HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

JUNE, 1872.

REMARKS ON MISS ANNA BLACKWELL'S PAPERS ON REINCARNATION.*

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

REINCARNATION is a most important subject. As a doctrine, it has constituted an article of faith in many ancient religions, more notably in India, Egypt, and Druidical Britain; while as an idea, it has been interwoven with the principles of many systems of philosophy, and more especially the Pythagorian, of which it constituted in a sense the corner-stone. Like many other of the more profound and subtle elements of ancient culture, it was overwhelmed, and disappeared for a time from the western world, at the general submergence of civilisation which accompanied the fall of the Roman Empire. As always more or less an esoteric doctrine in the schools of Europe, and perhaps of Western Asia, it constituted no part of the directly esoteric teachings of Christianity, save, perhaps, in connection with the expected return of its founder. Its reappearance in modern times, and more especially in the present generation, is a part of that "restitution of all things" which was promised from of old in the great schools of seerdom, both Jewish and Gentile, as an accompaniment and characteristic of "the latter days," that is, the ages terminating that great cycle of religious and intellectual culture, and, we may say, of political and social organisation which, although in full vigour in Egypt, Chaldea, and Palestine, as well as in Greece and Rome, is only now

* This paper was prepared upwards of eighteen months ago, but the author always spoke as if he had some addition or revision to make. He repeatedly intimated that he would hand over the MS. for publication, but never did so. To Mrs. Jackson we are indebted for the privilege of presenting our readers with these views on Reincarnation.

approaching its inevitable conclusion, in the death of the old and the birth of a new order of things.

A doctrine so ancient, and which, despite the almost studied silence of our sacred records on the subject, has nevertheless reappeared at a stage of more advanced development in our midst, after the lapse of so many centuries, must be based in some permanent elements in human nature, and so may be legitimately regarded as the expression and embodiment of profound and ineradicable tendencies and aspirations which, although susceptible of temporary repression, are nevertheless inextinguishable, and, like our belief in God and immortality, cannot fail to undergo a resurrection, whenever circumstances occur, adequately favourable to their restoration, as among the authorised dogmata of our accepted faith. But although we may thus admit the importance or even the fundamental truthfulness of the idea involved in the great doctrine of reincarnation, it does not by any means necessarily follow that we are thereby bound to accept the tuition of any particular school on the subject. Reincarnation may be a sublime veracity, but this will prove no safeguard against the mingling of many fallacies with the details of its specification, by any particular class of teachers. It would, indeed, be unwise to expect freedom from error in the early exposition of so grave a matter. As a root idea, it has budded and blossomed afresh, after a severe and prolonged winter, and we must be contented to wait, while the showers of spring and the suns of summer gradually ripen its luscious fruit for the richer autumn of a more matured and, perhaps in a sense, more fortunate generation than ourselves.

As expounded by the Allan Kardec school, reincarnation is avowedly a spiritual revelation, rather than a logical conclusion from psychological data. It is taught on the authority of the spirits. Its utterances are based on their oracular responses, hence, strictly speaking, it is a branch of religion rather than a philosophy. Not that it is the worse or has less claims on our respectful attention on this account, for nearly all the great religious movements of humanity were originated in a similar way. But while we do not object to its source, we must claim our right to "try the spirits," that is, to subject their teachings to the examination of reason. Without this, indeed, every asserted religious revelation becomes the groundwork of a grovelling superstition, which, so far from expanding and elevating the mind of its votaries, contracts their intellects, and in the end vitiates their sentiments.

Strictly speaking, indeed, we perhaps go too far in speaking of the Allan Kardec school as *originating* from spiritual communications. The doctrine of reincarnation was known, and had

many respectable and zealous adherents, both in France and Germany, before his day, and his spiritual conferences did but confirm and enlarge ideas previously existing in the minds of his more informed cotemporaries. This also is a feature in the religious development of humanity not yet adequately explained and illustrated. Thus, for example, there is no doubt that both Judaism and Christianity are veritable revelations, and this too of a very high order, as we may know from incontestible evidence, both external and internal, that is from the effects which they have produced, and also from the character of their tuitions. And yet there is no doubt that the former was largely based on the laws and learning of Egypt, while the teachings of the latter bear obvious traces of the philosophy of Greece, to say nothing of a yet remoter theosophy from India, and of a ritual and vestments palpably borrowed from the Buddhists. This again is due to the fact, that humanity advances from stage to stage by a process of natural growth and normal evolution, and not by sudden leaps or spasmodic efforts, so that for every stage of advancement there is a preparation in that which preceded it, next year's shoot being developed from last year's bud in the true order of nature.

But our more immediate subject matter for inquiry here is the Kardec philosophy and its teachings, however the system may have originated. And our first objection is to its theosophy. It places the Creator at too great a distance from the creature. It separates the Divine Father as by an impassable gulph from his weak and consequently erring children, and as a logical sequence to this, not only virtually and by implication, but directly and avowedly, denies his true PARENTAL relationship to all the several orders of being included in his creation, not excepting even "men and angels." As a consequence of this, it exalts the great spiritual intelligences of the universe to a quasi divine position of power, and converts them into *demiurgi* or sub-creators, who stand between us and the divine fountain of universal life. It is here that we detect its essentially "*Gentile*" character, or, to use the more definite phraseology of modern science, its essentially Aryan features. If it does not make the creation everything and the Creator nothing in theory and abstract principle, it at all events *practically* brings the former into the foreground, and relegates the latter to a remoteness which, if not infinite, at least renders him altogether unapproachable. He does everything by delegation, and is altogether unavailable as the great consoler, the profound sympathiser, and the ever-present and all-sufficient helper in time of our sorest need. To us sinning, suffering, and repenting men, such a God is altogether useless, he being simply an impersonation of the laws of nature, hrough which alone he acts on us, and conversely, through

which alone we are connected with him. This is simply Nature worship, that is, the virtual adoration of and reliance on the creature, whatever forms this Proteus may take under the plastic power of our fond belief, thinly veiled by a formal profession of theism. And as an inevitable result of this cardinal error, it is very obvious that the Kardec system ever tends to confound the moral with the physical relationships of the universe, affirming in effect that the interactions of the former are limited by the possibilities of the latter. It is an error arising like so many others, in even orthodox theology, from an inadequate conception of Deity, as the one central and solely self-subsistent being of beings, whose omniscience, omnipotence, and omnipresence, place him in *immediate* and CONTINUOUS connection, not only with every individuality, but we may say every atom of his universe, which as the divine organism is, despite the apparent multiplicity of its manifold forms, a sublime UNITY, pervaded by the life, and animated by the spirit of its Creator.

It is here that we see the inadequacy of the Kardec conception of being, which is obviously contemplated by him and his disciples from the creational stand-point of multiplicity rather than the divine centre of unity. But the very symbolism of nature herself is against them. The higher forms are all constituted of various members, discharging manifold functions, and yet making an organic integer, pervaded by one distinctly individualised life, and contributing through diverse and multitudinous sensations to the growth and experience of one centralised consciousness. This is a reflection, of course faint and feeble, of the universe whereof it constitutes a part. Every animal is an individual, segregated as such from every other, but each is an organ of the earth, whose larger life employs them all as subordinate yet constituent parts of its vital structure, through which its varied functions are discharged, and its general well-being is maintained; the earth in a similar manner constituting an integral part of the solar system, as it is an integral portion of that yet larger whole, the one sublime unity of created being. And all this the disciples of Allan Kardec would no doubt willingly admit, but they forget that to carry out this absolute unity, morally and spiritually, it is necessary that this mighty universe, with all its manifold provinces of being, should be intimately pervaded by ONE spirit, and be maintained in the most profound and intimate union with ONE consciousness. Now this union in the so-called inorganic, and perhaps even in the vegetable or animal sphere, may imply only cognition of conditions on the part of the Supreme, but it is otherwise in the moral sphere, where a far profounder form of interaction must be maintained, if the virtual unity of being is to be sustained. God here must be present in

the consciousness of every individual, holding as direct intercourse with him as he can do with himself, being indeed in the profoundest sense, his *alter* and his superior *ego*, the substance of which he is the shadow, the cause of which he is the effect, or if other figures be preferred, the rootground of his whole existence, at once the fountain whence he sprang, and the ocean to which he will return. Hence, indeed, the vast possibilities of prayer, and the sublime realities of soul communion with the Infinite; not that we can rise to his greatness, but that he can condescend to our low estate. And is not this what the yearning heart of man demands, and the higher inspiration of all religions has affirmed? And can we not conceive of its possibility, and even perceive its inevitability, as a result of the sublime attribute of omnipresence; the conclusions of philosophy thus coinciding with the highest utterances of seerdom, and both combining to confirm the noblest aspirations and purest desires of universal man, whether as to the spiritual nearness or the all-sufficing and all-sustaining love of our heavenly Father.

This imperfection in its theosophy, though a very grave defect in the Kardec system of reincarnation, and profoundly indicative of a radical incapacity for true humanitarian leadership on the part of its founders, is not, however, necessarily demonstrative of the fallacy of all its other propositions. Many of these may yet be true, though its conception of Deity be proved inadequate; and if the scheme is to be thoroughly examined, these minor propositions must be considered seriatim. Its idea, then, that "psychic substance," or shall we say spiritual force, pervades the universe both in its organic and inorganic realms, is a sublime veracity, but when it affirms that this is not individualised, even in the animal sphere, we must pause ere accepting so improbable a conclusion. Here, again, the symbolism of nature is against Kardec and his followers. Animals are individualised physically, indicative of the profounder fact, that they are also individualised psychically. Nor is their psychology opposed to this, on the contrary it confirms it, especially in that grade with which alone we can readily hold anything like direct and frequent communication, we mean brutes, more especially those which have been domesticated. Will any man at all familiar with dogs and horses, deny that they have a distinctly pronounced individuality, and if so, then it must assuredly attach to other, and we may say to all, divisions of the mammalia. And if to these, then how can it be fairly and reasonably denied to inferior types of sentient being, down even to the monad? The question is, does it *begin* even here? Is it not at least general, even as we have already remarked elsewhere, in the leaves, blossoms, and fruit of the vegetable sphere?

We are here indeed brought to that profound question, what is a spiritual entity? involving those other deep queries, what is its origin, nature, and destiny? And here we have no hesitation in saying, that it is a child of the Supreme, that its nature is divine, and that its destiny is a return to and reabsorption in the divine unity, this implying not a loss but an intensification of its individuality, not however as a self-seeking and so devilish, but as a self-sacrificing and all-loving, that is, in theological language, an angelic creature. The Kardec scheme for originating, or as it is phrased, individualising immortal intelligences in the sphere of time and through material agencies, scarcely commends itself to a metaphysical mind. The true *immortal* must be ETERNAL. You cannot *begin* a life of endless duration under the conditions of time and space. A veritable child of the divine is not *made*, but BEGOTTEN—that is, he proceeds directly from the heavenly Father, partaking of his nature, and being one in substance with him. Here again the Kardec scheme confounds creation with the Creator, and we may say, time with eternity. It is not satisfied with regarding the material universe as an instrumentality for clothing, and a sphere for educating the children of God—shall we say as a nursery and a school—but converts it into the actual parent of its divine charge. This, however, is in perfect harmony with its relegation of the Deity to so great a moral distance from his intelligent offspring, and his entrusting the development of their powers and the formation of their character wholly to subordinate agencies.

We have not yet, however, quite concluded our rather ungracious task of framing objections to the Kardec scheme of reincarnation. After affirming that psychic substance is not individualised until after it has passed through the animal stage, we are told that, when undergoing normal development, it is not subjected to incarnation in a human frame, save as the result of a fall from a condition of comparative purity in a higher sphere. We must object to this on many grounds. In the first place it postulates the possibility of *spiritual* retrogression—a most stupendous demand, as the profoundest students of psychology will be the most ready to admit. Secondly, it violates all the known laws of *gradual* evolution and development, man, so far as this earth is concerned, standing next to the animals, and constituting the immediately, or shall we say approximately, superior plane of sentient and conscious being. And lastly, as a result of affirming this stupendous *saltus* from animality, with its brutal instincts and grovelling propensities, its merely perceptive intellect and germal sentiments, to a condition of psychic purity and lucidity, implying the possession of intellectual faculties and moral sentiments, immeasurably superior to those of

man, as he is at present constituted, even in the very highest races, it is compelled to regard humanity as something almost abnormal in the scheme of material creation, in place of being its crowning glory, as it really is, contemplated from the telluric stand-point.

