HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

AUGUST, 1874.

RESEARCHES IN SPIRITUALISM.

By M. A. (Oxon).

CHAPTER III.—SECTION III.

MUSICAL SOUNDS MADE ABNORMALLY.

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spirit," as the privileges of the order debar your questionings. That is the point of danger. A hook is put into your jaw that it may not open. "Believe, or be damned," is the language of our moral pirate. Beware of organisation! As well tie your neck to a mill-stone, and plunge it in the sea, hoping to swim, as to freight your manhood with a creed and expect it to live. Consecration to the Church is death to the soul's development. Accept the benison of the priest, and you become a slave for life. The spiritual priest, while under the influence of "Jesus," "Swedenborg," or "Socrates," demands the surrender of your judgment and the homage of your heart. He will soon make a similar demand when no such influence is claimed. This mischief will follow closely upon the heels of the first absurdity.

Last month we quoted a chapter which illustrates the author's narrative style, while the extracts given above show that he is a thinking Spiritualist as well as the observer of phenomena. We may return to this work again. It is far from being exhausted.

The Author has made the Spiritual Institution a present of a large parcel of his work. The selling price is 12s.; but, that our readers may participate in the gift, "Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism" is offered to the purchasers of *Human Nature*, for this month, at 7s. 6d., post free, 8s.

A Remarkable Man.—A man named John Rosebury, a hawker, aged 105 years, of Leeds, recently applied at the Halifax borough police office for the purpose of having his pedlar's certificate endorsed. He was born at Whitby on the 30th April, 1769, and has lived in Leeds since 1793, the year in which his father died, at the age of ninety-eight. In addition to his father and his wife, he has buried at Leeds seventeen sons and five daughters. His wife died on the 20th April, 1869, at the age of ninety-nine. He followed every one of them to their graves. The oldest of his children died at the age of eighty-one on the 5th November, 1872, and the youngest at the age of twelve. His residence at present is at Leeds. He has a surprising memory. For four years he lost the use of both eyes, but the sight of one has returned. He never travels by coach or rail, but walks all his journeys.

Chinese Spirit Circles.—In the Fung-sheen-shoo, it is said, a certain emperor wanting to hold intercourse with spirits, built the Palace of the Sweet Fountain, in the midst of which he made a room for the Altar: and he delineated thereon the spirits of Heaven, Earth, and the Great Unity. Into this place he caused sacrificial instruments to be brought, that he might induce celestial spirits to approach. The historian says, however, that though he resided there a year, these spirits did not come. So far the Fung-sheen-shoo. This emperor's ambition was too high. Celestial spirits cannot visit the earth. There are spirits on the earth, in the earth and waters, and in the air; and by these a spirit-circle may be formed, and may be visited: but no spirit that has once passed beyond the influence of terrene attraction, can ever again visit it as a spirit. A man cannot fly into the sun: neither could a spirit from the sun come to the sphere of man. The zone of each is impassable by each.—AO.

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When a man knows nothing of his subject, errors are unavoidable; and knowledge must supersede ignorance before it can be expected that they should be acknowledged and corrected.

But the opinion of a single man, however eminent he may be in other matters, is of small moment when he deals with phenomena with which other investigators are experimentally familiar, though he himself can deal only with *a priori* theories of so-called common sense. The abnormal production of elaborate pieces of music, of sweet and plaintive melodies, of weird and strange harmonies, is too well attested by observers who have had opportunity of meeting Mr. Home, to need any further proof as against a sceptic. They know and have seen. He does not know, nor has he seen. He only argues; and he may be left to derive what comfort he can from his argument.

That which hundreds of others have witnessed at various times, I also have had opportunity of observing more than once. I have seen the accordion held by Mr. Home under the table by the end opposite to the keys. Under those circumstances questions have been answered by sounds made from the accordion. "Home, sweet home," was played very sweetly; and at one time Mr. Home's hand was withdrawn from under the table, and was impelled, apparently by the same invisible agent that produced the sounds, towards the shaded lamp which was close to my right hand. In the full light which was so thrown on the accordion, we all saw it playing, expanding, and contracting in the manner usual when a tune is being played upon it. After this had gone on for some time, it was again withdrawn beneath the table, still playing; and two of us, on looking under the cloth, saw a hand manipulating the keys, and playing the instrument. That hand was not visible in the light of the lamp, and had no connection with any human body in the room. One of Mr. Home's hands was on the table, and the other held the accordion. The hands of all other persons present were in full view on the table. At other times when the accordion has been held in the same way by Mr. Home, I have heard the strangest and most weird melody proceed from it, like nothing earthly that I ever heard. A very strange effect those sounds had upon all who heard them: so weird and ghostly were they. The bellows-action of the accordion was perfect, and the keys were pressed down exactly as if manipulated by a human hand.

Still more remarkable phenomena have been detailed to me as occurring in the presence of Mr. Home. I have no doubt they are literally exact. Among other marvels, a friend, who is a most careful observer, related to me how, on one occasion, from an accordion so held and a *closed* piano on which Mr. Home's hands were placed, a piece of music was beautifully played in concert.

To the same category must be referred a strange phenomenon which I once witnessed in the presence of Mr. Monck, of Bristol. [Oct. 3, 1873.] He produced an accordion tied round with small cord. I examined the instrument. It was an ordinary small accordion, and was securely tied round by several turns of cord frequently knotted, so that it was physically impossible for the bellows to work. The accordion was placed in my hands, and I held it on my head by Mr. Monck's direction, while he stood behind me. Under those circumstances a number of different notes were struck, and sounds proceeded from the accordion exactly similar to those which would be produced from it under normal conditions.

In a similar manner I have frequently heard a large musical box belonging to Mr. Williams wound up by invisible agency, and carried about in mid-air while it played most vigorously. In one particular piece where a long scale passage occurred, it was always raised rapidly through the air to the ceiling, which it struck so that all could hear it. The effect of the rapid run, played as the box was raised in the air, was very remarkable. In a late number of the *Medium and Daybreak* (June 19, 1874), Mrs. Fitzgerald, of Cambridge Street, Hyde Park Square, records a very striking séance held at her house with Mr. Williams, during which the rarest phenomena took place. Among other things, she says:—"My large musical box, which had been laid on one side, and condemned as being out of repair, was set right by spirit manipulation, and played the tunes consecutively in perfect order."

But these are all cases where musical sounds are produced, abnormally indeed, but from a musical instrument which is in the room. They are astonishing enough, but more remarkable still are such sounds when produced in a room where no musical instrument whatever is to be found. Mr. Alfred Wallace, F.R.S., in his very able articles in the *Fortnightly Review*, April and May, 1874, mentions "the production of delicate musical sounds without any object calculated to produce them being in the room;" and instances a case in which "a German lady, who was a perfect stranger to the medium (Miss Nichol, better known as Mrs. Guppy), and had never been at a séance before, was present. She sang several German songs, and most delicate music, like a fairy musical-box, accompanied her throughout. She sang four or five different songs of her own choice, and all were so accompanied. This was in the dark, but hands were joined all the time."

In the *Spiritual Magazine*, April, 1874, Mrs. Andrews details some interesting séances with Dr. Henry Slade, and, amongst others, an occurrence similar to those with which I am now

dealing. Although there was an accordion in the room, the musical sounds produced were such as could not have emanated from it. The séance was held on Dec. 6, 1873, for materialisation. "Before the medium seated himself, I said to him, 'I feel as if one ought to be, somehow, lifted out of ordinary commonplace states of mind, and brought into a more elevated condition of thought and feeling before sitting for these things.' Then thinking what would most tend to this result, music suggested itself, and as he took his seat beside me, I asked, Would you not like to have a good musical-box? He replied in the affirmative, and the words were hardly uttered, when the clear, distinct notes of what seemed to us a large musical-box, playing close to us, were heard. The medium never having had anything like this before was greatly startled, and springing up from his seat, exclaimed, 'Good heavens! what is that?' I persuaded him to be quiet, and sit down again, when the air was played through to the end. The music lasted for some minutes, and although I knew there was no musical instrument except an accordion in the room, I could hardly believe that the box we heard so plainly was not actually close to us upon the table, *the wood of which vibrated under our hands*, not with any vague thrill, but exactly as it would had a large musical-box been placed upon it while playing. The medium afterwards declared to a friend, that had I been a stranger to him he should have believed that I had the instrument secreted about me. But if it had been a material reality, it would have had to be upon the table, and very near our hands, for the vibrations to be so distinctly marked and so strong as they were." I have quoted this testimony because it so exactly corroborates what we ourselves have witnessed. The vibration of the table under sounds apparently made upon it, when no material by which those sounds could be produced is in the room, is a phenomenon of regular occurrence in our circle. I proceed to detail the history of the sounds to which I allude.

The sound which has since developed to such an extent was first heard by us on March 23, 1873. At that time it resembled the plucking of a string in mid air. It was faint, and only presented itself at intervals. We called it the Lyre sound, for want of a better name, and could make nothing out about it, except that a certain imitation of it could be made by slightly touching the wires of a piano at the upper notes. It could have been more perfectly imitated by plucking the small strings of a harp, had one been at hand. I succeeded also in making some resemblance to it by drawing my finger over the wires of a musical clock which hangs on the wall of the room adjoining that in which we usually sit. This clock is distinctly audible to us in

the séance room, and soon its sound was counterfeited to perfection. Although I could not exactly make out how it was done, I supposed that the piano or clock must be used in some way to make a sound which seemed to be in mid-air. This theory was soon upset, for the sound came in rooms where there was no musical instrument; even in my own bedroom, where sometimes the sound has been so loud as to be distinctly audible through the wall in an adjoining room. Two months after its first appearance, it had become so loud that the vibration of the table noticed by Mrs. Andrews was very marked. The sound would traverse the room and seem to die away in the distance, and suddenly burst forth into great power over the table, which appeared in some inexplicable way to be used as a sounding-board. The wood of the table vibrated under our hands exactly as it would have done had a violoncello been twanged while resting upon it. It was no question of fancy or delusion. The sounds were at times deafening, and alternated between those made by the very small strings of a harp and such as would be caused by the violent thrumming of a violoncello resting on the top of a drum. Sometimes in our midst, sometimes distant and soft, sometimes the bass and treble sounds alternating, the sounds were the most inexplicable that I have ever heard. When they once became established, they were made almost continuously. We never sat without them, and they formed almost the staple phenomenon of the séance. With them as with other phenomena, great variety was caused by good or bad conditions. Just as illness or atmospheric disturbance made the perfumes and drapery coarse and unrefined, so the lyre sound became harsh, unmusical, and wooden. It seemed to be far more dependent then on material accessories. The table was used until at times the musical twang would shade into a sort of musical knock, and finally become an ordinary dull thud upon the table. Sometimes, too, we heard a very distinct imitation, purposely done, I think, of a loose string. When things were not all right, the sound would assume a most melancholy, wailing character, which was indescribably weird and saddening. It was not unlike the soughing of wind through trees in the dead of night; a ghost-like dreary sound that few persons would sit long to listen to. That sound was always accompanied by black darkness in the room, and we were always glad to take the hint and close the sitting as soon as we could. We invariably found afterwards that there had been some reason for this sadness.

No point, indeed, connected with these strange sounds is more remarkable than the intensity of feeling conveyed by them. They contrive to render all the varieties of emotion which are

conveyed by the human voice. Anger and sadness, content and mirth, solemnity and eagerness, are conveyed in a way quite inexplicable. In answering our questions sometimes an eager and rapid request for alphabet will be struck out, the notes and the quickness with which they are sounded conveying precisely the idea of eagerness which a sharp interruption by an impatient listener would give. The wailing sounds above noticed seem at times almost to sob and shriek as if in a burst of sadness. Sometimes to a question put silence will be maintained for a while, and then little, hesitating sounds will be made, very slowly and tremulously, so as to convey perfectly the idea of uncertainty and doubt. Then again the reply will come clear, sonorous, and immediate as the "I do" of a witness in the box who has no doubt as to the answer he should give.

As one instance amongst many to illustrate this intelligence in sound, I record the following. Following our usual custom, we had enquired as to the invisible intelligence which governed the sound, and received full particulars as to his life in the body. These were so minute that I had no difficulty in verifying them from a Biographical Dictionary. After we had become thoroughly used to the sounds and to the alleged maker of them, a book came out which contained some incidental particulars of his life. It fell into the hands of one of our circle who read it, got up the facts, and took opportunity of questioning about them. For a time all was right; but on being asked whether he remembered a certain name, which was long and difficult to pronounce, a negative was returned. "But you must, I think?" "No." "Why, he was your tutor?" "No." "You do not remember, but he was." A tremendous irritable negative was given. "The Book says so." "No," in violent angry accents; "the Book does not say so, and it is imperfect besides." Other questions were put, and answers returned in the same sharp irritable tone, sometimes flatly contradicting, sometimes correcting assertions made. At last calling for alphabet, the correct names were—what shall I say?—*roared* out; and on reference to the Book it was found that they were correct. The names were long and the questioner had forgotten and mispronounced them. No greater evidence of intelligence could be conceived than this. The tone was just the tone of an excited disputant, or of a man angry as having his word disputed when he knew he was right. I had never seen the book from which the queries were propounded. Some of the facts given were not contained in it at all; others which had been wrongly stated were corrected promptly and decisively, and in no case was a slip made. I wonder where the Unconscious Cerebration came from then? I do not believe any person could have been

present on that occasion, and have heard the answers and the way in which they were given, without carrying away the conviction that a real individuality, with real feelings, passions, and mental attributes had been present, albeit invisible to the eye of sense. And if he had talked with this invisible as often as we have during more than a year past, he would have had no difficulty in bearing testimony to the reality of disembodied existence, and of the perpetuation of mental individuality and idiosyncrasy. I should have no more difficulty in recognising this sound again than I should in recalling the features and voice of any old friend from whom I might chance to be separated. The individuality is not more real in one case than in the other.

