchased, upon which we hope to see placed some suitable monument to the memory of the departed Anthropologist. His former friend, the Rev. G. B. Porteous, attended and performed the funeral service, and thus was conveyed to a comparatively premature grave our friend and fellow-worker, at the age of sixty-one.

In passing a concluding glance at Mr. Jackson's literary career, we must not overlook to mention a series of papers contributed to Mr. Luke Burke's philosophical periodical, *The Future*. He also issued a small volume of miscellaneous poems entitled, *Echoes of My Youth*, and a poetical work in four parts, *The Seer of Sinai*, in which Moses is depicted as a typical personage. It is a poem of considerable merit, characterised by deep insight and a large poetical purpose. We have heard it said that this poem was only an instalment of a much larger work, of which the succeeding section was to be devoted to Christ, and go on to discuss man's future spiritual developments. This our friend has to some extent accomplished in the grand portraiture of the future man, given recently in these pages. Mr. Jackson entertained some peculiar notions as to the necessity for the advent of some grand personage in whom the ripened excellencies of the new age would culminate, and who would be the illuminated leader and redeemer of mankind, and elevate the race into a higher phase of spiritual life. Though not openly expressed, his friends gathered that Mr. Jackson entertained the idea that he had some mission in connection with this exalted purpose.

Physically, Mr. Jackson was a man of pure blood and fine build. The osseous structure was fine and symmetrically moulded, and covered by a delicate muscular system, light, tendinous, and enduring. The thoracic region predominated very largely over the abdominal. Hence his circulation was free and rapid, endowing him with sanguine feelings, great activity, and an aspiring unselfish tendency of character. The brain was large and beautifully formed; and, in connection with a highly susceptible nervous system, and the conditions just named, we have an organism of a very high type. Mr. Jackson was strictly temperate and philosophical in his habits, so that his thoughts flowed with a power and normal purity of rare occurrence. The habitual elevation of his mind may be inferred from the fact that, for upwards of twelve years, he contributed weekly to the *Christian News* of Glasgow "Sands of Thought," replete with the noblest fruits of intellect. To such a mind, the careless expression of such exalted sentiments was a pleasurable pastime.

It was the same with his "Myths of Antiquity," which flowed from the pen with all the ease and sweetness of the feelings of a lover. His literary habits were correct and dignified as the



tone of his mind. He uniformly chose large-sized paper of the finest make and purest colour, and his manuscript was so uniformly fair and accurate that the proof required but little revision. He could sit down and pen the most elaborate of his treatises, embodying facts from numberless sources without consulting any books, re-writing, or altering the plan of his work. In short, his mind was a library in itself, from which he could draw at will the wisdom of past and present ages, with many glorious flashes anticipating the higher light of the future.

Personally, Mr. Jackson was a man of the most commanding aspect. A bust of him left behind is a noble memento of human development. His beard hung in tangled ringlets nearly to his waist, reminding the beholder of the manly gnarled beards shown on the bas-reliefs from Nineveh. His nose was finely formed and his eye positive and controlling, and surmounted by a massive forehead and finely moulded dome, he presented an aspect calculated to command admiration and respect. Manifestly his one mental infirmity was an over active state of approbateness, which, with his sanguine temperament, tended to lead his naturally prophetic mind to undue conceptions of personal efforts and duty. But it was a most amiable weakness—one which always clothed the possessor with a polite deference to all, and urged onward in the race which finally exhausted the once powerful runner.

The reader may now conceive of the wreck which such a mind would sustain when the keenest sense of honour could no longer hide the difficulties which surrounded it, when the very worst confronted it with menacing attitude, and when the once giant wrestler with fortune would have to give up the conflict before the triumph so long cherished had been achieved. O, what a hard retribution to such a meritorious struggle! All would have been well if the world had been more keenly alive to the toiler's deserts, or if his activities had exerted themselves on a more selfish plane. But a brighter destiny—a higher achievement—broke in upon the dying man's vision. His first sad feeling was, as he succumbed in the midst of the fight, "I shall never do another shilling's worth of work." "It is all vanity." The old ambition was relinquished with a deep, heartfelt sigh, which every true worker can appreciate, but the noble man and true philosopher calmly, though in deep agony of mind and body, awaited the brighter distinction which Father God and Mother Nature were about to confer upon him, and like a trusting child allowed his better self to be torn away from the once loved but worn out tenement.

Since Mr. Jackson's decease the utmost interest has been manifested in the survivors. This has already been hinted at.

The Rev. S. E. Bengough, M.A. (S.E.B. of *Human Nature*), kindly took charge of the boy, who is a lad of great promise. An effort is being made to afford him a first-rate education, as an act which would confer the greatest satisfaction upon the translated father. Mrs. Jackson and the little baby girl are not being uncared for. It is hoped that something handsome may be done on their behalf. We cordially call upon our readers far and near who have read so eagerly after the pen of him who has passed away, not to forget those who have been left destitute because of the devotion of their provider to the interests of humanity. Any kindness exerted to the family either now or months hence may be sent to the publisher of *Human Nature*.

The last work our friend did was on "Man," now in course of publication. He said to Mrs. Jackson it was all done but four pages, but he would add no more, observing, "There, I have finished Man, and Man has finished me."

"THE SECRET DRAMA OF SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS,  
BY GERALD MASSEY."

AND what special interest may the reader of *Human Nature* be supposed to take in "The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets"? Much every way. As the works of Shakespeare form a sort of text-book of humanity, anything which throws additional light upon his life and poetry possesses a claim on the attention of all intelligent minds. Then Gerald Massey's way of thought is such, that he can write nothing which does not savour of far-reaching intuition, or of generous feeling. But in this particular case, his task demanded the very highest powers, and he has performed it in a fashion worthy of himself and of his theme. Remembering the biography of Mr. Massey prefixed to his earlier poems, and then observing the finished culture indicated by this work, we are fairly astonished at the author's vigour of mind. For this is not a production which could have been the result of any amount of mere reading and simple power of imagination. It evinces critical acumen, refinement of moral feeling, and patient study of Elizabethan literature, of which the most recluse scholar might well be proud; and it reminds us of the apothegm, that "genius is the faculty of taking infinite pains."

Peculiar circumstances, which attended the writing of this secret drama, must invest it with no common interest in the eyes of spiritualists. We heard from Mr. Massey himself some account of the assistance which he received in his labours from the unseen world, but it would be unbecoming to anticipate in

any measure that full history of the matter which has been partly promised by the author. Suffice it to say here, that any aid received from occult sources, does not detract from his merit as an independent investigator and critic of the most mysterious portion of Shakespeare's works. He had nearly finished an article for the *Quarterly*, which embodied his theory on the subject before any assistance was offered him.

Almost every one has experienced on reading the sonnets of Shakespeare a feeling of disappointment and perplexity. Together with much of exquisite beauty, we encounter there a number of poems that tend to destroy that loyal honour and reverence we would fain retain and cherish for the greatest poet of the world. We do not want to think of him as a strait-laced moralist, yet anything which makes us lose our perfect respect for the man, William Shakespeare, should be, and is offensive. Such is undoubtedly the character of some of these same sonnets, and no scheme of interpretation has hitherto succeeded in freeing the fair fame of our great dramatist from sundry awkward inferences which have seemed inevitable to the most charitable readers. One of the chief delights and blessings which a man can enjoy is the satisfaction of boundless admiration. This was almost impossible to the worshippers of Shakespeare, as long as the existence of these poems remained an unsolved problem. Mr. Massey maintains, apparently with good reason, that he has found the key to the solution.

"The reading of Shakespeare's Sonnets," he says, "now presented, affords the only theory yet adventured that is not full of perplexity and bewilderment. It is the only one that surmounts the obstacles, disentangles the complications, resolves the discords, and out of various voices draws the one harmony. It is utter folly to talk of a self-revelation made by Shakespeare so inward that we cannot reach it. There are fifty plain facts to be met—facts of outer life, of character, of sex—on the surface of the sonnets, all opposed to the Autobiographic view, before any one need have dived into the deeps of their own subjectivity for the supposed dreadful secrets of the Poet's heart. Nor will the theory work which holds that the sonnets are mere fantastic exercises of ingenuity, having no root in reality—no relation to Shakespeare's own life. They are intensely real from first to last, through a wide range of varying feelings, whatsoever their meaning. The wisest readers have been content to rest with Mr. Dyce in his declaration, that, after repeated perusals, he was convinced that the greater number of them was composed in an assumed character, on different subjects, and at different times, for the amusement, and probably at the suggestion of the author's intimate associates. And having cracked the nut, as I think, we

find this to be the very kernel of it; only, my theory unmasks the characters assumed, unfolds the nature of the various subjects, traces the different times at which they were composed, and identifies those intimate associates of Shakespeare who supplied him both suggestions and subjects. The present theory, which is really an appeal to common sense on behalf of the most practical of men and poets, alone enables us to see how it is that Shakespeare can be at the same time the friend who loves and is blessed, and the lover who doats and is disconsolate; how the great calm man of the sweetest blood, the smoothest temper, the most cheery soul, can be the anxious, jealous, fretful wooer, who has been pursued by the 'stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' and driven about the world as a wanderer, who, in his weakness, has said and done things for which he prays forgiveness. Here we can see how the Poet has been the Player still in his 'idle hours,' and how he can personate a passion to the life, and disfigure his face past our recognition, and change the dramatic mask at will for the amusement of his 'private friends.'"

A reference to the table of contents will throw as much light upon the nature of this theory as a detailed explanation. It will be seen there that the sonnets are divided into several series—

1. Those addressed by Shakespeare himself to the Earl of Southampton, wishing him to marry; in praise of his personnal beauty; concerning a rival poet, adjudged to be Marlowe, &c.

2. Dramatic Sonnets: Including some written for the Earl of Southampton to Elizabeth Vernon; and some from her to the Earl.

