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A STUDY OF RELIGION: THE NAME AND THE THING.*

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IF there is one word above all others which articulates in a breath the supreme sublimity and the most melancholy abasement of human nature,—which carries imagination up to the heights of a heroism so pure and lofty that common lungs gasp for coarser air, and then plunges her into dungeons of superstition so foul with blood and filth that the choke-damp of the coal-mine seems innocuous by comparison,—it is assuredly the word RELIGION. The page of history is lighted up by it, now as by a flood of golden sunshine, and again as by the glare, lurid and smoky, of infernal fires. All that is sweetest and tenderest, bravest and truest, most inspiring and most inspired in the human heart, has been sunned into living beauty by religion; all that is most dark, wrathful, false, crafty, cruel, has been nursed into bloody and deceitful deeds by her influence. Religion, and religion alone, has had skill to sweep the entire keyboard of humanity, evoking alternately the thunders of the hoarsest and harshest bass and the silver melodies that sing to us all we know of the angelic and divine.

THE STUDY OF RELIGION.

Politics, trade, industry, literature, art, philanthropy,—there is no human interest that has not been moulded or shaped by religion; and no study so comprehensive or profound awaits the future historian as that which is busied with the religious

* Fifth Lecture in the Course of Six "Sunday Afternoon Lectures," given in Horticultural Hall, Boston, under the auspices of the Free Religious Association, February 9, 1873.

development of man. The *future* historian, I say; for, although I have been so venturesome as to entitle my lecture "A Study of Religion," I am painfully aware that no study of it can at this day be otherwise than fragmentary and crude,—that in their very best investigations this present generation are but dabbles and babblers in a matter too high for them. The materials for building up a true science of religion (science must be herself the historian and the analyst) exist to-day uncut, nay, unquarried even in the traditions and annals and poems and bibles and philosophies, the cultus and the customs, the social systems and the countless institutions of many and diverse nations, of some of which even the names are as yet scarcely known; while the constructive task of planning and executing this great masterpiece of intellectual architecture can fall to the lot of those only who shall inherit the results of whole generations of mighty minds. The great structures of the existing world-religions eclipse wholly, to the common observer, the very possibility of such a science; they stand for religion itself to the common intellect; they fill the field of vision; and their magnitude, which is as nothing beside the boundlessness of the slow-coming religion of man, is quite as much as even our best scholars can appreciate to-day. In what I have presumed, therefore, to call a "study of religion," I beg to be acquitted of the pretence of anticipating the proper task of succeeding centuries.

THE CLUE OF AN IDEA.

Yet, while stumbling and groping my way, as it were, amid the ruins of decaying world-religions, and consciously devoid of the light which is needed to illumine the path of escape, I do indeed believe that the clue of an idea is given which even in the dark shall serve as a guiding-thread. These vast tottering temples of faith in which the worshippers still congregate by millions, unlike as they appear to careless inspection, betray, notwithstanding, a far profounder unity than can be detected in mere similarity of moral precepts or identity of special beliefs. Such similarity or identity, though in itself a comparatively recent discovery appears to me to be a quite superficial fact. Moral precepts and special beliefs, mere rules and mere opinions, never yet made a religion; they do not contain the vital principle essential to the organic existence of every world-faith. Deeper than to ethical codes or to theological conceptions must we look, if we would discover the vast arterial system of spiritual life which makes all religions one. What we want to discover is the common blood of them all, not the likeness of fingers or toes. The "sympathy of religions," as the phrase has been happily coined, is a great and fruitful truth; but there is danger

lest we seek it in surface characteristics. When it is seen that moral precepts and theological beliefs are never the real bond of union even among the adherents of the same religion, we shall be cautious how we proceed in taking them as the bond of union among different religions. Without "unity of spirit," churches are ropes of sand; without unity of spirit, different religions, bristling as they all do with conscious hostility, could never be one in substance as they really are. It is something, then, to be warned against going off on a false scent in the search for unity. It is something to be aware that moral precepts and theological doctrines, whether shared or not shared in common by different religions, do not and cannot constitute the essence of religion, but are simply the various forms of manifestation assumed at various times and under varying circumstances by a permanent force in human history. Opinions in ethics and in theology change from age to age; what is held to be right and true in one stage of development is seen to be wrong and false at a later stage. But the deep and powerful impulsion to *seek* for the right and true, without which these very changes could never have taken place, is an abiding element of human nature; and it is in this direction that we must look, if we would indeed discover that common essence which is the real nexus of unity among the diversities of law, creed, and cultus.

THE PREJUDICE AGAINST RELIGION.

In the study of religion, however, one great cause of mistake and injustice should be scrupulously eliminated,—I mean, the preconception or prejudice which pronounces beforehand that religion is pure superstition. Whoever enters on this study with a bias so unscientific as this will arrive at no results. Religion must be studied as one of the greatest facts of human history, if not the very greatest. It must be studied with the previous conviction that every fact of history, even the most trivial, has its proper place and deserves to be studied with scientific impartiality. The blind fury of the partisan, whether turned in this way or that, is a complete stoppage of ear and eye, disqualifying for all valuable research. The anti-religion rage which makes the very name a red rag to be rushed at with all the violence of a mad bull, and which is by no means an uncommon phenomenon of the day, should be as carefully guarded against as the most submissive superstition. Criticise without scruple the mischievous perversions and abuses of religion; acknowledge without palliation all the evil it has done; but avoid the mental obfuscation of confounding a permanent force with a transient form. This the adherents of the various religions do, conceiving the favoured form of religion to be religion itself, and therefore

condemning all other forms as false and abominable; but this the scientific student can never do, who sees that the evils done by religion in the world's history are due to the misapplication of a force whose intelligent direction must be most beneficial.

RELIGION AS FIRE.

When I say, therefore, as I must, that I believe in religion, the case is the same as when I say that I believe in fire. Of all agencies employed by man, fire is perhaps the most useful and the most terrible. It will warm your house and cook your food; but it will just as readily burn them up, aye, and you too, if it escape the governance of your mind. Without fire, civilisation would be impossible; but the great wilderness of blackened ruins within a stone's throw from this hall, marking the spot where the conflagration raged with frightful fury through your stores and warehouses, shows how remorselessly fire will unmake the very civilisation it has made. So it is with religion. Without it human life would freeze into the desolation of an arctic winter; without it the tender flush on the face of humanity, looking upward and forward in the rocky path she climbs, would fade away, and the golden aureole of a divine purpose would vanish for ever from her head; without it the suffusing glow of hope and reverence would die out from the world of men, and the hard lines of care and stolid selfishness would be ploughed by the hand of Time where now he traces the marks of noble thought and earnest aspiration and grand enthusiasm for the true, the beautiful, the good. Yet the same mighty force which, if only guided by intelligence, makes each human heart an altar, has made it, and will make it again, under the guidance of ignorant folly, a lazar-house of superstition, and a torture-chamber of cruelty. Let reason lose her mastery of the inner impulse of religion, and the fire which should warm, comfort, and preserve, will with all-devouring flames turn into ashes every costly product of civilising mind. Truly, a fearful friend is this fire of the human soul,—the greatest of all blessings or the most terrible of all curses! I repeat it, I believe in religion as I believe in fire; for, notwithstanding the incalculable evils that result from their abuse, mankind could dispense with the one as little as with the other.

THE NAME AND THE THING.

Believing that words are vitally connected in human thought with that which they represent, in studying religion I would consider first the *name*, and afterwards the *thing*.

THE NAME : I. DERIVATION.

The popularly accepted derivation of the word religion is from

the Latin word *religare*, signifying “to bind back or behind, to bind fast.” If this derivation is correct, the word would seem etymologically to contain the idea of *bondage*, as its root meaning; and consequently the use of it in connection with any word suggesting *liberty*, as in the phrase “Free Religion,” must be condemned, as one of those attempts to put new meanings into old theological words, against which every true radical instinctively and on principle protests. Should ripe and impartial scholarship ever pronounce in favour of this derivation, I, for one, should be disposed to abandon the word religion altogether, while still cleaving to that which to my mind it now fairly and fitly expresses. Far be it from any intrepid thinker to seek to avail himself of the prestige of any word to which his honest and unbiased thought does not justly entitle him! Let him trust the cause of truth to itself for its final vindication in the eyes of mankind.

At the same time it should be noted, in any thorough discussion of the subject, that the verb *religare* not only means *to bind fast*, but also, in poetical and post-classical Latin, *to unbind*, as in the line of Catullus [lxiii. 84]:—

“Ait hæc minax Cybebe, religatque juga manu.”

It might be not unreasonably urged that warrant could be found, even in the vulgar derivation of the word religion, for its appropriate conjunction with the word free.

But there is no occasion to rest the case on any doubtful or questionable grounds. The best authorities are in favour of deriving the word religion, not from *religare* at all, but from *relegere* or *religere*, signifying “to go through or over again in reading, in speech, or in thought”—that is, to review carefully and faithfully, to ponder or reflect with conscientious fidelity. If this derivation is the correct one, then there is nothing in etymology to forbid or discourage the application of the epithet free to religion,—nothing to suggest, even, the idea of bondage or arbitrary obligation. The root-meaning of the word would be *the application of the intellectual faculties under direction of the conscience* to any subject in general, or more especially, by popular association merely, to the subject of man’s relation to God or the gods.

Now, this question of the true derivation of the word religion is so closely connected with the profoundest problems of modern religious thought, and particularly with that of the real relation of religion as an historical phenomenon to the belief in God, that I beg your indulgence for presenting to you some of the most important evidence on both sides of this question. At the risk of being dry and uninteresting to a popular audience, I wish

to give in some detail such testimony as my note books furnish concerning the verdict of modern scholarship on the true derivation of the word under discussion.

THE DERIVATION FROM "RELIGARE."

Lactantius, the distinguished convert to Christianity, who in the first quarter of the fourth century taught and wrote at Nicomedia, in Bithynia, was the first [*Divin. Instit.*, iv. 28], so far as I know, to derive the word religion from *religare*, referring to "the bond of piety by which we are attached and bound to God [a vinculo pietatis quo Deo obstricti et religati sumus]." Augustine, one of the most influential of the early Church Fathers, who flourished about a hundred years later, adopted the derivation of Lactantius. ["Uni Deo religantes animas nostras, unde religio dicta creditur." *Retract.*, i. 13.] It was also adopted by Servius, in the fifth century, in his annotations on Virgil [*ad Æn.*, viii. 349]; and it has been sanctioned by later writers who, in my judgment, have either given too little attention to the subject, or have been biased by theological preconceptions to acquiesce in what chimed in with their own dogmatic systems. For instance, J. A. Hartung [*Die Religion der Römer nach den Quellen dargestellt*: 1ter Theil, S. 140. Leipzig: 1836] assumes it apparently without investigation as the true derivation; as do also the Rev. Samuel Beal [*Catena of Buddhist Scriptures from the Chinese*: p. 152. London: 1871] and other writers. But the secret of the predilection for this derivation shown by many scholars, is very aptly exposed by Bretschneider, who says:—"Lactantius rejected Cicero's etymology, not on philological, but on dogmatic grounds. Religion was to him dependence upon God, unconditioned subjection under his law and revelation; therefore he hunted up the derivation from *religare*, which for similar reasons suited Augustine also." [*Handbuch der Dogmatik der evangelisch-lutherische Kirche*: Prolegomena, p. i. footnote. Leipzig: 1838]. This judgment by Bretschneider I consider as just as it is penetrating. The derivation from *religare* at once assumes that belief in God and explicit recognition of a supernatural Revelation as the rightful Law of the human soul, constitute the very essence of religion. It has, therefore, been espoused by the vast majority of Christian theologians, and defended as important testimony, rendered by philology itself, to the truth of their system. They argue, and in my opinion justly, that, if the very word religion expresses the submission of mankind to the will of a personal God, the scientific spirit which refuses to submit to anything but the intrinsic truth of things, and claims the right to decide for itself whether there is a personal God whose will must be accepted as the law of the

human mind as well as of the human heart, is wholly outside the sphere of religion, and hostile to it. They declare, and rightly, that this idea of religion is incompatible with freedom; and they thus indissolubly bind up the destinies of religion with the destinies of their own supernaturalism. Whether the word religion, consequently, is to be the banner under which the great battle of free thought against superstition is to be fought and won, or whether it, too, like the word Christianity, must be surrendered to the devotees of a dying faith, will depend mainly on the truth or untruth of the claims by which they seek to capture it for their own uses. Let us, then, inquire further into the etymology of the word.

THE DERIVATION FROM "RELEGERE."