But I am dealing with sounds now. Identity will come in its turn, and I shall be able to make out a strong case I think. For the present I return to the immediate question.

The sounds used always to commence near the circle, and, so to say, radiate from it as a centre into different parts of the room. Of late they have changed, and are usually audible to me before they strike the ear of any other person. How far this may be attributable to Clairaudience, a faculty lately developed in me, I cannot say positively. But at any rate, they seem to me to commence by a distant rumble, not unlike the roll of a drum. This gradually draws near until it is audible to all, and the old sounds are in our midst.

Nor are they confined to the séance room, though they never occur anywhere else with anything like the readiness and intensity with which they are made in that room into which no other but our own circle who sit regularly is ever admitted. There they are finest both in tone and power. But they have been heard with great frequency in other places where we have chanced to be, in strange rooms altogether, in different parts of the country where I may have been staying, and even in the open air under very curious circumstances. We were at Southend this spring, where there is a pier more than a mile in length. My friend and I had taken our books and were sitting at the extreme end looking out to sea, when raps came very distinctly on the rail in front of us. We ascertained that the sound was there without doubt, and proceeded to experiment upon the distance at which it could be heard. I placed my hands on the topmost rail, and my friend walked on, putting his ear to the wood from time to time. The raps were clear and metallic, and well-known to us at our séance. They followed us all along the pier, and were audible at a great distance as indeed any sound is if made on a long wooden rail. This was at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. At 8 p.m. we went on to the

pier again for the purpose of experimenting in a dim light. However, a bright full moon shone overhead, and though it was quiet it was not even dusk. The clear metallic rap was plainly audible at a distance of fifty yards from me. As we were trying whether it could be heard at a greater distance, the musical sounds rang out as clear and resonant as in a closed room. They were distinctly audible to both of us when we were seventy yards apart, and were apparently made in the space between us. At any rate the sound was not near either of us, but seemed to come from a distance. Had the night been dark I believe the sound would have been considerably intensified. As it was it rang out with all the characteristics which it possesses in a closed room, and that at a distance of some 800 or 900 yards from land.

Hitherto I have mentioned only the stringed musical sounds which first appeared and were gradually developed: the various sounds, as it were, of a harp, from the tiny strings down to the deepest bass notes. But there are other sounds which professedly emanate from the same source, and which resemble the sound of a tambourine played over our heads, or, at times, the flapping of a pair of large wings. The tambourine sound hovers over the circle, and sometimes gets away to a distance, changing almost instantaneously into the twanging of a string. Of late, other sounds, like those made by a small zither, have presented themselves. They are very minute, rather metallic sounds, and are seven in number, graduated at regular intervals. I have never heard a zither played, but I am told by those who have, that these sounds accurately imitate that instrument. They are quite distinct from the sounds which I have described before. Unfortunately, I have no tune in my composition; if it were otherwise, I have no doubt that actual melodies would be played.

The nearest approach to a distinct melody occurred on a late occasion. We sat on two consecutive evenings; once alone, and once with a friend who occasionally joins our circle. On each occasion the sounds were very marked. When alone, we sit in a smaller room, and there the sounds come out most distinctly; the sound as of a very tense string plucked by a finger nail. Three strings are distinguishable, and very musical were the notes produced from them. On the next evening, these three strings were again presented, and in addition to them, another set of seven, much less tensely drawn, and giving forth a lower scale of sounds. I write without technical knowledge, and am somewhat at a loss to convey my meaning; but what struck me was that these two sets of sounds were graduated in pitch, and harmonised relatively to each other. They represented two in-

struments, the one of three, the other of seven strings, and they were used in playing thus:—Certain notes were sounded upon the three strings, and these were followed by a run made as if by running a finger-nail rapidly over the strings of the other instrument. The result was like what musical *cognoscenti* call "a free prelude"; what I should describe as a series of notes, highly pitched, clear, and liquid in their melody, followed by a rapid run on an instrument of lower pitch. I speak of instruments, but it is necessary to state that there was in the room—an ordinary dining-room—no musical instrument of any kind whatever. I am indebted to the friend who has been most interested in observing the phenomenon from its first appearance, for the subjoined account, which supplements technical deficiencies in my own description:—

"The sound which I am about to describe, which was heard in our circle for the first time on March 23, 1873, has been one of the most constant and persistent of all the manifestations with which we have become acquainted, since commencing our investigation into the phenomena of Spiritualism, having, during the space of fifteen months, almost invariably presented itself at each sitting. By referring to my notes I find it described as 'a sound like that of a stringed instrument, played, or rather plucked, in mid-air, while there was no stringed instrument in the room.' Every attempt was subsequently made to ascertain through what substance the sound could be evolved. Objects of every description were struck against one another with a view to elicit a similar sound, but in vain; and it at last became patent that the sounds were formed independently of any material substance. In process of time, the character of the sound became more and more individualised, and its locality more diversified. It would appear at one time as though emanating from a distant part of the room, and of feeble intensity. At another time, the first intimation of its presence—I speak of *it*, as a phenomenon, but, as was subsequently shown, indicative of a presence—would be the striking apparently of a tense, metallic, or catgut string, over the centre of the table, and not unfrequently upon the table itself. In process of time, the manifestation became most extraordinary. It was almost impossible (to an outsider it would have been *absolutely* impossible) not to believe that a large stringed instrument, *e.g.*, a violoncello, a guitar, a double bass, or a harp, was not struck by powerful human fingers. At times the sounds attained such a pitch of intensity as to be almost alarming; as though, indeed, a double bass had been placed cross-wise over the top of a large regimental drum for a sounding board, and then played after the manner of a guitar—viz., Pizzicato. On these occasions, the sitters could distinctly feel a

strong vibration transmitted from the points of the fingers in contact with the table up to the shoulder-joint.

"Before long these powerfully resonant metallic sounds were supplemented by sounds apparently made by plucking the shortest strings of a harp, and the two sounds would alternate with considerable regularity. Certain evidences of intelligence having been apparent in the manifestations, we ascertained that the sounds were in truth evidences of the presence of individuals purporting to have been long since departed from earth-life. The intelligence was manifested first by answers to questions which were given in the same manner as the raps on a table, one, two, three, five, &c. The peculiarity of the answers was that the tone of the sounds corresponded in a most singular and convincing manner with the nature of the response. In other words, the passions of individuals, as exemplified on earth by tones of speech, were here illustrated by the peculiar type and tone of the musical sound. A harp was said to have been a favourite companion of the departed when in the flesh; and several attempts were made to elicit actual melody at various times, but the medium not being of a musical turn of mind, this attempt invariably failed. By request, however, scales, octaves, and thirds have been correctly played, and on one occasion an arpeggio was very fairly rendered, and repeated several times."

S. T. S.

I confess myself entirely unable to give any idea of the way in which these remarkable sounds are produced. That they are made by no material means I am certain, for they occur in places where no such means are available. That they are the means taken by an Invisible Intelligence for making his presence manifest is equally certain. Just as others take a peculiar form of rap, or a special handwriting, he takes this musical sound as his symbol. How he makes it, I am as ignorant as I am of the manner in which raps are produced on a table without contact. To tell me that it is done by the exercise of will-power does not help me; and that is all the explanation I can get. That the sound is objective is plain from the fact that all hear it alike; and if additional proof be wanted, it is found in the fact that the table vibrates beneath the sound. It remains one of the inexplicable mysteries which are none the less real objective facts because they *are* mysteries; and for the explanation of which we must be content to bide our time. The fact is certain. Let the theory wait.

I may, however, be permitted at this stage of my record to pause, and to ask those who have followed this series of papers throughout to consider what positions have been established. When I began to write, I put out of court a class of persons to

whom I considered that my statements would not appeal—those, namely, who are ignorant of the subject or prejudiced against it. "I am relieved from much care about them," I said, "from the reflection that these papers will not be likely to fall into their hands." I find that I was mistaken. From correspondence I have received I learn that many who would not like to be seen reading a Spiritualistic periodical in a public place, and who would be little likely to place *Human Nature* on their drawing room tables, are curious enough to read and write in private about what strikes them as so wonderful and mysterious. The *Fortnightly Review* has given an impetus to enquiry, and every source by which curiosity may possibly be gratified is eagerly sought out. Among the rest I fall in for my share of questions, some intelligent, some the reverse: some betraying thoughtful consideration and a receptive mind, others couched in a querulous and uncandid spirit. It may save much trouble, and furnish a more complete answer to queries than the calls upon my time permit me to give over and over again in private, if I here point out what has been said, and draw attention to the conclusions logically deducible from my facts.

Travelling over the ground of physical phenomena alone, and that only partially at present, I have related cases, which have fallen under my own observation, of these amongst other occurrences. I have detailed cases of the production of sounds of various kinds, all having for their object the conveying of messages from, or the indicating the presence of, invisible intelligences. The sounds described have been of the most varying nature, from a tiny tick up to a violent blow, from a scarcely audible vibration up to a deafening twang, as of the lowest string of a powerful double bass. I have noticed the movement of objects by unseen agency, and without the contact of the hands of any human being: even in a locked room in which no person was, and to which no person could gain access. I have further detailed, at great length, the movement of solid objects, and the transmission of these objects into a closed room in which I and others have been sitting. I have spoken of the alteration of weight of ponderable objects, and of their levitation in contravention of the law of gravity. And I have related numerous cases selected from a mass of well-attested evidence, of the manufacture of perfumes and the production of luminous appearances. Of the facts so stated I reiterate that there is no mistake. The record is well within the margin of truth. Indeed, it is impossible for any words of mine to convey an accurate impression of what I have attempted to describe.

This being so, I opine that I am justified in drawing from them these conclusions:—

1. Under certain ascertainable conditions phenomena are produced which science cannot explain or account for.

2. These phenomena are, and always purport to be, evidences of the intervention of an invisible intelligence.

At a future stage of the inquiry I shall produce evidence in favour of the theory that the claim made by the intelligence is reasonable and true. This claim is, that the phenomena are produced by disembodied spirits who, in almost all cases, have been previously incarnated on this earth. At present I cannot interrupt the orderly course of my argument to adduce such evidence. It will come in due course. Touching the positions which I have taken up as logically deducible from my record so far as it has gone, the question most frequently put to me is such as this :—

Assuming that you are convinced that what you record is objective truth, is there any conclusive evidence that you are not under hallucination or delusion? Most assuredly there is: proof as complete as can be had about anything. I have carefully checked my impressions by those of careful observers who have been eye-and-ear witnesses with me of what has taken place. The occurrences have, in most cases, been too frequent to admit of any possible doubt, and in no case have I or they had the least doubt as to the objective nature of the phenomena presented. A careful perusal of what I have written will establish this in numerous instances.

Again, I am asked—Is it certain that the facts which you record must be referred to the operation of external intelligence? May not psychic force, odic force, unconscious cerebration, account sufficiently for what you relate? Bearing in mind that the major part of my evidence on this point is yet unprinted, I answer that no such explanation at all covers the facts even so far as I have related them. Nothing is more certain and more clearly proven than the operation of unseen intelligence governing the various manifestations. Doubt as to this must proceed from ignorance. I cannot conceive it possible that any candid mind, knowing what I know, could maintain any such theories as those above enumerated. They, or any combination of them, fail utterly to explain points connected with nearly every phenomenon that occurs. It is greatly to be desired that we should all bear in mind that a theory to be sound must cover *all* the facts: and that we are yet on the very threshold of knowledge on this subject.

Once more it is alleged as an objection, You are reversing all the laws of nature. What is to become of matter? All our experience and knowledge respecting it are false according to you. And we must have some stronger evidence than you adduce before we can believe that.

Possibly so. There is a mass of evidence gathered from independent sources with which the objectors are apparently unacquainted. I aspire to do no more than to add one more link to the chain of evidence. And my facts are not the less facts because they contradict certain previous opinions which the majority of men have agreed to hold. It may well be that we are arriving at a period in the world's history when new light will dawn on us respecting many subjects, matter amongst the rest. Most assuredly scientific ideas with regard to it will have to be modified very considerably; and men must be prepared to admit that so-called laws of nature are only fallible deductions from limited observation which enlarged experience may cause us to modify or even to reverse. It is not I, or those who have observed with me, or who have arrived independently at similar conclusions, who are responsible for that. If men of science are as yet ignorant of what is going on in their midst they have themselves partly to blame for it. "None so blind as those who will not see." Partly, too, opportunities for observation are rare; and conditions, under which good phenomena are freely evoked, rarer still. If additional attention be devoted to the investigation, and men will consent to learn patiently instead of dogmatically dictating their own conditions and tests, much of this difficulty may be expected to vanish.

Questions as to the source from which the intelligence proceeds, assuming that source to be external, may be left unanswered for the present. The mass of evidence on that point is yet unprinted. As to the frivolous nature of the communications and phenomena I have nothing to say. Suppose they are frivolous. What then? They are not less true. And is it frivolous to do aught or say aught that can help to demonstrate independent existence outside of the body? A high Roman Catholic dignitary is reported to have said that all modern Spiritualism external to the Church was to that which occurred within its pale as the antics of a monkey to the actions of a man. I will not quarrel with the statement, though it is sufficiently open to retort. But at anyrate, the intelligence of our potential progenitor might, I think, be an interesting subject of enquiry both to those who are within and to those who are without the pale of the Catholic Church; and, for myself, I say, if the aforesaid dignitary can produce me any higher evidences of intelligence, any purer and more elevated religious teaching than that which I have received, I shall very humbly and willingly join him in listening to it and learning from it.