3. Sonnets expressing William Herbert's passion for Lady Rich (the dark lady of the latter sonnets).

It would be presumption for any but a profoundly erudite Shakesperian scholar to give an opinion upon the truthfulness or otherwise of this explanation. But we gladly accept it as removing a difficulty in the way of our unqualified reverence for Shakespeare. We doubt not thousands will do the same, and feel grateful to Mr. Massey for his eloquent vindication of the poet's fame. The following notice in the *Fortnightly Review*, by the late Robert Bell, will show how this book has been appreciated by critics of repute:—"Whatever may be the ultimate reception of Mr. Massey's interpretation of the Sonnets, nobody can deny that it is the most elaborate and circumstantial that has been yet attempted. Mr. Armitage Brown's essay—close, subtle, and ingenious as it is—recedes into utter insignificance before the bolder outlines, the richer colouring, and the more daring flight of Mr. Massey. What was dim and shapeless before, here grows distinct and tangible; broken gleams of light

become massed, and pour upon us in a flood ; mere speculation, timid and uncertain hitherto, here becomes loud and confident, and assumes the air of ascertained history. It has been reserved for Mr. Massey to build up a complete narrative, and of materials which furnished others with nothing more than bold hints, and bits and scraps of suggestions."

Let not our readers suppose that this work is made up only of elaborate analysis of evidence, and stirring of antiquarian husks. It breathes throughout a poet's warmth of feeling—a power of imagination which reanimates the past, and throws a vivid light upon the rich court-life of the days of Queen Elizabeth. Above all, it evinces a reverent appreciation of the genius, heart, and mind of Shakespeare, as deep and genuine, perhaps, as any which exists, expressed in English words. In proof of this assertion, we shall not scruple to cite a page or two from the beautiful and comprehensive chapter, entitled "The Man Shakespeare":—"It is impossible to commune with the spirit of Shakespeare in his works and not feel that he was essentially a cheerful man, and full of healthy gladness ; that his royal soul was magnificently lodged in a fine physique, and looked out on life with a large contentment ; that his conscience was clear, and his spiritual pulse sober. It is shown in his hearty and continuous way of working. It is proved by his great delight in common human nature, and his full satisfaction in the world as he found it. A most profound and perennial cheerfulness of soul he must have had to bring so bright a smile to the surface, and so pleasurable a colour into the face of human life ; he who so well knew what an infinite of sorrow may brood beneath ; what sunless depths of sadness, and lonely, leafless wastes of misery ; who felt so intimately its old heartache and pain ; its mystery of evil, and all the pathetic pangs, with which Nature gives birth to good. The dramatic mood could be troubled, contemplative, melancholy, according to his purpose ; but the man himself was of a happy temperament. A melancholy man must have been more self-conscious, and shut up within limits indefinitely narrower. He has infinite pity for the suffering, and struggling, and wounded by the way. The most powerful and pathetic pleadings on behalf of Christian charity out of the New Testament have been spoken by Shakespeare. He takes to his large warm heart much that the world usually casts out to perish in the cold. There is nothing too poor or too mean to be embraced within the circle of his sympathies. He sees the germ of good in that which looks all evil to the careless passers-by, for his eyes are large with love, and have its 'precious seeing.' If there be only the least little redeeming touch in the most abandoned character, he is sure to point it out ; he recognises the slightest glimpse of the

Divine Image in the rudest human clay-cast. We may also find in our Poet an appalling sense of the supernatural, the nearness of the spirit-world, and its power to break in on the world of flesh, when nature prays for help, or darkly conspires to let it in. His working pastime was the world of human life. His was the sphere of humanity, the real work-a-day world. As a dramatist, he had to give that life a palpable embodiment in flesh and blood, and endow it with speech and action. But he knew that human nature was made of spirit as well as flesh, and that it is under the 'skiey influences.' Divine laws over-ride our human wishes. The innocent suffer alike with the guilty, and things do not come about as they were forecast. Thus it is in life! And so it is in Shakespeare. This makes the tragedy. He knew that there was a 'Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may.' He feels that this human life is all very wonderful in its play of passions, its pleasures, and its pains, with all their crossing and conflicting lights and shadows; and he does what he can to shed a little light on the vast mystery. But he feels how small is this little island of our human life, set in the surrounding ocean of eternity, and how limited is the light that he can throw upon it, and upon the darkness that hems us in. The more we study the works of Shakespeare, the more we shall feel how natural piety made a large part of the cheerful sunshine that smile out in his philosophy of life. And, in great emergencies, we may see the flash of a religious feeling large enough for life, and deep enough for death. How frank and bold, for example, is that expression of his in the Divine, when Banquo, encompassed by dangers, exclaims, 'In the great hand of God I stand;' and when the fatal presentiment, which Shakespeare so often recognises, comes upon Hamlet, what does he say? 'Thou knowest, Horatio, how ill all is here about my heart: BUT there is a special Providence, even in the fall of a sparrow.' Frequent and fervent is the appeal to the world hereafter that is to make the 'odds' of this all 'even,' and to Him who is the top of justice, and his eternal justicers. Reverence he calls 'that angel of the world.'

"But it is not in hints and allusions like these that I would seek for evidence of Shakespeare's religious feeling, so much as in his dumb appeal to such feelings as are left vibrating when some great tragedy of his are over. It plainly appears to me that, amidst all the storms of life in which humanity may be wrecked, the horror of great darkness in which the powers of evil prevail—the misery and madness, and midnight homelessness of poor, witless, white-headed old Lear, with his blindness of trust, and broken-heartedness of love, Shakespeare knew right well where there is peace beyond the tempest—he knew of all

the love in the hearts of father and child, which would take an eternity to fully unfold; and where could he pillow it with more infinite suggestiveness than beside the grave. It is for us to see what is dimly visible through that dark window of the other world! He has said his say, let the rest be told in silence! And the soul must be dull indeed whose sight has not been purged and feeling purified in the loftier vision on the spiritual stage. Our interest does not cease when the drama is ended. 'To be continued,' is plainly written at the close of its fifth act. The heartache which he has given us demands and draws the other world near for very pity and comfort. You cannot help looking up from amid the shadows of the dark valley to where the light is breaking overhead, and feel a touch of those immortal relationships which live beyond the human. Let no one suppose that Shakespeare's genius, being of such a stature as it was, could not rise up and 'take the morning' that lies beyond this night of time, where bewildered souls so often get beclouded. It was not Shakespeare's place as a writer of tragedy to frighten us, and then say something for our comfort. He points no moral—winds up with no sermon. It is his work to create interest, to quicken sympathy, and enlarge life; the rest follows. He knew how much Nature will work for her favourites, and he was her own best favourite, so he has only to set her well at work, and quietly steal away, leaving Nature to finish. In this respect his negative power is as great and surprising as the positive capacity: what he does not do is often as remarkable and effective as what he does."

S. E. B.

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### SOME OF THE CONDITIONS OF PHYSICAL MEDIUMSHIP.\*

THE connection between organic conditions and the manifestation of the mental and physical powers is recognised in ordinary life. No one expects the invalid, the emaciated, the tender young, the delicate, or the aged, to exhibit great physical strength. Nor are high intellectual or moral endowments to be looked for in the starved and hungry, the glutton and the intemperate, the dissipated and diseased subjects of humanity. More particularly are we in the habit of associating moral endowments with physical states and tendencies. Improper habits and physical unrighteousness of many kinds are frequently found associated with great intellectual power and the ability to acquire and

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\* A Paper read by J. Burns at the Spiritual Institution, Wednesday evening, April 12, 1872.

administer a large amount of technical knowledge, but purity of motive, goodness, and truthfulness are incompatible with such a defective state.

Every organism is furnished with a certain definite amount of power which is affected by a variety of circumstances. If this power has been exhausted by exercise, it must be recuperated by rest before the person is able to resume an effective activity again. After a full meal the vital powers are engaged in the work of digestion, and violent exercise of body and mind is not only prejudicial, but the work cannot be so well done. We are familiar with the disabilities incurred by disease. The vital powers are then engaged in expelling the morbid admixture from the vital domain. During convalescence after an illness the organic forces are all necessary to repair the body and restore its depleted condition. Those who waste themselves in dissipated habits and by want of rest and vicious courses, exhaust the stock of power with which they are furnished, and cannot so well acquit themselves in the race of life as their better regulated fellows.

These facts lead us to the recognition of a general principle which runs through the constitution of the whole universe, but is more evidently seen in the phenomena attending human life. I say universal principle, for all principles are such. There are no exceptions in the laws of the universe. This principle teaches us that the body is not the man, neither are the forces which animate the body, the man; but these are simply conditions necessary to the manifestation of the man in the physical sphere. It would be absurd to suppose that because a philosopher is prostrated by disease, starvation, or exhausted by severe labours, that he is therefore transformed into a fool or an ignoramus, because he has not for the time the physical means at his disposal for the expression of his wisdom. And when he does recover, are we to infer that he has derived a new supply of wisdom from the food he has eaten, air he has breathed, and the other agencies which have contributed to his recovery? Any person of ordinary penetration can at a glance see the absurdity of such a view, and hence the whole superstructure of materialism falls to the ground. The philosophy of the philosopher lies deeper than the organisation and its forces, these being only the agencies whereby it obtains play and expression. The conclusion to which such argument tends is, that life and the manifestation of mental phenomena are really a spiritual manifestation, which is conditioned and its kind determined by the peculiar arrangement of organic elements which enter into the composition of the individual's body. The various groups of physiological and phrenological organs give a different expression to that



combination of spiritual principles called man, and hence the great diversities of character and capability amongst us. Each of these groups of organs also give off a peculiar quality of magnetism laden with the characteristics of the individual, and thus the tone and tendencies of the spirit circle partake of the characteristics of those persons who compose it, both as to their natural disposition and the peculiar state in which they may for the time be.