Cicero, the greatest of Roman writers, who flourished three hundred years and more before Lactantius, and who certainly should be regarded as no mean authority on his native language, has a passage which I should translate as follows: "Not philosophers alone, but also our own ancestors, distinguished superstition from religion. For those who were wont to offer prayer and sacrifice during entire days, that their children might survive them [*superstites essent*], were called *superstitious*; a word which was afterwards applied more widely. But they who carefully meditated, and, as it were, considered and re-considered all those things which pertained to the worship of the gods, were called *religious* from *relegere*. [*De Nat. Deor.*, ii. 28.] Now it is true that the derivation of the word superstition here given is at least dubious; and this fact justifies suspicion of the other derivation. But even he who mistakes once should not therefore be immediately set down as mistaking always. There is other evidence, very strong evidence, showing that Cicero was right in his second derivation. There is a participle *religens*, signifying religious, which cannot possibly be derived from *religare*, but must be referred to *relegere* (or *religere*, as sometimes spelled.) This participle is contained in a verse quoted from an old poet by Aulus Gellius, author of the *Noctes Atticæ*, who lived more than a century before Lactantius:

"Religentum esse oportet, religiosum nefas."

That is, "it is right to be religious, wrong to be *religiose*, or superstitious." Such evidence as this must have immense weight with scholars who are free from prepossession. Furthermore, the use of the word *religio* itself was quite common at Rome in the simple sense of a "scruple," conscientious or otherwise, implying the consciousness of a natural obligation

wholly irrespective of the gods. For instance, the comic poet Terence, who flourished nearly two hundred years before Christ, makes one of his characters exclaim: "I scruple (or am ashamed) to say that I have nothing — nam nil esse mihi religiosius dicere." [*Heaut.*, i 223.] Trübner's edition, 1857.] Faithfulness, sincerity, veracity, honour, punctiliousness, conscientiousness—these were frequent popular meanings of the word; and it is evident that they mark its original, radical signification far more clearly than the use made of it as applied to worship of the gods. They point directly to *religere* as the true root.

Not to rest the case, however, on any assertions or arguments of my own, let me cite the direct testimony of the highest authorities.

The *Universal Latin Lexicon* of Facciolatus and Forcellinus [Bailey's edition, 1828], the *Wörterbuch der Lateinischen Sprache* of Dr. Wilhelm Freund [Leipzig, 1840], and the *Latin-English Lexicon* of Dr. Andrews, which is better known in this country than the great Lexicon of Dr. Freund on which it is based, all give the weight of their authority to the derivation from *religere*. No better authorities could be adduced.

Dr. Ramshorn, whose *Latin Synonymes* is a work of the highest reputation, derives the word religion from *religere*, and gives as its fundamental or root-meaning—"conscientiousness, scruple of conscience, scrupulousness." ["Etwas bei sich wiederholen, immer wieder überlegen; daher die Gewissenhaftigkeit, der Gewissensscrupel, die Bedenklichkeit." *Lateinische Synonymik*. Leipzig: 1831.]

Dr. John William Donaldson, one of the finest of English scholars, referring to the same derivation, says very emphatically: "There can be no doubt that it is perfectly true. It is clear from the use of the word, that it is not derived from *colligere*, 'to bind back,' but from *religere*, 'to gather over and over again,' 'to think perpetually and carefully on the same subject,' 'to dwell with anxious thought on some idea or recollection.' Hence, practically, *religiō* signifies, (1) 'religious worship,' considered as scrupulous obedience to the exactions of conscience, and with especial reference to the act of worship, etc." [*Verrenius: A Critical and Historical Introduction to the Ethnography of Ancient Italy and to the Philological Study of the Latin Language*. p. 407. London: 1852.]

Let I should should transgress beyond all hope of pardon by my citations, permit me simply to refer here to Dr. Paulus [*Der Denkwürdige*, i 50]; to Dr. Klotz [*Handwörterbuch der Lateinischen Sprache*]; and to Voet, the great philologist

[*Etymologische Forschungen*, ii. 161]. These scholars are unanimous in favouring the derivation *relegere*, and rejecting that from *religare*. So far as my very imperfect studies have gone, they have led me wholly in the same direction; and I venture to think that no one who sits down faithfully to study the subject in the spirit of pure scholarship, regardless of all dogmatic bias, can come to a different conclusion. I took up the investigation two or three years ago, in order to satisfy my own mind whether radicals ought to discard the word religion as I believe they ought to discard the word Christianity, and with perfect willingness to do it myself, if necessary; and the conclusion has forced itself upon me with irresistible force that the word most certainly belongs to us by its etymology, and, as I hope to show, quite as much by its usage and by its essential meaning.

I would only add that Döderlein, who proposes a third derivation for the word religion, namely, from *re* and a Greek verb signifying *to look to, to have a care for*, assigns to it the same radical signification: "*Pietas* is the natural feeling of innate love; *religio*, the feeling of a sacred duty come to consciousness. . . . Furthermore, *religio* rests on an inward obligation by conscience; *fides*, on the other hand, on an outward obligation by a promise." [*Lateinische Synonyme und Etymologien*. Leipzig: 1838.] It will be seen, therefore, that Döderlein, differing from the foregoing in point of derivation, strikingly agrees with them in point of fundamental meaning.

Of the two chief derivations which are assigned to the word religion, I think I have shown conclusively that *religare* is not, and that *relegere* is, the true root. The former implies the idea of bondage, and assumes the belief in a supernatural God, whose simple will is the rightful law of human life, as the very essence of religion itself. The latter assumes the great fact of duty, of conscience, of moral obligation to a natural law of right, and implies not the faintest restriction upon any human faculty other than the natural obligation of right and truth. So far, then, as etymology is concerned, the pretence that the phrase Free Religion contains an inherent contradiction is seen to be based either upon philological ignorance or dogmatic narrowness.

II. USAGE.

Trusting that the importance of the subject will still secure to me your indulgence for some inevitable dulness, I wish to dwell a little further upon the word religion with reference to its *usage*; and I would broadly distinguish between two different

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uses of it as respectively *provincial* and *cosmopolitan*. They correspond to the two derivations already stated, but of course can be considered quite independently of them. Under each of these two uses, the provincial and the cosmopolitan, I would point out a minor distinction of the *vulgar* and the *scholarly*.

THE PROVINCIAL USE.

The vulgar provincial use of the word religion is that which confounds religion in general with the special form of it which is dominant in any particular place and time. For instance, the Catholic believes that there is no religion at all, properly so called, but Roman Catholicism. His own faith is all the faith there is; every other pretended faith is unfaith, more or less pernicious, and as absolutely hateful to God as all falsehood must necessarily be. This enormous complacency of the Roman Catholic Church is shared to a degree by every Christian, whether Evangelical or so-called Liberal, who cannot or will not concede that Christianity stands precisely on the level of all other religions, as a natural outgrowth of humanity rather than as a supernatural revelation of God. The idea of religion it presupposes is not only provincial, but vulgarly provincial, savoring of nothing but ignorance or conceit. There is nothing about it that a large heart or well-furnished head can view otherwise than with pity for its narrowness, or contempt for its assumption. It will pass away inevitably together with the general dialect of superstition.

The scholarly provincial use of the word religion is that which, while recognising all the diverse forms of religion as standing precisely on the same level, all natural and none supernatural, yet confines the application of the word strictly to theistic systems of belief. It is willing to reckon Judaism, Mohammedanism, Parseeism, and so forth, as religions, because they are all monotheistic; and it is willing to include also Buddhism, Confucianism, Positivism even, provided these can be shown to have some sort of belief in a God or gods. At present it stoutly contends that these latter faiths do have such a belief, and it therefore does not deny that they are religions. But if ever it becomes settled by scholarly investigation beyond reasonable doubt that any one of them is nakedly and baldly and incontrovertibly atheistic, then the provincial scholar will be forced either to deny that it is a religion at all, or else without reserve to abandon his own provincialism. There is no escape from this dilemma. If there is no religion without a belief in God, and if Buddhism, for example, should be proved to have no belief in God in any intelligible sense, then one of two things must be true: either Buddhism is not a religion, or else there can be an

atheistic religion. The provincial scholar, therefore, is bound to deny that Buddhism is atheistic, that Confucianism is atheistic, that Positivism is atheistic (if this is conceded to be a religion at all, although in this case the other horn of the dilemma is usually seized). The essence of scholarly provincialism consists in the assumed principle that nothing can be a religion that does not believe in a God or gods; and it exacts this belief as the one great postulate which religion, at least, must never question. Whether it can ever be reconciled with absolute freedom of thought, is a question whose answer seems to me very plain.

THE COSMOPOLITAN USE.

The vulgar cosmopolitan use of the word religion is that which loosely classes all religions together on equal terms, without making any inquiry as to their various doctrines. This is a very common use of the word among people who have given no particular thought to the subject, but who are free from all narrow prejudice. It is so very common that I claim it as a strictly popular use of the word; and I therefore deny that the radical who thinks Buddhism is atheistic, and yet continues to call it a religion, is guilty of any use of language which is a violation of its natural and current meaning. If questioned, most people would say without reflection that religion always implies a belief in God; yet, if convinced that Buddhism has no such belief, most people would refuse to attempt the impossible task of extruding it from its established place among the greatest religions of the world. To speak, then, of atheistic religions as at least a possibility, is not to tamper with words at all. The vulgar cosmopolitan usage warrants it, even on appeal to the common people.

The scholarly cosmopolitan use of the word religion is that which carefully distinguishes between *religion*, as a permanent force in human history, and the *religions* which have been or are its various special forms. It lays down no *a priori* principle as to what all religion must be, but applies the term impartially to everything which proves itself to be a religion by doing religion's work in the world. It exacts no theistic or atheistic belief as a condition of admittance into the family of recognised religions; it seeks the unity of them all in something deeper than any belief; it treats them as all equally natural, all more or less imperfect, all amenable to the reason of mankind for their influence on character, life, and society. This usage of the word can alone be considered scientific, or become acceptable to the spirit of science; for it is the only usage which frankly concedes to science her right to sit in judgment on all human opinions. And it is the only usage which can justify the phrase Free

Religion, by construing religion in a way which thoroughly respects and conserves freedom.

Which of these four usages we adopt, is a matter far broader than it seems; for as we use the word, so also do we conceive and treat the thing. I would not take a narrow, provincial view of what is certainly a ubiquitous and permanent fact of human history, nor knowingly cramp myself by that uncultured dialect, that mere vulgar *patois* of the soul, which has no words for ideas of universal import. Let our thought and our speech be alike cosmopolitan, large, and elevated, not unworthy of the profound and sublime realities with which they deal. Let us look for the meaning of that word religion in the light of universal human experience, and find it in that which is common to men of all times and climes, of all races and all phases of theological thought. Religion means something which is common to monotheistic Judaism and tritheistic Christianity,—to polytheistic Paganism and pantheistic Brahmanism and atheistic Buddhism; and this something must be discovered in depths of human nature far beneath the region where diverging thoughts appear. Despite the vast speculative chasms which yawn between these varying religions, there must be something shared by them all alike, or they would never have been classed together by the quick judgment of mankind. Nor is this something to be sought for in common beliefs or in common moral rules; these are simply products, not the productive principle itself. It must be sought for as a creative force in man, from which have proceeded all theological beliefs, whether alike or unlike, and all moral rules, whether identical or not. Not in the branches, not even in the trunk of the tree, but rather in the common sap, the common life, the common idea and law of the whole organism, must be at last discovered that secret of unity which pervades and dominates the growth of all religions. What is it?

THE THING: THREE POPULAR CONCEPTIONS OF IT.

There are three chief popular conceptions of the essence of religion. All three consist in laying a special emphasis and stress on some one department of human nature, to the virtual neglect of other departments equally important. It is man alone that is religious in the common sense of the word; and therefore no one denies that religion is a manifestation of humanity. But whether it is fundamentally a manifestation of thought, feeling, or will, is a question on which there is a divergence of opinion. I believe that, although nobody perhaps would make religion consist either in thought, feeling, or will *exclusively*, yet most persons unduly emphasise the part in it played by some one of these three factors of human nature. Hence arise three theories

of religion which err by disproportion; and this initial error becomes the root of vast subsequent mischief.

RELIGION AS THOUGHT.

It is the characteristic of all dogmatic systems to make opinion or belief the essence of religion. While also insisting on certain sentiments and actions, they nevertheless make Orthodoxy the principal matter. Mr. Lecky has pointed out that "salvation by belief" has from the beginning been the fundamental principle of Christianity, as exhibited by its history; that this supreme emphasis laid on mental belief has been the root of persecution and countless gigantic evils. From Christianity a considerable number of free thinkers have accepted the idea that belief essentially constitutes religion, even while they reject religion itself as mere superstition; and they thus fail to comprehend the true nature of religion as completely as the narrowest and most bigoted churchman. But the day of a larger criticism and more thorough philosophy is dawning; and the notion that religion rests mainly on belief will sooner or later pass away.

RELIGION AS FEELING.