These, we admit, are rather heavy charges, and if supported, would be alone sufficient to ensure the revision of a system characterised by such errors. Not perhaps that we have any right to expect such revision from its present promulgators. They have received their ideas through spiritual revelations, and perhaps very properly they may not feel called upon to modify them by the exercise of their own reason. But it is otherwise with the outside world, for whom we write. Here reincarnation is a doctrine that must be carefully examined before it can be accepted. Nor ought this examination to terminate with an investigation of the grounds on which it should be accepted or rejected. On the contrary, it should extend to the minutest detail of its teaching, every portion of which ought to be subjected to the severest metaphysical and psychological investigation. This, then, must be our apology for trespassing yet a little longer on the reader's attention, with a few remarks on some of the subjects alluded to in previous paragraphs.

Is not all retrogression *apparent* rather than real—the fall of a child in learning to walk, the error of a boy in the attempted acquisition of his task—in other words, an unavoidable part of the process of growth and improvement, and as such not predicable of the true *spiritual* degree as a fall, this latter phase being simply its *temporal* aspect. Have we not here, indeed, the key to much which seems so erroneous in the Kardec system? Does it not contemplate existence, almost solely from the *temporal* and natural stand-point, and hence its doctrines bear traces of that maia or delusion of the time-spirit, in virtue of which we are surrounded with appearances rather than realities, all higher truths being attainable not through the senses, but by the reason?

We have already said that a spiritual entity, which is to be immortal, must be eternal. Strictly speaking, it must be a projection from and an organ of the one central spirit, partaking of his life, and constituting an instrumentality through which he acts, the material being in this the analogue and copy, or shall we say the reflection of the spiritual sphere. Now at present we have no data for deciding when, where, or how, such a divine emanation would impinge on the material sphere. We only know by the facts of consciousness that it exists in man, but whether it be also present, though largely latent, in the organic

and sentient forms beneath him, is yet mere matter for speculation, and this too of the vaguest kind, seeing that we as yet know so very little of the psychology of animals, whether directly, through observation of their habits, or mediately, by an examination of their structure, contemplated in the light of a true cerebral physiology. But granting, for the sake of argument, that this celestial visitant, this prince of the eternity, this veritable child of God, does, in the varied processes of temporal experience, inhabit organic forms inferior to that of man, we cannot conceive of his return to the celestial sphere directly from the brute plane, without undergoing the much wider and deeper experience obtainable through a life in time under human conditions. So far, indeed, from the psychic element existent in brutes being qualified for an immediate transference to a plane of being superior to that of incarnate humanity, our great difficulty is in conceiving how the consciousness of the highest brute can leap the gulph to the lowest man. So great indeed is this difficulty, that many believers in the doctrine of reincarnation limit it to the human plane, regarding brutes as a type of being separated by a discrete degree from humanity; and we must say that for this opinion there is much warrant, though we would not be understood as thoroughly homologating it.

But the Kardec system is not content with affirming that spirit, progressing in the right line of evolution, advances from the inorganic to the organic sphere, and then, having attained to the development of the brute, leaps over man to a plane of being immeasurably superior to him, but it even affirms that the spirits thus trained, without the varied experiences of human incarnation, are very superior to those who have passed through it. We may here almost say, psychological absurdity could no farther go. It ignores all that is involved in that profound saying, "perfected by suffering." Why, its "ready made angels," advancing so smoothly and delightfully to "the sidereal degree," would, at the maximum of their power and intelligence, be mere children in real knowledge and experience, as compared with those more deeply tried spirits who had undergone successive incarnations, whether on one planet or on many. Most assuredly if incarnation be a process of schooling for the spirit subjected to such an experience, the dwelling in a human temple must provide a training immeasurably more varied and expansive than anything to be undergone or acquired through the life of a brute; and if we acquiesce in the necessity of the latter as a basis, we must postulate the former for the completion of the superstructure of psychic development, in so far as this can be accomplished on the earth plane.

But in all these inquiries, so far removed from the sphere of

the senses, we should interrogate nature, and see, if on her material plane, we can discover any organic or other facts calculated to guide us by analogy in our search after the moral truths of a higher realm. Now nature is directly opposed to the Kardec system, in its monstrous supposition that man is to be regarded as a species of afterthought in the scheme of organic being, the compensatory supplement to spiritual lapses in another sphere. On the contrary, whether we regard him through the medium of zoology, anthropology, or comparative anatomy, he is obviously an integral part of the great scheme of organic existence, superior to, yet connected with, the lower types of being by successive links, that relate him not merely to the animal and vegetable, but also to the mineral realm, and yet containing in himself and his antecedents the promise of far higher developments yet to come. Now to affirm of such a being that he is simply the continent of a fallen spirit, and his life an agency for its restoration, while the organic and inorganic realms beneath him are the continents of "psychic substance," in a state of normal development and proper progression, involves such a violation of probability, and we may add, such a denial of the "verisimilitudes" of Nature, that is of her analogical indications and her symbolism, that we cannot permit it to pass unnoticed; while at the same time we may be quite sure that such assertions, so utterly unsupported by the facts of existence around us, will not be generally accepted by men of science, to say nothing of metaphysicians and psychologists, who also may justly claim to have a voice in the attempted settlement of so important a question.

But the Kardec scheme though, as we have remarked, radically and essentially a revelation, does nevertheless occasionally condescend to *reason*, thus we fear unwisely losing the high vantage ground of *authority*, where, within at least the magic circle of its own believers, it was comparatively safe, because, strictly speaking, unassailable by analytical criticism. Now it may sound severe, but we must say that to us, while its revelations seem doubtful, its reasonings are, beyond all question, fallacious. They proceed on false assumptions, and, as a necessary result, arrive at altogether untenable conclusions. We have already instanced its almost ludicrous misconception as to man's zoological relationship to the inferior forms of sentient being, namely, that he is something abnormal, in short, an "excrescence" in the plan of organic existence; whereas he is in reality the fulfilment thus far of its prophecies of further development, the completion up to his own stage, of its processes of evolution and specialisation. To deny indeed that man was included, among other forms, in the divine idea of creation, is to say that we should have the grass of the field but not the flowers, that

we should have the leaf of the tree but not its blossom or its fruit. So far, indeed, is the Kardec idea from being true, that it may be said the entire province of telluric creation groaned and travailed in successive birth-pangs, till the divine advent of its prophet, priest, and king, through whom alone it offers willing sacrifice to, and maintains conscious and prayerful intercourse with, its Infinite and Eternal Author. In place of man being dissevered from or constituting anything exceptional in the gradational plan of sentient and organic being, his proximity is so close and his relationship to all other forms of life is so near, that our great danger, in the absence of any generally recognised system of cerebral physiology, is lest some of our more advanced zoologists, in their clear perception of the features of resemblance, should overlook those by which humanity is differentiated from the brute sphere.

But not only does the Kardec scheme thus postulate an exceptional organic position for man, which no competent zoologist would sanction, but it also demands an interpretation of his moral discipline, for which we fear there is as little warrant. It regards human life, with its labours and sorrows, as essentially and solely punitive and purgatorial. And it does so with the avowal, that man is the only earthly being, in any measure or degree, thus most miserably and unfortunately circumstanced. It seems that the mineral strata may be molten by fire, or subjected to attrition in water, that vegetables may be trodden on and crushed, devoured by beasts, nipped by frost or withered by blight, and that animals may suffer the pangs of hunger and disease, be subjected to the cruelties of man, or the wanton torture they inflict on each other, without exciting the slightest suspicion that a transmigrational Nemesis is being thus wrought out. But so peculiar is the case of man, that because he has to labour for his food, clothing, and shelter, is subjected to grief for the past and care for the future, and has, in short, to make good his position, in place of finding it ready made for him, like a tree or a stone, we must conclude that his condition is exceptional; so that while all other things are steadily advancing on the right line of progress, and through their properly arranged and duly sequential phases of evolution, he is only, with infinite pain of body and vexation of spirit, recovering some little of his lost way. Lost, alas! so hopelessly, that "the psychic substance," enclosed in yonder cat or cabbage, should it continue to behave with its accustomed respectability and propriety, may not only hope to attain to "the sidereal degree" in a far more facile and pleasurable manner than is now possible to unhappy man; but it may also legitimately hope when thus exalted, to exercise a degree of authority and influence that will never be conferred

on one who has sinned so deeply as to have deserved incarnation in that "outward and visible sign" of spiritual depravation, a "putrescible" human body!

Alas! say we, for a philosophy of life that regards a stone as more happily circumstanced, because more spontaneously provided for than a plant, and a plant for the same reason more happily circumstanced than an animal, and an animal as more happily circumstanced than a man, because less subjected to the necessity for conscious effort in the performance of its functions, and the discharge of its duties. Why, if this be true, we had better at once become Buddhistic Nihilists, and declaring existence a curse, seek for Nirwana, or eternal annihilation as the supreme good, because the only condition under which it is possible to obtain everlasting repose for the outworn and over-wearied soul, vexed with the shows and tortured with the delusions of time.

Let not the spirit of these remarks be misunderstood. For the doctrine of reincarnation in the abstract, we have the greatest respect, and we might almost say reverence, as the possible adumbration of a sublime veracity, which has again and again loomed out on the deeper thinkers, not only of many generations, but also of many successive phases of culture and civilisation, and which is therefore worthy of our profoundest regard, not only for its venerable antiquity, but also in consideration of the truly great and illustrious men of various ages and countries, who have accepted and promulgated it. But we must not permit our respect for the doctrine to blind us to the misapprehensions of its advocates; rather it should render us the more careful in sifting their statements and testing their reasonings, lest their crudities and misconceptions should damage the very cause which they so injudiciously support. We have endeavoured to do this in reference to some of the specialties of the Kardec school; not that we would have it supposed that we regard all its innovations on and expansions of the old doctrine as necessarily erroneous. On the contrary, many of these new ideas, as being in accordance with the astronomical and other discoveries of modern times, are obviously a movement in the right direction, and as such, will doubtless contribute to the permanent development of the doctrine of transmigration, whatever this may be worth in the great scheme of human progress. But while we have thought it necessary to be thus rather severe on the *school*, we have only unqualified praise to bestow on Miss Blackwell's papers, as a lucid exposition of its doctrines. Such a series of communications has come most opportunely to enlighten the rather slow moving English public, as to the characteristics of a doctrinal development on the continent, of which we had often

heard vague rumours, but of which the latest form is now presented for our most searching investigation. Such an exposition, so carefully elaborated, could scarcely have been prepared, save by a fully initiated disciple, perfectly familiar with the system she was expounding, and thoroughly persuaded of the absolute truth of all her enunciations. A firm believer alone would have been thus faithful and minute, and yet without this laboured exposition of detail, we might have remained in ignorance of much which it was most desirable should be known, and without which, indeed, our insight would have been imperfect, consequently our opinions uncertain, and our judgment invaluable. It will thus then be readily understood, that our criticism, in so far as it has been antagonistic, extends only to the system, and has no reference to the very clear and able statement of its principles, with which we have been favoured by Miss Blackwell, who will we trust, at no distant date, be induced to embody her very valuable and instructive papers in a separate volume, for the advantage of those inquirers who missed the privilege of perusing them in the pages of *Human Nature.*

[The concluding sentence refers to a series of papers by Miss Blackwell, which appeared in the last two volumes of *Human Nature.*]

A MAD WORLD.

AN individual who is under the influence of some fearful delusion, fraught with misery to himself and danger to his neighbours—what we call a madman—is a most melancholy spectacle. But how much more lamentable is it to behold that of thousands, whole nations even, possessed by some terrible mania, utterly setting at naught the dictates of reason and common sense, perpetrating the most hideous cruelties, and themselves victims to a degrading insanity of mind and heart. Yet such things have been seen. History affords us too many instances of the madness of crowds; Crusades, Holy Wars, Inquisitions, Massacres of St. Bartholomew, and such like. There is one supreme instance of epidemic madness, which has no parallel in many of its features. It is commonly ignored in the pages of universal history to make way for the detailed policy of statesmen, and the records of campaigns or court intrigues; and yet we know of no phenomenon which throws more light upon the action of the human mind in relation to a large class of subjects. It is, moreover, a phenomenon of which the modern Spiritualist can least of all afford to be ignorant—we mean the one universal faith in witchcraft, and its horrible results.

Every one has heard that, some centuries ago, numbers of innocent persons, named witches, were done to death in various ways on absurd charges of practising forbidden rites, and injuring their neighbours either in body or goods—and that, we suppose, is the sum total of what most persons know about the matter. We shall not scruple, therefore, to give a condensed account of the rise, progress, and consequences of this frightful superstition. Our facts are mainly derived from the best treatise we have read upon the subject—Memoirs of Popular Delusions, by Dr. Mackay.