Some persons emit a magnetic sphere strongly permeated with intellectual or brain forces. They are termed positive-minded and non-mediums. Their presence in society excites intellectuality, and in the circle favours the manifestation of the intellectual phenomena much more than the physical, to which the presence of such persons is generally obnoxious. Then there are those who give off an emanation only slightly charged with cerebral forces, but partaking of the bland, pliable, and receptive elements of the physical structure. When their physical emanations are of such a negative quality as to be easily controlled by the will-power of spirits in the body or out of the body, then high class physical manifestations may be expected.

We often meet in ordinary life, jolly, young, sportive people, whose boisterous vitality is greater than their will-power, and if the organisation is of a low type, the excess of animal power will partake of vicious characteristics; but if the tone of the body is of a higher order, the ebullitions of vitality will be more or less vivacious and playful, without unpleasant tendencies. The same law operates in the spirit circle. If too strong a combination of mediumistic power of the physical kind is present it becomes too energetic for the cerebral powers to control, and hence the spirits being supplied with such materials for their manifestation, have to deport themselves accordingly.

Mrs. Berry, in her practical and instructive paper, referred to this fact, and she has privately communicated to me much from her experience on this point. She has been obliged to desist from associating in the circle too many powerful mediums because of the uncontrollability and destructive and violent results which followed. Much of this kind of thing which is attributed to "evil spirits" is no doubt due to the composition of the circles, and it is quite possible that the presence of so much of the physical element may attract the attendance of spirits of a more gross and unscrupulous tone of character.

A very striking illustration of the relations existing between mind and body is presented in the familiar state of intoxication. We cannot say that the spirit of the inebriate is affected by the alcohol imbibed, but the physical conditions through which that spirit manifests itself are rendered unfit for the process. By

giving some attention to the phenomena of intoxication, and contrasting them with the normal state of the human organism, we may arrive at some useful information in respect to the relations between spirit and matter.

In life and health the human subject exhibits two distinct forces. First there is the involuntary action of the organic economy, maintaining the processes of life and producing that energy which gives basis and efficiency to character and performs the duties of existence. Then there is will power, originating in the brain, modified by its various organs, and balancing and directing the forces of the body. This voluntary power represents the true man—the spirit; and through the brain and nervous system he uses and controls that complex machine—the body. Thus we see that man lives on two planes of existence at the same time, and possesses a duality of life. The vegetative life of the body, with its blind, boisterous forces, and the spiritual life of the mind, positive, directing, and restraining. By taking into account the proportion in which these respective elements enter into the constitution of individuals, the many shades of character may be in a great measure determined. In youth and robust health we see the physical forces predominating, and the character is more marked by impulse than by thoughtful action. The great work of life, indeed, is to bring the whole organism and the material world around it as much under the control of the will as possible. Education is literally a leading out of the interior qualities into the physical avenues that are destined to receive them and display their functions. The cultivated man is one in whom this interblending of the spiritual with the physical has taken place in a large degree, and he has all the functions of his being at the control of his judgment.

How is this everyday form of spirit manifestation effected? We see that the system is permeated by connective fluids of which the blood in its two states and the lymphatic secretions are the prominent examples. The predominance of arterial blood gives positiveness to the character, the venous blood receptivity, and lymph and adipose tissue inertia. A fine blending of the nutritive and secretive elements of the organism in a negative state give us the physical medium. The body is usually full, giving force; the bones generally prominent, giving a mechanical tendency, while the blood is more venous than arterial, and the nervous system predominates over the brain, giving a receptive secretive type of character, rather than a philosophical and energetic one. Here, then, we have the elements of physical force finely blended and in a negative state, ready to be operated upon by the will-power of a controlling intelligence, either within the man or outside of him.

We shall next consider the means whereby the will controls the physical forces. For this purpose we perceive another series of fluids, which hold the same relations to the nerves as the blood and lymph does to the vessels of the body. These nerves are the vehicles of nerve aura. But is that fluid of a simple homogeneous kind, or is it varied and complex in its character as the more material fluids of the body are? I incline to the latter supposition, and would suggest that a different modification of the fluid proceeds from each group of phrenological organs and inferior nerve centres. These brain fluids, uniting with the more physical emanations peculiar to the various organic structures of the body give us at once the clue to the great diversity of temperament which exists, and the readiness with which a psychometric medium can read character from coming in contact with a person, or any article he has handled.

Now, the great secret of power and mental development is to keep the body in such a state that all the fluids may be readily subjected to the master fluid, which proceeds from the very apex of the organism—from the gates of the spiritual world, so to speak. This fine and subtle spiritual element, interfusing itself into every tissue of the body, gives that higher condition of being which makes a man appear as if he were mind all over.

Now, what are the phenomena of intoxication? In the first place, the animal forces and mental energies seem to be exhilarated, while the controlling power is weakened. A further stage nullifies the controlling element altogether, and the powers of the individual manifest themselves in reckless impropriety. Then the power of using the various organs of the body gradually ceases until coma and death supervene. What is the cause of this series of changes? Why does alcohol intoxicate? We have seen that the control of the body is effected by a semi-spiritual element proceeding from the spirit within the organism to the various portions of the body. Pure healthy blood, sustained by healthy conditions, produces that peculiar nerve aura, which enables this spiritual principle to be diffused. But no sooner is alcohol received into the stomach than it is absorbed into the blood and quickly becomes volatilised and disperses itself through all parts of the system. It is conveyed more particularly to the brain, the centre of the nervous system, and those who have died of inordinate drinking have had the ventricles of the brain filled with almost pure alcohol on their skulls being opened after death. I submit, then, that this volatilised alcohol becomes mingled with the nerve aura, and thus dilutes it, and to a certain extent takes its place, thus destroying the conditions for the spiritual element to transfuse the body. The will power being thus retarded in its action occasions that bois-

terousness of the lower forces which characterises the first stages of intoxication. These not being balanced by a due proportion of the will-power, assume the ascendancy, and maintain it until the nerve channels become so far depreciated by the presence of the intoxicating element that even the cruder magnetisms of the lower nervous centres cannot circulate in them. Then the last stage of inebriety thus culminates in death. Habitual drinking interferes with the due action of the spirit on the body by the impure condition in which it renders the blood. It is well known to physiologists that the presence of alcohol in the vital fluid deoxygenises it and devitalises it by destroying the corpuscles which are the basis of life. This renders the blood more negative, destroys energy and aspiration, and makes a person less susceptible of being regulated by his own judgment and will-power, and more liable to be influenced by habits or surrounding circumstances. To confirm this, it is a notorious fact that the intemperate have very little power of self-denial, and are more or less dissolute and untrustworthy in all the relations of life.

I now proceed to the application of the subject to the control of spirits over mediums. I maintain that spirits operate on the physical universe in accordance with the natural laws of the universe and of the human spirit. These laws we see in daily operation in man, and therefore I infer that if we thoroughly understand the manner in which the human spirit controls the body, we shall know the conditions whereby spirits control the bodies of men in the flesh and inanimate objects. We know that spirits require a nerve aura, or magnetism derived from the medium and circle before they can manifest themselves, just the same as a man requires this element to be in his organism before his mind can control his body. It is also reasonable to suppose that the quality of this magnetism will modify the manifestations of the spirit, just the same as the state of the man's health, and consequent purity of nerve aura, will interfere with the manifestation of his intelligence. Take a man when he is clear-headed and hearty. He will display brilliancy of mind, loftiness of aspiration, and force of character. If he were manifesting himself through the body of another we should say he was a good spirit, an exalted spirit, and so on. Exhaust him by severe labours and weariness of body and his brilliancy and force of character would be no longer visible, and still he would be the same spirit. Visit him next in the delirium of a fever or intoxication, and the Rev. Mr. Jones, and theologians of that class, would at once pronounce him a demon, and yet he was the same spirit all the while, but simply supplied with different conditions. I am not aware that the phenomena of delirium or intoxication

has been philosophically explained, but I think that the solution of the matter is to be found in the fact that the blood and fluids of the body become impure, on account of foreign matters being mixed amongst them; and are thus rendered unable to become the vehicles of intelligence.

We see, then, that bodily health and integrity produce a physical element necessary to successful spirit control either in the normal state or from a departed spirit. But there are mental diseases as well as bodily ailments, perversions of the mental faculties, by vice, ignorance, and superstition vitiating the aura that proceeds from the brain faculties, just as impure air, food, or intemperance vitiate the physical magnetism. Such being the facts of the case, need we wonder that there are so many failures in the attempt to elicit spiritual phenomena? The wonder rather is that it can take place at all, for where can we point to a single human being absolutely sound and healthy in mind and body? If such a person could be found, and in a state of full development, then he would be God, the spirit, fully manifest in the flesh—and spiritual conditions and principles would be as real to him as the commonest affairs of mundane life. To produce this result is the great work of spiritualism, so that it is the greatest of all reforms.

Where then has our investigation led us? To the assumption that mediumship should be based on absolute morality and health of body. This is the great lesson to be impressed on spiritualists—that the more spotless and meritorious they and their mediums are the grander will be the results of their intercourse with the spirit world.

I have endeavoured to show that the conclusions thus advanced are based upon physiological law, but I have not been an indifferent observer of facts witnessed in the spirit circle.

[A number of illustrations were given from the experience of the most popular mediums to substantiate the principles herein advanced, but we have not space for them this month.—ED. *H. N.*]

## SPIRITUALISM IN ITALY.—MAZZINI A SPIRITUALIST.

(To the Editor of *Human Nature*.)