It is the characteristic of all forms of mysticism to make religion consist primarily in feeling. Certain phases of Christianity, such as Moravianism and Methodism, will at once occur to your minds as illustrations of this, requiring as they do above everything else a peculiar "state of the affections," even to the comparative disparagement of orthodoxy of opinion. While less interesting to the thinker than the elaborately constructed systems of dogmatic theology, this mystical species of religion is more cheerful, more genial, and more free from the persecuting or intolerant spirit, than its harder-featured sister, dogmatism; and it is easy to see why Methodism, appealing chiefly to emotion and not rigorously exacting clear-cut opinions on doctrinal matters, should spread with great rapidity in an age when belief in Christian doctrines is either dying or dead.

Closely allied to mysticism, or the religion combining a maximum of feeling with a minimum of thought and action, is a species of modern radicalism for the historical influence of which I have profound respect and a large measure of sympathy, but which I regard as quite inadequate to take the lead to-day in the march of progress. I refer to New England Transcendentalism. It plants itself fundamentally on what it calls the "religious sentiment," as a distinct and special faculty of the human soul,—combining the quite unlike functions of intellectual intuition and emotional sensibility, and fitted not only to apprehend supersensuous truths by direct vision or special illumina-

tion, but also to respond to them by an exalted range of feelings quite unlike all other sentiments in kind. For the great names which are most illustriously associated with this splendid movement of New England thought, and for the great good they have accomplished, I can yield to no one in point of admiration or gratitude; they are fixed stars in the galaxy of our age, and their light has come with divine cheer to great multitudes of darkened minds. But, however reluctantly, I am constrained to think and to say that their theory of religion is inadequate to meet the demands of the future, or even of the present. With all its mystical beauty and sweetness, it lacks a solid basis in thorough psychological analysis; it is a radiant dream, glorious and lovely, but not competent to fill the wants of humanity in this opening era of scientific thought. That there is indeed such a thing as "religious sentiment," I most certainly believe. But that it is a special faculty, a special power of reception of the highest truths which is not possessed by the pure intellect as such, I must as certainly deny. The primary and well-established division of faculties is into thought, feeling, and will; or, in more technical phrase, the cognitive, sensitive, and conative faculties. What is called by Transcendentalism the "religious sentiment" is really a complex manifestation of the former two—thought and feeling; it does not constitute a fourth division, and can only be regarded as doing so in the absence of a scientific psychology. Thought is thought, feeling is feeling, and their union in consciousness cannot at all destroy their elemental nature. In a right use of language, the "religious sentiment" signifies *the feelings or sentiments which accompany, or result from, the purely intellectual contemplation of the idea of God, regarded as an objective truth*. It is not an intuitive faculty; it is not a distinct faculty at all; it is simply the play of feeling excited by religious thought. As well might we consider love towards parents as a faculty distinct from love towards children; whereas love is essentially love, whatever its objects, and however various may be the colouring given to it by the varying nature of its objects. Awe, veneration, love,—all the sentiments which enter into the so-called "religious sentiment" are of universal application; and when Transcendentalism builds upon the conglomerate as if it were a simple and original basis in human nature, it does but found its house, fair as are its proportions, upon the sand. A new phase of thought is succeeding to Transcendentalism now, which, while gratefully honouring its predecessor, must carry forward independently the same great work in the name of science.

RELIGION AS ACTION.

It is the characteristic of all formalism, legalism, ritualism,

and so forth, to make religion consist in certain external observances, rites, or acts, which are supposed to be of saving efficacy. Dogma is of importance; emotion is of importance; but ceremonies loom up practically as supremely important, eclipsing even feeling and thought. This is not only the religion of fashion, which is naturally glad to escape the duty of living faith, but also of a very sincere and earnest set of people in whom the practical overbalances both the intellectual and the affectional nature. It is so much easier to go through a routine than it is to think hard or cherish exalted sentiments, that they come to rely on the performance of external actions as the substance of religion. Of course they soon come to be mere machines, losing heart and mind in a merely mechanical externalism.

There is also another and much more respectable class of persons who, being equally feeble in intellect and emotion, yet possess a vigorous moral nature. To them religion consists in the compliance with moral rules, the unreflective and uninspired doing of active duty. They are most excellent people, going through life with credit to themselves and usefulness to others, yet notwithstanding devoid of much that beautifies and ennobles existence. Correct in deportment, assiduous in duty, and exemplary in all relations, they deserve and receive unfeigned respect by giving themselves up to practical work as the main business of their lives, and by concentrating all their religion in action. Far be it from me to utter a word of disparagement where I so truly admire; but this idea of religion, omitting all that concerns the highest culture, the expansion and refinement and beautification of character in its more delicate aspects, leaves out much that is of incalculable value, and mistakes the part for the whole. Religion is more than moralism, though including it; and the emphasis on ethics which is practically neglect of intellectual, æsthetic, social, and spiritual culture, distorts religion and belittles it.

THE EVIL OF DISPROPORTION.

There is a great deal of truth in each of the three conceptions of religion which I have briefly sketched, and to which almost all others may be ultimately reduced. The dogmatist, for instance, asserts the superlative importance of a true belief; and this it is almost impossible to over-estimate. Yet the danger lies in assuming too hastily that a belief *is* true, and thereby putting all the energies of humanity under the guidance of falsehood, perhaps very cruel and noxious falsehood. If reason, and not revelation, is taken as the judge of truth, no harm ensues; for reason never assumes the prerogative of infallibility.

But all history shows the terrible mischief of letting revelation pronounce that to be certainly true which reason pronounces to be doubtful or false. When this has happened, zeal for the safety of a creed has caused men to stifle mercy, and strangle freedom, and ride roughshod over every large interest of humanity. This is the evil of emphasising belief unduly, and elevating dogma to the throne. Other and lesser evils result whenever mere feeling or mere outward activity receives the supreme and excessive emphasis.

Dogmatism values particular thoughts rather than thought; mysticism values particular feelings rather than feeling; formalism and moralism value particular actions rather than action. That is to say, they all value the definite and completed products of human faculties rather than the free play of the faculties themselves; and this over-valuation of the products, which is under-valuation of the faculties, is a natural consequence of the one-sided views of human nature implied by the defective views of religion just described. The finest and fullest thought ever conceived by the human mind will in due time be surpassed by its successor; and so will the noblest sentiments and the purest acts. It is a fatal error to prize the water you have drawn above the fountain from which you have drawn it. First in value is that in man from which all high thoughts and feelings and deeds proceed. While we love the truths we have won, let us love truth itself better, and be not unwilling to confess that what we once held or even now hold to be truths may yet turn out to be half-truths—possibly even untruths. Whoever conceives religion in the one-sided manner I have depicted is unable to discern its true nature, or to protect himself from the countless brood of evils engendered by disproportion.

THE UNITY OF THOUGHT, FEELING, AND ACTION.

From what I have said, you may perhaps infer that I should urge the symmetrical development of thought, feeling, and action, as equally essential to religion. This is true. The highest perfection of our humanity in all its aspects, not solely by individual but also by social effort, is, if I mistake not, religion's true end and aim. Conceding to each faculty the fullest and freest play consistent with the natural hegemony of reason and conscience, religion lays an equal emphasis on them all. Thought must lead; but it is no more important than feeling and will. It must decide all questions of duty or truth in the last appeal; but if it pours contempt on any one of its followers, it violates its high trust. Feeling must follow thought, adapting itself (as it always does in the end) to what thought declares to be the truth; although it stimulates thought to activity, it is itself the

proof of that activity, and is indispensable to the whole and rounded character. But its place is not to govern. In every healthy mind, feeling takes care of itself, and in time will always twine itself about mature convictions as closely and as naturally as the vine clings about the supporting trellis. Hence it is unwise to borrow trouble or cherish anxiety, if new truths or beliefs produce disturbance of the feelings, or even distress. Be patient. Give the sentiments ample time to adapt themselves to what your deliberate reason accepts as true, and be sure that in the long run the truth will vindicate itself even to them. Whoever has a whole-souled devotion to truth, and cherishes the certainty that nothing else can permanently bless or benefit, will be willing, even while seeking to feed the sources of all noble feeling, to endure the temporary discord of heart and head in order to realize the higher concord that is made possible thereby. "Be simply true to truth," is the dictate of religion, "and the happiness that flows from consenting heart and head will only tarry; it is sure to come." This is the freedom that is needed: let the mind freely search for the priceless prize of truth, and let the affections freely follow in its wake to crown the victor with delight.

But this is not all that religion demands. The will is the centre of the personality. What thought decrees to be right, will must accomplish. It is the executor of a wisdom not its own; and the wisdom it executes is shadowy and unsubstantial till will has put upon it the royal seal of action. The stress laid on overt deeds by the mere moralist is none too great, if equal stress is also laid on feeling and thought. The tree is known by its fruits; the faith is known by the life. Pitiable, indeed, is the being whose religion does not create conduct in harmony with the highest conviction and the noblest sentiment. Only in the full-orbed symmetry of a character in which thought, feeling and will are balanced and harmonised, can religion behold her work complete. To evolve out of crudity and malformation the perfect man and the perfect woman, is her task and glory. Three in one and one in three—this is the real trinity of thought, feeling, and will, which constitutes the essence of every individuality; and religion has no other function than to fill the world with great and noble individuals.

THE NEW CONCEPTION OF RELIGION.

Perhaps you will now say: "This, then, is the essence of religion—perfection, or symmetrical development of thought, feeling, and will; of head, heart, and conscience."

Not exactly that. The perfection of humanity is indeed the *object* of religion, but it is not religion itself. Deeper than

thought, or will, or feeling, in its origin, religion appears in its universal aspect as the decree of Nature that her own ends shall be achieved, and hence as that inward impulsion of the soul towards the right and true, which makes itself objective to thought in the IDEAL of humanity; while in its personal aspect it appears as the total and voluntary self-devotion of humanity to the realisation of this ideal. Nothing is religion which does not include this profound impulsion of man's whole being to the conversion of ideal excellence into actual character,—this profound endeavour, partly within and partly beneath consciousness, to push forward the development of humanity in the direction of its natural and ideal goal. All religion implies these two things, an ideal and an effort to realise it. Herein it differs from simple morality. Morality proclaims a law, and commands obedience to it; religion is the inward impulsion of Nature, seconded by the conscious effort of the individual to conform to it. It is owing to no man's choice that he has an ideal of what he ought to be ever before his eyes; Nature has provided this. Nor is it owing to any man's private thought that he feels bound by it as a sacred law; Nature, whether he thinks it or not, creates a sense of obligation which he cannot shake off even if he would. Am I wrong, then, in conceiving religion as something more than thought, or feeling, or will, and deeper than all these? As something ever active and creative in the very depth of man's being, impelling but not compelling him to a higher stage of development? Am I wrong in conceiving that this interior force, dwelling and operating in the very core of our humanity, holding up the everlasting ideal before our eyes, and laying upon us a sense of obligation to realise it, which is a joy to the virtuous man and a knotted scourge to the vicious, is but an utterance within us of the one great law of the universe—*evolution*? If I am right in these surmises and in this conception of the essence of religion, many obscure questions seem to be illuminated by a sudden light.

For instance, the development theory, whether as presented by Mr. Darwin or by Mr. Spencer, has caught no glimpse of any internal cause operating to impel organisms in the path of continuous evolution; they have discovered real external causes at work in this direction, but that is all. Supposing that religion is an actual internal force, impelling man upward in the career of moral evolution—a force not purely voluntary on his part, but also at work within him beneath his consciousness, creating an ideal for his guidance, and by a natural sense of obligation stimulating him to pursue it,—then here we detect Nature in the very act of evolutionary causation, at least in a single case and it becomes, by fair analogy, at least, an occasion for suspect-

ing that in all evolution some similar cause is operative. The apparent absence of any such interior cause, distinct from the action of the outward environment, has been and is the greatest deficiency in the evolutionary philosophy. But if I am right in my conjectures, an interior force has been discovered in the moral evolution of man which directly operates to improve the species, and which involves the co-operative action of the universal whole. Reasoning backwards from this case to other cases, it becomes at least a legitimate scientific hypotheses to imagine that Nature is not a blind or random worker in that process of universal and continuous evolution which is the great miracle of modern science.

Again, if my view of religion be sound, the phenomena of conscience become more clearly intelligible. Why is it that right-doing produces happiness and wrong-doing misery? No cause has been hitherto discoverable. If Nature, however, ordains the faithful but free pursuit of the moral ideal by each individual, as her chosen means of ultimately improving the human species as a whole, then we discover a reason for the connection of spiritual peace with faithfulness and spiritual pain with unfaithfulness. These consequences of our moral action would become her admonition to us, her encouragement to co-operate with her by virtue, and her rebuke for our refusal to co-operate. To render strict obedience to our ideal and to pursue it with unquenchable devotion, would be to harmonise our private wills with the great dominant and evident purpose of the universe, and would necessarily create in our consciousness a sense of harmony with it which could be only a pure delight—nay, the purest of all delights; while our wilful disobedience of the ideal would be to place ourselves in direct opposition to the general current—to thwart to the extent of our puny power the universal purpose, and inevitably to create within us a consciousness of discord and disharmony with Nature which could be nothing but pain. In this manner a reason becomes visible for the constant association of pain with vice, and of happiness with virtue, which otherwise seems not discoverable.