It may be as well to consider first of all the absurd impersonation of the evil principle formed by the monks in their legends. The popular notion of the devil was that he was a large, ill-formed, hairy sprite, with horns, a long tail, cloven feet, and dragon's wings. In this shape he was continually brought on the stage by the monks in their early Miracle Plays and Mysteries. In these exhibitions he was an important personage, and answered the purpose of the clown in the modern pantomime. All the stories circulated and believed about him represented him as an ugly, mischievous spirit, who rejoiced in playing off all manner of fantastic tricks upon poor humanity. It was believed that he endeavoured to trip people up by laying his long invisible tail in their way, and giving it a sudden whisk when their legs went over it—that he used to get drunk, to swear like a trooper, and be so mischievous in his cups as to raise tempests and earthquakes to destroy the fruits of the earth, and the barns and homesteads of true believers. Besides this chief personage, there was an infinite number of inferior demons who played conspicuous parts in the creed of witchcraft. The bodies of these subordinate spirits were supposed to be of thin air, and they could pass through the hardest substances with the greatest ease. They had no fixed residence or abiding place, but were tossed to and fro in the immensity of space. When thrown together in great multitudes, they excited whirlwinds in the air and tempests in the waters, and took delight in destroying the beauty of nature and the monuments of the industry of man. Although they increased among themselves like ordinary creatures, their numbers were supposed to be daily augmented by the souls of wicked men, of children still-born, and of persons killed in duels. The whole air was considered to be full of them, and many unfortunate men and women drew them by thousands into their mouths and nostrils at every inspiration, being afterwards tormented with pains and diseases of every kind.

All these demons were at the command of any individual who would give up his immortal soul to the Prince of Evil for the

privilege of enjoying their services for a stated period. The wizard or witch could send them to execute the most difficult missions; whatever the witch commanded was performed, unless it was a good action, in which case the order was disobeyed, and evil worked upon herself instead. At intervals, according to the pleasure of Satan, there was a general meeting of the demons and all the witches. This meeting was called the Sabbath, from its taking place on the Saturday or immediately after midnight on Fridays. In France and England the witches were supposed to ride uniformly on broomsticks; but in Italy and Spain, the devil himself, in the shape of a goat, used to transport them on his back, which lengthened or shortened according to the number of witches he was desirous of accommodating. No witch, when proceeding to the Sabbath, could get out by a door or window were she to try ever so much. Their general mode of ingress was by the keyhole, and of egress by the chimney, up which they flew, broom and all, with the greatest ease. When all the wizards and witches had arrived at the place of rendezvous, the infernal ceremonies of the Sabbath began. Satan having assumed his favourite shape of a large he-goat, with a face in front and another in his haunches, took his seat upon a throne; and all present, in succession, paid their respects to him, and kissed him in his face behind. This ceremony having been followed by a variety of grotesque and disgusting rites, terminated by feasting and dancing. When the devil wished to be particularly amused, he made the witches strip off their clothes and dance before him, each with a cat tied round her neck, and another dangling from her body in form of a tail. When the cock crew they all disappeared, and the Sabbath was ended. This is a very brief summary of the belief which prevailed for many centuries nearly all over Europe, and which is far from eradicated even at this day. It varied in some respects in several countries, but the main points were the same in France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Spain, and the far North of Europe.

Edicts were issued against sorcery and witchcraft then as early as Charlemagne, and after the tenth century prosecutions for witchcraft are continually mentioned, especially by the French historians. It was a crime imputed with so much ease, and repelled with so much difficulty, that the powerful, whenever they wanted to ruin the weak and could fix no other imputation upon them, had only to accuse them of witchcraft to ensure their destruction. As the fear of witchcraft increased, the Catholic clergy strove to fix the imputation of it upon those religious sects who were the pioneers of the Reformation, especially the Waldenses. But though in the first instance

accusations were chiefly directed against heretics, in after times we find that the Lutherans and Calvinists became even greater witch-burners than ever the Romanists had been, so deeply was the prejudice rooted. Every other point of belief was in dispute, but that was considered by every sect to be as well established as the authenticity of the Scriptures, or the existence of a God.

In 1485 a formidable manifesto was issued by Pope Innocent VIII., by which he called the nations of Europe to the rescue of the Church of Christ upon earth, imperilled by the arts of Satan, and he appointed inquisitors in every country armed with the apostolic power to convict and punish. It was now that the *Witch Mania*, properly so called, may be said to have fairly commenced, and it lasted two hundred years. A class of men sprang up in Europe who made it the sole business of their lives to discover and burn the witches. Sprenger, in Germany, was the most celebrated of these national scourges. He laid down a regular form of trial, and appointed a course of examination by which the inquisitors in other countries might best discover the guilty. The questions, which were always enforced by torture, were of the most absurd and disgusting nature. The great resemblance between the confessions of the unhappy victims was regarded as a new proof of the existence of the crime. The same questions being put to them all, torture seldom failed to educe the answer required by the inquisitor. Numbers of people, whose imaginations were filled with these horrors, went further in the way of confession than even their tormentors anticipated, in the hope that they would thereby be saved from the rack, and put out of their misery at once.

For fear the zeal of the enemies of Satan should cool, successive popes, appointed new commissions. One was appointed by Alexander VI. in 1494, another by Leo X. in 1521, and a third by Adrian VI. in 1522. They were all armed with the same powers to hunt out and destroy, and executed their fearful functions but too rapidly. In Geneva alone 500 persons were burned in the years 1515 and 1516 under the title of Protestant witches. It would appear that their chief crime was heresy, and their witchcraft merely an aggravation. No less than *one thousand persons* suffered death for witchcraft in the district of Como *in the year* 1524, and for several years afterwards the average number of victims exceeded a hundred annually. One inquisitor, Remigius, took great credit to himself for having, during fifteen years, convicted and burned nine hundred.

In France, about the year 1520, fires for the execution of witches blazed in almost every town. So deep was the thraldom of the human mind, that the friends and relatives of the accused parties looked on and approved. The wife and sister of a mur-

derer might sympathise in his fate, but the wives and husbands of sorcerers and witches had no pity. The truth is, that pity was dangerous, for it was thought no one could have compassion on the sufferings of a witch, who was not a dabbler in sorcery; to have wept for a witch would have insured the stake. In some districts, however, the exasperation of the people broke out in spite of superstition. The inquisitor of a rural township in Piedmont burned the victims so plentifully and so fast, that there was not a family in the place which did not lose a member. The people at last arose, and the inquisitor was but too happy to escape from the country with whole limbs. The archbishop of the diocese proceeded afterwards to the trial of such as the inquisitor had left in prison.

France, Germany, and Switzerland, were the countries which suffered most from the epidemic. We have been speaking hitherto of the 16th century, but during the earlier part of the 17th century the number of victims was so great, especially in Germany, that, were they not to be found in the official records of the tribunals, it would be almost impossible to believe that mankind could ever have been so maddened and deluded. To use the words of the learned Horst, "The world seemed to be like a large madhouse for witches and devils to play their antics in." Satan was believed to be at everybody's call, to raise the whirlwind, draw down the lightning, blight the productions of the earth, or destroy the health and paralyse the limbs of man. The mode of trial for witchcraft was very different from other legal prosecutions. A mere suspicion was held to justify the immediate arrest and torture of the suspected person. The evidence of the child was taken against its parent. If the prisoner muttered, looked on the ground, and did not shed any tears, all these were proofs positive of guilt. When such were the universally received opinions of the ecclesiastical and civil authorities, who can wonder that *hundreds of thousands* of hapless persons should be brought to the stake; that Cologne should for many years burn its 300 witches annually, the district of Romberg its 400, Nuremberg, Geneva, Paris, Toulouse, 1000 victims a-year amongst them?

It must not be supposed that those who suffered death on the charge of witchcraft were only poor and aged women. No age, sex, or condition of life was secure from accusation. Thus, for example, in the village of Mohra in the province of Dalcarlia, in Sweden, so late as the year 1669, seventy persons were condemned to death at one time. Twenty-three of them were burned together in one fire in the village of Mohra in the presence of thousands of delighted spectators. On the following day fifteen children were murdered in the same manner, offered up

in sacrifice to the bloody Moloch of superstition. The remaining thirty-two were executed at the neighbouring town of Fahluna. Besides these, *fifty-six children* were found guilty of witchcraft in a minor degree, and sentenced to various punishments, such as running the gauntlet, imprisonment, and public whipping once a-week for a twelvemonth.

Of all the records of the witch-trials, preserved for the wonder of succeeding ages, that of Würzburg, from 1627 to 1629, is the most frightful. Hauber, who has preserved this list in his "Acta et Scripta Magica," says in a note at the end, that it is far from complete, and that there were a great many other burnings too numerous to specify. This record, which relates to the city only, and not to the province of Würzburg, contains the names of 157 persons who were burned in two years, in twenty-nine burnings, averaging five or six at a time. The list comprises three play-actors, four innkeepers, three common councilmen of Würzburg, fourteen vicars of the cathedral, the burgomaster's lady, two choristers of the cathedral, Göbel Babelin, the prettiest girl in the town, and the wife, the two little sons, and the daughter of the Councillor Stolzenburg. The number of children on the list is horrible to think upon. The thirteenth and fourteenth burnings comprised four persons—a little girl aged nine, one still younger, their mother, and a young woman of twenty-four. At the nineteenth, the young heir of the noble house Rotenhahe, aged nine, and two other boys—one aged ten, and the other twelve. Among other entries appear the name of Steinscher, the richest burgher of Würzburg. What tended to keep up the delusion in this unhappy city, and indeed, all over Europe, was the number of hypochondriac and diseased persons who came voluntarily forward and made confession of witchcraft.

We have as yet said nothing of the degree in which this witch-mania prevailed in Great Britain; and from the way in which the matter is ignored by ordinary historians, we might well suppose that England was an instance of exceptional sanity. Not one educated person in a hundred is aware of the real state of the case. The statute of Elizabeth in 1562 was the first which recognised witchcraft as a distinct crime of the highest magnitude. From that date the persecution may be fairly said to have commenced in England. It raged with frightful violence both in this country and in Scotland.

During the forty years preceding the accession of James to the throne of England, the average number of executions for witchcraft in Scotland alone was more than 400 annually, or 17,000 altogether! During the whole of James's reign, amid the civil war of his successor, the sway of the Long Parliament and Cromwell, and the reign of Charles II., the persecution continued.

Dr. Zachary Grey, the editor of an edition of "Hudibras," informs us in a note to that work, that he himself perused a list of 3000 witches, who were executed in the time of the Long Parliament alone. During the forty-eight years of the seventeenth century, the number executed has been estimated at 500 annually, making the frightful total of 40,000 victims. So strong was the popular feeling, that one accused of witchcraft was scarcely ever acquitted. At least, acquittals did not average one in a hundred trials. Witch-finding, or witch-pricking became a trade; and a set of mercenary vagabonds roamed about the country, provided with long pins to run into the flesh of supposed criminals. It is no unusual thing that in aged persons there should be some spot on the body totally devoid of feeling. It was the object of the witch-pricker to discover this spot, and the unhappy wight who did not bleed when pricked upon it, was doomed to the death. The last judicial execution in England took place in 1716, when a woman and her daughter—the latter only nine years of age—were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil, and raising a storm by pulling off their stockings and making a lather of soap. The absurdity of this last charge leads one to notice the almost inconceivable extravagance of credulity which prevailed in connection with this subject.

The temporary change of men into wolves, called lycanthropy, was once deemed quite a feasible proceeding. Grave and learned doctors of divinity openly sustained the possibility of these transformations, relying mainly upon the history of Nebuchadnezzar. They could not imagine why, if he had been an ox, modern men could not become wolves by divine permission and the power of the devil. They also contended that if men should confess, it was evidence enough if there had been no other. Delrio mentions that one gentleman accused of lycanthropy was put to the torture no less than twenty times, but still he would not confess. An intoxicating draught was then given him, and under its influence he confessed that he was a weir-wolf. Delrio cites this to show the extreme equity of the commissioners. They never burned anybody till he confessed, and if one course of torture would not suffice, their patience was not exhausted, and they tried him again and again even to the twentieth time. Transformation into other animals besides wolves was also sometimes asserted and believed. So late as the year 1749, a number of inmates of a convent at Würzburg fancied themselves bewitched. They went into fits repeatedly. A cry of sorcery was raised, and a young woman, named Maria Renata Sänger, was arrested on the charge of having leagued with the devil to bewitch five of the young ladies. It was sworn on the trial that Maria had been frequently seen to

clamber over the convent walls in the shape of a pig, that, proceeding to the cellar, she used to drink the best wine till she was intoxicated, and then start up suddenly in her own form. Other girls asserted that she used to prowl about the roof like a cat, and often penetrate into their chamber, and frighten them by her dreadful howlings. It was also said that she had been seen in the shape of a hare, milking the cows dry in the meadows belonging to the convent; that she used to perform as an actress on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre in London, and on the very same night return upon a broomstick to Würzburg, and afflict the young ladies with pains in all their limbs. Upon this evidence she was condemned and burned alive in the market-place of Würzburg. Here ends this frightful catalogue of murder and superstition. Since that day the belief in witchcraft has fled from the populous haunts of men, and taken refuge in remote villages and districts too rugged and inhospitable to afford a resting-place for civilisation.