SIR,—In *Human Nature*, of April, 1871, you gave your readers Mazzini's religious creed, informing them, at the same time, that you took it from the *Fortnightly Review* for March of that year. I do not know if your article was a condensation of a more extensive one in that *Review*, or whether that *Review* (which I have not seen) was abridged from a pamphlet from the pen of the great patriot, which appeared in Italy early that year; or, lastly, whether Mazzini himself condensed his ideas to make them more

suitable for the *Fortnightly Review*. Certain it is, that the Italian version consists in a pamphlet of some twenty pages, embodying the ideas given in *Human Nature*, but containing besides the proof, that the great martyr, who has just left our sphere, was an adept in the grand philosophy of the day; and in order that there may be no mistake on the subject, let me translate literally from the text that part containing that proof:—

“The new formula of life and its law, revealed in our own day by the knowledge of the tradition of mankind, confirmed by the voice of conscience, by the intuition of genius, or the grand results of scientific investigation, may be epitomised in the single word *progress*. A sacred word this, which sums up the dogma of the future, but which, though uttered by every school, has ever been misunderstood by the majority. Materialists have usurped the use of it, to designate man’s increasing power over the forces of the earth; and men of science, to indicate that accumulation of facts, discovered and submitted to analysis, which has led us to a better knowledge of secondary causes. Few understand it as the expression of a Providential Conception or Design, inseparable from our human nature, and the foundation of our moral law. We now know progress to be by Divine decree, the inherent tendency of man, whether manifested in the individual or the collective being, and destined sooner or later, but inevitably, to be evolved in time and space.

“The logical consequences of the new formula are: The substitution of the idea of a *law*, for the idea of a *mediator*; of a continuous educational revelation, for that of an immediate, arbitrary revelation; the apostolate of genius and virtue, and of the grand collective intuitions of the peoples, when roused to enthusiastic action in the service of truth, for the privilege of a priestly task; the sanctity of tradition, as the depository of the progress already achieved, or the sanctity of individual conscience, as alike the pledge and the means of all future progress; works sanctified by faith, substituted for mere faith alone, as the criterion of merit and means of salvation.

“The new formula of life cancels the dogma of grace, which is the negation of that capacity of perfectibility granted to all men, as well as that of predestination, which is the negation of free will; and that of eternity of punishment, which is the negation of the Divine element existing in every human soul.

“The new formula substitutes the conception of the slow, continuous progress of the human ego throughout an indefinite series of existences for the idea of an impossible perfection, to be achieved in the course of one brief existence; it presents an absolutely new view of the mission of man upon earth, and puts an end to the antagonism between earth and heaven, by teaching us that this

world is an abode given to man, wherein he is bound to merit salvation by his own works, and hence enforces the necessity of endeavouring by thought, action, and abnegation, to transform the world; the duty of realising our ideal here below, as far as in us lies, for the benefit of future generations, and of reducing to an earthly fact the conception of God."

In the presence of this explicit declaration, there can be no doubt of Mazzini's profession of Spiritualism, and his being a follower of the doctrine of Re-incarnation—a doctrine not to be set aside with a sneer of contempt by any spiritualist, considering that we scarcely know the first rudiments of a science which appertains to infinity.

Mazzini, then, was a spiritualist, and any one who was acquainted with the breadth of his mind, would have been surprised to have found him indifferent to the great fact, which forms the most memorable epoch in the history of the world. He embraced Spiritualism, because of its being an advanced, a progressive, and a humanitarian idea. His ideas were prophetic: when he declared that Italy would shake off seven tyrants, and become one united free country, all the world declared him mad; but events have proved that the world was wrong, and he was right. His brain was not one half honeycombed with fossilised shibboleths of science so-called, and the other half addled with the things that are possible and those that are impossible in the realms of nature. He knew that out of mathematics the word *impossible* is synonymous with nonsense. Science, falsely so-called, did not impair his clear judgment; he would not have fed for years on (Lay)cock's broth, and then mounting the dung-hill of his own ignorance and prejudices, been so loud in his crowing for the amusement of the wise in his generation, and of posterity at large. Alas! that of these men, for whom we had yesterday the greatest respect, we must now say, as Dante did, when speaking of the cowards, who would never take any interest or part in the affairs of their country—

" . . . . Fame of them the world hath none,  
Nor suffers; mercy and justice scorn them both.  
Speak not of them, but look and pass them by."

I am happy to tell you that we have here in Naples a medium of most extraordinary and varied powers. Her name is Sapia Padalino, a poor girl of sixteen, without parents or friends. She is a medium for almost every kind of spiritual telegraphy known, one of which however is peculiarly her own, and consists in writing with her finger, and leaving behind marks as of a lead pencil, while no such article is in her possession, or even in the room. She will also take hold of the hand of the sitters, and cause the same pheno-

menon of leaving traces as of lead pencil under their fingers. In her presence discharges are heard as from pistols; lights are seen across the room like the tail of a comet. She is a seer, a clairaudient, and an impressional médium. She is, however, far from being developed, and a few investigators sit with her three times a-week for the purpose of development. A peculiar and disagreeable bent of her mediumship, however, is the disappearance of objects from the room where the seances are held, and which causes often great inconvenience to the investigators. For instance, a gentleman is sent home in a cold night without his hat, another without his pocket-book containing money; a lady is robbed of her mantle; another lady has been deprived of her watch; the medium herself has her boots taken and carried away during the seance; and all this is done by one of the spirits, who boldly asserts his being John King; but I fear he is a compound of Thomas Castro and Jack Sheppard, and wants himself a deal of educational development. We are trying to wean that spirit of his disagreeable propensities, which are quite superfluous as a means of inducing to belief, and may cause suspicion of the honesty of the poor, simple medium. I do not doubt we shall soon have in Sapia a test-medium, that will convince thousands of the truth of spiritual intercourse.

During the two months that eight gentlemen besides myself have been sitting regularly with Sapia, two—Signor Viscatale, an author, and Serafini, a lawyer—have developed, the former into a writing, the latter into a writing and trance-medium. Signor Viscatale, until yesterday a through and through positivist, who was writing a work on the philosophy of Comte, has been so much impressed with the fact of his automatic writing, that he declared the other day he would give the phenomena his undivided attention for a twelvemonth, and if, after due investigation, he found that disembodied intelligences had anything to do with it, he would devote his pen to the service of Spiritualism as long as he breathed. But then the poor Signor has only received a classical education, and knows as much of the sciences as they have taught him at the university—in short, he is not an *advanced*, or he would have found out ere this, that the raps on the table conveying intelligent messages are nothing more than borborygm; that the ray of light we beheld across the room for a quarter of an hour, was nothing but unconscious muscular action; that the score of discharges as from a pistol, which were heard by the people of the next house, and the rising of the table two feet from the floor, were simply the effects of unconscious cerebration; and that when Sapia wrote with her white finger black characters on the wristband of his shirt, in the presence of a dozen people, *ante prandium*, it was all collective delusion,



mental aberration, and roguery. And should Signor Viscatale ever betake himself to abstract reasoning and become a pink—a jewel amongst philosophers, he may then find out that I have dragged him before the altar, and in the very midst of “*the liturgy of sea-apes*.”

From what I see and hear, the subject of Spiritualism is getting so thoroughly ventilated through the Italic peninsula, that, in a time not far distant, only boors and philosophers will ignore it.—Yours, very truly,

G. DAMIANI.

Naples, March 31, 1872.

### MY EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM.\*

My first introduction to Spiritualism occurred in the year 1864, when I made the acquaintance of Miss R——, a lady of great talent, and who with her brother was engaged in literary pursuits. I had just returned from Vichy, where I had been staying some time for the benefit of my health. She called to see me about a poor woman she had taken great interest in, who, she said, was a splendid clairvoyant. The next day, by appointment, I went to this lady's house, to see the woman. I should here, perhaps, state that I had never seen, or scarcely heard of a clairvoyant. I sat chatting a few minutes with my friend, when a servant announced that the mesmeriser and her subject were ready to receive me. When I entered the room I was silently motioned to a seat, a chair being placed for me close to the clairvoyant. The latter sat on a sofa opposite to her magnetiser, who then asked me to put some questions to the clairvoyant. This I declined to do, preferring to wait the result. The woman appeared to be suffering great agony; her face became very much distorted, and altogether it was a most painful exhibition; but I had no pity. I felt convinced that she was an impostor, and it was on this account that I would not put a question to her, determining to give her no loop-hole to creep out at. After sitting and witnessing her antics, for so I then called them, for some time, I rose and left the room. I saw Miss R—— as I came out, and cautioned her from compromising herself with such a woman.

The next day Miss R—— again called upon me to tell me of the scene that took place after I left. The woman was so ill and so deeply entranced, that no means employed could bring her to her normal condition. At last they were obliged to send her home in a cab, her mesmeriser going with her. I heard all this, but I was then so satisfied that the woman was an impostor, that had Miss R—— told me that she had died there and then, I should not have altered my opinion, but that it was all assumed. And now let me

\* A paper by Mrs. Berry, read at the Spiritual Institution, 15 Southampton Row, London, on Wednesday evening, March 27, 1872.

pause and offer an apology to that woman for the wrong I did her, unknown at that time by me, but sorely felt by her. It appears, and this is from my after experience, that my presence exercised a very powerful influence over her, and the two magnetisms—that of her magnetiser and mine—were the cause of the failure and her being made so ill. I never saw her again, but should I meet her now, I should act very differently towards her.

I now return to Miss R——. She was about to leave me, and taking my hand to say “Good-bye,” she remarked—

“I should think you are a *medium*; there is something peculiar in the touch of your hand.”

“Medium!” I said, “what is a medium?”

“What! have you never heard of table-turning?” she asked.

I answered: “I cannot say I never heard of such a thing; if it has been referred to in my presence at all, it has only been in ridicule. Surely a woman of your talent and abilities could never put faith in such an absurdity. It is something of fortune-telling, is it not?”

“No,” she said, still keeping my hand; “I believe in it, and I think if you were to see what I have seen, you would be a believer also, and a greater one than I am.”

Still thinking of the poor clairvoyant, I said—“I hope no more deception. But do tell me what a medium is?”

She replied, “I cannot tell you more than that I think you are one; and I should not wonder if you became queen of the tribe.”

After this I had no alternative but to know for myself, and it was arranged that on the morrow I should accompany her to witness the phenomena.