Last comes the parrot cry, Maskelyne and Cooke do it all. It would be unnecessary to refer to an objection so baseless, were it not that the majority of men are in such a nebulous frame of

mind, are so little used to think accurately, that they do in some cases require to have plain fallacies pointed out to them. Maskelyne and Cooke are a pair of dexterous conjurers, who, by the aid of machinery and perpetual practice, contrive to delude the senses of those who go to see their tricks. They find Spiritualism convenient, and its exposure profitable. Admitting the cleverness of their performance, it is necessary to point out that they do not produce any of the phenomena called Spiritual. As the coiner produces a counterfeit sovereign, and the functionary who has charge of the sheet tin behind the stage produces the sham thunder, so do these persons go through a series of tricks which more or less closely reproduce certain phenomena which have occurred in spirit circles without the intervention of any human agency. Does it require to be pointed out that as the man and the block tin are to the thunderstorm, so are Maskelyne and Cooke to Spiritualism? Remove their machinery and you remove their power. Put them under the same conditions as are maintained when the phenomena which they imitate are evoked, and their pretensions will at once evaporate. Those who maintain the reverse may be advised to cultivate accuracy in thought, and to consider, amongst other abstruse problems, how far the discovery of counterfeit sovereigns is a proof that real sovereigns do not exist and never have existed, or the reverse.

THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.*

THE work lying before us is not altogether without claims to the attention of thoughtful readers of dramatic poetry. Totally unlike Milton's grand organ tones of rhythmic-harmonic cadences, the measure is often broken and abrupt, requiring great care in the rendering. Happily for the dramatists of this present day, the canons of criticism are less rigid than when our English Homer penned his deathless epic. The origin of evil, as shown forth in this drama, has not been made any clearer to our perception than heretofore. Nevertheless many of the lines exhibit much power and a keen appreciation of the spirit of poetry. Perhaps it was impossible for the author to enter into exhaustive and analytical diagnosis of the principle or power known in all ages as evil. Strictly speaking there can be no evil, because good and evil are the two opposite points or poles—the negative and positive conditions in nature; neither could exist without the other. Good and evil, heat and cold, light and darkness, male and female—everywhere in all creation we find beautiful

* The Origin of Evil: A Celestial Drama. By Ter. Tisanthrope. London: Bemrose & Sons.

dualities, involving mutual dependence, and mutual and harmonious effects working together. At this stage of the mundane drama it seems to us a little obsolete to go over the old, old story again; and the accomplished author of "The Origin of Evil," with the same powers and labour might have won fairer laurels had he devoted his talents to heralding the dawn of progress and the now approaching era of man's higher life. However, that is not the question under consideration. Not what might have been, but what is, is under discussion. We subjoin the following lines, with which the drama opens:—

ACT I.—SCENE 1st.

At the Foot of the Mount of God. The Archangel of the First or Seraphic Province of Heaven, and the Archangel of the Second or Cherubic Province.

The First Archangel.

Hast thou seen aught, ne'er seen before, about
Our brother, near co-equal, for the Third
Archangel of these thrice all-holy heavens?

The Second Archangel.

Hast thou, too, been perceptive in our fellow-angel
Of change, else something much betokening change
A-coming, dread, dark, formless, and unknown?

The First Archangel.

I have seen the face of Lucifer, the good!
The beautiful face of the bright Son of the Morning,
Our younger brother recognised—at least
In order younger, or of us the third—
Not so all radiant, as I loved to see it,
Because a certain indescribable shadow
Seemed to pass suddenly over it, leaving bright Lucifer
Obscured, though but for a moment. And my heart
Yearned somehow for my brother, dimmed in glory,
Albeit so briefly. But thou, say, hast thou—

The Second Archangel.

Head of the loving Seraphs! burning ever!
First of Heaven's host illustrious, and shining
In their long, bright array! I have surely noted
The shadow which thou didst observe. It seemed
As if a something, which no imaging
Of mine can picture, had come 'tween that noblest
Head of all Heaven's Third, and Him in whom

We live, by whom we love and know, and know
And love in one, and both in equal measure,
(These Morning Stars' department thus describe I).
I say, as if a certain something passed
Between, and for a moment those divided
Between whom nothing comes to separate,
Nor can come.

These opening lines indicate a keen perception of the sublime and grand in poesy. The questioning dread with which the first archangel asks—

"Hast thou seen aught, ne'er seen before, about
Our brother?"—

While the second responds to the awful interrogation by asking another, even giving tangibility to the inchoate sense of evil, describing that mysterious change which had so mysteriously transformed the beauty of Lucifer into a change

"A-coming, dread, dark, formless, and unknown"—

an expression the sinless angel could not understand.

The reply of the first archangel is very beautiful, and, at the same time, very sorrowful.

The speech of the second archangel is couched in good blank verse measure, all save that tenth line where the author makes his angel speak in anything but Homeric strains, when he mentions—

"These Morning Stars' *department* thus describe I."

The line is very faulty, and grates upon the ear; the word *department* is hardly euphonious enough for blank verse, and smacks of commerce and nineteenth century utilitarianism, rather than the sublime utterances humanity in all ages has been wont to ascribe to Angelic colloquies.

In the second Act we have some very powerful lines in the soliloquy of Lucifer, when his heart is distracted by conflicting emotions between his old allegiance and his daring ambition. Even he, too, begins to find that metaphysical speculation is a dangerous thing, and stirs up deep questionings as to what is right and what is wrong. Already doubts and difficulties presented themselves to the perplexed mind of that unquiet spirit, who bought his experience of evil and its consequence at so dear a price. Hitherto the Son of the Morning had broken none of Nature's laws: his piercing intellect had not brooded upon being the co-equal of God. Self had not asserted itself, and the slumbering fires of passion were still smouldering, awaiting the invocation of time and circumstance to call them into resistless and unceasing activity. The character of Lucifer is

the finest in the drama; the others are merely accessories or foils. The angelic bands are very good, pure, and loving, worthy of their high place in the Infinite's favour, but more interest is felt for Lucifer, whose heart is disturbed and torn by the fierce conflict between his love, ambition, and ineffable scorn for the new race, whose advent is heralded in by the jubilant strains from the Seraphic and Cherubic choirs.

ACT III.—SCENE 1st.

The Top of the Mount of God looking towards the East. The Two Archangels standing—

Opens very finely, where the head of the loving spirits sees in ecstatic vision the face of the Divine Humanity. We quote one or two passages:—

The First Archangel.

"Entranced we saw, as saw we ne'er before,
Our very Lord at hand, and in His condescension.
How beautiful His face, as in that veil
Of the Divine Humanity! exceeding
Fair, all serene, most gentle, sweetly stooping
To us of Angel nature; yet prepared
To be, as to the coming ones, a little
Lower than angels to be made, for aye."

The Second Archangel answers in a fine speech, beginning thus—

"All hail! O race most wondrous, middle-placed
In the creation future."

And yet, in the midst of such pure bliss, these bright beings experience the first tremors of horror when Lucifer presents himself before them shrinkingly and abashed. In this third Act the plot begins to take shape, and becomes very interesting, and is well sustained throughout the other two last Acts. In Act iv., the Songs of Glorification exhibit much sweetness, and would be very effective with a full choir, some of the verses being very fine. The Song of Praise, as sung by the Archangels, commencing thus—

"We glory give Thee, God, most high!
Who spread'st abroad that starry sky!"

is excellent, and, on the whole, very effective. Throughout this last hymn of praise the measure is very fairly sustained, with one or two exceptions, which with a little revision on the author's part might have been avoided. The sixth verse of the song in question is scarcely up to the true standard of poetry, and all eccentricities of language should be eschewed in pieces of this kind; every line ought to be polished as a separate gem, even if there should be a slight sacrifice of feeling in the matter.

> "Give ear, O heavens! through all thy *wid'st* domain;
> Hear, universe, and burst into a *loudlier* strain!
> This fact, all facts, all things whate'er excels!
> O Love, withouten bounds, in God that dwells."

Wide domain would be better, and *louder strain* would read more rhythmically, we venture to think. Scenes 3 and 4 of the same Act, where the now expelled Lucifer sits in council, surrounded by his grim courtiers, Beelzebub, Belial, Molech, Mammon, &c., contain some very forcible lines, particularly where the Arch-fiend argues upon the respective merits of obedience and disobedience, and by his artful sophistries sways the apostate angels to his peculiar way of viewing the matter.

The fifth Act opens with an address from Lucifer, in character of Devil, to his leaders and whole company. The author's attempt at grim, cynical, fiendish mirth, has unfortunately degenerated into buffoonery. Take, for instance, the following lines on page 65:—

> "For pungent smells we love, and your Archangels
> Might turn their nasals off from what we like."

Considering the peculiar idiosyncrasies of the actors, all attempts at wit or levity must be of the "grim sardonic."

From page 81 of this little volume we cannot help quoting the last two lines of the Archangel's soliloquy in apostrophising Lucifer. He concludes his painful musings thus—

> "Hateful and hating through the ages all,
> Thou goest a Devil, cursed with Memory!"

No greater curse could be given than the torture inflicted by the stings of memory. This Celestial Drama closes (somewhat suddenly) with a farewell address of the Devil to his once bright home in the skies. Demon though he be, sharp pangs of remorse and sorrow wring his proud soul, and if he has obtained earth as a kingdom, he finds he has bought it very dear. We are glad to draw the attention of the reading public to this neatly-bound volume, which will be very suitable for a present or birth-day gift either for old or young. But while it has been our ungracious task to point out some slight defects in the work, we heartily recommend it to all classes as a book which will repay the student for his patient perusal; and we should have been very well pleased to have accorded the talented author unqualified praise, had that been consistent with our notions of what we were taught to believe constituted true poetry of the highest class.

Whence could evil originate before the advent of man upon the stage of time? How is it possible to conceive of evil coming out of perfect good? Poetry and romance apart, does it

not follow that evil is a deep necessity in all created nature, because, according to all authorities past and present, evil came from the very heavens? The brightest and most intellectual of the Angels first dreamt of another state of existence separate and apart from that of the great and all-pervading essence, whose all-potent life-principle give birth to worlds innumerable, and who had created spirits, or rather (we must put it in different words), whose volitions had rayed off individualised crystallisations of his own essence, and who gave to them a separate individuality and volition, an entire and independent identity, bestowing upon these spirits intellect and feelings very like the feelings and intellect we find here.

It seems to our thinking that Lucifer is another name for Prometheus, also a god expelled from heaven, by the awful fiat of the Thunderer, for stealing fire from heaven to mitigate the woes of men, and to enable mankind to progress in civilisation. Very soon—we are told by Eschylus—the arts and sciences grew apace, and even some attempts were successful in making a rude kind of porcelain. For this beneficent act the unhappy god was doomed to be bound upon a rock overhanging the sea, with the Vulture of Care ever knawing at his liver. The Lucifer of Milton on the other hand, wages war in heaven, and tries to upset the balance of power in those shining realms. For this daring act of insubordination he is expelled, and sent into Tartarus to consort with those ambitious apostates who, like himself, dared to conspire against the Most High. Far back into the shadowy domain of prehistoric lore we find still the same story of evil coming out of good. When all creation seems in grand harmonious unison; when peace and holy quiet seem to permeate the hearts of those radiant denizens of the heavens; behold, in a moment there is a sudden horror which comes upon the fair aspect of all this ineffable beauty, and mars its brightness. Why should evil spring from the very centre and source of the highest good? What law of causation could evoke into such terrible activity a principle so diametrically opposed to the beneficent intentions of the Great Creator, were the reflex side of the medallion not as essentially necessary? We may be sure the principle called *evil* could not have a place in the great mundane scheme. Yet, if evil is necessary it is certainly of heavenly origin, because the most gifted of all the hierarchy of bright spirits, the direct emanations of the Divine essence, first thought or conceived aspirations not in harmonious relationship to the great first cause. We cannot say there is evil. This negative condition is a Divine necessity. Good and evil spring

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from the same parent source, and have their roots deep down in the bosom of the Infinite.

Theologians tell us death is the counterpart of sin. To those of us who are not hoodwinked by priestly spectacles, death is the re-birth into life—the white-winged harbinger who gives the wearied spirit manumission from the thrall of clay.

ELIZABETH B. JACKSON.

THE SCIENTISTS AND SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

BY GEORGE A. LATHROP, M.D.

EVERY department of Nature must be tested by laws peculiar to itself. The chemist cannot test the truth of the metaphysician's subtleties by means of his alkalis and his acids; neither can the metaphysician cause chemical combinations to take place by an application of the rules of logic.

The phenomena on which Spiritualism is built may, like the functional phenomena of the physiologist, be infinitely repeated with results of the same generic character, or analagous to those which had occurred in some previous experiment; yet owing to somewhat varying conditions which may not be absolutely controlled, they cannot be made the subjects of that mathematical precision which is demanded, and may be obtained, by the chemist; nevertheless they may be productive of just as positive and satisfactory results, and conduct us to just as reliable conclusions as we reach in our investigations in any of the other departments of Nature, where fewer and simpler conditions enable them to be applied with greater certainty of success. The spiritualist is often made aware that a modification of the application of the forces of Nature in his investigations varies very materially the results he obtains and in many cases even arrests them altogether, and that different degrees of light and heat, or of the electrical or magnetic conditions of the earth or atmosphere, or even the varying degrees of activity of the vital forces, affecting the physiological condition of the medium, may greatly modify or even altogether suspend the manifestations of the spiritual phenomena, and that mental perturbations or inharmonies, acting as disturbing elements, have very often the same effect; and this is not at all surprising when we reflect upon the fact that these are the principal modes of force through which all material changes are wrought.