This, then, to recapitulate, is the conception of religion that I would urge, as something far deeper and sublimer than any special belief that could be mentioned: namely, a permanent creative force in human nature, partly voluntary and partly involuntary, which prompts an active effort to perfect human nature itself by constant and increasing conformity to ideal excellence in all directions. Is not this conception so vast and grand as to mark a palpable advance in religious philosophy? Does it not carry forward, and, as it were, consummate, the magnificent movement made by New England Transcendentalism in

the history of thought? Does it not leave absolute freedom for the intellect to investigate all problems, even including the questions of a personal God and personal immortality, without pledging it beforehand to arrive at any particular conclusion; and thereby to lay solid and deep the foundations of a true science of religion? And does it not plainly subserve the highest interests of religion itself, by creating a complete reconciliation between it and science, and thereby obviating the most threatening danger of religion at the present day; namely, the revolt of modern scientific thought against her claims? For myself, I can answer these questions in only one way; and I have availed myself of this opportunity to make a more thorough explanation than I have been hitherto able to make of the definition of religion offered in the Fifty Affirmations: "Religion is the effort of Man to perfect himself." I trust it is not too much to ask that those who are really interested in the great questions of religious reform will give at least a thoughtful and candid consideration to the views here presented.

GRADATIONS OF RELIGION.

What I have said thus far, however, may not be wholly clear, unless something further should be added. A profound interior impulsion to seek the complete realisation in character and in society of the highest idea of human excellence constitutes, as I have endeavoured to show, the true essence of religion. But the direction taken by this interior force must depend, so far as it is affected by the human will, on the degree of intelligence at any particular time developed in the human mind. If man be ignorant and uncultured, his religion will reflect the fact; his ideal will be low and imperfect, and scarcely appear to deserve the name of an ideal at all. When the savage construes religion to include the slaying of his prisoner of war at the altar of his gods, and perhaps even the eating of his flesh in a solemn sacrificial feast, the civilised mind revolts with horror from the spectacle, and exclaims that this is not religion, but pure superstition. Yet cannot we discern, even in these horrid rites, the stirrings of a feeble sense of duty, which needs but to be enlightened to echo instantaneously the protest of civilised man? Superstition itself is a conglomerate of utterly irrational notions with this germinal principle of true religion. Education and culture, long continued through many generations, will suffice to rectify the evils of superstition by fostering the development of the divine seed it contains. Through numberless stages must ignorant and superstitious man patiently pass, before his savage religion can become civilised, emancipated, and purified. But it concerns us all to do justice even to superstition itself, and to

perceive that it is only the crude, perhaps vile and disgusting, commencement of what all the world shall at last unite to reverence. The thread that shall guide us through the tangled labyrinth of historical religion, notwithstanding the frightful sights and sounds that assail us on every hand, is the clearly conceived and firmly held principle that religion is essentially man's effort to perfect himself according to the light that is in him; and that, in proportion as his light increases, his religion becomes purer and nobler. With this principle to guide us, we shall be ourselves amazed to see how plain grows the path we are to tread.

RELIGION AND THE BELIEF IN GOD.

But it may be a sort of disquietude to some gentle and reverential natures that it should be even proposed, explicitly and directly, to divorce the idea of religion from the idea of God,—to the extent, at least, of leaving the existence of God an open question to be answered by scientific thought. Let me say a few words on this point.

The inevitable consequence of adopting the conception of religion here sketched is certainly to make the spiritual evolution of humanity towards truth and right the direct object at which religion must aim; and to leave the mind at perfect liberty to determine, according to the fixed laws of thought, what truth and right are, and what the spiritual evolution of humanity requires. It is true, that religion, thus conceived, cannot assume beforehand even that God exists; and the devout spirits that find the very breath of life in their faith in God, and have never felt the enormous pressure of modern science against the ancient bulwarks of this faith, may not unnaturally shrink back from thus putting in peril the dearest conviction of their souls. For all such I can but feel a sympathy as tender as it is sincere. It is to these very ones that I would say, Be brave and strong enough to rest your faith in God on faith in truth and right! If religion shall be consecrated solely to truth and right, as its just, natural, and necessary object, and shall waive frankly and avowedly the one *dogma* of God's existence to which it has hitherto convulsively clung, have you any cause to fear? Do you dread lest truth and right might possibly, after all, not lead to belief in God? Do you cherish a faith in him so feeble and unsound that you dare not trust it to the sentence of truth and right? Or would you wish to retain any faith against which the decision of truth and right should prove to be adverse? If these things be so, then your faith in God is only scepticism in disguise: you do not really believe in him at all; you cherish a belief whose

basis you suspect to be rotten and false, and therefore will not suffer to be examined even by yourself. In such a belief as that, there is nothing noble, nothing that will not break and suddenly give way beneath the weight of unexpected disaster. No! It is because I do believe in God that I am willing to submit my belief in him to the sharpest and most searching scrutiny of science. I am willing to do with this my dearest belief what the Christian clergy dare not do with their own professed faith in prayer,—submit it without reserve to scientific tests, promising to abide by the result. If science can kill my faith, let it die! I want none that is not immortal. Trust me, it is no secret desire *to get rid of* belief in God that moves me to espouse this larger conception of religion; I desire only truth and right. If they confirm my belief, well and good; it shall then be infinitely more dear and precious than ever before. But if they destroy it, then also well and good! I shall but have been freed from an unsuspected superstition. Surely this is a manlier, a nobler, a freer, a more inspiring conviction, than the secret thought that belief in God cannot be trusted before the bar of truth and right! If indeed it cannot be trusted there, what is it worth? Or who would want it? Or why should any one weep when it is cast out in dishonour? But if before this august tribunal the belief in God shall receive the seal of truth itself, and rest no longer on childish guesses or traditions or scriptures, what believer in God could do otherwise than rejoice? It is time the world well understood that, in all questions of truth and right, the ultimate appeal must lie to the educated intelligence of the human race—in one word, to science; and whoever has at heart a real belief in God will not hesitate to submit it to this or any other test. What could be clearer than that they who dare submit it have a mightier faith than they who dare not?

THE FUTURE OF RELIGION.

In fact, the destinies of religion are bound up, as I believe, with the possibility of broadening the popular conception of it in some such way as I have tried to show. The common people are little aware of the nature of the intellectual influences that are now acting upon them, and do not suspect the slow changes thus wrought in their own ideas. But it is true that the cultivated mind of to-day has broken with Christianity, and, for lack of the very conception of religion I urge to-day, is breaking with religion too. Deny it or disguise it as they please, the watchful and intelligent observers of the times know this to be the fact. Science has been compelled to assume an attitude of hostility towards religion which is indeed justifiable, considering

the claims made by religion itself, but which is none the less injurious both to one and to the other. If forced to choose deliberately between the two, mankind must decide for science; they cannot help themselves. The knowledge of facts never gives way to anybody or anything; and that is what science is. Unless, therefore, religion can prove itself to be other than it has allowed itself to appear, its doom is sealed, and its very name will survive only as a part of history.

It is with utter earnestness, therefore, that I declare my own conviction to be that, unless religion has been described with substantial accuracy in what I have said to-day, it will wholly vanish from the world's life. If it is not substantially the effort of man to perfect himself, unrestricted by the obligation of arriving at any foregone theological conclusions, the world will have no use hereafter. Whatever perishes, freedom of thought must survive. Yet I cannot frame any other conception of religion which shall utterly and unreservedly concede freedom of thought. In urging it, therefore, I believe that I not only defend science, but religion too, patching up no wretched compromise between them, but pointing out the common ground on which both may stand erect, as natural allies instead of foes. Now, as ever, radicalism is the true conservatism; and if I had no other design but simply to conserve religion among men, without the least interest in the truth as such, I should most certainly urge these views of it as the only ones that could save it from destruction. Let that pass for what it is worth; I speak now as one who *believes* in religion, thus conceived, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head—without apology either for the name or the thing, and without the smallest concession to the prejudice that assails either the one or the other. To-day I speak only to the large in heart and broad in mind—to those who must accept science and would fain accept religion too. To these I say that science itself would lose her fearless love of truth, were it not that religion fed its secret springs; that social reform would lose its motive and inspiration, literature and art their beauty, and all human life its sweetest and tenderest grace, did not religion evermore create the insatiable hunger after perfection in the soul of man. Bright, cheerful, ennobling, stimulating, emancipating, religion is the greatest friend of humanity, ever guiding it upward and onward to the right and the true—aye, and to all we yearn for, if, as we believe, the right and the true are indeed the pathway to God.

An ingenious housekeeper recently discovered that her daily lump of ice would last nearly twice as long when wrapped in newspapers and placed in any kind of covered box, as when trusted solely to a refrigerator.

A NEW BOOK ON SPIRITUALISM.

WE take pleasure this month in introducing to English readers an American author, who, we are sure, will be made very welcome. Dr. Wolfe, of Cincinnati, has recently published a work entitled "Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism." The greater part of the handsome volume is occupied with descriptions of phenomena observed in the presence of Mrs. Hollis, who recently gave seances to so many eminent investigators in London. The work is so interesting, and written so racily, that we shall return to it again, and probably offer it as a premium volume with next issue of *Human Nature*. The chapter we quote is descriptive of the author's first acquaintance with Mrs. Hollis. Accompanied by Mrs. Annie Wood, Mrs. Hollis had arrived at Dr. Wolfe's residence on the day previous to that on which the incident depicted in this chapter took place. A preliminary seance had been held on the evening on which the ladies had arrived, but as the conditions were not good, the seance was a partial failure. The direct spirit-voice had just been heard, but that was all. One cause of the failure was traceable to the fact that the seance was, in the first instance, held in the doctor's consulting room, but the presence of spirits who had been consumptive patients so interfered with the comfort of the medium that proceedings had to be transferred to another room. Mrs. Hollis said that spirits who had inhabited consumptive bodies came back to gather power from those in the flesh who are healthy. This is alluded to in the opening remarks quoted below.

The chapter gives a faithful insight into the painstaking method of investigation which is characteristic of the author, and of every page of this remarkable book.

CHAPTER VIII.—*Slate-Writing—Startling Communications—Mother announces herself in a Dark Circle—James Nolan speaks for her—A remarkable Test by a Skiwaukee—How I was Named.*

At the breakfast-table next morning, Mrs. Wood said: "Isn't it funny, Doctor, that you should have visitors all the way from kingdom-come to be doctored?"

"It is rather a strange conceit."

"Conceit?"

"At the best, what else is it?"

"See here, my old chappy, you used to take a great deal of interest in Spiritualism. Now, I want to know if you have gone back on it?"

"What kind, Annie?"

"Did you ever! What a question to ask a lady! 'What kind?'"

"You have it exactly!"

"Well, now, Master Nep, just tell me how many kinds of Spiritualism you know of."

"Two!"

"Please state them, like a good boy."

"Yes, ma'am; the true and the false."

"What do you mean by that? Explain yourself squarely."

"By *that* I mean that spiritual manifestations in the *light* are more to be relied on than those which take place in the *dark*."

"Didn't you hear the spirits talk last night?"

"I suspect I did!"

"You *suspect* you *did*! Well, that is cool! O, I see how it is! You suspect either Mrs. Hollis or myself as representing the spirits!"

"Annie!"

"Yes you do; don't deny it."

"Why will you embarrass me?"

"Fiddlesticks! I just want to tell you one thing, that you were never more mistaken in your life."

"Mistaken?"

"Yes, when you suspect that we have been trying to impose on your good nature."

"How you talk!"

"You don't believe the manifestations last night were genuine, and I know it."

"Did I say so?"

"Not in words, but in tones, looks, shoulder-shrugs, and pantomimes."

"You read closely."

"Accurately."

"Well, well, now that you have unriddled me, let us change the subject. Will we go to the St. Paul's to-day? You will see the most lovely church and the latest styles at the same time."

"As we are going home to-morrow, Mrs. Hollis will give you some slate-writing to-day instead of going to church."

"Some what?"

"Slate-writing!"

"I beg pardon; but I do not understand you."

"Why, don't you know that Mrs. Hollis is a writing-medium?"

"I was not aware of it. Are you a writing-medium, Mrs. Hollis?"

"It seems so!"

"Only *seems*?"

"Of that you must be the judge. Have you a slate?"

"Won't paper do as well?"

"A slate will do better!"