It was one day in the autumn of 1864, at 2 P.M., that I found myself in King Street, Bloomsbury, following my leader through a cabinetmaker’s shop, up a flight of stairs, and without any ceremony, entering a small back-room. I must confess appearances did not give me much faith. But I had come fully armed, determined to find out any deception, be it what it might. There was no one in the room when we entered, and before I took a chair, Miss R—— requested me to examine the table—a small round one—also to look at the carpet, to see if any machinery was hidden under it, and so forth. Presently in came a very stout woman, walking rather lame, but with a kind, good-natured expression on her face. She began talking to Miss R—— and appeared to know her very well. To me she only imparted the information that she did not sit at tables, she only spoke through the spirit, and then gave a few instances of her power, which were really amusing; but being advised not to repeat them here, I sacrifice half the charm of my first introduction to this extraordinary woman, who, I need not say, was the celebrated Mrs. Marshall.

Just then her niece and husband entered. They looked at me very hard, seeing I was a stranger, sat down at the table, and asked if I would join them. I was directed to place my hands

upon it as they were doing. I soon felt the table vibrating, and heard some gentle raps. I was now told that spirits were present, and that I might question them. I must say that I experienced a peculiar solemnity of which I had never been conscious before, and hesitatingly, and with trembling, put the question—

“Is there a spirit here that knows me?”

Three raps came in response, which, as it appeared, signified “Yes.”

“Will you give me your name?”

One of the party then took the alphabet and a sheet of paper, writing down the letters as they were given, and in less than twenty minutes I was as strong a believer in this manifestation as a disbeliever of that exhibited before me a few days previously.

Two names were given, so uncommon that no one could have guessed them; a verse of a favourite poem repeated; many events related—so that the identity was placed beyond a doubt. I felt I was now in the presence of that being from whom I had parted in grief and sorrow, with the full assurance that in this sphere we should never meet again. From that time to the present my faith has remained unchanged. I am as firm a believer in what are called “miracles” as were the disciples of old; and I have yet to understand how men and women, who place such faith in miracles recorded in a bygone age, should refuse to accept those of the present day. I believe that the power was, and is, and will be; and if others will only do as I have done—take every opportunity of investigating, I am sure they will not be disappointed. All may not be able to accept so readily as I did, but all and every one will be rewarded with the full certainty that those who have lived in this sphere and passed away, can return and communicate with us, and are ever ready to come again amongst us. I do not say all spirits can; my idea is, that there are mediums in the spirit sphere as well as here. Spirits who have not mediumistic power cannot communicate, and this is the reason why we do not always get those spirits around us that we wish for, and our nearest and dearest friends are kept away while strangers take their place. I believe also that many who have inhabited this sphere were, while upon it, so spiritualised, that after leaving this life our earth’s magnetism cannot attract them; and it is only when they arrive in higher spheres that they find the telegraph at work between the two worlds. Some spirits will come and stay a short time, clinging to an object they have left behind. I have had them come to inform us when they were leaving one sphere for another; and on one or two occasions they have given the precise time, and asked us to sit in silence. Many also have come to ask for our prayers, and I always find, however low the development of spirits be, if you receive them kindly they will appreciate it; but it does not do to speak kindly to them, and think unkindly of them. I could, had I the time, give some very interesting experiences on this subject. On some other occasion I may be able to do so.

Such, then, was my first introduction to Spiritualism, and ever since I have faithfully clung to it. Indeed, life to me without it would be a dark and dreary shadow. Spiritualism is the beacon that lights me on. From that time I made it a rule to attend a seance at Mrs. Marshall's once a-week. I cannot tell you how I looked forward to those days; and I ever look back upon them as some of the brightest I have passed.

Saturday evening was selected by Mrs. Marshall to receive me, and any of my friends who wished to investigate with me came. We had some interesting seances, at which physical manifestations were witnessed. I have seen a table coming from the far end of the room, rushing upon us with great force, but never touching us. I have seen sticks and umbrellas come out of corners where they had been placed by their owners. I have seen ladies' chairs turn completely round while the ladies have been sitting upon them. I have seen a bell taken off the table by a hand, certainly not belonging to one of those present. I have heard this bell ringing under the table; and after, by request, I have had it put into my hand. I have placed the rings off my finger on to the ground, putting a tumbler beside them, and have heard the rings dropped into it, one by one. I have repeatedly had my boot taken off; but never could induce the spirits to *put it on again*, for they generally threw it to the far end of the room. I have heard the banjo played, the guitar played, the keys of the piano struck; and this not in a dark room, but either by daylight or gaslight.

Soon after I knew the Marshalls, my power began to develop itself. I have seen a dozen persons all under my influence—some affected one way, some another. At this time I was developed for spirit-drawings. I also developed Mr. Marshall as a drawing medium. But here I would remark that, as in everything connected with spiritual manifestations, each medium possesses his or her own identity. His drawings were totally different from mine; I believe if the productions of all drawing mediums were brought together and examined, they would all exhibit single links in one great chain; and I am sorry that such a collection has not taken place, and should be glad to give my assistance to such an object.

At this time I was developing as a healing medium.\* In these

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\* It is to be hoped that on some future occasion Mrs. Berry will dwell more lengthily upon her own individual powers and experiences. The following letter from Mr. William Overton, dated October 16, 1866, and addressed to Mrs. Berry, gives some idea of the nature of that lady's powers as a spiritual healer:—"At a sitting with a few friends a communication was given, that if you were to magnetise a medium then present, and who has become deaf through magnetising others, she would be cured. I was selected by the 'intelligence' at the time to write to you, and the reason why I did not do so sooner was, that I did not know your address; but I remembered that you were in the habit of visiting Mrs. Marshall, and calling there I obtained it. I once sat at the table with you about three months since, and was thrown on the floor by your power, and which I have no doubt you will remember. Mr. Avery was present. Please reply to me or to the medium, Mrs. Clark." We desire to refer very briefly to what Mrs. Berry calls *her* power, which is illustrated in a very characteristic manner in the

cases I exhibited no will of my own—no electro-biology. I was simply a passive instrument in the hands of the spirits.

In 1866 I was first introduced to Miss Nichol, now Mrs. Guppy. The first evening she came she was entranced, described a home scene very faithfully, which was afterwards corroborated by her father.

That year I was also introduced to Mr. Champernowne and his nephew, Master Turketine. The latter and I went into the back drawing-room, to try the experiment with rope-tying. But it was not very successful, although there was something done.

I was likewise introduced to Mrs. Powell. Her Indian spirit gave us some interesting manifestations. I held many seances in 1866, but nothing very extraordinary occurred.

In 1867 I went through a severe illness. I was holding seances at the time, but by order I had to give them up. I had sent out invitations for a seance; Miss Nichol was one of the ladies invited. When she received my letter, she and the lady with whom she was staying, and who had developed her, went to the table to get a message. The spirit requested her to come to me directly, and told her not to leave me until she was impressed to do so, which she did. A pretty manifestation took place directly she entered

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letter now quoted. Mrs. Berry has the power of causing persons with a mediumistic temperament to fall down, or reel about, by the simple motion of her hand. At times, in her hands, a stick becomes a "magic wand," causing objects to move in a surprising manner. We have sat with her in our office while Messrs. Herne and Williams were holding a dark seance overhead, and the instant before each thump of the table on the floor, Mrs. Berry would exclaim, "There it is!—there it is!" and give other indications of her knowledge that a physical manifestation was about to take place. She felt the power leaving her like a jerk, or discharge of some pent-up force. This, no doubt, accounts for the fact that the manifestations take place with greater force in Mrs. Berry's presence than with most persons. Those of an opposite temperament, and who are not successful in their attempts at witnessing these manifestations, think that the accounts of what takes place in the presence of Mrs. Berry are exaggerated. Such a charge cannot be sustained. In Mrs. Berry's presence, and more particularly in her own room, and accompanied only by those mediums who are in the habit of sitting with her, the manifestations occur with a force of which ordinary investigators can have no idea. After sitting with Mrs. Berry, a medium has more power to cause the phenomena at any other circle he may have to attend. Messrs. Herne and Williams have been known to visit this lady for the purpose of getting a supply of power when they had a special seance to give. Mrs. Berry is therefore successful in developing mediums, and has conferred the spirit-voice manifestation, as well as other gifts, upon several mediums. In a public meeting, a speaker or trance medium is benefitted by having Mrs. Berry sitting near him. These facts have not been arrived at hastily, but after years of patient investigation. Mrs. Berry elsewhere observes, "I am sure I am speaking within bounds when I say that I have witnessed more than 200 physical, and other manifestations, and no two were ever alike. I certainly try the spirits to see what they can do, and if they give me a new manifestation, I never ask them to repeat it, but request them to do something else; for I think they are very like ourselves—never know what they can do till they try." Aided by such power, and guided by the motives just stated, Mrs. Berry witnesses at her sittings an immense variety of marvels, such as are seldom reproduced elsewhere. We have taken the liberty of supplementing these remarks, seeing that the author of the paper has almost neglected to mention this most eventful part of her subject.—ED. H. N.

the breakfast room where I was sitting; a flower was seen to fall from the ceiling upon me. After this I was informed by the servant that a magnificent bouquet of flowers had been placed on my dressing table. It could not have been Miss Nichol, as she never, to my knowledge, had been in my bedroom, nor did she know where it was situated. At the same time, I believe it was done through her power. This was on a Tuesday. I will now pass on to the Sunday following. About 8 a.m. I was impressed to send for her to my room, and tell her that she was to go to the Serpentine, that she was to walk there and back as fast as she could, to speak to no one on her way either going or coming, and when she returned she was to throw off her bonnet and cloak outside my door, then to come in and stand by my bedside. All this she implicitly did, and I was impressed to take one of her hands and draw the magnetism from her. About an hour after this I was again impressed that she was to come and sit with me and to put her chair two feet from the bed, on the side where I was lying; she was to cross her hands over her breast and not to speak. I then partly closed my eyes, but I could see that she sat motionless. In a few minutes I gave a faint scream, for I felt something had fallen upon me, appearing to come from the canopy of the bed or the ceiling; and upon the attendant coming in, which she immediately did on hearing me scream, there was my pillow and part of my bed covered with white camelias. A few days after this the spirits told Miss Nichol that her work was done; she was wanted at home and must leave me.