The scientist, so-called, ridicules the dark circles which are sometimes made use of by the spiritualist as a condition which he finds favourable for obtaining some of the more marked phy-

sical manifestations, which, with conditions in other respects more favourable, are frequently obtained in the light, and he most freely expresses the opinion that they are instituted for the purpose of facilitating deception and fraud. But while we agree with him that they may be and sometimes undoubtedly are made use of for that purpose by dishonest persons, where proper precautions in other respects are not applied, and that the results thus obtained are not usually as satisfactory as they would be in the light, where we could avail ourselves of the testimony of all our senses; still, if it is a law which Nature imposes upon us, we must abide by it, and we may rest assured that if we patiently investigate, that even here satisfactory means of testing their reliability will not be wanting. And he might object with equal force and justice to the demands of the photographer for a dark room, where the phenomenon of the development of his mysterious pictures from what was before to all appearances a blank plate shall take place. To the decrees of Nature we must submit, and it ill becomes us as ignorant inquirers to dictate the conditions under which she shall act.

But why, I would ask, may not variations in the application of the light and heat mode of force, by modifying the causes, change in some degree the results of the experiments which we institute to elicit the spiritual phenomena, when we so often observe on the application of the same forces to organic bodies, that vital functions and phenomena are so greatly modified or perhaps altogether arrested.

We find by modifying the light and heat modes of force which we apply to the acorn, that we may either suspend or altogether prevent a manifestation of the phenomena of germination, growth, and unfolding into a tree, with an exhibition of leaves and fruit, because the degree of light and heat employed has been either too great or too little; and is it any more surprising that a modification of the application of these same forces should suspend or arrest at times many of the wonderful physical phenomena which are claimed to take place in the dark circle? And if anger, fear, hope, joy, sorrow, or any other strong mental emotion, may modify or arrest sleep, digestion, or glandular secretion, is it at all surprising that violent mental emotions or inharmonies, when introduced into the spiritual circle, should often prove causes sufficient to destroy the conditions necessary for the production of the looked-for manifestations? And the chemist, the physicist, must remember that they cannot demand with any degree of reason the same absolute conditions and precise mathematical results, when dealing with vital forces and the principles of life, as they may when experimenting with molecular attractions and repulsions solely. But to those who seek to study

Nature as she really is, and do not attempt to impose conditions which she refuses to accept, the truth will sooner or later be revealed.

NATURE'S REVELATIONS OF CHARACTER*

Is one of those original, racy, and amusing books with which our American friends sometimes favour us. It has both the good points and defects characteristic of Yankee authorship. It is wide and expansive, rather than minutely accurate in its statements; and the reader may sometimes ask if the author is joking or serious. With these premises, we have no hesitation in saying that the work is the most important one published on the subject for many years; and we hail its appearance with pleasure, as we do that of a comet, which, added to a solid nucleus, may append a somewhat visionary tail. We cannot overrate the subject of which it treats. The author propounds a new system of mental philosophy, analogous, but not identical with phrenology; he divides man's system into the Abdominal, Thoracic, Muscular, Osseous, and Brain forms, which at once suggest an analogy with the Lymphatic, Choleric, Bilious, Sanguineous, and Nervous temperaments, and cause the analyst to question the advisability of giving new names. The same question is naturally put when the analysis of the faculties is considered, whether the long and unpronounceable though mostly novel appellations given by the author are an improvement on the phrenological nomenclature—often charged with its length and want of euphony. The most crack-jaw of the phrenological terms is perhaps Philoprogenitiveness, perhaps the most unpronounceable of Dr. Simms' terms is "Mnemoniconominality," or the power of recollecting names. Fortunately Dr. Simms gives a table for the pronunciation of his new faculties—over a hundred in number—which, even with this aid, are a considerable tax on elocutionary powers. The faults of the work in this respect are not radical. The author is a true physiognomist, a true interpreter of nature. He only, like an Egyptian Mage, would hide his learning sometimes by hieroglyphics, which must be wiped out ere the page can be read plainly. The work abounds in interesting illustration and much novelty of observation, calculated to inform the most keen physiognomist or amuse those to whom any systematic treatise on the subject is a new book. He goes round the world in search of facts and illustrations, and dives into history, and comes back laden with many facts, which the intelligent reader will preserve in the museum

* Nature's Revelations of Character. By J. Simms, M.D. J. Burns, Southampton Row, Holborn.

of his mind. The work is a thick demy octavo of 600 clearly printed pages, abounding in woodcuts, which, although defective in printing and artistic skill, yet illustrate the author's meaning, when this could not be done by words. The author is a great observer and a great traveller, well versed in science in its various departments, and is known as one of the most interesting popular lecturers we have. There is nothing in his book which offends against good taste. It is a harmless as well as a valuable contribution to literature, and one which should be in the library of every student of human nature, every phrenologist and physiognomist, who, in proportion as he is deeply and truly versed in nature, will say to the author—I agree with you in principle, if I cannot always agree with you in words.

THE BOOK OF NATURE AND THE BOOK OF MAN.*

THIS work is the first attempt to reduce to the requirements of Modern Science the old theory of Man the Microcosm—a theory as widely diffused, and as deeply rooted, as the foundations of Nature herself, and one which has been accepted in whole or in part by the greatest thinkers in every age; therefore it is impossible to overrate the importance of the subject of Mr. Napier's book, which, elucidated from Nature herself, has been built up on this old foundation of the primitive rocks, as it were, of knowledge. Those who would pursue the subject, and test its importance, are recommended to read the works of Philo-Judeas, Aristotle, and Plato, among the ancients; and Paracelsus, Oken Camper, Vessalius Baptista Porta Haller, Da Vinci, Buffon, Aldrovandi, and Lavater, amongst the moderns. They will then judge of the advance the author has made in proving this theory, which is treated with a refinement and elaboration as superior as is the execution of the modern gold sovereign to the rudest gold coins of the most Archaic age, but, like them, is of imperishable metal. The author, in his preface, briefly, and very clearly, explains his first principles :—

"'*MAN was made in the image of God*,' of an omnipresent, omnipotent Being, and as such the type, the embryo of what is universal, at least as regards this world. This proves our proposition Man—the Microcosm. The impersonation—the representative man Christ, alone fulfils all the requisites of the Microcosm. But the most insignificant man indelibly stamped with his Creator's image, lives throughout all time, the epitome of the world he inhabits.

*THE BOOK OF NATURE AND THE BOOK OF MAN: in which Man is Accepted as the Type of Creation, the Microcosm, the Great Pivot on which all Lower Forms of Life Turn. By Charles O. Groom Napier, of Merchiston, F.G.S.; with a Preface, by the late Lord Brougham. London: Sold by J. Burns, Southampton Row.

What are the ties, the links that bind man to earth, that shadow forth his characteristics? In the Inorganic world we see his qualities portrayed with a precision and a simplicity, suitable in elements; in the various classes of organisms we see the leading characteristics of man, shadowed forth; and in the representative species representative men. One fact must be borne in mind, analogy often ends where resemblance begins; and where an actual resemblance is found between men and the higher animals we are forced in many cases to admit that the influence of man is here more directly seen: they reflect his image and refract it back to him."

The Introduction to the work says:—"Two great methods of scientific analysis have been propounded by Aristotle and Bacon. Aristotle's is argumentative, Bacon's is experimental; but representation, facts, and principles are all that one mind can grasp in Nature. Hence man inquires for types of the different departments in Nature. As he judges of what he sees by the outside of things only, his method of investigation is physiognomical." He judges by the outside of things, which afford an index of the unseen. Geology is studied almost entirely physiognomically, as founded on the crust of the earth, pointing down to the interior. The classification of Man on a physiological basis is physiognomical; its elements are arranged in accordance with signs possessing resemblances, themselves pointing to signs of similar origin. The author gives some interesting remarks on Head-forms, which are so true as to be worth quotation at length.

"The writer has found it very convenient to call the principal varieties of head-forms the Round, Long, and Narrow Oval (shaped like a flattened egg), Wedge-shaped, Square, Wide, Long and Short Prognathous, and Pyramidal. Some of these forms are characteristic of races, others of individuals; they all accompany marked mental peculiarities, most of which have been verified by observations on the inhabitants of England and France.

"The present population of the British Isles thus displays a great variety of head-forms, which accounts for their wide diversity in character. Our remarks on the varieties of character which accompany head-forms are more general than special, for the survey is too short and inclusive to admit of much detail or nice accuracy, and the extreme types cannot be always found at a moment's notice.

"The Mongolic devastators of India and Persia had round heads, somewhat modified by the pyramidal. We proved this by measurement of skulls from the tombs of the Indian kings of the Mogul dynasty, and the comparison of them with coins and drawings of sculptured heads; the Mongols of the present day have this type of head. The Moguls conquered, but they did not impart their language; they crushed rather than developed the resources of nations.

"The Round head is accompanied by a tendency to extend and migrate, and with less attachment to home and offspring than either the oval or narrow types. Men with round heads accomplish much to a certain extent, and easily organise, but show far less capacity for individual improvement than those with oval heads; they cannot settle, they must roll. 'A rolling stone never gathers any moss,' or leaves a permanent impression on the ground it traverses. In like manner, men or races with this configuration may be great as conquerors, but do not influence society, like those with sharper and more angular heads. Nations with round heads are driven before those with hammer- or wedge-shaped heads, who find, however, difficulty in dividing or detaining them; for rotundity here, as well as in physics, is accompanied by a strong principle of cohesion. The hammer strikes the ball, which flies, but may rebound and strike its assailant. The old conflicts between Europeans and Mongols, and the modern between Russians and Turks, have often been of this character. The Russian and Teutonic heads are much longer than the Turkish. Round-headed people are difficult to manage, for they are not influenced by those economic instincts which induce the semi-savage to become a useful head; they have much energy of character, great obstinacy and bigotry, and are deficient in practical wisdom. This form of head is common in Spain, and perhaps points to a Mongolic affinity in the aboriginal population of that country; but it must be allowed that this also approaches the Moorish head-form.

"The Greek form, or Oblong skull (a subdivision of the square), does not rise on the crown like the round head. Greeks are deficient in that stability and consistency which characterise the round-headed nations; but the superior length of the Greek head, especially between the ear and the frontal sinus, gives it vastly greater intellectual power. The Square is the commercial, manufacturing, and contracting head. The Greeks show many of these characteristics.

"The Round oval is the highest type of head, being distinguished for beauty and accompanied by great moral, intellectual, and physical powers. It is well shown in the portraits and busts of Shakespeare, Melancthon, Milton, Oberlin, and of many a sage, both in ancient and modern times. In this type the intellectual and moral faculties preponderate, but the selfish and domestic propensities are not relatively deficient. It is the Celtic-Scandinavian type, but it is found amongst the truly great of all nations.

"There are two important modifications of the oval. The first has been termed the Long Flat Oval, and the second the Short Flat Oval head-forms. Men with oval heads which are flat at the sides, either long or short, are commonly more fond of literature and science than of the mechanical arts; they are not generally fit to be at the head of a commercial business, although their intellectuality and relatively weak selfish propensities render them little liable to be overcome by temptation to fraud in places of trust.

They may, notwithstanding, from the tenacity of their memories and their orderly habits, make excellent clerks, and are willing, in many cases, to work for much lower salaries than those far inferior to themselves in intellectual power, but who possess broad, that is, selfish, heads.

"The portraits of the late Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Craik, the eminent scholar of Bristol, will illustrate this form of head, as do their characters the psychology that accompanies it. This form of head is associated with strong domestic affections and great stability of character, unlike the short-flat oval, which indicates considerable intellectuality of a superficial kind, but little depth of feeling or concentration of power."

There are two important chapters on the harmony of Geography and Ethnology in which the man is shown to be the chart of his native land; that is to say, the qualities of each race and territory are shown to be in harmony with their botanical, zoological, and geological surroundings; this is very elaborately worked out, and establishes the truth of this proposition with irresistible force to the reader, who, the more he is versed in geography and ethnology, the more he can verify the author's remarks.

There are two chapters, entitled, "A new Language of Plants," in which the analogy between the leading vegetables and the leading characteristics of men are shown. The descriptions are evidently those of a botanist, one who has formed a large herbarium, and has a technical and scientific acquaintance with the subject on which he is writing.

The analogy between lower animal life and man is illustrated in chapter five. A short extract will show the style of this chapter:—

"The pearl's delicate hue, that silvery whiteness with a tinge of gold, fresh and clear, yet rich, is the complexion of a lovely girl (Margarita). But like her, it needs the lustre of other gems. The coral of the sea for the lips, and the delicate carmine seaweed, to cast its veined branches over her cheeks. With eyes of varying lustre, deep blue, reflecting hues of ocean, and a clearer, brighter blue; when with contracting pupil, the bright light of Heaven streams on her face. She is 'a pearl of ocean.' Persia's coasts may produce pearls, but not pearls like this. And for the honour of fair Scotland, England, Wales, and Ireland, it must be said that they produce *these fairest pearls*. The deep beds of Highland lochs or slow running rivers, yield the purest pearls, from *Unio margaritiferus*."

The analogy between men and fishes is shown in the chapter entitled the "Moral Significance of Fishes," which is also shown in a corresponding manner in the chapter entitled the "Poetry of Bird-Life," and the resemblance between man and animals. The late Lord Brougham, in his preface, observes:—

"It has been my great pleasure to read this work, which I think will not want any commendation from me to render it a favourite.

"I think the leading idea a very reasonable one. Man is undoubtedly the "MICROCOSM." The immense mass of facts collected in this book will, I think, render this plain to most persons. I have read the chapters on Botany, Zoology, Geography, and Geology, with great interest. Those who are not prepared to go with the author in all things, cannot fail to be impressed with his eloquent treatment of the subject. I am at a loss to remember at present any book on Natural History more powerfully and graphically written than 'The Book of Nature and the Book of Man.'