Hitherto we have only given a bare dry outline of this most grotesquely horrible chapter in the history of Europe. Now for the moral of it and personal application. Imprimis, we gather that most historians, passing by as they do without note or comment such phenomena as the witch mania, show themselves utterly blind to the most important use which history can subserve, which is to throw light upon the nature and operations of the human mind.

Secondly, we must make the obvious reflection that here is one more instance of the awful havoc of man's reason and happiness, which misdirected religious ideas are capable of producing. It should not be forgotten, that these judicial murders were always justified by a reference to the famous text of the Mosaic law, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

Thirdly, have we not a clear proof in the fact of such horrors as those just recorded, taking place only two or three hundred years ago, that the men of that age must have been profoundly ignorant of the most elementary principles of the order of Nature, human and divine, or, if you please, visible and invisible. Yet as this belief in all the absurdities of witchcraft obtained among the greatest authorities in Church and State, should we not be careful of accepting from such sources any speculative opinions which do not admit of practical verification? Moreover, on close examination it is not apparent that orthodox belief has risen decidedly above the witch level, except in broomstick details and so forth. We are still taught from the majority of pulpits that this world is, as matter of *fact, the devil's world.* And if that person be the mischief-making individual which the consensus of at least ten Christian centuries represented him, the

very personification of disorder, why should not our churches and chapels be inundated by another witch-mania? We can see but one sufficient obstacle standing in the way of such another epidemic, and for that we are mainly indebted to the poor outside naughty world; we mean the knowledge which has been attained of the unity and harmony of Nature. Church doctors have vehemently opposed every great scientific discovery, from the days of Kepler and Galileo to those of Lyell and Darwin. But the light of science is too strong, even for the screech owls which haunt the ivy of old church towers. Churches are being restored or falling to pieces, the ivy comes down, and the poor birds flutter out in the daylight, scarce knowing where they are.

Milton was among the earliest to abolish the old notion of the devil. He represents him simply as a proud lover of power and independence, instead of a mischief-making harlequin. Goethe went a step farther, and depicted the evil principle in Mephistopheles, as a mere personification of faithless sneers and selfish sensuality. The poor devil in our days is no longer believed by lay-people to have any share in the government of this world. Even an eruption of Vesuvius is supposed to answer some good geological end. The order of nature, the great Cosmos, is an indestructible unity which does not admit of harlequin's tricks, except on the pettiest scale and all in subordination to the highest law.

The annihilation of witchcraft should teach us respect for science. Even a Dr. Carpenter might bring up a truth worth listening to out of his deep-sea dredging, if he would only keep to his own vocation. It is *something* after all to be an F.R.S.

Men, in sympathy with the Royal Society, did the most to put an end to the horrors and abominations of witchcraft, and now they throw it in the teeth of us Spiritualists, that we want to bring that sort of thing back again to affront the sun. They do us great injustice, because they do not see that by studying the occult forces of human nature, and by striving to discover the laws which govern them, the Spiritualist is doing his best to guard against a relapse into the follies and madness of the Middle or rather the Dark Ages, for we are only just emerging from them.

There is a region of man's nature that no microscope can reach, the border land of physics and metaphysics, the sphere of faith or imagination, spirit and matter, fact or fantasy, call it what you will, which is all powerful in life for good or evil, as the birth-place of religion; and no mere scientist can argue or charm it out of existence, charm he never so wisely. Faraday left his laboratory to preach among that highly intellectual body denominated Glassites; Auguste Comte took to worshipping

his grandmother; the great philosopher Cousin became a papist. The progressive Spiritualist looks upon such proceedings as only one cut above the witch mania, and to protect himself from like aberration of mind he studies these and other phenomena of Spiritualism to ascertain their laws, and so "rule nature by obeying her." S. E. B.

THE POETRY OF PROGRESS.

GERALD MASSEY'S TALE OF ETERNITY.

THE author of "Great Harmonia," in his "Chart of Human Destiny," divides society into five states—savageism, barbarism, patriarchism, civilism, and republicanism. Commerce, language, science, philosophy, theology, government, art, music, poetry, &c., pass through these stages to final unity and harmony, at which point they may be supposed to have achieved their true mission. The five developments of poetry are thus defined:—1. Perceptism—external, wild, startling; abounding with huge and stupendous fancies; subjects: genii, hunting, war, &c. 2. Eratoism—erato-inspired, lyric, eccentric, bold, diffusive; subjects: gods, heroes, warriors, battles, &c. 3. Transition—cantos to God: mythological, tragical, amorous, epic, sublime, nervous, and instructive. 4. Conceptism—embodying mythology, theology, science, philosophy: didactic, descriptive, sacred, effeminate. 5. Intuitism—instructive, elevating, refining: the vehicle of truth, and the promoter of peace, progress, and unity.

If this estimate of poetry be a true one, then the civilisation of this and immediately ages has not much to boast of. The grandest efforts of our greatest poets have often been expended on the most unworthy objects. The higher developments of the poetical art have seldom manifested themselves. Nature has been described, but oftener in her lower or more external forms, than in her exalted and interior manifestations. Humanity has been reflected, but more frequently to exhibit the scars and imperfections which mar his outward appearance, than to display the eternal beauties of his being. Frequently the dreams and fables of mythology and theology have been made the warp of the grandest poetical conceptions, the woof of which has been intrinsic truth of a high order. Such a texture of truth and error, fact and fancy, as a form of thought, clothes the mind of the sympathetic reader with a fool's garb, and he becomes a grotesque monument of intellectual folly. The conceptions of society on those subjects in which poetry has an influence, are chiefly vestured after this fashion. Tried by the standard of the

Poughkeepsie Seer, some of the most flattered productions of the world's pet poets sink into their degraded, yet appropriate position. The descriptive poet is often more than paralleled by the latest book of travel, and the adventures of his heroes sicken the human soul, as portraitures of abject beings too frequently to be met with in the thoroughfares of all large cities, inducing in the reader's mind fits of despair and misanthropy of a kind with that which was chronic in the mind of the writer. To some persons, the possession of the poetical gift may be a misfortune, if not to themselves to the public, who are fed by the streams which genius, mingled with ignorance, vice, and misconception afford. The inspirational progressive man may be the king of poet-pleaders for humanity and truth, whether he rhymes or not. The beauty of a silent life, even, is more beneficent within the range of its influence than that of the most brilliant genius, unless it be coupled with those accompaniments necessary to its sanctification and proper direction.

If Milton had been less of a poet, his mythological fables would have exercised a less powerful influence on the religious thought of the world. But it may be questioned whether even the most imperfect minstrel, or faulty production of poetic genius, has not been of use to nations, and supplied an important addition to their literature, and a necessary link in their efforts to express a growing and indwelling intellectual life.

The fully ripened fruitage of a universal mind might not meet the demands of local appreciation, but sing from unattainable heights in a language not understood. The poet, thinker, or actor, on the stage of being, cannot express himself far in advance of the form of thought in which he lives and has received his impressions. To overcome surrounding influences, and launch upon their bosom the products of a higher inspiration, is the special prerogative of genius. Of his shortcomings in this respect, no one is more conscious than the poet himself. The bright realms of unutterable truth in which his intense being luxuriates are only imperfectly represented by the faulty and broken rays which find a passage through his mind—

> "No revelation of the written word
> Will render all the spirit saw and heard."

Thus the poet-worker's disappointment at the result of his labour is compensated by the pleasurable experiences enjoyed in its performance :—

> "The Poet's best, immortally will lurk
> In that rare motion of his soul at work."

The reader must look to his own mind for a full realisation of the poet's efforts. No reader can appreciate that which is

entirely foreign to his nature. Genius in consigning its progeny to the many-minded world, is forced to defend itself from the misunderstanding of its patrons, by declaring—

> "My poem was in the making. These are your
> Warmth-needy seedlings, reader! Mine no more."

No person can appreciate poetry unless he has the elements of the poet in his own nature. To bring to the surface, and render available these interior qualities of the soul, is the object of education—the grand work of true civilisation. We must not find fault with poetry of the lower grades because it is inferior to the higher productions of more enlightened ages. These incipient efforts of undeveloped mind were necessary to feed the budding intellect in the juvenescent states of society. Even the grossest forms of poetical composition, by giving utterance in a superior manner to that which exists chaotically in the mind of the vicious, superstitious, or ignorant, may be a means of elevation, and prepare it for the reception of a purer inspiration.

Accepting, then, the poet as a reformer and precursor of the intellectual attainments of the people around him, our business is not so much to criticise the past as to indicate the labours of those who most fitly occupy the advanced poetical position at the present time. Man is becoming more and more the subject of poetical inspiration; but, alas! too often in the mediæval guise of hero-worship. The theme is some princess, or some rare specimen of a lord or lady. The muse, most beneficent and catholic in her favours, is made an appendage to courtly luxury—the flatterer of position and circumstance, rather than the expositor of that which is truly noble. Indeed, the effeminate sentiment which characterises the fashionable poetry of the present age, very certainly indicates its imperfections. Its mission is more to minister to the requirements of diseased nerves and conventional tastes, than to uphold the grandly true and healthily pure. It is addressed to the drawing-room rather than the human soul. The production of rhymed couplets and triplets is looked upon as an avocation whereby a man may "earn his bread," rather than a liberal and exalted endowment, whereby the supreme good may be manifested to man—the finite good. Hence our poetry has a smell of cooking about it, the ring of money in its cadence, and the manners of the bookseller's shop and exchange in its deportment. Enterprising editors outbid each other at a guinea a line for verses embodying all the fascinating refinements of an ambitious draper's clerk, and the muse is made subservient to the exigencies of the publishing trade, in the same way as the archbishop makes God's providence subsidiary to the political requirements of the English nation, in preserving the life of the heir-apparent according to order.

Such poetry is, perhaps, the most despicable and worthless, which spoils valuable paper, and is besides the foulest insult which could be inflicted on a poetically-tuned, unperverted humanity. It can never become national unless the people be in the last crisis of dissolution. It serves to employ the time, and soothe the nervous irritabilities of those who live in idleness and sensuous dependence upon the labours of others.

"The man of independent mind" looks elsewhere for his entertainment. His poets and his preachers are like angels' visits. He looks for a writer whose position as a poet is the unaided product of his own genius—whose theme is human worth and liberty, and whose client is the people. Many of those whom a rustic poet called "the king of men," are at this day undergoing a slow process of mental starvation, because those who have had more opportunities of drinking at the fount of truth, and who should therefore be the *Aquarii* of the living waters to the yearning and thirsty souls of men, are time-servers and place-seekers, debasing their heaven-bestowed gifts to the depraved tastes of the age, instead of endeavouring to pioneer society into purer and healthier regions. Such poets are like Jonah of old; they betray their mission, seeking their own personal comfort and convenience, rather than the good of those who are hungering for the divine word they are commissioned to utter. It is a melancholy and lamentable fact, that by a strange process of alienation, the muse has become degenerated into a mountebank; the poet has, as it were, donned the cap and bells, and consented to become the amuser—the jester of the age, instead of its preacher and prophet. Such were not the poets of old—the greatest of the bards of Judea and Greece. They wrote and sang from the fulness of their hearts, giving forth the light as it was manifested to them, and sternly accepting the fate that awaits the one who stands between the Deity and man. So have the true poets of all time done. We do not find Dante pandering to the intellectual perversities of his age; he was no "idle singer of an idle day." He knew he had a mission to fulfil, and, accepting it with its poverty, and tribulation, and unutterable woe, he sang his strange mystic song, and died to live in its strains. The same is true of nearly all the world's greatest prophets and teachers, who have faithfully obeyed their call. It is almost needless to instance Homer, Socrates, Tasso, Calderon, and a host of others. Their reward lies in the influence which their works exerted when they were no more, and in the consciousness they now possess of having done their duty on earth. What, however, must be the sufferings of those who, on their translation, perceive with fearful clearness the thing they ought to have done, but left undone? when they see how, instead

of being beacons in the darksome night of life, guiding bewildered wanderers to the haven of rest, they were very will-o'-the-wisps, misleading the footsteps of the benighted and toilworn, and leaving them deeper in the slough and mire of unrest and despair? They ought to have been pole-stars of progress, indicating the path to be trodden to attain the goal of human efforts and human hopes —universal good; spiritual guides, gleaming above the low level of earthly life, and pointing to that which underlies and overlies all that bounds our material vision—spiritual truth; but, instead of being this, they had merely used their sublime gifts to paint over the hollows of our terrestrial existence, to gloss over its demoralisations and degradations, and to invest its pleasures with a fictitious halo. Surely no debasement could be so vile as such perversion of the gift of poesy! It were better to let the light lie hidden under a bushel than use it in such a manner.