For some time after this I held no more seances. When I began again the manifestations were very powerful. On one occasion a large party was invited to be present. Miss Nichol was impressed that she and I were to walk the room an hour before they arrived; the room was then to be shut up until the company came. As many as could took their seats round a large table. Another circle was then made. After this the lights were extinguished, and a shower of flowers came on the table and with them a shower of water. The quantity of flowers was so great that every lady took away as many as she could carry in her hand, and yet there appeared as many left behind. After a few minutes we again sat, the lights being extinguished, and in the far corner of the room, where my easel was standing with a spirit picture upon it, and no person being near it, three lights burst forth from the three points like small lamps. These lights remained nearly the whole evening. Previous to this a number of articles were brought from different parts of the room and placed on the table; and a number of other manifestations took place.

At another seance, a party of eight being present, we were desired before we commenced, to sit close to each other and to pin our dresses together, and we were not to be disturbed should anything fall upon the table. Here again we had flowers,—the iris, water lilies, geraniums, pinks, and ferns. The lily was desired

to be given to a lady named by the spirits. A bird came fluttering and chirping—one present saw it. A lady who had been impressed to put something in her pocket before she came to the seance was now told to put it on the table. In a few minutes the phial which she brought empty was found on the table full, and the message was given that she was to drink it at once. It had the perfume of otto of roses. One of the party and myself had our hands on a roll of paper that had been placed on the table by direction. We both distinctly felt the spirit-hand removing it from us. This the spirits made a trumpet with, as one of the ladies had just come from the Marshalls, where the spirit voice had been heard for the first time. We certainly heard sounds but could get no words. The spirit was now asked to walk across the room, which we heard it do. We were then desired to sing, and the spirits accompanied us, playing on what appeared to be glasses, but there were no glasses in the room.

On another occasion, five persons being present, when the dessert was on the table, not thinking of a manifestation, the table rose from the ground, certainly two feet, and literally floated, going to each person as I gave the name. Mr. Nichol, who was a great sceptic, was present, but he confessed it would have been an impossibility for any one present to have moved it, it being a large oak dining table, weighing, he thought, 300 pounds. Unfortunately we cannot command these manifestations, so much depends upon the conditions. More than likely, had a stranger been present, we should not have had this manifestation; for I have often found where the mediums desire the most they get the least result. I had many more of this class of manifestation take place, but it is needless to mention them.

The latter end of that year I was introduced to Miss Price. She was a trance-medium. I had seances with her all the winter. I remember on one or two occasions she gave evidence that she was under strong foretelling power. She told a friend of mine much of his future life, nearly all of which has come to pass. I gave this medium the spirit-voice, that is, the power the spirits could use to speak audibly without using the medium's vocal organs. On the first occasion a very interesting little boy-spirit came. He represented himself as being the child of a slave, and gave his name Ambo. He gave an account of the cruelty he had to suffer on this sphere; but the details were so painful that I sent him away, for which I was afterwards very sorry. He came back after a few seances, and is now the constant attendant of his medium; and here I will remark that I find the spirits out of the flesh much more faithful and constant than those who are in the flesh. The former never appear to leave their mediums when once they are able to speak through them; and at a seance I held only a few weeks since, a spirit came and cried bitterly, wanting to know why his medium was not there, and reproached me for my unkindness in not having him, at the same time saying he did not like the

medium he was now speaking through, which appeared to be reciprocal from the reply. This little spirit once brought me a beautiful shell, which unfortunately was sometime afterwards broken. I had not seen his medium for some time. She therefore knew nothing of it. But he told me of it in her presence, much to her surprise. That year Mrs. Everitt frequently came to my house. Her spirit, John Watt, manifested and talked very freely in the direct spirit-voice, although she had not long been developed for this manifestation. It would be quite impossible for me to enumerate all the spirits I have heard talking, every one keeping his or her identity, so that no matter where I am or what medium I have with me, I can always distinguish the spirit who speaks. To some here this will appear hardly credible. These I ask to go back with me to my first introduction to Spiritualism. They will see that I was quite as unprepared for anything that afterwards took place as any one here can be. If what I have stated be not accepted as truth, I do not blame, for as in bygone ages there was one Thomas, so in the present I am prepared to find many.

I was called upon to give you my experience in Spiritualism. To give you the whole of it would take a volume. I have, however, given as much as I could for the short time allowed me. What I have here stated is not hearsay; it is not a belief; but it is a knowledge. I *know* the manifestations that I have here spoken of did take place, and the reason why I know it is that they took place in my presence. I have not really given the grandest manifestations I have had. The time would not allow of my doing so. To give an idea of the seances I have been holding for the last two years I must refer investigators to the *Medium*. I generally send an account to that publication for insertion, thinking they may interest some of its readers. Between the time referred to in the foregoing narrative and the publication of any of my seances in the *Medium* I had some wonderful manifestations, more striking than any I have herein recorded. Yet I think I have related quite enough to encourage those who are desirous of investigating this great and mighty power.

At the conclusion of the paper, the meeting expressed an eager desire to hear an account of some of Mrs. Berry's special manifestations. A number of instances were given, of which the following are selections:—

#### PAINTED FACES.

A large party present. After sitting round a table and having fruits of every kind desired given by the spirit, a proposition was made that the company should go into the cabinet. This cabinet was really a corridor, but the opposite entrance being closed, it answered the purpose very well. I had placed my easel, brushes, paints, and pictures in it, not thinking it would be required for that evening. Accordingly, as many as could, went in, but came out much quicker! I can only compare their appearance to so many wild Indians. Their faces were literally tattooed with the paint. They laughed with astonishment, but I was vexed, and determined to go in myself to ask why the spirits had treated my guests so rudely; but before I had time to speak, a brush, filled with paint, came into my face, and made my eye smart fearfully. I can only account for it in this way, that the



party who first went in was rather excited and boisterous, and this produced a powerful magnetism, and the spirits lost their control, as in no single instance have they ever treated me before or since so roughly.

Since the above occurrence, another such manifestation took place, about six months ago, but not quite so violent. Mr. Benjamin Coleman had his head painted in a most extraordinary manner. He, unknown to anyone, had asked the spirits to paint him something. This, we concluded, was the fulfilment of his request. Mrs. Guppy, also, one evening had her face painted, and really done very artistically.

#### FLOWER (FLOUR) MANIFESTATION.

At another seance, some ladies came with their heads highly dressed with flowers. I suppose it was very bad taste, but I did not admire the style, and, on the following evening, I asked the spirits if they would decorate my head with flowers, asking them to let me see how much prettier they could do it than those I was thinking of. I had only one medium with me, and he is a reverend gentleman, and one of the finest physical mediums I ever sat with. Presently we both exclaimed, at the same time, "They are pouring something on my head; now, they are putting some dust on me; oh, it is powder!" And when a light was struck, there we sat in full powdered hair, fit to have gone to a masquerade.

#### FRUIT CUTTING, &c.

At another seance, the spirits brought, at the request of a lady, a pear, but they put it into my hand. I was offering it to her, when my arm was drawn back, and presently I felt a piece of the pear in my hand. Candles were lighted. When it was found cut into the number of pieces there were persons at the table, and though every piece was cut through, the knife never touched my hand to hurt me. On another occasion, an apple was brought, and this was cut so geometrically that Mr. B. Coleman, who was present, took it away with him, promising to have it modelled; but I have not heard of it since. On still another occasion, I saw coming from the ceiling, at the extreme end of the room, the branch of a tree about three feet in length. At the end was a large bunch of white blossoms. This was, I think, in the month of November. A gentleman present took it the next day to either the Botanical or Horticultural Gardens, but they could give him no opinion about it, except that they did not think it was grown in England. I should perhaps say it appeared, in descending, like a flash of lightning. At this period of my mediumship, I always saw a blue light upon the table, before anything was produced by the spirits.

#### PICTURES CARRIED.

On another occasion I had given Miss Nicholl, at her request, a pair of my pictures. They were in oils. I had them framed, and sent them to her. A few days afterwards she came to tell me that those pictures were a serious trouble to her. The spirits had taken them out of their frames, and were putting them in all kinds of unlikely places. That morning she had found them at the foot of her bed.

"Well," I said, "I dare say the spirits do not wish you to have them, so send them back."

"Oh, no," she replied, "that is not at all likely, if the spirits want them, they must fetch them!"

On the following Saturday evening I was sitting for a manifestation, when we heard something fall heavily upon the table; light being struck, there were the pictures, but without the frames. At the same time a message was spelled out—"You must not give them away; they are not to be scattered!"

#### FRUIT—THE WAGER.

On another occasion a friend of mine, Captain Musgrave Watson, late of the 7th Fusiliers—I have no objection to mention his name, as he is in a position not to care for it. He was a most fearful sceptic, although he had witnessed a great number of manifestations. He still thought it was all deception, and that I was being made the dupe. So one day I determined he should

not sit at the table with me again, as this opposition affected my magnetism. He was not pleased at this, and consequently made a proposition, and offered to lay a very large wager that such and such things, telling me what they were, would not be done. I said—"If I had not more respect for you than you have for the mediums, I would take your bet; but as I know it can be done, I will only take the bet of a pair of the best gloves that can be produced, and these you shall present to Miss Nichol after she has won them, and which I know she will do." The conditions were these:—He was to go into the cabinet and see that it was quite clear of everything; he was then to lock it up, and take the key with him; in the evening he was to be there to receive Miss Nichol; he was then to open the door and put a small table in; then to take the lady by both her hands and walk her in backwards; I was to lock the door after them. If then anything came, he would become a convert. He carried this plan out to the letter; but I had scarcely locked the door, when he called out and begged me to open it again, saying that something had fallen on the table. I did so, and there he was, still holding the hands of Miss Nichol, and on the table was a large bunch of grapes, certainly weighing a pound. He was never again a sceptic, and were he here to-night, would stand up and acknowledge it.