"He is entitled to the credit of great originality, as the systematiser and reducer to a science, of an idea, old as that of the Greek sages; but which has hitherto been treated only in a desultory manner by poets and metaphysicians of the German school. I see he makes some remarks (page 206) on the Lord Chancellors: I hope he does not intend to be personal.

"The book unfolds a course of thought which if I were a younger man, I should like to pursue carefully. Alexander von Humboldt would have been much interested in this work, as the style of argument reminds me of that which occupied his attention in the early dawn of the science of this century.

"The Author has strode the gulf between physics and metaphysics, mind and matter, instinct and reason, God and Man; for his scheme of reconciling the Mosaic narrative with modern Geology, possesses advantages over those of his predecessors. He justly asks, presuming the Mosaic account of Noah's flood to be true, what the animals preserved by him in the Ark fed on when they came out of it. For it is idle to suppose that Noah himself fed these animals during the many generations required for them to be mutually supporting. His theory of the relation of Man to lower forms of life I like better than Lamarck's, and his theory of the Compound Unity of Man's mind I think will be of great use to the metaphysician."

PSYCHOMETRY.

A Lecture delivered at Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, Monday Evening, April 6th, by PROFESSOR J. R. BUCHANAN.

(From the Banner of Light.)

THE following presents, in a condensed form, the leading features of a brilliant discourse by this talented orator, which occupied nearly two hours in its delivery in a most rapid manner:—

The pleasant spring weather of to-day, my friends, seems emblematic of the spring-time of the soul, which is now advancing, dissolving the frozen reign of force, fraud, and moral desolation, and ushering in the blossoms of hope and love that belong to the normal outgrowth of humanity.

I believe that Psychometry is an important and brilliant portion of that

sunshine which will assist the growth of budding virtues and the expansion of intelligence, until we realise that new and perfect day of which the Orient gleams already inspire our hope and faith.

It is now thirty-two years since I found it necessary to coin a new word to express a new fact, a new art, a new science—the art and science of *Psychometry*, or soul-measuring. That word is now a part of our language —that art is now extensively practised—thousands are familiar with its value and utility—there are not less than twenty or thirty well-known public practitioners of Psychometry in this country who are giving daily evidence of its power, and it may be considered an established science, just as Homeopathy is established by its discovery, diffusion, and successful practice.

It is true there are many unacquainted with it, and many literary institutions in which it is not heard of; but it is partly my own fault, for I have not adequately published it, and certainly have made no effort to introduce it into the Universities or attract the attention of any intellectual corporation. Yet not entirely my fault, for the Universities were not at all eager or ready to recognise Newton's Principia, and they generally linger very far in the rear of the most advanced minds. Hence I have not been disposed to seek their notice or to court their favour. The possessor of a Koh-i-noor diamond does not feel it at all necessary to call in everybody from the street to witness the fact that he has it, for he feels entirely independent; and while I am acting as the minister and herald of virgin Truth, her dignity shall never be compromised or lowered by any act of obsequiousness on my part to any human authority, or to a class of institutions so very conservative that they not only conserve all knowledge for fear it should be diminished among men, but are equally energetic in conserving the ignorance, too, for fear it should be diminished also.

The cultivation of ignorance has become a fine art, a high and proud professional accomplishment in the medical profession. If we address a representative of the most numerous branch of the profession and ask him what he thinks of the wonderful discoveries of Hahnemann and their successful use in the practice of Homeopathy, he will probably reply as a distinguished Professor in this city said—"I *ignore* it all entirely." And I would say that as he who ignores becomes necessarily *ignorant*, I cannot give any aid or sympathy to the professional *cultivation of ignorance*.

But sometimes a gentleman who wishes to ignore the Homeopathic Materia Medica, is forced by stubborn facts to enlarge his philosophy so much as to take in the discoveries of Hahnemann. But as his intelligence is not sufficiently comprehensive to take in so much without parting with something equivalent, he gives up what he knew before, and concluding to make Hahnemann his god and *similia similibus* the whole science of medicine, decides to *ignore* everything else and cultivate such *ignorance* as a professional duty. With such a policy, or any other form of ignorance, I have no sympathy, and my path diverges widely from the paths of those who travel in the ruts of medical sectarianism or any other form of narrow-mindedness.

I allude to this narrowness because it is the antithesis of all that I love. It is diametrically opposed to the spirit of Psychometry, which emancipates the soul and sends it forth in quest of universal truth. For the proper psychometric exercise is an exercise of those divine faculties of the soul which take possession of the limitless realm of absolute truth—faculties which in past ages, and still more in the present time, have been beclouded and hidden, or have been almost outlawed from the realm of science.

The best method of presenting Psychometry is to show you, by relating my first inquiries, how I was led into the discovery. It was in 1841, just

before I discovered the impressibility of the brain, that I became acquainted with Bishop Polk, an accomplished and learned divine, and on examining his head discovered a large endowment of the organ of sensibility. When I told him of his extreme sensibility to the weather, sensibility of touch, &c., he told me that he not only had all such sensibilities in a high degree, but was so sensitive to the contact of metals as to feel and taste them; that whenever he touched brass, however unconsciously, he was reminded by the taste of brass in his mouth, if he should touch a brass door knob in the dark, or even the brass of his pencil case.

There was a marvellous fact, with which, according to the usual fashion of physicians and authors, I had nothing to do but to *ignore* and throw aside into the lumber-room of nervous eccentricities as unworthy of a thought, unless I could dispose of it by the easy and furtive process of considering him a liar or a weak-minded dupe, while compelled, by his abilities and virtues, to recognise him as a learned Christian gentleman.

It is the fashion of the medical profession, when a very marvellous fact is encountered, to turn aside and say nothing about it. If encountered in books, it is rejected from their learned compilations, and if possible buried out of sight, *however well authenticated.* If encountered in persons, the *fact* is assailed by browbeating the *individuals,* or if that is not sufficient, by assailing their reputation, as we observe in a recent effort of Prof. Carpenter.

And yet the marvellous facts which are the objects of this insane antipathy are the richest gifts of Divine Wisdom for human enlightenment. When we study nature for knowledge we do not seek the repetition of things with which we are familiar, but seek something entirely foreign to our previous knowledge. The more foreign, the more novel and singular, the more it becomes entitled to the name of marvellous, and therefore the more it becomes an object of jealousy and hatred to the scientific fossils of the schools. Their hatred of the marvellous is simply a profound aversion to the rapid increase of knowledge—a passionate unreasoning *love of ignorance.*

The marvellous facts that we meet in nature are like the rare outcroppings of geological strata which we sometimes meet displayed by the convulsions of nature as if to reveal her hidden depths; and when we follow the lead of these beneficent indications, they conduct us down into the deep and otherwise inaccessible mysteries which lie at the foundation of universal life.

Genius delights in the marvellous (while stolid mediocrity abhors it) and finds in it the pathway to the valley of diamonds. The marvellous is a revelation of the breadth, the depth, and the mystery of so much of Divine Wisdom as man is able to grasp by expanding his faculties and throwing off the hindrances of animality and boorish prejudice. It perpetually invites us to expand our thoughts into the amplitude of the Divine Wisdom, and still the boorish intellect of miseducated men rejects the invitation with averted, downcast eyes as the most ancient barbarians of the earth walked beneath the scintillant stars without a momentary conception of the infinite grandeur of the stellar orbs in their myriad revolutions.

The marvellous fact mentioned by Bishop Polk was evidently the demonstration of a law of life and matter unknown in the schools, unrecorded in books which have any standing as exponents of science. It demonstrated that matter acts by a dynamic agency not limited to its presence or its contact; in other words, that it is not gross matter that produces effects, but something proceeding from it, a subtle *aura* which you may call fluid because it flows, or spiritual because it is not appreciably material, but which as an aura is intermediate between the sensibly material and the truly spiritual, which is unbounded by the limitations of matter and locality.

When this aura from the solid metal passes up the arm and pervades the body of the sensitive person, there is no diminution of the metal. It might continue to exert that influence for ages without the loss of a particle. We are therefore compelled to infer that it is not the ponderable matter but the imponderable and invisible agencies which are potential in the realm of life.

The fact ascertained in Bishop Polk was soon illustrated by experiments on others (at Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas), in which I found that this power in the Bishop was not at all a rare or extraordinary capacity. I found that a very large portion of the population possessed the same faculty in various degrees; in short, that such powers existed wherever the faculty of sensibility was well developed. There were many persons, probably twenty per cent, of the population, who, when they placed their hands behind their backs, could recognise the different metals which might be placed in their hands, by the influence on the nervous system and the taste in the mouth. In the same way they could recognise any sapid substance, salt, sugar, pepper, vinegar, or medicines, by the impression.

In continuing these experiments afterward, I found this to be a most valuable method of experimenting on medicines, and investigating their properties—a process indeed capable of producing a revision of the Materia Medica, and introducing innumerable new remedies.

In the medical school in which I laboured for ten years at Cincinnati, sustaining the liberal eclectic philosophy of medicine, I regularly made experiments on the members of the class, and found that nearly one-half of all who tried the experiment could feel the influence of medicines as distinctly as if they had been swallowed, by holding them between the hands enveloped in paper, not knowing what was the substance under the experiment. Forty-three members of the class of 1849, some of whom have since been medical professors and medical authors, signed the following declaration of their experience:—

"We, the undersigned, members of the medical class of the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cincinnati, have at the suggestion of Prof. Buchanan, performed the experiment of holding in our hands for a short time (generally from five to twenty minutes) various medicines enveloped in paper, so as to be unknown to ourselves, except by their medicinal effects, and we are convinced that in these experiments distinct effects were produced upon us strictly similar to those which would be produced by the action of the same medicines administered in the ordinary method."

The effects were so decided that, when an emetic was the subject of the experiment, some of them were obliged to drop it, for fear of immediate *emesis* being produced.

When I gave a short course to the medical class in New York, on my way to Boston, two-thirds of those who tried this experiment realised its distinct effect; and in my lectures this winter in the Medical School of the Boston University, about one-half of the class who tried the experiment caught the impressions of medicines enveloped in paper, so as not to touch their hands. What is it in these cases that passes through the paper, is recognised in the hand, and gradually passes thence up the arm, reaching the head at length, and then affecting the entire constitution?

This emanation of influences, by which all inorganic substances affect their proximate vicinity, is still more active in man. The sensitive person, who feels the diffusive influence of medicines, feels an equally potent influence when he comes into contact with the vital action and emanations of the human constitution. How many are there who, when they place their hand upon the aching head of a friend, find that, while they give relief to the sufferer, they have received the pathological aura into their own persons,

and reproduced in a milder form the same local pains in themselves. All pains and all diseases are thus transferred to the sensitive or impressible from the sufferer; and many a kind friend, many a nurse, many a physician, suffers and succumbs under an accumulation of borrowed disease, without distinctly apprehending its source; because the doctrines of medical books, with ineffable absurdity, ascribe the character of contagion or non-contagion to the *nature of the disease alone*, without any reference to the nature of the constitution that receives its impression, as if all human beings were merely cast-iron models of absolute uniformity, and a disease contagious to one would be so to all, or if not contagious to any one, never could be so to others.

This is all false doctrine, and has been productive of incalculable mischief in the unchecked transmission of disease through nations, in unwise quarantine regulations, and in the terrible mortality of hospitals, jails, ships, and armies, where the transmission of subtle contagion was not checked, because not understood. The truth is, that to the highly impressible, all imaginable conditions of body and mind are transferable by sympathy. There are many refined women, refined by modesty, love, imagination, intellect, and culture, on whose cheeks the delicate and varied play of emotion is visible every moment, who not only feel with quick sympathy the mental sphere of all who approach them, but who also feel the sphere of every disease, and realise in themselves something of the sufferings of those with whom they come into contact.

We are all capable of receiving into our persons the impression of severe pathological action, and unless well protected by vaccination, we would fear to place our hands on the person or clothing of a small-pox patient. The transmissibility of disease is universally recognised. The proposition added by my discoveries is that *health is as contagious as disease*, and the aura of *physiological* action as transmissible as that of the pathological.

The impressible constitution feels with facility the emanations from any portion of the body or the brain, and not only feels them when in immediate contact, but receives the impression with almost equal facility when transmitted through any conducting medium. The contact of the hand with the upper portion of the head is felt by the impressible as the source of a pleasant influence, while contact with the lower region of the brain produces a feeling which soon becomes unpleasant.

The transmission of influence from one to another through conducting media was made the subject of a series of experiments in 1842 in the laboratory of Mr. David Owen, which was mentioned in a published letter by his brother, Robert Dale Owen, in the following language:

"A series of experiments made in Dr. O.'s laboratory relative to the capabilities of different bodies to conduct the nervous fluid, furnishes the following general results:

"Of upwards of one hundred inorganic bodies, all were more or less capable of transmitting the nervous influence; but of these, metals and muscular tissue conducted best, and the latter with more rapidity than metal, whilst horn, bone, whalebone, tortoise shell, beeswax, feathers and silk, but especially horn, appeared to be non-conductors. Perhaps on that account hair is the most suitable covering for the head—the central region of nervous action."