The mission of the true poet, then, is to be a teacher in his age and generation, to do as much as in him lies for the advancement of humanity, to be the recipient of divine wisdom, and dispense it to the people. On the Dædalian wings of his imagination he pierces the secret realm of divine truth, and with it in his grasp he descends to shed it like manna among his fellowmen. It is no exaggeration to say that the infinite number of gems which lie enshrined in the world's casket of truth have thus, in the first place, been filtered through the receptive brains of poets. It is therefore a fallacy to suppose, as some do, that there is no longer any room for great poets. The sum of truth appreciable by the mortal mind has not been attained. Greater epics than any the world has known are yet to be written—epics grander in conception and purer in manipulation. Has every realm of universal being been penetrated and pourtrayed? The features of external nature—the lip of beauty—the soft eye of love—the tender office of sympathy, and almost the entire range of terrestrial phenomena and human relationships, have thus passed through the brain-loom of our mental clothiers. But the grander and more interior forms of life have yet to be approached. The most ardent explorers into the secrets of being as yet only stand within the outward vestibule of the sanctuary. To toil onwards, to gain the higher heights and obtain a larger vision, is the mission of the poet of to-day. In order to do so, he must avail himself of the pathway trod by the feet of the age. The grand and rugged mountain path of mythology, the delectable undulations of Eros, the bold pinion of imagination are past and unavailable, and the future traveller to the temple of the muses must walk hand in hand with the intellectual acquirements of the time, and interpret nature as she appears to the most advanced inquirers into her mysteries. The basis of ascertainable facts which

characterises this century, requires a poetry in harmony with it. Such a performance we have in "A Tale of Eternity," in the production of which the author declares himself

> "As One who, in a strange and far Country,
> In presence of his future Bride may be,
> That keeps the secret of her face concealed,
> Until, as Wife, the Maiden stands revealed:
> And who doth make blind guesses at the face.
> . . . . . .
> Even thus, before the Next World's face I stand,
> And o'er its clouded features pass my hand;
> Groping to get where mortal sight doth fail,
> Some inkling of the face behind the Veil!
> It is the voice of Vision in the night:
> I learned in darkness what I speak in light.
> Perchance such ne'er attains the perfect True,
> And yet may utter meaning for the few,
> As sandiest desert wastes reflect afar
> Light from our sun to some benighted Star!"

The matter contained in this poem is so unusual, weird, and marvellous that for months it has lain on our table awaiting some satisfactory solution. Our acquaintance with the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, facts respecting haunted houses, and the feats of clairvoyance did not warrant our acceptance of a literal interpretation of this most recent poem of Mr. Massey. It was not till he gave his first lecture in St. George's Hall, on Sunday, May 12, on "Facts of my own personal experience narrated and discussed, together with various theories of the alleged phenomena," that we were at liberty to entertain the opinion that "A Tale of Eternity" is a record of real experiences. It is a ghost story, a tale of a haunted house, of intercourse with the spirit of a murderer, a poetical version of Mr. Massey's lecture above alluded to, supplemented by a profound philosophical insight into the conditions of spiritual existence. It opens thus ominously :—

> "Night after night I wakened with a start;
> The coldness of a gravestone at my heart;
> As tho' I had been nearly caught by Death,
> Who imaged Sleep to kiss away my breath!"

These hideous impressions,

> "The phantom presence of Immensity
> That from behind its dumb mask whispered me,"

were the precursors of the real business of the drama :

> "At times a noise, as tho' a dungeon door
> Had grated, with set teeth, against the floor:
> A ring of iron on the stones; a sound
> As if of granite into powder ground;
> A pick-axe and a spade at work! sad sighs,
> As of a wave that sobs and faints and dies."

On stormy evenings moanings would be heard, to which

> "The dreaming dog would answer with a groan."

The phenomena became more personal and alarming.

> "At times I seemed to waken at a call,
> And rose up listening for the next footfall
> Which never came, as though it could not keep
> The step with that my spirit caught in sleep,
> For I, in waking, must have crossed the line
> Bounding the range of spirit-life from mine."

The experiences were, however, not all of an unpleasant kind:

> "Sometimes I woke with lashes wet and bright
> With a strange glory of delicious light,
> As tho' an Angel had shone my shut eyes thro',
> And filled my soul with heaven, as Dawn the dew!"

The author had no preconceived notions on the subject, and was not the victim of superstitious impressions:

> "I am no Coward; never could believe
> That spirits do their hell or heaven leave
> To walk by night in the old human ways."

His reflections on his unbelief led him to ask,

> "But is it certain we have lost the sight
> They had of old in watches of the night,
> Who heard the voices, saw the shape that stood
> Before them in God's own similitude?
> They saw with eyes of spirit—Heaven keep
> The veil of flesh about me dark and deep!"

This prayer did not avail, further disturbance ensued:

> "Was that the creaking of a stair? A Rat
> Nibbling the wainscot? Did a fluttering Bat
> Flap at the window?
> . . . . . .
> Is there some Whispering Gallery of the ear
> In which the other world we overhear?
> The very Mirror is a doorway, thro'
> Whose dark another face may look at you!"

The first section of the poem closes with the following reflections:—

> "He reigneth: He whose lightest breath could thrill
> The universe of worlds like drops of dew,
> And if the Spirit-world hath broken thro'
> It cannot be unknown, unseen by Him;
> It must be with His will, not their mere whim."

So much for introduction. In Part II. the poet proceeds to inform the reader that

> "One night, as I lay musing on my bed,
> The veil was rent that shows the Dead not dead.
> Upon a Picture I had fixed mine eyes,
> Till slowly it began to magnetise."

The room gradually faded away, and a vision presented itself—a spiritual apparition of the lowest class:

"No lustre in the hair, no life on lips;
The faintest gleam of corpse-light, lurid, wan,
Showed me the lying likeness of a Man!
The old soiled lining of some mortal dress:
A spirit sorely stained with earthiness.
But almost ere I could have time to fear,
I saw what seemed an Angel standing near,
With face like His who wore the old thorn crown;
In whose dear person very Love came down."

The dusky visitor was conscious of the presence and mission of his bright companion:

"The Dark Shape on me turned its eyes of guile,
Sullen yet fierce. I read the wicked smile
That sneered, 'Behold the cause of all your fear!
You need not shudder tho' while He is near.'"

And proceeded to give an account of himself:

"'Lo! I am one of those doomed souls who dwell
In Heaven's vast Shadow which the Good call Hell.
Lo! I am he, the gloomy sneak, who did
The deed of darkness, fancying all was hid:
The Awful Eyes being on me all the while,
And Devils pointing at me with their smile.
. . . . . .
With such a pulse of power my pangs awake
At midnight, that from sleep they sometimes shake
You! Matter, with Mind's thrillings, doth so quake,
That atoms from their fellow atoms start,
As tho' they felt the heave of some live heart.'"

The philosophy of the physical manifestations, particularly the alleged power of spirits to pass solid objects through walls is presented in the above lines. The dark-hued preacher further declares:

"Spirit aye shapeth Matter into view,
As Music wears the forms it passes thro'.
Spirit is lord of substance, matter's sole
First cause and forming power and final goal."

And it is also remarked

"That spirit between particles can pass
Surely and visibly, as light through glass."

The spirit with "shining face," who, we suppose, was Shakespeare, "serenely smiled," and beguiled terror while the earth-stained spirit gave the following views of man's relations to the spirit world:

"They are with you, watching thro' the murkest hour,
And seen, or unseen, hold us in their power,
And when the devil rages in us, lo!

We strike and strike, and yet there falls no blow.
They mesmerise us standing there behind,
And, as in dreams, we struggle bound and blind."

This angel and dark spirit seemed to visit the poet's house habitually, the former to protect the sleeping inmates from the hate of the latter:

"We have met here for years. He comes to see
Me digging nightly; grope for my lost key;
Gives me his countenance, and but for him
I might work hidden in the shadows dim.
His presence kindles round me such a light,
All heaven can see me prowling thro' the night;
All hell make merry at the gruesome sight."

This is his punishment. He had never revealed his secret while on earth, and thought he had escaped the consequences of his act:

"I fancied, when I took the headlong leap,
That death must be an everlasting sleep;
And the white Winding-sheet and green sod might
Shut out the world, and I have done with sight."

But when told to "look," the poet saw "what seemed a hand of blood-stained shadow, kindling like a brand when breathed on." Though water had effaced from his hand of flesh the crimson stain of crime, yet the tortured demon exclaimed nightly at the scene of his former wickedness,

"That hand once gripped the knife
That slew my child. This is its ruddy life,
Red-hot; on fire of hell!"

Such was his torture, the consequences of murder; the sufferings of hell, without any of the concomitants according to theology.

In Part III. the unfortunate spirit continues his narrative, tells the story of his life in detail, that his "temptress lives on still, a wife and a mother." "She was a buxom beauty," with a "face that dazzled you with life's white heat,"

"Lithe amorous lips, cruel in curve and hue,
Which, greedy as the grave, my kisses drew.'

The poet puts a profound organic truth into the mouth of his spirit visitor, who, if a rogue, was not a fool. The woman, mother of the murdered babe, was a libidinous animal, but what of the man himself, and of the condition which made him what he was?

"I must have been a beast myself from birth,
We lived as Beasts in that old burrow of earth
They called a House; the Cot where I was born;
One of those dwellings Poets will adorn
Outside with Honeysuckle and climbing Rose,
But where, within, no flower of Heaven blows

With sweetening breath, for want of air and light,
And in the wild weeds crawl the things of night:
Where any life-warmth quickens the dark slime
Of hovelled sin to swarm in shame and crime.

" My pastoral home was one wherein are grown
Boys for the Hulks, girls for the pitiless Town,
That flaunts beneath the gaslights on the highway,
The full-blown flowers of many a filthy byeway !"

A sinful union with this woman produced results which caused her to visit him one awful stormy day, just one month after he was married to another. Her bold proposition was

" That she had come there, and would stay
Till it was born, and safely put away."

His wife was from home. The child was born. She taunted him with cowardice. The act was done. The poet describes with great power the emotions that worked in the face of the spirit, as he recalled these dreadful experiences. Sounds, indicative of the murderous act were heard :

" Then came the liquid gurgle and the ring
Metallic, with the heavy plop and ping,
Heavier than largest water drops that fall
From melting icicles on house-eaves tall.
I knew then now; this resurrection night
Sounds were translated into things of sight,
These were the innocent drops a father shed.
They had the weight of blood, fell heavy as lead,"—

Followed by noises of digging, etc., described in the opening section. In carrying out the murdered babe for burial he had lost the key of the door, and it is heard to fall again, and is sought for with care and anxiety, as he had done nightly for seven years. Mr. Massey, in his lecture, told his audience that one day in walking in his garden he had seen two small bones like those of a child protruding from the earth, and without informing any one of the event, at night, through his wife's mediumship, the spirit assailed him with the demand, " Give me back my bones." This is alluded to in the poem :

" For seven years he came unseen, unheard,
'Twas but the other day the bones were stirred,
As men were delving heedless underground,
They broke in on them, scattered them around,
Not guessing they were human.
. . . . Lower in hell
His spirit sank, like waters in a well
Before there springs the earthquake. Trembling sore
Shook him with vengeance never felt before."

Murder seems to be an insanity productive of a worse form of insanity. The horrible occupation of murdering his child nightly was aggravated by the finding of the bones. The spirit's

perturbed mind reacted on the material surroundings of the spot, and led to these unpleasant visitations.

> " Each particle of Matter set afloat
> Upon a Mind-wave, tossing like a boat
> The Spirit rides."

Memory and matter reacting in that peculiar manner give the rationale of these disputed phenomena, ghosts and hauntings.

> " So now his spirit echoes back again
> The fixed ideas of a soul insane,
> Till Matter taking impress of his pain,
> Reverberates the sounds within your brain."

The philosophy of ghost appearances is more deliberately presented in Part IV. The poet was puzzled. The spirit read his thoughts, and replied:

> " More Laws than Gravitation keep us down
> To the old place from whence the soul had flown;
> Not every one in death can get adrift
> Freely for life. Some have no wings to lift
> Their weary weight: the body of their sin
> Which they so evilly have laboured in."

The tale of a haunted mill is introduced in illustration, and a beggar ghost who was doomed to stand at a street corner and solicit alms, till some clairvoyant should recognise her. Cares and remorse, as well as crime, bring the spirit back. The relations of man to the spirit world is further unfolded in a consideration of death:

> " Others are horribly startled at the change
> Revealed in death, all is so ghastly strange!
> So many Masters in the realms of breath
> Serve at the feet of those who are crowned in death.
> So many weeds your blind world flung aside,
> Are gathered up as flowers, thrice glorified."

(To be continued.)

ON THE SEVERAL DEGREES OF PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDIUMSHIP.*

Mr Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—In presuming to occupy your attention upon the present occasion I am not unconscious of the fact that the subject of this paper would have been capable of receiving a more elaborate and perspicuous elucidation at the hands of some other of our friends, who, by a more extended experience, cultivated judgment, and more favourable opportunities for inves-

* A paper read by Mr. J. J. Morse at the Spiritual Institution, 15 Southampton Row, on Wednesday evening, April 24.

tigation, would have been able to contribute more to your enlightenment upon this particular subject than myself.