I scanned her face closely to find the faintest trace of the "putty" medium's infatuation, but I could not discern it if she had any. Her features were in entire repose, and made no revelation of such a weakness. It was an affliction I would have cheerfully

escaped, had there been any way of retreating without grossly violating the proprieties of hospitality. I thought over the suggestion for a minute or two, and mentally complained that my mission was so unpleasant. "Here," I said to myself, "is another hallucination, and if it had been presented in some other than my own house, I would explode it with pleasure. But it makes a difference when those who are under your own roof are to be rebuked. They have a claim upon your protection so long as they are your guests. No matter what personal infirmities may afflict them, the law of hospitality requires them to be treated with tenderness and forbearance. Still, there is another view to be taken of the subject, which is quite as legitimate as the one presented. The guest is the recipient of favour, and it is not only an infraction of the law of hospitality, but unjust to repay kindness with ingratitude and injury. Why should this attempt be made to deceive me? Well, I'll humour your inclination," I thought; "but it will bring trouble on your head. If your writing is as much a fizzle as your dark circle, I will speak of it as it merits; no more forbearance. Won't she hate me for it? Her suppressed rage will give a flaming brilliancy to those 'lovely eyes,' and how pitilessly she will sacrifice my 'good name' to her resentments. If you will expose yourself to criticism, 'Barkis is willin',' go ahead."

"Do you write by impression, Mrs. Hollis, or are you controlled by the spirit to write," I asked, with a view of "drawing fire," that I might learn her position exactly.

"Neither," she replied.

"I am not acquainted with any other methods by which spirits write through media."

"No; you have a slight misapprehension of my mediumship."

"In what particular, Mrs. Hollis?"

"In supposing the spirits use my organisation in any perceptible manner when they write or speak."

"When *they* write or—"

"Yes: I have nothing to do with it; and yet my presence seems to be necessary."

"I do not understand you, Mrs. Hollis. What you say—"

"Is a truth for those who can comprehend it, and an extravagance for those who can not."

"Well, but don't you do the writing with your own hand?"

"Bless you, no; the spirits do the writing."

"But you hold the pencil, do you not?"

"I do not touch the pencil."

"Who does?"

"If it be not the spirits, I cannot tell."

"But spirits have no hands?"

"Perhaps they write with their wings."

"O, that's an absurdity."

"Which?"

"Your suggestion of *wings*."

"O, I thought it was your suggestion of *armless* spirits. To be serious, how can they hold a pencil and write, without the possession and use of hands?"

"But do they hold the pencil and write without your assistance?"

"I have told you I do not touch the pencil. All I do is to hold the slate under the table while the writing takes place."

"Under the table? Why under the table? Why not lay the slate on the top of the table, where we can see it?"

"I fear I cannot answer you in a satisfactory manner, as I do not really understand why it cannot be done. Those who witness the writing have different theories as to the way it is produced, but all agree in ascribing its execution to an intelligence independent of myself."

"But what is your theory?"

"I have a habit to first exhibit the manifestation; and afterward to offer no theory, but the fact."

"You are *level*, Mrs. Hollis. That is a safe rule. 'The smartest woman in America' could not do better than that. Observe that rule, and you will never get into trouble. Your prudence is worthy of commendation. People like to make their own discoveries. First give the fact, then the theory. Now, let me see! You want a slate and pencil; and what else?"

"A small table, with a plain top, and a shawl to throw over it."

"And a dark room?" I suggested.

"Not a bit of it!"

"In a light room?"

"Certainly."

"I'm glad of that. I like to see things. Will that little workstand answer for the table?"

"It's the very thing. And bring that shawl that lies on the piano. Now give me the slate and pencil. All right. Here they go, under the table. Look how I hold the slate. It rests upon the four fingers of my right-hand, the thumb making the steady pressure on the top. You discover there is no place to rest the slate upon, and that it is impossible for me to handle the slate and pencil both so as to execute any writing on the former. You see, I sit apart from the table, with no part of my person in contact with it or under it, excepting the hand holding the slate. Now the arrangements will be complete as soon as you spread that worsted shawl over the table. Let it hang down all round, as far as it will reach. My hand is under the table, holding the slate. You perceive my wrist and arm are exposed. Now, if you can see the faintest motion of either, to give you the slightest suspicion that I do the writing, speak of it. Now, what do you expect?"

"To sit here until doomsday, if I must wait until the spirits write on that slate."

"I hope not," was the only reply made to my faithless remark.

It was only a few minutes until I heard something, a tiny noise,

like the faint "nibble of a mousie." It proceeded from under the table, and I called Mrs. Hollis's attention to it.

"They are writing!" she said, with as much composure as if it were not the most extraordinary thing I had ever heard of.

"Who are writing?"

"The spirits," she said.

There was a full light in the room. I watched the wrist and arm belonging to the hand under the table, and there was not the slightest twitch of a muscle or tendon, to indicate any movement of the fingers. This friction continued several minutes, when a succession of raps, as if with the end of the pencil on the slate, signified the conclusion of the writing.

The slate was now withdrawn from under the table, and, without examining it particularly, Mrs. Hollis handed it to me, saying: "I guess the writing is for you!"

The upper third of the slate was covered with writing. The letters were well formed, the words accurately spelled, and the sentences grammatically constructed. The reader will have an opportunity to judge of the merits of the composition.

The writing was executed in parallel lines across the slate, about the same distance apart as ordinary ruled lines on common letter-paper. The part of the slate upon which the writing appeared was most remote from Mrs. Hollis's hand. The fingers could not reach the writing by several inches, and had the slate been shifted, the writing would have been made upside down, or she must have possessed power to write under such disabling circumstances in this most difficult manner. A careful scrutiny of the situation enables me to say that it was physically impossible for Mrs. Hollis to do the writing.

Much as I was perplexed with the writing, when I came to read the communication apart from its mysterious origin, I was not a little surprised to find the name of a sister, long since dead, attached to it. As the note is of general interest, no apology is offered for presenting it to the reader. It read as follows:—

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Every day furnishes some new testimony to establish the great truth that individual life does not terminate when death takes place. Life is a progressive lesson which all must learn; and death is but an event which passes the individual into a higher 'grade' of being, whether he be matured and qualified for preferment or not. This is universally known in the spirit-world, and many in the natural world already comprehend the same truth. A band of progressed spirits have surrounded this medium, to teach this glorious lesson to the world. They are mostly French. It is intended that you shall render assistance in this great work. Mother and I are often with you, and impress you when we can.

"EMMA FRANCIS."

"Has the doctor got a flea in his ear?" said Mrs. Wood, in her quizzical way. "What is it that has taken the talk out of him so suddenly?"

"What is it?" was my involuntary echo, as the only reply I could make. "This is certainly the strangest phenomenon I have met in all my spiritualistic experience. That name—"

"Is your sister's."

"How do you know?"

"I don't know; I only *guess*. Else why call you brother?"

"But how came it there?"

"What!"

"The name!"

"Just as the writing came!"

"But how came the writing? It is that which perplexes me."

"Can't you tell?"

"I would not ask, if I could."

"Can you explain how the speaking was done last night?"

"Is that a banter?"

"Do you want a fight? ha, ha, ha! Here's more than a wind-mill for my gallant Don. The 'what is it.' Do you see it?"

"What has the speaking to do with the writing, Annie?"

"Do they not both belong to the same mysterious family?"

"Hardly. When a spirit says, 'I can't speak,' it sounds very much like a man saying, 'Now I'm dead!' We are at liberty to doubt the veracity of both."

"Bah! Didn't they tell you the conditions were too bad—that they couldn't talk much?"

"*Much?*"

"That's what they meant?"

"Why didn't they say so?"

"Why don't you tell how the writing is done?"

"Yankee!"

"Dutchee!"

"I can't speak!"

"Do tell!"

"Come, Annie, let us be serious."

"Agreed! How came the writing? Come, cudgel your brains! Let's know all about it!"

"'Pon honour, I do not know! Will they write again?"

"Who?"

"The thing—"

"Don't you dare call your sister by such an opprobrious name! Ain't you ashamed to employ such an epithet against ——?"

"Well, the spirit, then, if you insist!"

"It's an ill-mannered concession; but it's better than *thing* or *no thing*. Mrs. Hollis, please hold the slate again for 'Uncle Nep.' I think he is on the anxious-bench. He has been an arrant backslider, and another conversion will do him no harm."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Hollis; "but please wash the slate first with clean water."

I did so, and wiped it quite dry with my hand. There was a dun spot on the slate, caused by iron pyrites, which served as a private mark to identify it, if need be. The slate was one I had used on my desk for several years. I gave it to Mrs. Hollis, who received it with her right-hand. I then placed the bit of pencil on it, when

she put both under the table. After scanning the situation closely, and satisfying myself that there was no hocus-pocus attempted, I again spread the shawl over the top of the table, leaving the wrist and arm of the medium fully exposed to view in a good light. The slate was held about five inches from the top of the table, grasped in the manner I have stated, with the thumb on top, the fingers underneath.

It was only two or three minutes after I had completed my inspection, when the mysterious scratching on the slate began again. I could hear it distinctly, and it continued several minutes. The sound was irregular, just such as would be made by a person writing with a pencil. Again the shower of tiny raps were given at the conclusion.

"Before withdrawing your hand, Mrs. Hollis, permit me to look at the position of the slate."

"Certainly," she said.

I lifted the shawl from the little stand, and discovered the slate to be held in the same position, precisely as when I put the shawl over the table. No perceptible change had taken place, excepting that the slate was almost covered with writing. Mrs. Hollis, without reading the communication, handed it to me. The writing was in a large, free, bold hand, contrasting strongly with the lady-like hand of Emma Francis' note. It read nearly as follows:—

"DOCTOR,—Our medium is not in good condition for giving manifestations. Last night we almost failed, and to-day her condition is such that we are almost afraid to tax her strength. This evening we will give you better manifestations in the dark circle. Your mother will try to speak, but may not succeed, as she has never uttered a human word since she passed to the spirit-world. Your uncle, Charles Odell, will also try to speak. Thomas Eller and Jacob Tyler desire me to announce their presence.

JAMES NOLAN."

How mysterious all this is! Not only the writing, but the facts announced. I do not know what to think of it. My mother will try to speak, but may not succeed! Uncle Charles Odell will also try to speak! And, too, there are the names of my two brothers-in-law announced! How came all these names on that slate? If by Mrs. Hollis, how, first, did she hear of sister Emma Francis' name? She passed to the spirit-world nearly forty years ago—before Mrs. Hollis was born—and was but an infant when her little heart ceased to throb. I only remember her name. It is too much to believe, even could Mrs. Hollis have done the writing, that she could have known Emma Francis, Charles Odell, Thomas Eller, and Jacob Tyler. And who is James Nolan, who makes these startling announcements? The name is not familiar, and he may be a man of straw, or a "make-up," to play a part set down in the programme.

And yet my own senses condemn the supposition before I dare announce it. It would incriminate Mrs. Hollis and Mrs. Wood both. Turn which way I would, I met a dilemma. My judgment pronounced against fraud, and to admit the manifestation for what

it purported to be, would unsettle foundations upon which society and governments rested. Personally, I was anxious to fathom the mystery to its "deepest depths." But how to proceed?

It now occurred to me that James Nolan said, "Your mother will try to speak to you in the dark circle."

This gave me new hope; for a man never forgets his mother's voice any more than she forgets her child. If my mother speaks, it will be in no uncertain sense. No matter; make the room pitch dark, I will recognise her voice.

"Isn't it funny, Doctor, to get such letters without paying postage on them?" said Mrs. Wood, as she finished reading the letter on the slate.

"Rather funny, if it were not so serious!"

"Serious?"

"Yes: or will you let me into the joke, and tell me how the thing is done?"

"There you are calling your sister a *thing* again. I'd rather run the risk of being called a *lady*, than to be considered in the more equivocal sense of a *thing*. Now, do stop that!"

"Then explain this matter to me. *What is it?*"

"That's as good as any other name, if you are afraid to call it spiritual phenomena. Call it a 'what is it,' and send for Barnum. Why, look here, Mr. Soberside, if your sister is writing you letters from the spirit world, can't you be as jolly over the truth she writes as if she wrote you from Paris? It is not necessary to cry about it, that I can see."

"That is true, Annie; but when we speak of the dead we should not indulge in levity."

"Why not, as much as when speaking of the living?"

"Because—"

"What?"

"Well, because—"

"Exactly. I know what you intend saying. You have not outgrown your nursery superstitions of death, and you are afraid of *ghosts*."

"No!"

"Then why not always be truthful, whether you speak of the living or the dead?"

"Why not?"

"Yes: why not?"

"I speak the truth of both!"

"Then you know but little, or you would have been hanged long ago!"

"What do you say?"

"Disguise it as you may, you are too cowardly to admit the truth of what you have just witnessed."

"Cowardly? What of?"

"Public sentiment! You may call that a *thing*, if you please; for it is a detestable tyrant, and has no virtue in it."

"But, Annie, is it not unpardonable arrogance to set up your individual opinion against the majesty of the multitude?"

"Yes, if you know you are right and are too craven to say so!"

"Your courage is bravado."

"Your prudence is fear."

"What do you mean?"

"To drive this conviction home to you, that, say what you will, you are afraid to admit the truth; not so much because it unsettles your own belief, as the fear you have of Mrs. Grundy's gutter-snipes."