A person of the highest impressibilities is able in touching the different regions of the brain to feel and describe the exact influence and character of each organ. Mr. Charles Inman, brother of the distinguished artist, Inman, of New York, was taught in my office to make such examinations, and could describe with the most delicate accuracy the action of every organ of the brain in any one who was examined. He was my principal psychometer in making those investigations, which gave me a complete and minute map of cerebral organology. In making the most minute

surveys of each convolution and its subdivisions he used a metallic rod (generally a pencil case) as the conducting medium to receive the influence from the minute spaces to which it was applied, and thus perfect the most minute analysis. The facility with which this was done, made it apparent that the nerve aura was very readily received and imparted by metallic substances, and in my experiments of 1843 before the Faculty of the Indiana State University, I showed that a gold coin, after being held in contact with any part of the head for a few moments, would give to an impressible person to whom it might be conveyed, an impression of the action of the subjacent organ, such as they would receive from personal contact with the head.

The facility with which the emanations of the human brain thus become imparted and attached to any suitable substance, led to the inference that anything which has been in contact with a human being may become so charged with his nerve aura as to yield an impression of his personality to the impressible. In the act of writing, the volitionary power expended through the arm upon the paper is a positive emanation, and may therefore become attached to surrounding objects. It would therefore be reasonable to suppose that the manuscript would reveal the psychic and physiological forces which were engaged in its production.

The first test of this doctrine which I made was at the Astor House, New York, in the winter of 1842 3. Mr. Inman was with me, and had been trained to the greatest delicacy and rapidity of perception by impression. I took four letters from my trunk, of which he had no conception whatever, and placed them successively in his hands to receive an impression by contact. His descriptions of their character, capacities, and relations to each other were as minute and perfect as he could have given from personal knowledge after thorough acquaintance.

[We omit the several descriptions.]

It was six years after this before I ventured to publish any account of Psychometry, having in the meantime made a great number of experiments in Boston, Cincinnati, and elsewhere, and instructed many persons in the art, through whom it was diffused and made known to many who had no idea of its origin.

Character sketches made in this way were handed about in Boston, as fine specimens of delicate and truthful portraiture of character. Rev. John Pierpont, so distinguished by his thorough manliness and love of truth, was one of those who, at that time, felt most interested in this subject, and in his poem on "Progress," delivered at the 150th anniversary of Yale College, he gave a description of Psychometry which should be mentioned in the history of its progress.

His reference to Psychometry and its discoverer concludes as follows:—

> "The very page that I am tracing now,
> With tardy fingers and a careworn brow,
> To other brows, by other fingers prest,
> Shall tell the world not what I had been deemed,
> Nor what I passed for, nor what I had seemed,
> But what I *was!* Believe it, friends, or not,
> To this high point of progress we have got,
> We stamp ourselves on every page we write!
> Send you a note to China or the Pole—
> Where'er the wind blows or the waters roll—
> That note conveys the measure of your soul!"

In my first experiments in Boston I used autographs of very marked character—one, the letter of a gentleman of strong affections, narrating the death of his noble and lovely wife, and conveying the deep anguish of his

bereavement. This letter produced great sadness and consciousness of grief for the loss of one very near and dear. In Bishop Otey, of Tennessee, it produced, as he said, the same feeling which he experienced on hearing of the sudden death of a friend torn from a happy circle by death from the explosion of the Lucy Walker steamer. In some ladies it would produce a flood of tears from the intense feeling of grief, which was relieved and changed by the pleasant influence of another letter, in which a lover made propositions to his lady love.

When very great impressibility existed, the subjects treated became so completely possessed—I might almost say obsessed—by the influence of the writer, as to lose their own individuality and assume the character of the writer, instead of merely making his character a study.

Sometimes they would assume his physical conditions, as when Miss P., after describing a well-known minister from his manuscript, found herself impeded by the condition of her limbs, on attempting to rise, having unconsciously caught his lameness. Miss M., after receiving the impression of Gen. Jackson's autograph, not only felt the powerful impression on her organ of firmness, but felt as though her plump, round face was elongated in the firm furrows and wrinkles of Jackson's, while she felt it with her hands and asked her friends if they did not perceive the change.

The Rev. Mr. Kent, a pious minister of Roxbury, of very delicate organisation, was most powerfully affected by the contact of manuscript of strong characteristics. When he placed his hand upon the letter of grief he experienced the sad and scrrowful feeling very quickly; and when I substituted the letter of Gen. Jackson he soon became so much excited that I removed it to enable him to speak more calmly in his description.

Mr. Kent kept a journal of his experience, in which he made the following note of this experiment:—

"He then placed a folded letter, with the sealed side only seen, on the table, and requested me to place my right hand upon it. The experiment seemed to me preposterous, but I remarked that whatever, if any, sensation followed, I should truly communicate it. I felt nothing in my frame at the moment, but very soon an increasing, unusual heat in the palm of my hand. This was followed by a prickling sensation, commencing in my finger-ends and passing gradually over the top of my hand and up the outside of my arm. I felt for nearly a moment no change in my mental condition, and stated this. Dr. Buchanan had given no hint of the nature or author of any letter he had with him, and I had no bias or subject on my mind, from the day's experience, to influence me. A rush of sadness, solemnity, and distress suddenly came over me; my thoughts were confused and yet rapid, and I mentioned, 'There is trouble and sorrow here. There is, too, perplexity in my feelings.' My whole description, taken down at the time, is in other hands. I do not remember anything more than a general impression of it after the letter was removed.

"Another letter was laid upon the table under my hand. My sensations were sharper and stronger than before, passing up in the same manner from my fingers' ends. In less than a mintue my whole arm became violently agitated, and I yielded to an irresistible impulse to give utterance to my thoughts and feelings. A determined, self-confident, daring, and triumphant feeling suggested the language I used, and it seemed to me that I could have gone on triumphantly to the accomplishment of any purpose, however subtle or strong might be the opposition to be overcome. My whole frame was shaken, my strength wrought up to the highest tension, my face and arm burned, and near the close of my description (which was also taken down and is in other hands), when I retouched the letter after repeated removals of my hand by Dr. B. in consequence of my great excitement, it was like coursing fire which ran to my very toes. Dr. B. afterward read the letter and signature of General Jackson."

The language of this letter shows that it was written with the characteristic force of General Jackson. It was addressed to Judge Rowan, of

Kentucky, in answer to an invitation to visit the State, declining, on the ground that it might injure his political campaign, as his opponents might assail his motives and weaken the confidence of the people, so "that the people, shaken in their confidence and divided in their action, shall lose both their advocates and their cause. Thus the panders of power mocked the efforts of the people in former times, because they were blinded by their arts, or saw them too late to counteract them. Their prominent friends and advocates, too, contributing to the calamities by attempting to fight them with their own weapons, when it would take more than the strength of a Hercules to grasp all the plans which these Protean monsters could devise."

We can readily imagine the fiery spirit with which Gen. Jackson wrote those lines, which affected this delicate clergyman as powerfully as the old hero was ever able to affect his subordinates on the field of battle.

During these experiments I noted down the greater part of Mr. Kent's language, which was very striking. As soon as the letter of Gen. Jackson began to counteract the previous influence of grief, he remarked—"I feel anxious still, but I have strength enough to go through with it."

"Let it come! let it come! LET IT COME! [his hand was now removed from the letter.] It seemed to me when my hand was on it I could go through everything; I had the feeling—I AM SUFFICIENT FOR IT."

"Every time I touch it I feel more and more of that resolution—come high or come low—I feel as John Adams did, when he exclaimed, 'live or die—survive or perish,' &c."

He was asked what impression it made upon his mind? He replied—"*It* teaches me that I must watch, watch, watch—look at danger lurking everywhere." What kind of danger? he was asked—"From those who attempt to cramp and do me injustice—to put me down. But I am sure that if I do watch, there is energy enough to carry me forward. I am sure I shall carry my point. I should know what I was about."

He was asked what such a man would be fit for? He replied: "He is fit to stand where very few men will stand; where it is necessary to have determination and quick decision; where a man must say that whatever obstacles there are must be overcome. When I have any difficulties to overcome I should like to have this influence."

QUESTION.—"What kind of pursuits is he adapted to?" "Not private. He is a man among men, in the world. He would forget the domestic relations—go into the world and leave domestic affairs to a wife."

QUESTION.—"What would be his leading motives?" "Not personal ambition; but I feel that I can do what other men cannot do; yet there is a good deal of vainglory at the bottom. I do not think he can have the sentiment of religion very strong. I should feel like a kind father—indulgent."

QUESTION.—"What sphere of life would he occupy?" "The highest he could reach."

QUESTION.—"How high?" "Very high—the very top round of the ladder. He has not solid learning. He has more of impulse and self-will than of calm, religious wisdom."

In answer to questions he said the character would not sympathise with Milton, but might with Shakespeare, especially in his battle scenes; he would be totally different from John Quincy Adams, and wholly different from Washington, but "hail! fellow, well met!" with Bonaparte, and was of the same class as Alexander.

"He is an ambitious, public, popular man," said Mr. K.; and finally, without any question, he said, "It seems from some foreign, furious spirit, or from *such a man as Gen. Jackson.*' Among his many characteristic re-

marks, Mr. K. said, "He is proud and happy in fighting for his country. He would die in the last ditch before sacrificing his country's rights."

After this description, great surprise was created when I read the letter and revealed the name of Jackson. A similar surprise was experienced by Bishop Otey, of Tennessee, in an experiment on this letter. His impressibility enabled him to describe it very readily, and being an ardent Whig, and opponent of General Jackson politically, he was not disposed to appreciate favourably the Jacksonian type of character. Hence his description of the character was very similar to the opinion entertained by Whigs of General Jackson. He described a heroic, violent character, whom he at first compared to Napoleon, and finally pronounced to be "*just such a man as General Jackson.*" When he had reached this climax I showed him the letter of General Jackson which he had been describing.

Sometimes the psychometer is able to identify the writer, but generally, his attention being occupied in the analysis of character, he fails to think of the individuality of the writer.

A lady, in describing the impression derived from the autograph of Miss Harriet Martineau very correctly, at length noted her deafness, and then remarked that she supposed it must be Miss Harriet Martineau, as she knew no other such character who was afflicted with deafness.

Very often psychometers of high power will enter into the sphere of the writer's consciousness so completely as to perceive just how he regards himself, how he regards the person addressed, and how he stands in relation to the community generally, so as to determine his reputation, his social position, and even his actual pursuits. Chancellor Scott, of Mississippi, in pronouncing upon a character, said, at length, that the writer was a Judge, and was in the Supreme Court of Mississippi. Presidents have been described as occupying the Presidential office, and Presidential candidates as aspiring to it. One of my most interesting descriptions was that of President Polk, by Governor Quitman, of Mississippi.

The description of character is a matter of direct independent perception by the psychometer, not affected by my knowledge of the autograph, or by the company, or by any spiritual presence. He perceives the mental impression by his own faculties, as he would smell a rose or taste a beef-steak, and gives opinions which may be entirely contradictory to the opinions of those about him. I have often given the manuscript to the psychometer without knowing what it was myself, and found no difference in the result. At the same time it is true that there may be some persons who have no mental independence, but feel a sympathy with those around them, which would make them passive creatures of any circle of society in which they may happen to be. Such weaklings are not common, and are rather abnormal specimens of humanity. They would be unfit for psychometric experiments, having no decided opinion or knowledge on any subject. Every psychometer should guard against sympathising with those around him, and should not sit too near any person whose presence might be a disturbing influence. Of course the experiments succeed best strictly in private, and ought not to be practiced in public, where the surrounding circumstances and presence of strangers would disturb too much the calm concentration and delicate perception of the psychometer.

Some who are better acquainted with spiritual phenomena than psychometry, suppose that psychometers are generally aided by some spiritual presence, and that the opinion given is really the projection of some spirit's conceptions. The supposition is entirely unnecessary, for we do not taste our food or see an object by spiritual aid, but by the power of our own senses, and the psychometric sense is as independent as any other. Those who, as media, are in constant communication with the spirit-world, may

be influenced thereby in their thoughts, but others are not. There is a tendency among some spiritualists to exaggerate the extent and power of spiritual impression by supposing that to be a common experience of humanity which really belongs only to the highly sensitive medium.

It is true the spirit-world is the region of ultimate causation, and of powers we cannot measure; but practically speaking, the spirits in the body have more force of character and power of impression than the spirits out of the body, and unless the group of living persons surrender their individuality and become entirely passive, they seldom feel any influence from a spiritual source. The few who can be so affected, independent of their own consent, are the exceptions to the general rule. Spirits are far more susceptible to the influence of living persons when in contact; and when we observe the proceedings of circles, we find great difficulty in discovering any thought which is not in sympathy at least with the thought of the living, even when the latter are entirely passive. The spiritual impression is emphatically the "still small voice" heard only in the dim and silent interior chambers of the soul.

Yet the psychometer may hear that voice, not from other sources, but from the spirit with which he is engaged. If it be the spirit in the autograph of a living man, he recognises the physiological as well as the spiritual life, and the exact state of health and vitality. If the autograph of one no longer living, he receives an impression of mentality, apart from bodily life—a conception of a disembodied spirit existing in a calmer, happier mode of life, and looking back with appropriate emotions upon its past career. Thus he realises the immortality of the soul, and however he may have been lost in the shadows of materialism, he acquires a clear perception of the life that is not dependent upon a physical body. Of course it is only those who have superior powers that are able to perceive these things clearly and distinguish between the living and the dead, between physical and spiritual life.

[After giving many additional illustrations of psychometry, Dr. B. concluded by a view of the practical bearing and utility of the art, of which the following is an abstract]:—

1. In character-study there is no process that can be at all compared with psychometry. Dr. B. exhibited a skull with a light in the interior, which showed certain portions of the brain to have been very active, making the skull thin, and other portions very inactive, resulting in thickness and opacity of the bone. Exterior cranioscopy cannot detect these abnormal conditions. Psychometry alone can determine the actual status of the man with certainty.