In the very able paper read by our friend Mr. Burns upon the last occasion of these meetings, he very clearly pointed out the fact that the external or bodily organisation of the man was the servant of the intelligent power within—a proposition which I am sure no spiritualist will dispute—and that the physical phenomena were only possible by virtue of the magnetic aura emitted from the human body, and that the quality of the manifestations bore a proportionate ratio to the normal health of the subject, or more plainly speaking,—medium. Thus it will be seen that, for the spirit world to be able to come in contact with the natural world, the opportunity is afforded them by the existence of certain individuals capable of emitting the requisite amount of this magnetic element; and if we were to enter into a consideration of the manifold laws, conditions, and circumstances, that regulate the emission of this force on the one hand and its application on the other, and the relationship that exists between these two courses of action to themselves, relatively, and to the mechanical operations of existence, generally, we should be entirely withdrawn from the object of the evening.

I have used the words "mechanical operations of existence" as best expressing the position I believe these physical phenomena occupy; since, so far as the medium is concerned, they are external to him, independent of his consciousness, neither advanced nor retarded by his intellectual capacity, and however much they may enrich our physiological knowledge they throw but little if any light upon the laws governing the spiritual entity—hence, though not by any means rejecting considerations in relation to physical phenomena, rather urging for a more thorough investigation into their nature, etc., it would be well to ask if there are any other methods whereby communication is effected between the two worlds. The familiarity of psychological phenomena under the modern terms, impression, trance, clairvoyance, and second sight, is, I think, an ample answer in the affirmative; and such being the case, the phenomena of spirit communion may be truthfully divided into two great divisions, physical and psychological, one appertaining to the body, the other related to the soul; and inasmuch as the physical division is capable of offering a much more extended apprehension of the nature of the outward relations subsisting between the outward man and his surroundings, so I claim that a consideration of the psychological aspect appertaining to mediumship will prove of incalculable benefit to us and be best capable of assisting us in our efforts to penetrate the arcana of our inward or spiritual being and its relationship to the inner world of spirit.

The records of history are in a case of this description extremely valuable, more especially when the experience of the past is reproduced in the events of the present. Yet, I think their particular use consists in the fact that they form a firm basis whereby we

are able to accept with some degree of certitude the possibility of spiritual manifestations recurring in our own time among our own people. Though, for instance, many of the arts and sciences of the ancients, such as the cutting and preparing of porphyry, are lost to mankind, the laws of the infinite that rendered such a proceeding practicable have never been abrogated; therefore, we may safely urge that spiritual communications have not been received of late times in the same general way, and that if virtually the spirit world has been cut off from us it is not because the laws governing the communication have been withdrawn, but rather that the human race has permitted the practice to fall into desuetude by reason of their indifference to its ministration, and the reprehensible practice of confining the practice of the gifts of the spirit to those specially, as it is called, favoured of God. Such is, I think, the reason why nearly all classes of the community greet spirit communion as a new thing, whereas it is as old as humanity, yet ever as fresh as the love of God.

In defining the several degrees of psychological mediumship I am guided by my own experience and observation assisted by the teachings of my spirit-guides, and the conclusions I have arrived at warrant me in stating that I have discovered three distinct degrees, the muscular, the sympathetic, and the psychological. Under the first head I should classify writing mediumship, both by the hand and the planchette. This form of mediumship is, in my estimation, the least inimical to physical well-being, though the experiences of the medium in its preliminary stages are anything but pleasant. Its precise nature I cannot, of course, be expected to make you acquainted with, but I beg to offer the following suggestions: first, that the operating spirit by the exercise of its will-power upon the basilar portion of the brain, instead of desiring a more deep control, directs its effort towards obtaining perfect control over one or both of the arms and hands as it deems expedient. I am of opinion that the success of the spirits is very often sadly interrupted if not entirely negatived by the disinclination or inability of this peculiar class of mediums, to obtain that mental passivity which is essential to all mesmeric operations, and without which, failure and disaster will inevitably accrue to all concerned. The different phases of this branch of mediumship are indices of graduated stages of muscular control; first, the most usual phase manifested in just simply the control of the hand and arm, and as all thoroughly developed writing mediums (who only manifest this phase) have no intellectual cognition of the communications written by their hand, it may fairly be urged that it is purely of a muscular character; the results attained will bear a proportionate relation to the ability of the spirit and the adaptability of the organism to be controlled.

The next development of this phase manifests a more extended control of the muscular system, yet, without an approach to that control which would come under the head of sympathetic. In the present instance, we should find that the entire bodily structure is

controlled by the operating intelligence; the legs perform their requisite duties, the hands fulfil certain appropriate functions, and, in short, the ordinary duties incident to the possession of intelligence are gone through by the body in this state; but the moving power is not that belonging to the individual but the energising influence proceeding from another and a foreign personality. A very perfect example of this phase of muscular control may be found in the person of Charles Swan, the painting medium, residing at Aylesbury, who, while under a perfect muscular control, writes, draws, and paints many pictures, but does not, while in that state, utter a single word, and appears not to have the slightest connection, intellectually, with the phenomena transpiring. The last division of this development of mediumship exhibits a higher class of phenomena and is perhaps the most striking, for the medium not only obtains results similar to those described above, but in addition to these the organs of speech are successfully manipulated accompanied by a very apparent exaltation of the normal faculties of the individual. To enable you to form an estimate of the nature of this development I might mention the name of Mr. David Duguid, the Glasgow painting medium, whose manifestations are perhaps unequalled in this country. It cannot but prove a fruitful source of wonder when we consider the marvellous results that the spirit-world is able to effect in this department of psychological mediumship: tests of identity comprising names, dates, and facts of personal history known only to the spirit are truthfully and accurately announced through the agency of the writing medium, while facsimiles of the old masters are reproduced by the hands of the painting medium who was entirely ignorant of the existence of the originals. Science may scoff, prejudice may denounce, yet neither are able to destroy the fact.

The next degree of psychological mediumship that I have to invite you to consider upon the present occasion is that which I denominate the sympathetic, and both in its results and causes exhibits a more perfect acquaintance with the more subtle conditions of the human organism upon the part of the controlling intelligence. The nature of this control consists in so far as I have been able to understand it, in the psychical emanations of the operating spirit permeating the nervous system, and more or less perfectly assimilating itself with the external mind of the medium.

This form of mediumship is usually introduced by impressions—at first, vague and imperfect, and gradually, as the adaptability of the brain organism increases, they assume the nature of conscious vision; yet I am inclined to believe that the more general rule is that impressibility is most frequently used as a medium of communicating tests of identity by means of the medium's experiencing sensations, emotions, and peculiarities incidental to the manifesting power.

And another phase which the sympathetic medium is likely to exhibit would be that known as the healing mediumship, of course

providing that the outer organic conditions requisite were present. The ultimate development of the second degree of psychological mediumship is attained in the exhibition of conscious vision, and of this faculty I discover two general divisions, the first comprising those who are seers in the ordinary state, who have visions and vivid impressions, and secondly, those who are psychometric.

There are numerous persons, many of whom I have no doubt you may number amongst your own acquaintances, in whom the faculty of conscious vision was developed naturally or possessed from infancy, who have some experience in reference to second sight; yet I think there is a broad distinction between the vision of second sight and the conscious vision of the developed sympathetic medium, yet in both cases the results are governed by the organic conditions appertaining to the persons concerned. In the case of the medium, the exercise of the vision is dependent upon the exciting agency of a spirit, such excitation being employed direct by the spirit upon the medium, whereas, in the case of the normal seer, the vision comes into operation by virtue of some organic peculiarity, the exact nature of which at present I am not quite prepared to state.

I shall now direct your attention to the third and last division of Psychological Mediumship, embracing as it does the trance, clairvoyance and inspiration. The physical conditions of the trance present indications of the nearest approach to death without its actualisation that I am acquainted with, and I discover that the inner conditions reveal the fact, that the will-power of the controlling spirit enters first the muscular system, then the nervous, and so completely subjecting these important channels of action as paralyses them so far as control by the medium is concerned. The connecting links between the mind and body are for the time being at the service of another intelligence, and in proportion to which element of the controlling agency is most employed, so will be the nature of the trance-control. For instance, the control exercised over myself partakes more of the nervous element. The nature of the control, as you may doubtless be aware, is of a mental or intellectual character. Thus we see the cause of my peculiar mediumship; yet, if the physical element predominated, and the muscular system was as completely controlled as the nervous, the nature of the mediumship would partake of the character of test-mediumship, as the organic structure being under a perfect control, there would result in obedience to operating power a series of automatic results in exact accordance with the will of the controlling intelligence. As I am deficient upon the score of physical vigour, I cannot expect that I shall exhibit this phase of mediumship.

Under certain conditions, the trance-medium develops the clairvoyant sight, and is thus able not only to convey vocal information between the two worlds, but in addition is capable of actually *seeing* and *describing* the persons and objects that he is communicating upon. In some instances where the control is exercised by a medical spirit, introvisional clairvoyance is developed, and the medium

SEES right into the diseased bodies of the sick, diagnoses the conditions, and the controlling power prescribes with almost unerring accuracy for the sufferer; but to enter into a detailed account of my conclusions in reference to clairvoyance would be to detain you too long with a recital that would possibly weary us all, so I will content myself by just stating that I perceive three grades of this faculty—first, the psychological or subjective, as in the case of Mrs. Denton, the eminent psychometrist; and next, the independent or actual, the grandest example that I am acquainted with being A. J. Davis, of America. Perhaps some other time I may have an opportunity of fully explaining my views upon this subject.

I must now invite your attention while I proceed to state the conclusions I arrive at in obedience to the propositions I have enumerated, and in doing so I have no wish to exalt my own opinions and convictions over those held by my more experienced friends; at present, I only speak suggestively and not as *one having authority*.

My beloved and venerated spiritual teachers (to whom I am indebted for many of the thoughts contained in this paper) teach that man is a triune organisation—viz., body, spiritual body, and intelligent principle, and that these three conditions are joined to each other by two subtle elements. In the case of the natural and spiritual body, by a fluid they denominate vital electricity; and in the case of the spirit body and the intelligent principle, by an ether called vital magnetism. I am impressed that each of the three modes of being that constitute the individual contribute a portion of these elements, and that the highest of the lowest condition, which in this case is the organic structure, assimilates itself with the lowest element of the mode next above it; the link is thus formed between the outer and the inner. Hence, I should say that in connection with psychological mediumship all those phases that I have mentioned under the head of muscular control are more particularly related to the human body, and are effected by the manipulation of the vital electric sphere I have referred to.

In the sympathetic control I incline to the supposition that it is a joint manifestation dependent upon a more or less perfect control of the natural and spiritual body and the electric link uniting them, and that its excellency is dependent upon the knowledge and ability of the spirit controlling and the more or less healthy condition of the medium, as I find that bodily circumstances and mental states exercise a very determined influence over this class of mediumship. The highest phase that I have treated in this paper has been the psychological, and as it is only possible to obtain the phase by the perfect interspheration of the medium with the controlling spirit, it naturally ultimates in the inspirational, or as Gerald Massey styles it, the normal mediumship valuable to the possessor yet generally useless to any one else in so far as it is capable of conveying positive evidence of a future life, hence the great necessity of the abnormal medium at the present time.

I am forced to the conclusion, that as the physical medium is related to the mechanical universe, so is the psychical medium related to the operating or spiritual universe; first, by his spiritual body, he is related to the spiritual world and its conditions; and secondly, by the intelligent principle, he is related to the mentality of those who inhabit the land of the immortals; and I believe that the mind of man is related to the mind of God. I believe that all beings and all conditions

> Form one stupendous whole,
> Whose body nature is, God the soul;

for the relationships I have enumerated as characteristic of the medium, are not confined specially to that peculiar member of the human family, they are the common property of *all;* there is but one power, but its manifestation differs in degree with every individual. I had intended to have related to you some of my personal experiences, but I have already trespassed too long upon your patience, so I trust you will excuse my doing so to-night, for, from the deep interest I take in the subject, my paper has grown beyond the limits I originally intended.

(A very interesting discussion followed the reading of the above paper, which was continued till a late hour.)

SUBSEQUENT MEETINGS.

Since the evening on which the above paper was read, two similar meetings have taken place. On May 8, Thomas Herbert Noyes, Esq., B.A., read an interesting and lengthy paper on "The Philosophy of Revelation," more particularly dwelling on the peculiarities of animal magnetism and healing mediumship, with various speculations on the relations of man to the spirit-world. The discussion which followed was so deeply interesting that the meeting was adjourned at a late hour till the 22nd, when healing mediumship formed the chief topic of discussion. The subject of prayer was also introduced, which elicited some most instructive experiences from mediums and others present.