"I do not care to be unsettled. Is there any harm in that?"

"That is, if you have wedded a lie, you want to abide with it for ever."

"Why, Annie!"

"Neppy!"

"You will make yourself obnoxious!"

"To whom?"

"Fashion!"

"Exactly. She is the ogress that startles your poor soul with flubdub, night-mares, and hideous dreams. She prescribes for her sickly brood what they shall eat, drink, and wear; and, as if her slavery were not sufficiently degrading, she emasculates your mind, and dictates what you shall think."

"There is some truth in what you say, Annie, I admit; but why break your lance at such a time?"

"Because there is a necessity for doing it. Here is a phenomenon which, in its importance to the world, no man can as yet properly comprehend. It contemplates a radical change in the vast empire of mind. Its mission is subversive of the present order of things. It will first destroy, then reconstruct, the social condition of the world; and yet you dare not look these facts squarely in the face."

"Admitting the spiritual origin of the phenomena to be true, still I cannot anticipate such stupendous results as you predict."

"You have not thought of it."

"That is true. And yet you must admit I have had some experience in spiritual matters."

"I know; but never in any like this. Here the spirit, re-clad with the elements of flesh, takes on the conditions of mortal life, and thinks and acts again as it did before it shuffled off its cumbrous coil of clay. Why, sir, do you see that death has lost its sting? the grave its victory?"

I never could argue well with a female. They have a perverse element about them that unsettles the steady poise of a man's mind. So I said:

"Mrs. Hollis, who is James Nolan?"

"He is one of the band of spirits that form about me to give manifestations."

"You have a band of spirits about you! I remember, sister

Emma said you had a band of progressed spirits, principally French. How is that? You are not French, nor of French extraction. Is James Nolan a Frenchman?"

"I believe not. He speaks of his personal history to those who desire it, with entire freedom, and will, no doubt, give you any information in regard to himself that he may have, if you solicit it."

The writing *seance* and conversation closed here.

When the time for holding the second dark circle arrived, we again assembled in the room to hear the talking; I should rather say, whispering. I still held my prejudice against the darkness; but, as I entered the room, I had a vague suspicion that I had been uncharitable in my judgments, if not absolutely unjust, in treating the former dark circle as I had. I proposed to atone for this by giving a more candid and respectful attention to any thing that might occur on the present occasion. This was not only due the ladies, but in no other way could a reliable judgment be formed or the truth be discovered. Prejudice and bigotry are so nearly allied in character and infamy, that we cannot be too careful how we entertain either, if we would escape their odious odour. Let us be discriminating and just.

After being again seated, as in the first circle, the lights were extinguished, and Mrs. Wood was called upon to furnish the music, and with a charming voice gave "The Old Folks at Home," and followed it with "Home Again."

This matter of singing or preluding the manifestations with music, is rather mysterious. I believe that almost every form of either pagan or Christian worship is attended with music. It is thought to be more acceptable to Deity to address him in aspirated notes than in commonplace vocal sounds. But in the dark circle I thought the exception should be made, as it was not a place for either pagan or Christian worship. Here the æsthetic was ignored, and all the faculties of the mind were to be kept wide awake.

The effect of music on the human system varies in its expression. If the sounds are harmonious, and the chant is an old familiar lay, we soon find ourselves in accord, and helping to hum along. Even the animal, the faithful dog, when the key-note of his sympanthium is struck, as with a reed-horn it may be, gives you the charming howl which so delights our ears. But that our spirit friends consider music an essential condition before they will either orate or jubilate, is as I said, a mystery to me. The connection of wind and worship is a subject that may some day be more fully ventilated.

While the singing was going on, I heard *something* passing over the floor. It was like the delicate foot-fall of a cat, at first; but it soon discovered itself to be the horn. The sound grew louder and louder, passing from one side of the room to the other with increasing celerity, and seemingly coinstantial, until the horn banged and jarred everywhere within six feet of the medium, and about two feet from the circle, making almost a continuous dinning racket for

a minute or two. It was not worth while to dodge, as you might hit a post in the dark; so, after wiping the sweat from my forehead, I sat upright, asking myself, "What next?"

I was not long in suspense. A child's voice repeated rapidly the name "Fanny, Fanny, Fanny," not less than twenty times. It then in like manner repeated the word "mother." The voice was an agitated whisper, which Mrs. Wood instantly recognised as her little son, several years in the spirit-world. She explained that "Fanny" was the name of a pet spaniel, to which her child was very much attached, and an almost inseparable companion. Mrs. Wood had frequently met her spirit-child in the "dark circle," and he never failed to announce his presence in this singular manner, first calling on his pet's name, and then his mother's. After his excitement subsided, he talked in a childish manner of the things he remembered in his brief earth-life.

The voice clearly belonged to a child. I sat next to Mrs. Wood while she conducted the conversation, and there was no affectation in the maternal interest she displayed. I managed to engage Mrs. Hollis in conversation several times, while Mrs. Wood and her child were talking; and there was no other in the room that could affect such a rôle of deception if their life depended on it.

Of a sudden, at least when not expected, the voice said "Good-bye, dear mamma, good-bye!" That was the last we heard from little "Lewie" during the evening.

There was no ventriloquism in this interview. I heard the impatient mother frequently ask her child questions before his prattle was ended. Then, again, before she finished speaking, the child began talking on something that had occurred to his fancy of more interest to him than what the mother was saying. In this way their conversations frequently *overlapped* each other, so that it was impossible for one person to practice a deception in this matter, no matter how dark the room might be.

While Mrs. Hollis, Mrs. Wood, and myself were talking about the child, we all heard, in a distinct whisper, the words, "Napoleon, Napoleon, my son!" repeated quite near me, and immediately in front of my chair. The accent was unsteady, but the words were clearly articulated, though low and slowly delivered.

I could not recognise the voice of my mother in that faltering whisper. Still I said, "Is that you, mother?"

"God bless you, my dear son! I am here!" was the instant response, though, like the first spoken words, they were delivered with an embarrassing deliberation, each requiring an aspirated effort to pronounce.

"Can I be of service to you in any way, mother?" I said.

A long interval elapsed without any response being given to my question. When it came, it was in a strange voice, louder, stronger, the words more distinctly articulated and pronounced. It said:—

"Your mother has not yet learned to talk. She was assisted to announce to you her presence, but cannot speak any herself to—

night. She is very anxious to talk to you, but has not the power. I will speak for her, and deliver her messages."

"Who are you?"

"James Nolan! Don't waste your time on me; speak to your mother."

"Very well. Has mother anything to say to me?"

"Tell my son I am happy, and glad he takes an interest in this great work."

"What work does she allude to?"

"These new facts in spirit manifestations."

"If all this is really what it pretends to be, I shall indeed take a new interest in spirit-phenomena. But how shall I know, Mr. Nolan, that you really represent my mother on this occasion?"

"TRY THE SPIRIT!"

"Very well; that is exactly what I desire to do!" And I will also try Mr. Nolan in the difficult part he has consented to play in this.

"Are you quite sure it is my mother you are speaking for, Mr. Nolan?"

"No, sir! This spirit says she is your mother, and gives her name as Mary Lockard Wolfe Jordan."

"The *name* is correct. But I wish her to give me a better identification than simply announcing her name. Will she please state her age at the time of her death?"

"If she had lived until May, 1873, her age would have been eighty years. Had she lived until May in the year she died, her age would have been seventy-six years; but as her death occurred in January, her age was seventy-five years and eight months when she left the form."*

"I believe the information you give is correct; and, as she is so exact in her statement, will my mother please state whether she has any brothers or sisters living or dead?"

"She says none are dead; all are living."

"Where do they live?"

"In the spirit world!"

"O yes, I see!"

"She says they are all here, and the family circle is again complete. I was the last to come. John, Peggy, Hannah, Sam, Thomas, and Charles, all preceded me. You did not know Sam, Thomas, or Charles. You was too young when they passed away."

"Are any of your children with you?"

"Isabella and Emma Francis are here. They passed from earth in infancy."

"Can you name your children that are still in the form, and in the order of the seniority of their birth?"

"O yes! Why not? You still doubt my presence?"

* I do not recognise any characteristics of my mother in this indirect method of answering my question. She always used plainness of speech, and never failed to speak directly to the point. However, the information, so curiously stated, is in every particular true.

"I cannot help it! I am in the dark! If I could see you for an instant, no more questions would be asked. I hope you will be patient with me. This is a marvellous proclamation you are making to the world, and we cannot be too critical in our examination of the testimony upon which it rests."

"You are right, my son; investigation cannot injure the truth. Say to Mary, and Henry, and Charles (as I say to you) and John, and Caroline, that death cannot destroy a mother's love."

"You have done it accurately. You have mentioned the names of your brothers, and sisters, and children, living and dead, in the order of their births. That is a remarkable testimony favouring my mother's individual presence. But I have elicited the information by the direct question. Can you, of your own choice, tell me something by which I may be more positively convinced that my mother is present, and is really talking to me?"

There was no response to my question for several minutes, and Mrs. Hollis expressed her doubt as to whether there was sufficient power for them to talk much longer. At this juncture a wild and prolonged howl or hoo-o-o! startled all in the circle. It was the "big Indian," SKIWAUKEE. His presence was instantly recognised by Mrs. Hollis and Mrs. Wood, and it was soon apparent that they were on the most familiar terms with him. I think his voice might be heard in all parts of my house. It was not harsh, but preternaturally loud and long. It is this that startles you, and makes you think of red paint and the tomahawk.

After talking to the "mejum" and "singin' squaw" a few minutes, I was formally introduced to him, and at once was distinguished as "em old chief." He takes this liberty with every one, to give them such a name as pleases himself best. He is called "*Ski*" by those familiar with him, and in his conversation speaks quite loud enough to be heard distinctly. He has not yet mastered English grammar, and occasionally makes some very funny remarks in his quaint mixture of Cherokee and Lindley Murray. Addressing me, he said:

"Em old chief; want em test?"

"Yes," I said. "I wished my mother to give me a voluntary test—to state something unthought of and unsolicited."

"Em old squaw em here!"

"Well, will you ask her to give me a voluntary test, something by which I may be positively assured of her presence?"

"Do em old chief know how em got em name *Nopol'on*?"

"No! Can't say that I do! I think my mother had an admiration for Bonaparte, as mothers have for Washington, and so gave me his name."

"I tell em! Old squaw got em papoose. In em morning old Catholic squaw, Sanna Faul [Rosanna M'Faul] come see em old squaw and papoose. Em say what em call em papoose. Old

squaw say *Nopol'on*. Old Catholic squaw get em much big mad, em go home and call em dog Bonaparte." *

"Skiwaukee, you have given me a startling proof of the presence of an intelligence which, if it is not my mother, it is certainly one connected with the history of our family."

Taking it all in all, this was the most remarkable *seance* I had ever attended. To be sure, the testimony came in the dark, addressing the understanding through the ears. But examine the whole drift of the conversation, and what could strengthen the presumption of my mother's presence but the added sense of sight?

I do not think it possible that any person in the room could have given such a coherent and unbroken chain of evidence favouring the actual presence of my mother. When I review the *seance* I am amazed.

We had, without intending it, prolonged the *seance* to an untimely hour. Mrs. Hollis complained of feeling very much exhausted of her strength; and, had it not been for the interest awakened by the astonishing tests exhibited, we should have all been in full sympathy with her feelings, or asleep.

CONFIRMATION OF THE REALITY OF SPIRITUALISTIC PHENOMENA.†

BY A. BUTLEROW,

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MY DEAR FRIEND,—You have sent me the brochure of Professor Czermak of Leipzig upon *hypnotismus*, asking me to make

* I do not think this anecdote has been mentioned in our family for forty years, and it is doubtful whether my brothers or sisters knew anything of the circumstances detailed by the Indian. I was only a child when I last heard the story. The main facts are given with sufficient fidelity, but a trifling explanation may be added. Mrs. Rosanna M'Faul was a devout Catholic, and, next to Beelzebub, she hated the name of Napoleon, who had robbed the Church and compelled its head to dance attendance upon him. For this he was hated.

On *particular* occasions, as in "harvest," it is said all jokes are free. So the morning after my mother's tribulation being Christmas, the neighbouring women came in to say a good word and have their "crack"—Rosanna among them. She teased mother to permit her to name the boy, promising a present, &c., but it was no go. That prerogative she maintained as personal, and, to get even with the Napoleon hater, said she was thinking seriously of naming the boy Napoleon Bonaparte. This was as a spark of fire to a magazine of powder. Rosanna exploded her wrath against the Little Corporal, mother, and myself, until it became a question of metal. The whole affair started in a joke, but the big name clings to me still.