### FRUITS, BIRDS, AND BUTTERFLIES.

Miss Nichol generally held a seance at her house once a-week. I have been present at a party of twenty, when, at a suggestion of Miss Nichol that we should all ask for fruit, we have each had, without any exception, the fruit we have asked for, either placed in our hands or on the table before us. In this way I had a bird fly to me, and I kept it afterwards for some days. They say it had been taken too young from its nest. I have been present when a shower of butterflies came, and went home with certainly a dozen about my head and shoulders, and the next morning they were flying about in my room. I have sat with a party of seven, when each lady was requested to put her handkerchief on the table. My little niece had forgotten to take one, although I believe this was so arranged purposely by the spirits, for she remembered having it in her hand only a few minutes before she left home; but when the lights came every lady had her handkerchief before her, and the little girl was not forgotten. She had one, and where it came from no one had any notion, as it did not belong to any one of the party. The handkerchiefs were tied in very pretty forms. Mine, which I kept for some time under a glass shade, in which I have many gifts from my spirit friends, was in the form of a lady with her train. The handkerchief being trimmed with deep lace, I have no doubt suggested the idea. The face was the most perfect thing I ever saw. How it was managed in so short a space of time, there having been seven tied up at the same time, I cannot imagine. At nearly every seance, we had perfume showered upon us. On one of these occasions, after a large party had left, Mr. Guppy, Miss Nichol, her sister, and myself, went into a small cabinet, and the spirits began to magnetise me with such force that it sounded, at every pass they made, like the explosion of a percussion cap. They then took a fan away which I held in my hand. Nothing was seen or heard of it for some time. I then had a letter from Mr. Guppy, to say that while he and his wife (formerly Miss Nichol) were going to an evening party, the fan was put between their arms.

On another occasion, we were at a seance given by Miss Nichol, when the guitar was asked to be placed on the table, whereupon the spirits began playing it, when a severe blow was struck at one of the party, and the blood flowed from the temple. The gentleman, one of the most eminent naturalists, Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, said "It was my own fault entirely, I broke the conditions—the orders were to join hands; and I was very curious to know what sort of hand was playing the guitar, and that was the cause of the blow." We again sat, and saw no more of the wound, the spirits having used their endeavours to heal it.

### THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

One evening I was sitting alone, when some friends came in, all of whom were endowed with mediumistic power, and we sat at the table. It presently began rolling in a most extraordinary manner, so that we could scarcely keep it down.

We asked what was the matter, and it spelled out—"We have buoyed the cable, and shall be home in three days." We did not know what this meant. Some one suggested that we should ask the name, which it gave. A gentleman then present at once said: "Are you Alfred." Answer: "Yes." "Then you're on board the Great Eastern?"—"Yes." "Then you are all safe?"—"Yes." At this time, I should say, the vessel had not been heard of for ten days or a fortnight; and exactly at the end of the three days the vessel arrived. This spirit, "Alfred," was in the flesh at the time, and is now; and though he has been questioned; he has no knowledge of the circumstance, or of having desired to send us such a communication.

#### CORRESPONDENCE WITH A CLERGYMAN.

[The following correspondence was read with much *éclat*. It presents a very graphic and well-attested description of physical phenomena, particularly those witnessed at Mrs. Berry's seances. The reverend correspondent resides in the most aristocratic district of the west end of London; and the rev. gentleman to whom he refers was the medium through whom the phenomena took place.]

DEAR MADAM,—In answer to your request, that I will relate the phenomena which were produced by your visit to myself and sisters on Tuesday last, I have to say that our party consisted of eight persons, viz., yourself, myself, the Rev. Mr. ———, curate of this parish, and five ladies, relatives of my own; that we sat during nearly two hours in a small library; that as soon as we had put out the lights a variety of strange phenomena began, and continued with hardly any intermission during the whole time; bread was produced and thrown about in fragments; water was sprinkled over my hair; powder scattered all over the room; a chair, a candlestick, and book placed without noise on the table; blows given in every direction, not slightly, but with great force; and a child's voice heard to sing, and to keep up a long continued conversation with us. That these phenomena were not done by myself I am as certain as of my own existence. That they were not done by my relatives I have that degree of certainty which so closely approximates to demonstration that it is accepted for it in all human affairs. That they were not done by you I believe, because many of them took place whilst I held both your hands. And that they were not done by the Rev. Mr. ———, I infer both from his position as curate of this parish, and from the impossibility as it seems to me of any one person carrying on so many operations without his motions being detected by the others sitting close to him. That there was no one besides our eight selves in the room I am certain, because it was previously searched; and after we entered it servants were placed outside the doors to prevent their being opened. Nor indeed could they be opened without my observation, in as much as they abutted on a lighted hall.

I will only add that the house in which all this happened, and from which I write, is not mine. It is my sister's. But it is the one in which I am now living, and which I have known thoroughly from childhood. And that all the servants who were in it on that evening have lived in the family many years, and of a character which cannot be suspected of collusion.

My sisters beg to unite with me in compliments and many thanks for the agreeable evening you afforded us. And trusting that as time passes some clearer light will be afforded as to the cause of such wonderful and increasing manifestations taking place, I remain yours faithfully, ———.

Feb. 11, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter of this morning. But I want more. I want the particulars of what took place at the *supper table*, when the lamps were on the table and sideboard, and men-servants waiting. Whether you believe it was I, or Rev. Mr. ——— that took so much trouble to amuse you, is not the question. I simply want from you the statement of what did take place in the dining room, and witnessed by all present.—Yours faithfully,

CATH. BERRY.

DEAR MADAM,—I was prevented calling on you this morning; but I intended to do so in order to express my regret at not having mentioned in my former

letter the facts which took place at the supper table, which are of course all the more remarkable owing to their having taken place in the light.

The same voice which had been heard previously in the dark library was heard again from the corner of the lighted supper room; the long table was turned and shaken, and continued raps heard under it; and from a tray of provisions comprising an orange, an apple, a ramequin, and a glass of wine, the orange and the ramequin had disappeared when we looked at it a minute afterwards.

Several of my friends are very anxious themselves to witness what I have told them. Would it be too much to ask you to fix another day to repeat them? My sister begs me to make this request. Any day but Monday would suit her for that purpose. For these marvels fill all minds with astonishment and reflection. And with our united compliments, I remain, dear Madam, yours faithfully,  
Feb. 11, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—Your second letter is more satisfactory, and I thank you for it. With regard to your invitation for an evening to “repeat” the manifestation at your sister’s residence, I must call your attention to this fact, that neither myself nor Rev. Mr. ——— have it in our power, either to repeat or call forth a manifestation. We are simply passive instruments in the hands of some intelligent and mighty power, consequently of ourselves can do nothing. If you will look in the *Morning Post* of to-day you will see the departure of the Rev. Mr. ———; when he returns it is possible that we may be induced to visit you under certain conditions. But I do not make this a promise. With kind compliments to your sisters, I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,

CATH. BERRY.

I shall be very happy to give the names of persons who were present on these occasions, if required. I have not introduced my experience in spirit drawings, as they belong to a class of manifestations not presenting the same kind of evidence as those I have related.

At the conclusion of the meeting some of Mrs. Berry’s spirit paintings were shown, and elicited much interest. Another paper was read from the pen of a lady who did not give her name. It appears in the *Spiritual Magazine* for this month.

## PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

### THE AYLESBURY MEDIUM ARTIST.

THE account of the mediumship of Charles Swan which appeared in our March number, and the illustrations of Spirit autographs accompanying it, have produced a very marked degree of interest in the public mind. Several of the autographs have been identified as authentic; but this department of the subject has not received that degree of careful investigation which it merits.

A number of Spiritualists have been induced to make a pilgrimage to Aylesbury in order to see the paintings and drawings, and the astonishment thus produced in their minds has been very much greater than the effect of our article and illustrations.

The painting manifestations still continue, the most recent attempt being a picture thirty inches by twenty-five, a pastoral piece, said to be under the influence of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and Hogarth is engaged in painting his own portrait, accompanied by his favourite dog “Trump.” Hogarth seems to be the ruling influ-

ence at present; and this month we give a heliotype fac-simile of a drawing done by the boy under the control of that artist. Our copy is not so large as the original drawing, which was exhibited for some time in our office. During that period it was seen by Mr. Ellis, Mr. Pearson, Mr. Childs, and other artists, all of whom pronounced it very correct and artistic in drawing, and decidedly Hogarthian.

We are not at all acquainted with the details of Hogarth's works, but Mr. Childs informs us that this particular picture is one of a series which Hogarth sketched in illustration of electoral manners in his day. Mr. Childs also says that the picture has been engraved in various styles and is well known. We can only say that we have never met with it, and several eminent artists with whom we have conversed on the subject are not aware as to whether such a picture has appeared in Hogarth's works. We mention this to show that it is not at all an unlikely plea for Mr. Wilson to state that neither himself nor the boy had any knowledge of such a picture until it was produced through the hands of Charles Swan in the trance.

The Spirit of Hogarth, in his communications respecting this picture, states that it is a copy and that the original is in existence, its whereabouts being well known to the Spirit himself. But he does not think proper to give information respecting it, preferring to rely on the curiosity of those who may come into possession of the heliotype fac-similes to find out for themselves. If the work has been engraved,\* however, copies will be extant in many places. There are, however, no grounds for supposing that Mr. Wilson possesses any of Hogarth's works for the purpose of supplying the lad with copies to imitate.