We are glad to see there is a desire to sustain these meetings. We have seen no social form of Spiritualism so instructive, and withal so deeply interesting, and feel certain there is no society in London which presents such entertaining proceedings as those which take place at the Spiritual Institution on these occasions. To suit the general convenience, the evening has been changed to Monday. The next meeting will accordingly take place on Monday evening, June 3, when Mr. Childs will give his experience indicating the difference between mesmerism and healing by spirit power. The meetings will continue every alternate Monday evening. Thus the succeeding meeting will be on June 17th, and so on, unless the series be suspended during the summer season. We cordially recommend visitors to London to be present at these meetings, and form similar reunions in their own locality.

INDIVIDUAL MORALITY AND SOCIAL FREEDOM.

We are assailed by the friends ("save us from our friends!") of Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, because we are supposed to have treated her adversely. Let us see. Our first recognition of her was in January, when we reprinted in full Mr. Tilton's biography of her—the strongest and most flattering defence of her personal position which has ever appeared, and before which the bombast and sycophancy of her admirers are quite derogatory. While this was being read, there was also widely promulgated by the press, and sustained by private information from America, the most odious reports respecting Mrs. Woodhull's character. To embrace the former, and ignore the latter, would have been a palpable act of imprudence and treason to the movements, which might be to some extent compromised by the act. To have listened to the scandalous reports and turned a deaf ear to all other information, would, on the other hand, have been a gross injustice to Mrs. Woodhull. Both reports could not be absolutely true. Perhaps there were some grounds for both sides of the question. Almost every public person is the victim of lying tongues, and we know that liars can lie *for*, as well as *against* a person. To obviate the danger that might result from listening to reports, let us bear them all in mind, but take people as we find them. It will be a bad day for society when its popular products cannot bear to have their characters scrutinised. Mrs. Woodhull advocates social liberty, which has an opposite pole—a complementary half, viz., social scrutiny. By the proper balancing and adjustment of these two influences can society alone be safe. Public morals are more benefitted by individual rectitude than by rostrum clamour. Then let us uphold a public sentiment which shall act as a restraint upon individual eccentricity. Individuals reflect more or less public sentiment—are the products of it. See, then, that this modifying influence be wholesomely tempered by freedom and scrutiny.

Such are our feelings towards every man and woman, be they friend or alien, public or private. In the category we include ourself, and why should we make any exception in favour of Mrs. Woodhull? It may be urged "What have we to do with private character; no person is a saint; the public have no business with a person further than his public acts. If a speaker speaks well, then there is an end to our interest in him." We beg to differ from this. While the largest charity should be extended to all, even the reprobate, every delinquent should be made to feel that he is so. It is better that a diseased member should suffer than that the body politic should lose its healthy tone. This is the order of nature, and therefore divinely true.

And so we place Mrs. Woodhull on her trial—not that there is any specific indictment against her. It is the duty of society so to act—its duty to itself, and to the one so operated on. If Mrs. Woodhull is true and pure, she will not be hurt or offended by the

process, but will pass through the fire like gold double-refined. If there is a mixture of alloy and rashness in her character, then this overlooking eye will have a wholesome effect.

We are aware that notoriety is an attractive article, and brings a high price in the market, no matter from what features or qualities it may be derived. This seems to be the criterion of excellency with many of Mrs. Woodhull's admirers. A notorious woman urging a system which is popularly understood (it may be erroneously) to minister to the unrestrained action of the most powerful impulses of human nature, is sure to draw a crowd. So does a hanging, and so do the photographs of half-dressed actresses in a shop-window. These seem to be the results upon which some of our progressive contemporaries predicate success, and we are heartily ashamed of them.

When any cool individual who does not relish hand-clapping, shouting, and throwing up of caps looks beneath the surface, and tries to analyse the matter spoken to the assembled thousands who probably hear but little of it, and care less, then such critics are at once the targets for the vilest imputations, often from the most contemptible quarters. With Mrs. Woodhull's supporters inuendo and opinion is mistaken for argument and demonstration. John Scott of Belfast writes to Clement Pine, and his letter is published in *Woodhull and Claflin's* paper—"I see an *envious* article by Hudson Tuttle in last *Medium*" (*Human Nature* it should be). Than the above statement, there could be nothing more unfair; without displaying the slightest intellect to test the merits of Hudson's article, Mr. Scott at once assumes the prerogative of judge, and sentences Tuttle to the limbo of the envious. Is this moral, is it honest, or worthy of intellectual humanity? We think it is a modern method of calling bad names in a respectable way. We are sorry to observe that our good friend, the *Banner of Light*, has been made the vehicle of a baser error of the same kind. An ungrammatical address from Newcastle-on-Tyne to "Dear Madam," from one more emulous of his righteousness than the "Scribes and Pharisees," whom he has the virtuous fervour to denounce, contains the following clause:—"Who in their magazines traduce your character, and scandalously falsify your speeches and their evident meaning." Here there is no argument, no justification of the ardent desire to "traduce the character and falsify" the actions of some one who has the good fortune to be on terms—at a great distance—with the writer. Gallantry appears to be mistaken for reform, amativeness for intellect, and need we be astonished that the female signature to this address is not that of the wife of the male whose name precedes it. It is, indeed, a significant declaration of "principles," but we should have been more pleased with it if the name of husband and wife had been duly appended.

It is easy for any scoundrel to give utterance to emphatic epithets, and unfortunately such is too frequently to be met with in defence of "social freedom." Approbativeness, and the base of the brain,

take the lead instead of intellect and intuition. We are not ambitious to be considered of such a party, and yet we have done Mrs. Woodhull the only substantial service she has received in this country, namely, to publish her biography, and a criticism on her logical errors, and we are prepared at all times to treat her with justice to all parties, which is the only basis upon which "Freedom" can be inaugurated.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

19 Leamington Road Villas,
Westbourne Park, W., 11th May, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—In your May issue of *Human Nature* figures an unsigned sketch or biography of the late Mr. J. W. Jackson, in which the names of private individuals are brought in, first, without leave being asked, and secondly, coupled with statements that demand some comment from those in part concerned, upon the self-same principle as that which last summer I was called upon to address you, viz.:—"Right wrongs no one." The biographer states, Mr. Jackson received orders from the Spirits in attendance at our circle to write a work on "Man," for which, I may add, they gave *very* particularly the *exact* title, or heading, if you prefer it. Mr. Jackson at once accepted the task, to all appearances very willingly. Whether the unseen were cognisant of his private circumstances or not, we do not presume to say; but it strikes me forcibly that, *no matter what the Spirits advise*, each individual, in true justice to himself and family, no less than to the disembodied whose counsels he professes to sit for, *must* use his own judgment, else individuality, as a recognised intelligent principle, must inevitably make shipwreck of herself. Hence I question if the biographer is, in this case, justified in saying that the work on "Man" was "imposed on Mr. Jackson." As to the parting words in the little article, I refrain from making any comments whatever. Mr. Jackson had more than one piece of good advice given to him relative to the work, to which all common-sense mortals could say amen! One I may mention:—That he should go to rest early, so as to rise and take the inspirational influences in the fresh morning hours. This we know from the gentleman's own lips *he entirely disregarded*. On another occasion, when some trifling alterations were suggested, Mr. Jackson demurred at making them,—he was told "to put a foot-note stating what was his own, and what was from the Spirit-world." Failing compliance with this, they would withdraw their aid, "if he thought himself wiser than his teachers, or that their assistance lacked appreciation." When we found, to our sorrow, Mr. Jackson's unwillingness to obey the injunctions kindly laid down for his guidance, for his material as also for his spiritual good, we declined further seances with him, but wished him to visit us, if so disposed, as a friend—nor could we any further lend a

helping hand in propagating a work that was no longer, as at first, *an avowedly Spiritual production*. Though the orders to write "Man" were given at our circle, it was through Mr. J.'s spirit-friends, "the Scribes," that such were given—ours undertook only the task or duty of *revising*.

You know me well enough, Mr. Editor, to be assured that, in writing now, I am actuated by no desire to give pain to him who now looks down upon his earth-life associates—still less to hurt the feelings of his bereaved and deeply sorrowing ones, for whom we unitedly feel nought but honest sympathy.

There are, *I know*, occasions with many, if not with most, whilst sojourning and striving here, when Destiny, with her inevitable coils, seems to hem us in with difficulties for a while, and we are tempted to cry "how long"—but caution, or prudence, judgment and an *active* sense of justice to all, will ever save an amount of suffering to ourselves and others, and *fill in many an interior niche of the soul* with blessings that otherwise would be held by the gaunt fiend Despair, through the extreme hardness of the roads we have often most unfortunately to travel to gain experience and salvation. Do not, I again beg of you, think that I am accusing him who has passed on. I feel it is scarcely fair to regard him as a martyr to Spiritualism. We must all bear the consequences of our own individual life-acts, and if we follow advice that our highest judgment and sense of justice does not fully accord or harmonise with, we are not free to blame those in the body, or out of the body. For every consequence there exists a cause, as the daily death-rate of the country will prove, if half, let alone all, were known. Hoping you will kindly insert this in the June No. of *Human Nature*,—I subscribe myself, dear sir, yours, in the cause of truth, very faithfully,

ADELAIDE S. SLATER.

[The further publicity given to the names of private individuals in the above letter, and the letter of last year to which allusion is made, shows that we betrayed no confidence in publishing the remarks in the article on Mr. Jackson. There was no intention of blaming any one in referring to the work which circumstances "imposed" upon our deceased friend—more especially Mrs. Slater's family, who showed him so much kindness.]

REVIEWS.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED. 12s. per annum. New York: S. R. Wells; London: J. Burns.

ALMOST a life-time ago the Fowlers, now of world-wide celebrity, started the *Phrenological Journal* in New York, now the only phrenological periodical in the world, and the oldest devoted to the study of Man. Before its long career and wide influence, European journals on Anthropology sink into insignificance. Not that the

Phrenological Journal lays claim to deep research, weighty matter, or pronounced originality. The contrary might be more truthfully said of it, for its evident effort is rather to popularise and render available for public use the knowledge already demonstrated, than dig in the bottom of the well for new and it might be problematical truths. It is, in short, a literary magazine, well illustrated, and having for its theme the very laudable objects detailed in the following brief prospectus for 1872:—

"Agreeable to custom, we now issue our announcements for a new volume (the 54th) and a new year. What more need be said, than to state the fact that we shall make the *Phrenological Journal* just as good for 1872 as we can possibly afford to do? That it will continue to improve in the future, as it has done in the past? That each *succeeding* volume shall surpass its *preceding* volume? Readers, past and present, will themselves bear witness to this fact. Our facilities have been greatly increased of late, and we intend to use them, to enrich our pages. We have more men and more money in our service—men to draw, design, engrave, print, publish and distribute the *Journal* in all parts of the world, and money to pay for it. As hitherto, it will continue to consider the best interests of man individually and collectively. Its platform is very comprehensive, and its principles touch every interest of every man, every woman, and every child—the well-being of the person, the state, and the nation.

"Specifically—*Education*, physically, intellectually, and spiritually; the developing, quickening, and energising of one and all the faculties; the right use of each and every organ of body and brain; the choice of pursuits, in which each may best succeed; how to treat the imbecile, the insane, and the criminal classes, so as to restore and make them self-regulating and self-sustaining; to direct us in the choice of matrimonial companions, to choose business associates, assistants, to encourage right habits in eating, drinking, working, and sleeping, and how all of us may make the most of ourselves and each other. These are among the objects aimed at in this journal. What other publication covers this ground? Who but those conversant with anatomy, physiology, phrenology, physiognomy, and psychology can cover it? The study of MAN, in all his relations, as a social being, an intellectual being, and as a moral and religious being belong, legitimately, to the conductors of the *Phrenological Journal*. We purpose to pursue the study vigorously, and to make the most of it, for the benefit of ourselves and our readers. All who approve, are invited to help."

To such an exposition little need be added only to say that the reader will find it all true and even more. The subject of psychology or spiritual phenomena is not overlooked in the pages of our venerable contemporary, which, by-the-bye, looks younger and better than ever. It used to be published in quarto size, and was very clumsy and inconvenient for binding. A few years ago *Packard's Monthly* was united with it, and in conjunction with *Life Illustrated* it assumed a wider scope, with more diversified features. At present it appears with a two-columned page, beautifully embellished with first-rate woodcuts of eminent men, public characters, ethnological specimens, and other wonders of human product. When we inform the reader that each number contains about eighty of such pages, then they will be astonished that such a mass of matter can be imported and sold in London for the paltry sum of one shilling monthly. To make the readers of *Human Nature* more particularly acquainted with our American Brother, through the kindness of Mr. Wells, the editor and publisher, we are enabled to present them with specimen numbers at

half price. Every "progressive library" and spiritual society should have this work bound in volumes, and we might extend the recommendation, and say that the *Journal* should be everywhere welcomed as a monthly visitor in the family. If the young are familiarised with such matters when forming their characters, it is the making of them for life. Recent volumes can be obtained on advantageous terms at the Progressive Library, where a monthly parcel of current numbers is received from Mr. Wells, thus placing the English readers on the same plane of prompt delivery as those who live in the "Land of the West."