To show her disrespect for the name, and to annoy my mother, Rosanna got a mangy cur, and called him "Bony." This dog she would berate on account of his name with the vilest epithets every day in her back-yard, within ear-shot of mother. Her resentment against the name continued for several years; but at last she began to give me candy, and said she hoped I would not make as big a rascal as my namesake. *Skiwaukee's* allusion to this dog is very remarkable.

† A Letter addressed to the Editor of the *Journal of Psychic Studies* concerning Professor Czermak's Lecture on Hypnotismus, &c.

some observations upon the manner in which the learned Professor deals with the experiences of Mr. Crookes of London, at the same time as regards the Professor, who seeks to expunge the names of Wallace, Crookes, and others from the list of natural philosophers. I gladly do as asked, not because I deem it necessary to rebut the angry attacks upon me, but because I have long since desired to have an opportunity to speak unreservedly in regard to what I have experienced; and, further, because I desire to state the position I intend to assume.

It is truly amusing, though perhaps lamentable, to witness how, in the name of *Exact science* and of true enlightenment, the endeavour is made to narrow the sphere of inquiry, limiting our action to a vicious self-created circle. This circle may be described thus—"Trustworthy only are the statements of sober naturalists. A naturalist, no matter what his merits may be, ceases to be sober the instant he enters the field Crookes, in his experiments, has ventured to penetrate, and whatever he may subsequently state or aver loses its trustworthiness: or a Crookes, a Wallace, are careless and unreliable observers the instant they venture upon this ground, whilst prior to and subsequent to such observation they were, and are, as reliable as ever." May we not exclaim with Mr. Crookes, the worse for the facts! And this, in the name of science, spoken by men who, in the name of science, ignore the facts, forgetting that, in doing so, they themselves cease to be men of science; for by their conduct the instant they ignore facts they enter upon forbidden ground. Positive science proceeds from the known to the unknown, but in the case before me the very reverse is attempted. Science, even at the present time, cannot determine what is possible and what is not possible. Nay, even the late *Professor Czermak* admitted the ignorance of science in many things; and here they (these scientific men) speak of the non-existence of the facts because they contend that they are *impossible*. This they are, however, only to those who, in their self-sufficiency, have determined to state that which is absolutely impossible. MM. Wallace, Crookes, and others may rest assured that they are not one step less natural philosophers because others have treated their researches in an unscientific manner; and they may boldly assert that their mode of treatment has been strictly scientific. They have investigated without prejudice for or against, and have merely recorded their experiments. But in doing so they have not done that which Professor Czermak assumes the right of doing; they have not *believed* as he has done; leaving to the prejudices of mankind what ought to be known or discovered; but MM. Crookes, Wallace, and others have boldly communicated that which

appeared to them to be true. Whether these facts could be explained or not, neither Mr. Wallace nor Mr. Crookes cared in the least; and this because the facts were true, and, further, because those scientific men were well aware of the limited sphere of our present knowledge. They did not believe in their powers at any time to be able to distinguish between the possible and the impossible! Whenever an hypothesis is put forward in science, assuredly the right may be exercised of accepting or refusing to accept such hypothesis; and yet only then an hypothesis may be rejected when another and one more adapted to suit the case is propounded. But where facts are set up, the naturalist, the physicist, is compelled to disprove these as erroneous by fresh observations. This is the ordinary course, save in the instance of the terrain traversed by Mr. Crookes. These men of science—men whose object ought to be the discovery of truth—say that they do not wish to investigate. In this manner Sharpey, Stokes, and others, have dealt with the treatise of Mr. Crookes. (See Franz Wagner's work, "Spiritualism and the Scientific Experiments on Psychic Force.") Prof. Czermak has likewise dealt with these matters in quite a peculiar way. He could hardly negative the action of a spring balance scale; these he thinks he may accept as proven facts, upon Mr. Crookes' statements; but he declines to admit that these phenomena are produced in and by the presence of a medium. Indeed, the audience could have felt no difficulty in accepting the Professor's proposition, because he only submitted to them part and wholly disconnected facts, abstaining from all detail and explanation. But if the learned Professor had been consistent, he ought to have accepted the other facts as true, upon the testimony of Mr. Crookes. Here he would have found that phenomena had occurred which, without even any detailed statements, are truly remarkable, so much so as to preclude the possibility of any inaccuracy of observation. Whether it be scientific to select only such facts as may be readily contested, serving the purpose of some preconceived notion, I leave my readers to judge. As to the phenomena which happened in Mr. Crookes' experiments, and others present witnessed similar or analogous occurrences, it becomes very probable that the presence of a medium is an essential condition to the occurring of these phenomena. But as the persons present were so placed that the medium could not by any device produce these phenomena by physical means (and this impossibility may be accepted upon the testimony of Mr. Crookes), the conclusion arrived at is, that Mr. Crookes really must have misrepresented his facts. I exclaim, however, with Mr. Crookes, "come and test the facts;" and if the facts are

proven, admit them without fear or dread, as you are bound to do by the laws of duty and honour.

Professor Czermak deals with treatises on this question as he deals with facts. He can discover nothing in the letter of Mr. Huggins save a denial of any community of opinion with Mr. Crookes, though I admit he states this in a courteous manner. But Mr. Crookes has not propounded opinions—he merely states facts, such as he has observed; and all that Mr. Huggins does is to aver that the statements made are true, so far as he has been able to test them. Mr. Huggins is, even in the eyes of Professor Czermak, an authority on science; and though, according to Mr. Huggins, “these experiments go to show that a further inquiry is necessary,” nevertheless, these facts do not, in a scientific point of view, exist for Professor Czermak. I have frequently heard that strict science only recognises those phenomena which take place under conditions which render their occurring impossible. Evidently at this point *common sense* and *strict science* must part company. But I will not dwell any longer on this point. Enough has been said to show how unscientific and how illogical such a course of proceeding is. That such a course of conduct leads to nothing, I have proven, and no doubt many others besides me. It is quite useless to dilate on this subject. Some persons (it is true the minority) at once accept the illogical consequences of such a proceeding. The rest, who no doubt form a large majority, remain immutable in their obdurateness and self-sufficiency; and Professor Czermak, whose lectures have prompted me to write this letter, is no longer alive.

Equally useless would it be if I recorded all my own experiences. I have experienced just what others have done. That which I now recognise as facts, appeared to me at one time utter *impossibilities*. But as I could not conscientiously admit that all that appeared to me impossible was really impossible, I deemed it not only advisable but absolutely necessary to utilise the opportunities offered me for observation. Here, as in all scientific researches into nature, facts finally determine the truth of any proposition; and these facts have been proven to be conclusive, at all events so far as my own conviction is concerned.

Mr. Crookes has not only observed, but he has likewise experimented; he has endeavoured to produce these phenomena in such a form and under such conditions as to insure conviction. Hitherto he has convinced but few by the data he has collected, not because he had chosen the materials of proof carelessly, but because those whom I have spoken of are chained to the *circuto vitioso* of their own preconceived notions, and cannot be convinced. It may be assumed that Mr. Crookes will, in the course

of time, be able to suggest even more rigorous conditions, for the time is not far off when the truth must prevail. But at the present moment, even the most rigorous proofs would not avail. For my part, I have rarely made experiments. I have only observed, I use the word "observed," in its fullest significance. All I sought was to convince myself in the first place. This conviction gradually grew upon me as I followed up the manifestations as they took place. It would be superfluous to describe these phenomena. I have only to add that the phenomena I observed were analogous to those mentioned by MM. Wallace, Crookes, Varley, and others (*vide Spiritualism and Science*), and, moreover, equally startling and extraordinary. The conditions under which these phenomena happened preclude all possibility of self-delusion; thus I feel myself quite justified in declaring that these phenomena are true—true, not as half-observed and carelessly-noted facts, but the happenings of actual realities. The only experiments made by me with the dynamometre are well known, and accepted as such by others (*vide Spiritualism and Science*, pp. 20, 269). I can only add, that in speaking of the variation of weight, the true action is not described in a suitable manner. No one ever pretended that the actual specific weight of the substance varied; all that was meant was that the reading of the index varied, which changes were produced by a force independent of gravitation. This force at times co-operated with gravitation, adding a plus quantity, or it acted in opposition to the centripetal force, causing a diminution of weight to be registered on the index of the balance scale. Self-deception in this instance became quite impossible. The source of this force, I concur with Mr. Crookes, proceeds from the ponderable material of the medium. In this instance, as in others, the creation of a force need not be postulated without a corresponding consumption of energy—that is, the production of something out of nothing. What happens is but the transference of some living energy emanating from a material body to another body. The cause of such transference has still to be explained. This self-same transference of force explains, no doubt, the seemingly voluntary movement of heavy bodies, which has been frequently observed. In this instance, as in the former one, immediate contact with the body moved is not always necessary. I will give an account of two remarkable instances of this nature, which occurred in the presence of Mr. Home. The séance was held in my own house, and in my study; hence I was sure that no mechanical means had been used. All present were well known to me; the party was seated round a small square table, covered with a woollen table-cloth, two lighted sterined candles being placed on the table, the

room being thus well lit up. No other persons were at the time in this room save those who were seated at the table. After several minor manifestations had occurred, which, however, I will not detail, a piece of furniture, which stood isolated at the other end of the room, all of a sudden moved. This piece of furniture named was a large arm chair on four castors. It stood at a distance of $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 metres from the table at which we were seated. The two fore, or front legs of the chair, raised themselves without contact with any living being, and in this inclined position the arm chair rolled up to our table. Arrived at our table, the chair made several irregular movements, and then quieted down, taking the open space between Mr. Home and another gentleman, all but touching the corner of our table. A little later on, Mr. Home took a handbell which had been placed on the table at which we were seated, and held the bell close to the edge and on a level with the table; both the bell and Mr. Home's hand were clearly visible by the light of the candles. After a few seconds the bell left Mr. Home's hand, remaining suspended in space, without coming into contact with the table, the woollen cloth, or the arm chair. The gentleman sitting between Mr. Home and the arm chair was in a position to observe the bell closely as it remained suspended in space. I may name that the gentleman is a man advanced in years, and well known as a Russian author. He only made Mr. Home's acquaintance a short time previously, anxious to avail himself of the opportunity to witness these singular phenomena. I was seated at the time on the opposite side of the table. Whilst the bell was thus suspended in space I stood up and saw the upper part of the bell as it rested suspended (without contact) in space. After a short pause, the bell lowered itself down upon Mr. Home's knee, remaining for a short time motionless; it then rose into space for a second time, finally settling down upon the arm of the arm chair. During the whole time the bell remained within the limits of the well lit up space near to the table. Mr. Home's hands were, during the time of the happening of these phenomena, at some distance from the bell, without once coming into contact with it.

It will be observed that these phenomena are analogous to those mentioned by Mr. Crookes, the suspended bell corresponding to the accordion he describes as moving about and suspended in space, playing all the time; and the movement of the arm chair resembles in character that of the lath which was attached to a scale, and moved without any human aid or contact with the medium.

In answer to the often-put question: Why these phenomena appear solely in the presence of Mr. Home, and why it should

be so? I can only reply that similar and analogous phenomena, though less marked in their character, have manifested themselves in the presence of other persons, and of persons with whom I was well acquainted (not professional mediums).

Of course, I shall be answered, that all I have seen, and all I have endeavoured to describe accurately, is utterly impossible. I leave it entirely free to believe me or not; nay, my surprise would be unfeigned if my statements were accredited at once. I for my part have the firm conviction that all that has been said *is true as a fact, and hence possible*. The reality of these phenomena is as much proven to me as the fact of a chemical reaction; the difference between the two being that in the latter case we are enabled at pleasure more or less to produce the phenomena, acquainted as we are in a great measure with the conditions which are necessary to their production, whilst in the former case most of the producing conditions are unknown to us. It is necessary to remind the physicist that it has frequently happened that he has observed natural phenomena, the reality of which was beyond doubt, but of which the immediate conditions were unknown, and only became known to him subsequently. Here it is necessary to add that, in the former case, the voluntary production of the phenomena is more or less possible. In similar instances, and more especially in those cases in which the description of the phenomena is given by trustworthy observers, the truth of the phenomena is tacitly admitted; and where the observation has been made by only one trustworthy person, no one would doubt the desirability to further investigate, control, and test that which has been observed. Why should another course be adopted in the investigation of spiritual phenomena? Why is the course pursued such as Professor Czermak adopted in dealing with the letter of Mr. Huggins; nay, even to the extent of giving a wrong meaning to the expression of opinion favouring further inquiry? I may, however, say here that there are exceptions to this rule.