On our visit to Mr. Wilson, we were struck with the almost entire absence of artistic furnishings about the house, except those done by the boy during the last twelve months. Even if the lad had seen copies of all the works he produces on passing along the streets, or in collections he has visited, the wonder still remains of his being able to reproduce them with so much spirit and correctness.

The Voter of the Seventeenth Century is a case in point. Any one at all acquainted with art will at once perceive that the work is quite as characteristic of Hogarth as his original pictures. It represents, in a very truthful manner, the customs prevailing in

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\* Since the above was written, Mr. Childs has called with a number of Hogarth's works published perhaps forty years ago. One of the engravings therein contains the subject as given through the mediumship of Charles Swan. The Spirit has selected the central group—the Voter and conflicting Canvassers; but in the engraving the scene is extended so as to include the public houses on each side of the street and other accessories. In the engraving the face of the Voter wears a humorous roguish expression, while in the Spirit drawing he seems stupidly perplexed, but passively overcome by the larger sum of money. The power of expression in the drawing through the hand of the medium is very much superior to that in the engraving to which we refer, but this may be due to the fact that the figures are much smaller in the engraving than in the Spirit drawing.

those good old times when bribery was done publicly and openly. We have Big-wig on one side, with his personal prestige and heavy purse, inclining the attention of the Voter very considerably to his side of the scene; while the more earnest, and, it may be, talented, yet poorer Canvasser is evidently in a weak position when opposed by the more weighty eloquence of his antagonist's guineas.

Hogarth desires to state, in answer to any one who may criticise these productions, as not being so elaborate and finished as those done by him when on earth, that the difficult conditions under which these latter are produced must account for their inferiority, as, it must be remembered, the hands of two individuals are engaged in the operation—the one the hand of the Spirit, guiding the hand of the medium. It is also stated that the picture, although not done for quickness, was finished in less than an hour.

Our fac-simile, produced by the heliotype process, gives a very truthful representation of the work as it came from the hand of the medium. Mr. Wilson sends us a humorous account of the very peculiar way in which the Spirit of Hogarth introduced himself on his first visit. It occurred on the 28th of January last. Mr. Wilson writes—

“After having put Charlie to sleep at nine o'clock in the evening, and said good night, in answer to the signals of the various Spirits, namely, light taps from my sister Mary, louder ones from my brother William, and tremendous thuds from John, I heard a rat-tat-tat, quite new and strange, followed by a shrill tone on a tin whistle, snatches of old tunes on the same instrument, and then a succession of heavy sounds, as though the easel were suddenly thrown down. After this, I heard crash after crash as of every moveable thing in the room being thrown about, as if several persons were engaged in a continuous jolly tumult. The chairs were thrown about, the tin box struck heavily several times, then there was a noise as though the poker was being drawn across it, making a dull sawing sound. After carrying on this confusion for about an hour, the concertina struck up with a loud tune—‘The Death of Nelson,’ I think it was. Then the tin whistle was played, and the whole stock of portable things was thrown, one after another, against my bedroom door; and so the din continued, sometimes varied by tunes on the tin whistle and then on the concertina, followed by striking and sawing on the box, until nearly two o'clock in the morning, at which time I dropped asleep. In the morning, on reading the MS. book containing messages from the Spirits written in the night, I found a long communication from my sister Mary, describing the ‘jollification’ of the previous night. She said it was the work of Mr. Hogarth, assisted by my brother John, who, she says, was quite in his element. The whole finished up with a little poetry improvised by Hogarth for the occasion.”

We understand that this “brother John” was very fond of fun and frolic when in the flesh, and one can well understand that Hogarth was brimful of humour; and it would appear that when such con-

genial Spirits get into the earth-sphere again all their old physical tendencies are revived with energy.

These occurrences took place while the boy was in the unconscious trance, and locked up in the room by himself. Next morning he was quite ignorant of what had occurred, and of course it is impossible to determine whether these actions were done through his organisation, or independently by the Spirits.

Charles Swan, the medium, accompanied by Mr. Wilson, his uncle, visited London a few days ago, thus giving us an opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted with the personal characteristics of this wonderful lad. He is exceedingly nervous, timid, and, we might say, mercurial in his temperament, and creates a very contrary impression to that of his being able to carry on these manifestations for the purpose of deception. Indeed, it requires any sensible person merely to become acquainted with the facts to see that trickery on his part is impossible. Even were he so highly gifted with artistic genius as to be able to produce a picture as he does, something unaccountable would still remain, seeing that he paints and draws without any copy whatever to work from, and even without any proof existing as to his having ever seen copies of the works he so accurately reproduces.

Though these considerations have great weight in establishing the genuineness of this boy's mediumship, yet we must admit that the matter would be placed absolutely beyond doubt if the medium could work in the presence of others, or under test-conditions, such as being put by a committee into a room where it was ascertained no means of copying existed, and there, under guard, produce his pictures. That the lad has no pictures to copy from we are firmly convinced, and the committee under whose control he works is composed of one person, Mr. Wilson, his uncle. Mr. Wilson's testimony is to the effect that the boy's mediumship, from the very commencement, has been entirely unexpected in its results. That gentleman was astonished to witness the drawings and paintings found in the morning after the boy had been in the trance during the night, and could not be convinced that they were the works described by the Spirits till he visited the National Gallery and satisfied himself. Mr. Wilson gives every facility to visitors to make themselves acquainted with the conditions under which the medium works, and no doubt, as time passes on, the development may assume a form which will admit of the medium working in the presence of witnesses, or under the supervision of a committee. At present no person has undertaken the task of thus investigating the merits of Charlie's mediumship, so that it cannot be said Mr. Wilson has raised any objection to such a proceeding. In fact Mr. Wilson has always seemed anxious that visitors should be made acquainted in the fullest manner with the circumstances.

We shall feel grateful if any of our readers will take some trouble to discover whether the autographs given in our March number are correct, and communicate to us the result of their investigations.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

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### THE ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY, 1872.\*

THIS favourite publication is even more solid and instructive this year than usual, yet without detracting from its entertaining agreeableness. Almost every page is relieved by very well executed engravings, the most noticeable being that of Mother Ann Lee, the founder of the Order of Shakers. Her head is not only a phrenological but a psychological study. It is enormously developed in the coronal regions, presenting a phase of character which but few people are in a position to appreciate. We are aware that many of our readers take some interest in Shaker literature, but this simple illustration in the *Annual* will be of more interest to the students of Phrenology and Spiritualism than much written matter. We need not occupy space with an account of the great variety of topics which crowd Mr. Wells' *Annual*, but may remark that it contains "The First Principles of Phrenology," illustrated by forty-two portraits. The published price is 1s., but the *Annual* is offered to the readers of *Human Nature* this month at 6d.

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### VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

THE dispute amongst Spiritualists respecting this lady continues with unabated fury in the United States, and has even made itself felt amongst some of our readers. We desire to observe impartially and record facts, but prefer to be identified with no party. We have to do with principles alone, and though the administration of them cannot be disconnected with personal character, yet the phase which discussion is apt to assume is far from profitable and elevating. Our friend Hudson Tuttle has been heartily abused, and as he has shown his position is not without grounds, he certainly has claims to be heard impartially. However erroneous Mrs. Woodhull may be in the presentment of some of her views, and however much her character may fall short of perfection, she is in these respects perhaps no worse than the bulk of her very respectable fellows, and her agitation will no doubt do good in calling the attention of society to the anomalies which exist in it. Some of our correspondents warmly impugn Theodore Tilton's Biography as only telling part of the truth, and they allude to the intrigues of "Madame Holland," and other incidents in Mrs. Woodhull's career. Again, other equally veracious and intelligent correspondents are ready to affirm that Mrs. Woodhull is an earnest, pure-minded woman. So much for both sides, and our hope is that Mrs. Woodhull, as well as all our other brothers and sisters of the



Human Family may be as good as we can wish them. While we do not desire to throw mud, we should be equally careful not to seek a muddy foundation for the fair edifice of human progress.

We have had a letter from Mrs. Woodhull intimating her intention of visiting London this season, when she will probably deliver a lecture if asked to do so. As many as 7,200 people have been present at one of her lectures, and her weekly paper, she says, enjoys a circulation of 38,000 copies weekly.

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### GERALD MASSEY'S LECTURES.

THIS favourite Poet of Progress is engaged by an influential committee to give a series of lectures on Spiritualism, on Sunday afternoons, in St. George's Hall, the particulars of which may be found on a page in the advertising department. This step is one of the most significant that has occurred in the history of Spiritualism, and shows that literary men of the highest standing may identify themselves with this movement without incurring social ruin. Any man of genius and power may now become an advocate of Spiritualism with perfect safety to his interests; for if popular opinion throw him off, spiritual opinion is powerful enough to take him on. Since it was announced that Mr. Massey would lecture in London as above stated, a number of other places have caught up the idea, and flooded our table with inquiries as to whether Mr. Massey would visit them on the same mission. We do not take it upon ourselves to answer for Mr. Massey, but would recommend all to write to him at Ward's Hurst, Hemel Hempstead, Herts. He is a lecturer by profession; and for years has been notorious for his allusions to Spiritualism in his public duties on the platform. We think there is a grand field open for lecturers on the subject of Spiritualism, and it would give us infinite pleasure to know that Gerald Massey had entered it.

As many of our readers as possible, both metropolitan and provincial, should endeavour to be present at the lectures and promote them as much as possible. It is usual for country people to visit London to attend the May Meetings, and at this season the party of progress have an excellent excuse to follow the usual custom, and participate in Mr. Massey's lectures.

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EPES SARJENT writes from Boston:—"I am glad to see that none of you seem to be annihilated by Dr. Carpenter's attack. I think you are handling him without gloves. Strange that he couldn't have made out a stronger case! I read the *Medium* with much interest. Light seems to be breaking from all points." English Spiritualists will be glad to hear from the above that our worthy friend has not succumbed to the ill-health under which he laboured during his visit to Europe.—*The Medium*.