"Flipperty Flop's Sensible Goose" is a transatlantic curiosity. The author, W. W. Broom, is a poet, at least he claims the authorship of this broadsheet of rhyme. He seems to be a good natured, well-meaning, eccentric, harmless individual, who sympathises with Sylvester Graham, Fowler and Wells, and an original theology, an axiom of which is "The power of Jesus increases as the power of the Church declines."

Fairy Life and Fairy Land. A Lyric Poem. Communicated by Titania, through her Secretary, Thomas of Ercildoune. London: L. Booth, 307 Regent Street, W.

We have a poem before us purporting to have been given by Titania, through her secretary, erewhile known as "Thomas the Rhymer." But why the book was written, or what aim it has in view, we are at a loss to conceive. We have perused a portion of it—the whole of the first book in fact, but found it so heavy and wearisome a task that we gave it up in despair. We can honestly say that it has never been our lot to grub so deep without finding the smallest gem to reward us for our pains. The author appears to have a fatal facility of rhyming, and the poem contains a descriptive verbiage, extensive and varied enough to form the vocabulary of half-a-dozen youthful aspirants to poetical fame. Had "Thomas the Rhymer" been possessed of less of this fluency of versification, he might have been a better poet. But he, like many others, seems to think that lines that go with a "lilt" and end with a jingle form poetry. Nothing could be farther from the truth; and we would advise the author of "Fairy Life and Fairy Land," and, indeed, all who fancy they have the gift of poesy, to assure himself, before sitting down to write another poem, that he has a thought or idea to utter. In the poem before us, though we have searched diligently, we have utterly failed to discover a single thought calculated to enrich the mind of the reader; nor is this lack compensated by one depicted trait of human beauty or loveliness, or even one item of that meretricious sentiment which, with so many, passes muster in the place of more sterling stuff. The whole book, so far as we have had patience to read it, is a dreary waste of wordiness,

unrelieved by a solitary oasis, fresh with the wellings of human tenderness, or even a glimpse of the beautiful though delusive mirage, inciting the longing heart to renewed though vain resolve.

The scene of the poem is laid in Portugal—the chosen land of the fairies under their queen Titania, the scenery of which the author appears to be well acquainted with; but even his pictures of places seem bald and lifeless to one who has a vivid remembrance of the glowing descriptions of the same ground in "Childe Harold." The whole of the thirty or forty pages of his panoramic topography of this favoured land, does not present it to the mind's eye with such truthfulness and life as one stanza of the latter poem. After this infliction, to which Homer's catalogue of his heroes and their ships is as a Raphael to a pot-house sign, we are treated to a delicious morsel—a war between the Fays and the "Spanish gipsy-bees." The cause of this warfare is stated in the following lines:—

"But late those bees of gipsy wing,
Nomad, lawless, wandering,
That in Iberia's plains abide,
Immemorially allied
With those in Nubia's wastes that be,
Gipsies, one fraternity,
Hapless consanguinity,
An unholy pact declared,
With mutual wealth and vantage shared,
That every land of flower and bee,
In Europe's wide economy,
And realms of sunny Africa,
Should from all ancient laws be free,
Spoil for marauding Gipsy-bee."

The bees, having been routed with sad havoc, are despoiled of everything—even to their wings, of the uses to which they are to be put, "Ariel" informs us in these words:—

"Mortals wot but little still
Of Fairie's art and Fairie's skill,
Wond'rous tissue! deftly wove
By the tiny hands we love,
At courtly levee, feast, or ball,
To fascinate, delight, enthrall;
Soon thy floating folds will fall
Round the forms of elfin fair,
Waving graceful everywhere
In scarf, mantilla, artful veil,
Or when on solemn feast they sail,
'Neath arching oaks by woodland green,
In majestic crinoline!"

Was ever such balderdash written for poetry before! Then follows a feast to celebrate the victory over the apian host. The instructions given by Titania to "Puck" for the collection of flowers, &c., to adorn the festal scene take up at least twenty pages. As many more are filled with a description of the banquet, at which "True Thomas" is fêted. Said Thomas is the happy possessor of Titania's

"Honeys three,—
Gifts so rarely given away

To mortal born, or Fairy Fay,
And ne'er before combinedly:
Poesy and Prophecy,
And converse with the Fairie!"

We will not cavil as to whether the author possesses the last of these three gifts or not; but we can most confidently assert that he exhibits neither of the other two in "Fairy Life and Fairy Land."

We have been thus severe in our strictures on the above work, in the hope that other aspirants to poetical fame may be thereby deterred from rashly putting into print their trashy lucubrations, and that, perhaps, the author, if still a young man, may be induced before again venturing to publish a volume of poetry, to habituate himself to study and thought. The world has seen books enough built up of mere pithless verbiage; we want thought—the Promethean fire which can alone lift man above the brute. This it is the poet's task to filch from the altar of the gods. With such a mission as this, it is a sin for the gloriously gifted to dawdle away their time in trying to make amusement for the witless. It is ten times more sinful to attempt to foist a useless article upon a public eagerly striving for emancipation from the thraldom in which it groans, and from which it can only be freed by tearing up the iniquitous foundation of things as they are at present by the powder-blasts of mind.

POETRY.

THE ROBIN.

All summer long, in some fair shaw or dell,
Thou, bonny bird, hast hid thyself away
Amid the bushes green and snowy spray
Of sweet hawthorn, or where the purple bell

Of heather blows upon the spreading moor,
Companion to the martin, lark, and thrush;
But now when bare is every tree and bush,
And dead leaves lie upon the sodden floor,

And sad winds howl, and branches creak and whine,
As though the hamadryads were in pain;—
Now thou hast left the coppice and the plain,
Thy wee snug nest, round which sweet eglantine,

Clematis wild, that flower of lowly worth,
Or jasmin fair, perchance in beauty clomb,
And all the joys of that free gladsome home,
Whilome so full of honest hearted mirth,

To tarry here awhile in our dull town—
To teach us with thy simple fervent lay,
How we should bear ourselves when o'er the way
Dark low'ring clouds for ever threat and frown.

ROSA.

MISCELLANEA.

IT is alleged that spirit photographs are being taken in London by several operators. The matter is yet under investigation. For full particulars as to such current matters we beg to refer inquirers to the *Medium*, one penny weekly.

A MARVELLOUS CAREER.—The death of a deeply-afflicted, yet withal a successful man, is recorded in the American papers. William H. Hawthorne, Esq., died at his residence in Millsboro, Washington county, Pennsylvania, on the 18th ult., and his life is, or ought to be, a lesson to all who are apt to feel discouraged under difficulties and give way to despair. The *Brownsville Clipper* gives an interesting memoir of the deceased gentleman, from which it appears that at the age of thirteen he was so afflicted with rheumatism, that he lost the use of both legs, and also of his right arm. His feet were drawn up against the thighs, and his right arm and hand horribly contorted. The flesh on these limbs gradually withered away, his head and body alone continuing to grow. For the purpose of locomotion he was placed in a box, in which he passed his life, constantly lying on his back, and attending to all kinds of business for the last sixty years. He acquired a good English education, and taught a school for a number of years, and at the time of his death was serving his seventh term as justice of the peace, having acted in that capacity for nearly thirty-five years. He used the pen with his left hand, and wrote a very accurate and legible hand. In 1853 he was awarded a contract for carrying the United States mail on the route between Pittsburg and Waynesburg, and at the expiration of the first term he was allowed to renew the contract. He kept a number of horses and employés, but he superintended the whole business himself. At the age of twenty-three he eloped in his box with a Miss Wilson, and was married to her without the consent of her friends. The marriage turned out happily, and was blessed with thirteen children. He is described as a man of iron will, and almost iron constitution. Compelled as he was to remain through life in a recumbent position, he wrote with the paper on a small board before him, and from constantly keeping his head raised upward and forward the muscles of his neck became so prenaturally strong, that he could hold his head in that situation for hours without fatigue.

A Spiritualist Funeral.—Under this caption the San Francisco *Chronicle*, of April 19th, describes the ceremonies upon the occasion of consigning to Mother Earth the mortal body of Henry Chase, a young man who passed on, aged about nineteen years. The writer says his remains were buried "from his late residence, at Mason and Geary Streets, with full religious ceremonies, according to the burial ritual of the sect of spiritualists. As these services are the first of the kind ever performed in this city, their novelty attracted attention. Henry was the last surviving son of Mrs. Chase, a spiritualist medium of this city, and well-known among the sect. After a severe illness of several weeks, the young man expired of consumption, on Sunday afternoon, and his last request was, that his mother should conduct the funeral according to their ritual, and his wishes were respected. The coffin was made to order by an undertaker in Market Street. It was composed of common tedwood timber, covered with white velvet, and the inside trimmed with white silk. No ornaments were discernible about the box. The body was dressed similarly, in white robes and white necktie. White flowers were strewn around the coffin. The room in which the body lay awaiting burial was beautiful. Around the walls were white roses, and on a table at the head of the coffin was a large vase containing a small rosebush. At the base of the vase was a half-blown rose, which had been plucked from the bush and had fallen to the ground. It was emblematic of the young life, so full of promise and beauty, nipped in the bud, and falling to decay at the root. The services were conducted by the mother, who was dressed in white alpaca, without any trimmings or ornaments. The ceremonies deeply impressed the spectators, and were opened by Mrs. Beach singing the well-known poem, written by Mrs. G. Clark, the medium, entitled 'He's Gone.' The mother then addressed the assemblage at some length, extolling the virtues of her son, and adding that it was his express desire, both before and after death, that he should be buried in that manner. Mrs. Beach then sang a poem entitled the 'Beautiful Hills.' The coffin was then placed in a hearse and borne to the cemetery. At the grave the services consisted of a prayer by Mrs. Beach. Mrs. Chase says that since the death of her son, she has had several interviews with him," &c.

Spiritual Powers of Animals.—The lower animals have many of the most mysterious powers of life. They have clairvoyance, prevision, perception of character, powers of fascination, or magnetic influence, and intuition, or, as we call it in them, instinctive perception, or consciousness, of the most remarkable character. Bees, birds, fishes, beavers, and probably a great many animals we are less acquainted with, have interior, or what we call spiritual powers, which many find it hard to allow to man, as if he were less gifted than the lower orders of creation. That his gifts are marred and disordered is evident enough. What should be universal are exceptional and rare; but they still exist in form, and some-

times in development. The bee, wherever you may carry it, goes in a straight line to its hive. There are men similarly guided, Migratory birds must be clairvoyant. Human beings have sometimes the power of seeing clearly what is going on hundreds or thousands of miles away. Animals adapt their dwellings to the temperature of a coming winter, and foresee calamities which endanger them. Some persons have the gift of prophecy, or the faculty of second-sight, though all the scientific men in the world cannot tell what weather it will be next Wednesday. A sealed letter, a lock of hair, or other relic, conveys to some very sensitive persons the revelation of the appearance, character, and even the events of the lives of those they have never seen, or even heard of. The somnambulist reveals the most secret thoughts and concealed propensities of persons. Knowledge of the distant, the future, and of that which cannot be known by ordinary methods, can come only in two ways. It must be the result of some power of the soul or life quite beyond our ordinary senses and means of knowledge, or it must come to us as a revelation from intelligent beings gifted with higher powers, or more extensive means of observation. Both means may co-exist, but it is not, I think, unreasonable to believe that some persons may have faculties, which, however mysterious and inexplicable, are still possessed by the lower orders of the animal creation.—*From "Human Physiology," by Dr. T. L. Nichols, Great Malvern.*

"It seems," says the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, "as if any man who would give himself to thought, and the reading of history, and attention to the psychological mysteries that throng his own body, will surely come to the conclusion, not that spiritual manifestations are in themselves incredible and to be rejected, but that it is truly wonderful that we meet so few of them. Instead, therefore, of disbelieving everything until it is forced upon me by proof that I cannot get around, I incline to believe everything that I hear in the matter of ghosts and spirits, and reckon all the most marvellous stories true, until somebody takes the pains to prove them false." The reason why the conceited scientists fail to find out anything, he thinks perfectly obvious; it is because they assume that there is no force but what is material in existence, and they proceed in a spirit of contemptuousness rather than as patient and humble learners.

The pleasant spring, the joyous spring,
His course is onward now;
He comes with sunlight on his wing,
And beauty on his brow;
His impulse thrills through rill and flood,
And throbs along the main,
'T is stirring in the waking wood,
And trembling o'er the plain.

—*Cornelius Webbe.*