In regard to this inquiry I should feel inclined to classify physicists into four categories. The first category to which Czermak, Huxley, Tyndall, Stokes, Sharpey, Dr. Thomson, and others belong, refuses to know anything about it; and, as I have already endeavoured to show, these gentlemen proceed most unscientifically, and at times barely logically. So long as they, however, *bona fide* maintain their position, though without adequate cause for doing so (and perhaps in a scientific point of view, for utterly irreconcilable reasons, negating *à priori* facts which they ought to disprove), it would not be fair to demand of them to turn their attention to these phenomena. The second category, which happily contains but a very few

members, includes men who have seen and observed sufficiently to be satisfied of the reality of the phenomena, but who lack the courage to yield obedience to duty, and state what they have seen. *The third* category, and I believe the most numerous, adheres firmly to a scientific basis, without attacking or negating the Spiritual phenomena. The persons included in this group have not hitherto had the opportunity of investigating—mere report and casual mention failing to induce them to give up their valuable time, and to sacrifice work in hand to the uncertainty of the result of a new inquiry. No blame attaches to these, and they range themselves either under Category No. 2 or No. 4, so soon as circumstances permit them to inquire. The fourth category consists of persons who have recognised the reality of the facts, and have courage enough to publicly declare their belief. It might have been thought that just this group would furnish the scientific evidence, based upon actual experiments. Yes; this they will give, and each one will undoubtedly do so, provided opportunity favours. But any fit and proper person who has devoted his attention to this inquiry, and has investigated these phenomena, must know how rare the opportunity, and how difficult it is to pursue the inquiry scientifically and verify the facts methodically. The object here is not to convince one's-self, which may be done by a thousand minor and collateral incidents, but the object is to place these phenomena under such conditions that their description convinces others. And if this succeeds, what does the venturesome man expect? Crookes, Hare, and others have already told us the result of their experience. The more, however, do we owe to these men, to these pioneers, our thanks, more especially to the first named (Mr. Crookes), and yield credence to the statements of his further and future experiments. Most of the physicists of the last-named category content themselves, saying to their colleagues that which Mr. Wallace has uttered (*Spiritualism and Science*, p. 9):—We feel in our minds “a confident belief in the truth and the objective reality in these manifestations,” that we place the question of investigation unhesitatingly in the hands of any scientific man who seeks to learn the truth; fully convinced that every investigator who will but earnestly and conscientiously take the matter in hand must arrive at the same conclusions which have been forced upon us.

Here I must conclude, leaving it to you, my dear friend, to do with this letter as you may deem fit, and as you may think best in the cause of truth.

Yours faithfully,

A. BUTLEROW.

St. Petersburg, 29th November, 1873.

LEAVES FROM A JOURNALIST'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE general title of these 176 pages conveys a very imperfect idea of their contents. It might refer to a course of travel, or a series of personal experiences. Though neither of these is exactly the subject matter of the volume, it is really a compound of both—a record of personal inspection in the realm of industrial art. In short, the “Leaves” are a collection of pithy descriptive articles, contributed to the periodical press by Mr. Percy Russell, in illustrating the many ways in which human ingenuity ministers to human welfare. The author remarks in the preface:—

“Having, as a journalist, had various opportunities of personally inspecting many industrial operations interesting to every one, but, I think, new to many, I have collected a few of the most important, which are presented to the reader in the following chapters. Although no attempt has been made at scientific exactitude, the facts, as I hope the text will show, may be accepted as accurate. I have also tried to indicate, in some cases, the social bearing—too often overlooked—which the various industrial and commercial operations of the day have on domestic and individual life, and have endeavoured to describe correctly, as well as minutely, some of those manufactures and operations which certainly concern us all, but about which not a little ignorance generally prevails, and I shall be glad to find that these stray leaves from the mass of matter in my note-book meet with some encouragement.”

In the course of the work the following processes of manufacture are described as carried on by leading firms mentioned in connection therewith, many of which have become household words:—

“Candle-making, Domestic Labour-saving Machines, the Sewing Machine, Economic Stoves, Watch-making, Tent-making, a Pianoforte Factory, a Furniture Emporium, Weaving Wire and Galvanizing Iron, Charcoal as an Antiseptic, a Brewery, Mustard-making, Vinegar-making, Coffee, Maccaroni-making, Pure Water, Tea, Cocoa, Milk, Meat Preserving, Cooking by Gas, Soda Water Machinery, a Scientific Instrument Factory, the Historic Uses of Waxwork, a Universal Bank, Oleography, the Anacaptic Lamp, an Ink Factory, a Factory of Luxuries, Artificial Flower-making, a Lucifer Match Manufactory.”

The motto of the author is—“Knowledge of facts, apart from speculation, is the sure means to all social and moral progress;” and the work is dedicated to his wife. A small parcel of copies has been presented to the Spiritual Institution, and that our readers may have their share of the advantage, we offer the work as a premium volume to this number of *Human Nature* at half-price, which is 6d., post free 7½d. It is a very readable and instructive work, and supplies a great amount of information not usually possessed by the people at large.

Fo is frequently called Fo-hi, which means Fo the Victim, or the Sacrifice. This is founded on the following fable:—They say that when in the forest he saw a tiger dying of hunger. He immediately gave him his body for food, and so perished in this act of charity. This is a myth of the same nature as the crucifixion of Jesus, which was not a voluntary act at all for the salvation of souls, but an involuntary one, as Jesus did all he could to escape, but was overpowered by a tyrant force.—AO.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE series of articles by M. A., which have formed such a noteworthy feature in *Human Nature* for the last few months, is held over for the present. Next month it is hoped the author will be able to resume his papers on "Researches in Spiritualism during the years 1872-78."

A BOOK that ought to be of some interest is now in the press, to be entitled "Ten Years of Gentleman Farming at Blennerhasset in Cumberland." The author, Mr. William Lawson (brother to Sir Wilfrid), has been assisted by Mr. C. D. Hunter, F.C.S., of Glasgow, and Mr. Miller Tiffin, the manager of the farm. The work is intended to give a candid account of the costliness and the failures, but the ultimate success, of a co-operative experiment in agriculture. It will doubtless attract the attention of the large number of persons who are puzzling themselves about the future of agriculture and the agricultural labourer.

WHETHER amber be vegetable, animal, or mineral, no one knows. This we have in our hands every day, and can bring all the forces of chemistry to bear upon it. Still ignorance prevails. Yet there are foolish sceptics who do not believe in a spirit or a soul, because you cannot tell them what it is, or where it abides in man.—AO.

BEER AND GOSPEL.—"M. P." writes to the *Echo*:—Sir,—May I offer you the following lines on a member of Parliament, who voted May 9th *against* closing public-houses on Sunday in Ireland, and who voted May 19th *in favour* of closing museums on Sunday in England:—

The creed of B—— may be described as "Toddy and Te Deums;"

Keep Church and Public open wide, but shut up all Museums.

The vote is good, and pleases well both Brewer and Divine,

It says—"The Sabbath sacred is—sacred to Beer and Wine!"

CREMATION.—The *Financier* announces that the theory with regard to the burning of dead bodies has at length assumed a practical form in London. Under the title of "The Cremation and Urn Society (Limited)," a company has actually been registered, with a proposed capital of £50,000, for the purpose of carrying out the necessary arrangements in connection with the process of "cremation." The New York Cremation Society is fully organised, and its members are confident of a charter from the Legislature. The society does not assume any combative attitude; but one of the principal points thought to be desirable as a basis of organisation is the following:—"The company binds itself to perform the act of cremation on the remains of any shareholder, provided he or she shall express such desire in any way before death, and in case of no opposition from immediate relatives."

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

We take the following paragraph from the *Banner of Light*:—The Siamese Twins, Chang and Eng, who, about forty years ago, were brought to this country, traversing its length and breadth, and receiving almost unequalled attention from a curious public, and who afterwards made a highly successful exhibiting tour through Europe, died Chang first, Eng following him in two hours—at their home in Mount Airy, Surrey county, N. C., on Jan. 17th. The twins were united at the anterior part of the chest by a prolongation of a kind of fleshy band, the size of the hand; this band of flesh was about two inches broad and four inches thick; the whole mass was tough, and capable of being considerably extended. At the time of their death they were sixty-three years of age.

THEIR SOCIAL AND MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS.

The following account of the twins appeared in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* of Jan. 22nd, 1874:—

Since the first announcement of the death of the Siamese Twins the following facts relative to their social ways and mental characteristics have appeared, and will be found interesting to the readers of *The Inquirer*.

Barnum got the twins in 1850, and for several years they were shown in his old museum. At that time they spoke English very imperfectly. They were below the medium size. Chang was larger than Eng, and looked several years younger. He was, too, the mental superior of his brother, although both were ignorant, and had intelligence that scarcely rose above low cunning. Their faces were peculiarly repelling, yellow in hue.

Chang was the most robust and good natured. Eng was often sick, and always morose and peevish. They had a sleeping room in the museum, as did the other curiosities, and one night a rumpus was heard in it. On breaking open the door the twins were found fighting, Eng was on the floor, underneath Chang, who was choking him.

Their pay was 100 dols. a week at the beginning of this engagement, which they equitably divided and put into savings banks. They never visited their home, and seemed to have no care for their family.

When Eng was sick Chang nursed him; but perhaps did so from selfish motives, as the serious illness of one made it necessary for the well one also to go to bed. Chang had something of an appreciative vein of fun, and liked to give senseless answers, in his broken English, to the numberless questions of visitors. They remained with Barnum until 1855, and it is believed that they had then saved about 40,000 dols. each. Growing tired of show life, they decided to settle down in a warmer part of the United States.

In their travels they had been in North Carolina, and its climate had pleased them, so they bought two plantations, and secured wives to complete their domestic establishment. Here they took the surname of Bunker. They were then bachelors of forty-four. They married English sisters, aged twenty-six and twenty-eight. The girls had been servants, and it is said that a Lancashire dialect still clings to them. The making of the double match involved much trouble, for, although the twins were not unduly exacting, it was hard to find women who were both willing and at all desirable.

There was no love-making before the engagement, the courting was done by proxy and correspondence, and the ladies had seen their future husbands only at a show in London, when they accepted the offer of marriage. The twins based their choice upon likenesses forwarded by their agent, who gave assurances of the respectability of the girls. All having been arranged they were brought to America, the twins paying their expenses, and the marriage

was solemnized quietly in Salisbury. The wives were not beautiful, but were strong, healthy English working girls.

The domestic lives of the couple were peculiar. Each family had its own house, servants, and domestic establishment. The plantations were owned and managed separately, although in matters of consequence Chang was usually the master. Each looked after his plantation and other business during the weeks of living at his own place, and the visiting brother was not supposed to interfere. The wives did not agree very well, and the strangely-tied families quarrelled so seriously that the sisters frequently had periods of complete estrangement, lasting for weeks at a time.

So, although Chang and Eng were rich, they did not live happily. Mrs. Chang had the first child, and it was a deaf mute. The families increased rapidly until Chang had six children and Eng five. Of these children four never heard nor spoke, although in all other respects all were strong and not deformed. Eight are living, the oldest, a daughter of seventeen, having lately been married to the lessee of a neighbouring plantation. Before the emancipation their slaves were the most whipped of any in the region. The rebellion freed their slaves and otherwise seriously impaired their wealth. To repair their losses they again exhibited themselves through the country, but they were only moderately successful, owing partially to a rapacity which prevented managers from having anything to do with them.

A greater curiosity in their line had sprung up, too, in the two-headed girl—two negro children from South Carolina—who are joined at the hips. Chang and Eng had grown uglier as they had grown older, the latter especially being wrinkled, thin and bent. Their tempers were soured, and they quarrelled with each other constantly. They had gained greatly in intelligence, however, and were more sensitive to the gaze of the crowd. They retained strong secession proclivities. During their absence their wives managed the plantations. Those of the children who were not deaf mutes were sent to school, and are now well educated.

The cause of their moroseness as they grew older is believed to have been the probability of the fatal effect of one's death upon the other. The idea of separating them by a surgical operation had been often broached, but physicians had generally agreed that it would kill them. Therefore each was haunted with a dread of being left bound to his dead brother, with almost a certainty of dying under any attempt to sever him from the corpse. While in Paris and London they consulted the most eminent surgeons. One experiment, however, dashed all hope of separate existence. The ligature was compressed until all circulation of blood between them was stopped. Eng soon fainted, and a removal of the compress was necessary to prevent death. This proved that neither could sustain a separate circulation of the blood, and to have cut the ligature would have killed both.

CASES OF REMARKABLE MEMORY.—Mrs. Mary Somerville tells of an idiot in Edinburgh who never failed to repeat the sermon, word for word, after attending the kirk each Sunday, saying, "Here the minister coughed." "Here he stopped to blow his nose." She also tells of another whom she met in the Highlands, who knew the Bible so perfectly that if he was asked where such a verse was to be found, he could tell without hesitation, and repeat the chapter. We remember, also, to have read a year or two ago an account of a man in New York who could read one side of the *New York Herald*, and then repeat it word for word, advertisements and all. Thirty years ago or thereabouts there was a book pedlar in this part of Kentucky who had a considerable reputation for his remarkable memory. Old "Jimmy Hutcheson" sold "Pilgrim's Progress," "Clelland's Hymns," "Children of the Abbey," "Solitude Sweetened," and was able to repeat whole pages from almost any part of these books.