2. In the study of history and biography, psychometry gives us a new light, and will enable us to settle many historical questions.

3. In questions of guilt or innocence, sanity or insanity, psychometry may give us a perfect tribunal, and when the world is civilised and enlightened, its power will be invoked in all difficult investigations.

4. In self-culture there is nothing that can lead us so near to perfection as the delicate penetration and criticism of psychometry, continually employed as a guidance in self-improvement.

5. In the investigation of diseases, there is very little success which is not derived from the psychometric or intuitive faculty. It is not only in the physician who describes patients at a distance by this power, but in every good practitioner that it gives its aid. The mysteries of disease are entirely beyond pathological description, and can be appreciated correctly only by the physician who has this power of intuitive perception. Those who have it in a high degree are very successful, and those who are entirely deficient are signally unsuccessful, and unfit for the medical profession.

The greater prevalence of this power among women is one of their superior qualifications for medical practice.

6. Psychometry affords an additional means of conquering the dead, frozen materialism which is becoming so prevalent in the sphere of physical science and in the profession of medicine. It demonstrates immortality, and opens the mind to larger views and loftier investigations.

7. Psychometry opens an unbounded future of mental progress and an era of enlightenment, the brilliancy of which makes the civilisation of the nineteenth century a realm of *hideous darkness*. The higher powers of the soul, emancipated in psychometric research, and rising on unfettered wing, survey the boundless domain of human knowledge alike in the near and the remote—alike in the past and the present, and even look out over the "promised land," the home of enlightened, redeemed humanity in future centuries. No historic truth is hidden in the Egyptian pyramids, or in the caves and huts of the lake-dwellers, or buried with the bones of the extinct saurians, which may not be brought into the light of day and the contemplation of modern science. Twenty-five years ago I predicted these results, and it was but a few years before Prof. Denton commenced those magnificent researches which have verified my promises; and the results which he has given the world in his three volumes on the "Soul of things," are the brilliant dawning of a new era in science, in which the divine faculties of the soul become its guide into the wealth of knowledge and the plenitude of wisdom and happiness which belong to the "golden age" that lies in the future.

DEMONSTRATION OF THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

(To the Editor of Human Nature.)

Edinburgh, July 9, 1874.

Sir,—I purpose to make a single observation upon a paragraph occurring in the first article of your issue for July. The article is the production of an adherent of the Positive Philosophy: a capital article in the service of a capital system. The paragraph in question draws attention to my demonstration of the existence of a God, and makes several improper statements—erroneous in fact, and false in reasoning. Mr. Stock alleges that, if Deity exists, his existence is not susceptible of demonstration; the reason being that, even "if the Deity exists, his existence is a matter of fact, and no matter of fact is susceptible of demonstration."

Now, the various positions involved in that allegation constitute positions which I demolish in my "Necessary Existence of God." I do not present the demonstration itself, as in "The Argument, *a priori*," until I have, in that previous work, shown that there is, at least, one matter of fact which is demonstrable, that fact being the existence of God.

It is plain that Mr. Stock writes in entire ignorance concerning the works he is commenting on. That he (in arguing against Mr. Gillespie) should so dogmatically take for granted the very positions which Mr. Gillespie had controverted, and proved to be untenable, is a piece of the grossest absurdity. Let Mr. Stock read and digest Mr. Gillespie's arguments, and he will then be prepared to show whether or no he can confute the reasoning.

Another point taken up by the writer of the article is this, that although possibly Mr. Gillespie may have firmly established the existence of a necessity of thought, he has yet not established the existence of the object of that thought as a matter of fact. This, indeed, is just going over the same ground a second time. The truth is, what Mr. Gillespie has done is to demonstrate a necessity of thought, and of the object of that thought as an external fact. In other words, Mr. Gillespie shows that a certain matter of fact is a necessity of thought. He would be ready to join issue with Mr. Stock in crying down those philosophers or theologians who would demonstrate the existence of a God, and who yet do no more than exhibit the necessity of a thought, as in the mind of the demonstrator.

Although a Positive Philosopher, Mr. Stock has not been able to raise himself above a littleness chargeable against philosophers of too many schools. Mr. Stock casts down a man of straw, and takes credit to himself for so doing. And no blame to him, if he had not called his man of straw after Mr. Gillespie's name. In fine, Mr. Stock will be a much wiser man as to the merits of the *a priori* demonstration of which he speaks, after he shall have studied Mr. Gillespie's works.

Dr. Sexton gave his opinion of Mr. Gillespie's demonstration *after* having studied and mastered it. When, therefore, the Positive Philosopher pours contempt upon the Spiritualistic Philosopher, by dogmatically pronouncing a condemnation of an argument approved by the latter, which the former had not so much as read, he is guilty of a pure impertinency. Unjust to Mr. Gillespie, he is merely cavalierly insolent to Dr. Sexton.

The present writer does not think it necessary to speak generally in defence of Dr. Sexton—the great object of Mr. Stock's attack. Dr. Sexton is quite capable of defending himself. In conclusion, the ground of Mr. Stock's belief in a God is very narrow indeed: his belief in God is the result of the action of his heart. Of course, such a belief is merely personal. It is incapable of defence against a logical assault. The absurdity of this ground of belief I have pointed out elsewhere, in dealing with the Rev. George Gilfillan's cardiac impulse. (See my Debate with Charles Bradlaugh, pp. 352—355.)

AUTHOR of "THE ARGUMENT, A PRIORI."

REVIEWS.

L'ESPERANCE: Journal Mensuel, Organe de l'Association des Femmes: Geneva. 1874.

WE have already noticed this periodical in the pages of *Human Nature*. When in Geneva, some months ago, we learned that *l'Esperance*, then far advanced in its second year, had hitherto been sustained chiefly by a sum of money that had been subscribed in

England, we believe, for that purpose, and that there was some fear, the said sum having been nearly exhausted, of the journal coming to an end with the close of the year, unless fresh funds were forthcoming. We now have lying before us the numbers for January and February, each manifesting the signs of wonted energy and vitality; and we sincerely trust that the *Concilé Centrale* at Geneva has been supplied with the wherewithal to ensure *l'Esperance* a long and useful existence. We say this because we believe it is doing, and will continue to do, a good work in the chosen field of its labours—the moral and intellectual advancement of woman; indeed, we know of no organ, either English or foreign, which is so calculated to aid the good cause as this modest eight-paged periodical. Its tone is wholesome and vigorous, and it is pervaded by a large-minded, humanitarian spirit. There is one thing we miss about it, and that is—*padding*. There is actually a lack in its pages of those stop-gap articles with which the pigeon-holes of most editorial bureaux seem to be so well supplied. Every column is filled with wholesome and valuable matter, all of it bearing upon some phase of the great question at issue. We should have liked to quote from several articles we read with interest, and in which we marked a number of passages for citation; but the limits of a magazine are inexorable. In conclusion, we would recommend *l'Esperance* to all who are interested in the elevation of woman, in the ennoblement of humanity.

TWO.

By Julia C. R. Dorr.

We two will stand in the shadow here,
To see the bride as she passes by;
Ring soft and low, ring loud and clear,
Ye chiming bells that swing on high!
Look—look! she comes! The air grows sweet
With the fragrant breath of the orange blooms,
And the flowers she treads beneath her feet
Die in flood of rare perfumes!

She comes—she comes! The happy bells
With their joyous clamour fill the air,
While the great organ dies and swells,
Soaring to trembling heights of prayer.
Oh, rare are her robes of silken sheen,
And the pearls that gleam on her bosom's snow;
But rarer the grace of her royal mien,
Her hair's fine gold, and her cheek's young glow.

Dainty and fair as a folded rose,
Fresh as a violet dewy sweet,
Chaste as a lily, she hardly knows
That there are rough paths for other feet;
For love hath shielded her; Honour kept
Watch beside her by night and day;
And Evil out from her sight hath crept,
Trailing its slow length far away.

Now, in her perfect womanhood,
In all the wealth of her matchless charms,
Lovely and beautiful, pure and good,
She yields herself to her lover's arms.
Hark! how the jubilant voices ring!
Lo! as we stand in the shadow here,
While far above us the gay bells swing,
I catch the gleam of a happy tear!

The pageant is over. Come with me
To the other side of the town, I pray,
Ere the sun goes down in the darkening sea,
And night falls around us, chill and gray.
In the dim church porch, an hour ago,
We waited the bride's fair face to see;
Now Life has a sadder sight to show—
A darker picture for you and me.

No need to seek for the shadow here;
There are shadows lurking everywhere.
These streets in the brightest day are drear,
And black as the blackness of despair.
This is the house. Take heed, my friend,
The stairs are rotten, the way is dim;
And up the flights, as we still ascend,
Creep stealthy phantoms dark and grim.

Enter this chamber. Day by day,
Alone in this chill and ghostly room,
A child—a woman—which is it, pray?—
Despairingly waits for the hour of doom.
Ah! as she wrings her hands so pale,
No gleam of a wedding-ring you see.
There is nothing to tell—you know the tale—
God help her now in her misery!

I dare not judge her. I only know
That love was to her a sin and a snare;
While to the bride of an hour ago
It brought all blessings its hands could bear!
I only know that to one it came
Laden with honour, and joy, and peace;
Its gifts to the other were woe and shame,
And a burning pain that shall never cease!

I only know that the soul of one
Has been a pearl in a golden case;
That of the other a pebble thrown
Idly down in a wayside place,
Where all day long strange footsteps trod,
And the bold, bright sun drank up the dew!
Yet both were women. O righteous God,
Thou only canst judge between the two!

Every one owes obedience to the laws; but a still higher obligation is due to morality; and, if it so happens that both cannot be complied with, it is better to do an illegal act than an immoral one.

GOLDEN WEDDINGS.

THE following letter appears in the *Medium* of July 31st:—

"DEAR SIR,—You have copied an error from the *Kensington News*, which, perhaps, you may think it as well to correct. If it please God we live to the 20th of next September (1874), we shall see our 50th wedding-day—our 'golden wedding.'

"You are aware, no doubt, that William and Mary Howitt had the happiness to pass theirs some two years ago. They were then in Rome, where they now are. More fortunate than they, we shall receive the greetings of our friends at home. It is singular that four earnest Spiritualists should be thus God-blessed in being together on earth, after the expiration of half a century, each of the four having been literary workers all that time. No better persons live than William and Mary Howitt; none who have done so much good here; none, I will say, who are destined to do as much good to man hereafter.

"I humbly hope our lives also have been passed as workers of His will. Now, then especially (on our 50th wedding-day), and always, I humbly trust, we shall join in thankfulness to the merciful God who has kept us so long together.—Truly yours, "S. C. HALL."

"*Avenue Villa*, 50 *Holland Street*,
Kensington, *W.*, *July* 24*th*."

[We gladly give a place to the above letter, and wish we could fittingly express the feelings which overflow the power of utterance when we contemplate the theme hinted at in Mr. Hall's brief reflections. We have had the honour of crossing lances with both of these literary veterans, and though on details we might possibly fail to agree even at this day, we no less heartily love and respect them. After all, it seems that human brotherhood consists in something deeper, more spiritual, than such accidents as speech-formed formulæ. At heart, when we seek, each in his own way, to advance the cause of truth and beneficence, we become spiritual links in one bright chain, which, passing from the divine source of goodness, suspends in being all the children of the Infinite by its mighty power. It is when we overlook this inner relationship, and try to attach ourselves by temporal figments, that we turn our faces from the true light and fall out amongst ourselves. The "golden wedding, and the reflections to which it has given rise, have solved a great religious and a popular social question: true love and real brotherhood vindicate themselves. In congratulating our friends on the felicity of their lives, let each try to be worthy of similar blessings.—ED. *M.*]

OUR sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses; it fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments.

THE BERESFORD APPARITION.

One night (Lady Beresford, wife to Sir Tristram, is the speaker), when Sir Tristram and I were in bed, I awoke suddenly from a sound sleep, and found to my horror Lord Tyrone sitting by my bedside, I screamed out, "For heaven's sake, Lord Tyrone, what brings you here at this time of night?"

"Have you then forgotten our promise?" said he in a manner of awful solemnity. Did we not mutually engage to appear to each other after death? I have just quitted the world, and am now permitted to appear to you for the purpose of assuring you of the truth of revealed religion, and that it is the only one by which we can be saved. I am further suffered to inform you that you will in due time give birth to a son, that you will become a widow, and marry again, and that you will die on your forty-seventh birthday.

"Good heavens," cried I, "cannot I prevent this?"

"Yes," he replied, "you are a free agent, and can prevent it by abstaining from a second marriage. Hitherto you have had no trials. More I am not permitted to tell you, but if, after this warning, you persist in your infidelity as regards religion, your lot in another world will be most miserable."

"May I not ask," said I, "if you are happy?"

"Had I been otherwise," said he, "I should not have been allowed to appear to you."

"I may then infer that you are happy?" He smiled.

"But how," said I, "when the morning comes, shall I know that your appearance before me has been real, and not the mere phantom of a dream?"

"Will not the news of my death convince you?"

"No," I replied; "I might have had such a dream, and that dream might accidentally become true. I wish for some stronger proof of its reality."

"You shall have such," he said; then, waving his hand, the crimson velvet bed-curtains were instantly drawn through a large iron hoop, by which the tester of the bed was suspended. "In that you cannot be mistaken; no mortal arm could have performed this."

"True," I replied, "but asleep we sometimes possess much greater strength than awake. Although I could not have done this when awake, I might have done it in my sleep, and I still have doubt."

He then proceeded to write his name in my pocket-book, which was lying on my table, remarking, "You know my handwriting."

"Nevertheless," I said, "though I could not imitate your writing when awake, I might do so in my sleep."

"You are hard of belief, indeed. I must not touch you; it would injure you irreparably. It is not for spiritual bodies to touch mortal flesh."

"I do not regard a small blemish," said I.

"You are a courageous woman," said he; "then hold out your hand."

He touched my wrist. His hand was cold as ice! In an instant every sinew and nerve shrunk.

"Now," said he, "let no mortal eye while you live behold that wrist; to see it would be sacrilege." He rose from his seat, walked a few steps from the bed, and laid his hand on a bureau which always stood in the room. "In the morning," he added, "when you behold this, you will find another proof that what you have seen and heard this night is not an idle dream, or the mere fancy of your brain."

He stopped—I turned to look at him again—he was gone.

During the time I had conversed with him, my thoughts were perfectly calm and collected; but the moment he had departed, I felt chilled with terror, a cold perspiration came over me, and I endeavoured in vain to awake Sir Tristram, in order to tell what had occurred. In this state of terror and agitation I lay for some time, until a flood of tears came to my relief, when I dropped asleep. In the morning, when I awoke, I found that Sir Tristram had got up without noticing anything that had happened during the night. On rising, I found my pocket-book lying in its usual place, with some pencil-marks inside, which I knew at once to be in the handwriting of Lord Tyrone. I took a piece of black ribbon and bound it tightly round my wrist, which presented the appearance of having been scarred and burnt during the night; and then, turning to the bureau, I observed the impression of a man's hand deeply burnt into the lid. I was overcome with agitation, and on descending to breakfast the horrors of the night had left such tokens on my countenance, that my husband naturally inquired after my health, and what had happened to distress me so much.

Quieting him as well as I could, I informed him of these two events. First, that Lord Tyrone had died on the preceding night; and, second, that I should in due time give birth to a son. Sir Tristram kindly desisted from any further importunities. A few hours later proved the truth of the information respecting Lord Tyrone's death, by a despatch from his steward confirming the painful news.—*Apparitions, by the Rev. W. Bouchier Wrey Savile, M.A.*

THE FULFILMENT OF A DREAM.

The *Hartford Times* prints the following extraordinary story, for the truth of which it vouches:—

"Mr. John Eiswirth, a resident of this city, is a German by birth. He came to this country in 1848—bringing his wife with him. They had been here about a year, when they received a letter stating that a brother of Mrs. Eiswirth was *en route* to America; but from that time to this they have never seen their relative. And now comes a singular occurrence in connection with the case.

About three weeks ago Mr. Eiswirth had a dream. He thought he was seated in a car at the depot on Asylum Street. He didn't want to go anywhere, but in spite of this feeling he was rolled out of the depot, and whirled away with lightning speed. Past villages, towns, and cities; through valleys, over rivers, and plains—on! with a rush and a roar, stopping for nothing, and heeding nothing. It seemed to the dreamer that he was being carried, much against his will, thousands of miles from home. Why it was so, he had not the faintest conception. He was under a mysterious influence that chained him to his seat, and made him a slave of its power. At last the train slackened its speed and came to a halt, and John found himself moving along with the passengers who were making their exit from the cars. When once outside, he discovered that he was in a strange city, and among strangers. He asked a man where he was. He was told 'St. Louis.' 'But,' says John, 'I live in Hartford; I want nothing in St. Louis.' The stranger smiled and passed on, leaving our Hartford friend as perplexed as ever. While standing in his tracks wondering what to do, he saw at a distance a figure which sent a thrill of joy through his frame. It had been more than a quarter of a century since John had set eyes on him, and time had worked a great change in his appearance, but for all that our friend recognised him, and ran towards him hallooing at the top of his voice, as if afraid he might disappear. The meeting was a cordial one, and the pair celebrated the event at a stylish saloon, where foaming mugs of 'lager' played a prominent part. The next John knew, he found himself awake at his home in Park Street. But his dream had made a strong impression, and, do what he would, he could not forget it. It haunted him all that day, and when he got up the next morning the remembrance of that long ride and the happy meeting clung to him still. That very day some clerk in the Hartford Post Office might have seen a letter addressed to Mr. ———, of St. Louis, with the instruction on the end of the envelope—'if not called for within ten days, return to John Eiswirth, Hartford, Conn.' After the missive was sent he dismissed the matter from his mind, and might never have thought of it again if something startling had not occurred a day or two since. John was at home with his family, when the postman came to the door and delivered a letter. It was postmarked 'St. Louis.' It was torn open with tremulous fingers, and to their great joy it was found to be from their long-lost relative, in answer to the letter John had forwarded in obedience to his dream."—*Toronto Mail.*

GERALD MASSEY'S LIST OF LECTURES FOR 1874-5.

Mr. Massey has issued the following list of subjects for the ensuing season. We hope he will be extensively engaged. The plan which we recently recommended for the introduction of lectures on Spiritualism into the arrangements of Mechanics' Institutions,

might be adopted in respect to Mr. Massey. Special efforts should be made to secure a visit from him in every place where lectures can be got up. His lectures are of the highest class, fearless and logical, and carry conviction with a class of minds which are repelled by the performances of those where genius is not so sparkling. The recent triumphant tour in America will re-introduce Mr. Massey to the English public with renewed zest. The list of subjects offered is as follows :

1. Charles Lamb, the most Unique of English Humorists.
2. A Plea for Reality, or the Story of the English Pre-Raphaelites.
3. Why I am a Spiritualist.
4. A Spirit-World Revealed to the Natural World from the Earliest Times by Means of Objective Manifestations, the Only Basis of Man's Immortality.
5. The Life, Character, and Genius of Thomas Hood.
6. Why does not God Kill the Devil? Man Friday's Robinson Crucial Question.
7. The Man Shakespeare, with Something New.
8. The Birth, Life, Miracles, and Character of Jesus Christ, Reviewed from a fresh Standpoint.
9. Robert Burns.
10. The Meaning of the Serpent Symbol.
11. Old England's Sea Kings.
12. The Coming Religion.

Address—Ward's Hurst, Hemel Hempstead, Herts.

MEMORIAL EDITION OF LETTERS AND TRACTS ON SPIRITUALISM BY JUDGE EDMONDS.

For some months a subscription list has been open, to publish at cost price, a memorial edition of a most useful and popular work on Spiritualism by the late Judge Edmonds. Nearly twelve months ago the author sent the stereotype plates to the Spiritual Institution, with the wish that English spiritualists should have a special edition at the lowest possible price. While awaiting further instructions the Judge fell ill, and passed away from earth-life on the 3rd of April of this year. When in correspondence with Mr. Burns a year ago, the question of a testimonial which was being got up for the Judge in London was referred to, and that gentleman remarked that he could desire no better memorial than to have a copy of his book in every family of spiritualists. The idea then was before the public to do this thing which had received the commendation of Judge Edmonds, and so, as soon as his decease was known, a subscription was opened for the publication of a "memorial edition" of the work, of which the plates were already in London. Orders for copies came in in hundreds, and now a very long list waits eagerly for the issue of the book. There will be two editions: one on fine paper, and in cloth binding, price to sub-

scribers 2s., post free, or four copies for 6s., carriage extra; and a cheaper edition on good though common paper, and only bound in a printed wrapper. This is offered to subscribers at 1s., or six copies for 5s. The work will comprise about 350 pages, and will be a book alike remarkable for its cheapness and its value as an exponent of facts and experience in Spiritualism. It will be preceded by a portrait of the author, and two orations given through Mrs. Tappan, one by Theodore Parker on the Career of Judge Edmonds, and one by the Judge himself on his Death and Entrance into Spirit-life. The book is at present in the press, and will be ready in a few days. The subscription list is now closed, so that when the work is published the paper-wrappered edition will sell at 2s. and the cloth edition at 3s. 6d.

With this number of *Human Nature* the cloth edition is offered at 2s., post free. It will not be ready till about the middle of the month, but orders with stamps should be sent in at once, as the edition is already nearly exhausted.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

In our next number a series of articles on Spirit Photography will will be commenced by "M. A.," in continuation of those which, during the past few months, have attracted such wide attention. The materials collected are of the same exhaustive kind as have so well done duty in the chapters which have been already published. An additional feature will be presented in the form of pictorial illustrations. The first of the series in the September number of *Human Nature* will be accompanied by two specimens of Spirit Photography by Hudson, bearing the portraits of spirits which have been satisfactorily recognised. In one case the photograph will be a group, including "M. A." In the other photograph the sitter is a lady. The spirits are very characteristic, and the testimony respecting them is all that could be desired. The price of *Human Nature* will not be increased, and though it will be well worth 2s. 6d. yet only 6d. will be charged for it. As there will be no doubt a very greatly increased demand, we will feel obliged by an early transmission of orders, that a sufficient supply of photographs, &c., may be provided.

GAS FROM TOWN SEWAGE.

Mr. Andrew Bray, who is at present in America, has invented and patented an illuminating gas which seems likely to do much not only towards supplying a purer and cheaper light than that of the ordinary coal gas, but towards solving the great problems of how to economise coal and how to dispose of our sewage. The source from which the gas is obtained is sewage water, one quart of which will yield 47 feet of the gas. Three retorts are fixed in a furnace,

and when they are sufficiently heated the liquid is passed through two of them, through an iron cylinder called the hydraulic main, which is elevated above the furnace, through the third retort, and then through a coil of metal piping, immersed in cold water. Afterwards the processes resemble those employed in making coal gas. It is claimed that the illuminating power of the new gas is treble that of the gas at present used in our streets, manufactories, and houses. For instance, a No. 1 burner consumes 1 foot of coal gas an hour, while a No. 3 consumes three feet; but when the new gas is used a No. 1 burner will give as much light as a No. 3, through which coal gas is consumed. The new light is said to be clearer than ordinary gas, more like daylight in appearance, and more compatible with good health, because it is free from tar and sulphur, and cannot give off any waste carbon. As regards cost, we are informed that, while ordinary gas cannot be produced under any conditions for less than a shilling per thousand feet, the same quantity of the new gas may be manufactured, even in a small way, for less than a shilling. One of the reasons of this reduced cost is that only about twelve men would be required in making the new gas, against at least 100 who are needed under the present system. We may illustrate this by explaining that in the manufacture of ordinary gas a good many men are necessary to keep up the supply of coal to the retorts, and to remove that which has been burnt into coke; but this work does not form part of the process of making sewage gas.—*Manchester Examiner.*

MISCELLANEA.

Mr. J. T. Field says, in one of his lectures, that the extravagant, indolent man, who, having overspent his income, is sumptuously living on the principal, is like Heine's monkey, who was found one day hilariously seated by the fire and cooking his own tail in a copper kettle for dinner.

Statue to Dr. Priestley.—The descendants of those who sacked the house of Dr. Priestley, at Birmingham, have done something to compensate for that barbarous ebullition of feeling by erecting a statue to the Doctor's memory. The statue was unveiled on Saturday, the 1st August, by Professor Huxley, who delivered an eloquent address.

There is no doubt that it is better to keep one's own counsel too strictly than to give it into the keeping of others too generously. What we have, and while we have it, we know where to find; when we give it away, it is lost to our control. "A garrulous tongue, if not checked, sings often to its own harm," says a Scandinavian proverb; and "a wise tongue keeps a safe head," says an English one.

HEARTLESS TREATMENT OF INFANTS.—Mr. G. Bartley, of Ealing, brings a charge of almost incredible neglect against the guardians of the Brentford Union. He states that in the Brentford workhouse, at Isleworth, there are 17 infants aged from 18 months to 7 years; that most of them have been there pretty well all their lives; that they are in charge of a nurse who has other duties to perform, so that the charge practically devolves on an old pauper 79 years of age, and a young woman who has two illegitimate children; that the infants have no training or education, and live in two attics from 8 feet to 10 feet high—their day room is 18 feet by 15 feet, and their night room 18 feet by 22 feet, with a closet, smelling most offensively, opening out of one end of it; that it is acknowledged these poor little creatures have not been outside these attics for nine months; and that the date on which they were allowed to go into the open air is lost in obscurity.

THE "HEATHEN CHINEE" ON THE MISSION.—The following advertisement appears in the Maryborough (Queensland) *Advertiser* of the 24th of April last:—"At a numerous and influential meeting of the Chinese residents in Melbourne, it was resolved, in view of the deplorable Paganism which prevails, to establish a mission in Victoria, to bring its benighted inhabitants to a knowledge of Confucius, and of the pure morality which he taught. Careful inquiries and prolonged observations have convinced the promoters of this pious movement that the population of this colony are sunk in the grossest idolatry, and that they worship medals of gold and silver, stamped with the portrait of the reigning monarch. Certain temples called banks are erected as the shrines of these pocket deities; and so abject is the condition of thousands of idolaters that they not only adore these gods of gold and silver, but they also worship those human beings who possess the largest collection of them. Grateful for the protection they enjoy under the laws of Victoria, and desirous also of reciprocating the zealous efforts of British missionaries in China, the Chinese residents in Melbourne propose to send English-speaking and highly-educated Mandarins into the metropolis and country towns of Victoria with a view to wean their inhabitants, if possible, from the degrading worship of the god who is understood to bear the name of Mammon, and to be the father of the little gods. One of our sacred books, 'Ming Sum Paou Keen,' tells us, 'Contentment furnishes constant joy. Much covetousness constant grief. To the contented, even poverty is joy. To the discontented, even wealth is a vexation.' Now, we perceive that among the idolaters and pagans calling themselves Christian there is much covetousness and no contentment. Therefore, we desire as fellow-beings created by the same Power, to bring our Victorian brethren to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Confucius, otherwise Yu, and to convert them from the error of their ways. Persons willing to subscribe to this laudable object will please communicate with AH SING, Hon. Sec. 42 Little Bourke Street."