

Life,—and Its Issues.

# SPIRITUAL ANALYST

And Scientific Record.

J. H. W. TOOHEY, EDITOR.

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
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# The Spiritual Analyst.

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VOL. I.... SEPTEMBER, 1871.... No. IX.

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## "NERVE ATMOSPHERE."

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

[An *Exchange* furnishes the following synopsis of the facts referred to by Mr. Wetherbee; and are inserted here to illustrate the argument, and prove that strict analysis and rigid investigation do not destroy the *power* to manifest, when the motive is good, and the method respectful. Besides, the scientific standing of the gentlemen supporting the investigation, as well as the *results* thus far developed, will do something in vindicating previous witnesses,—convincing the public that the *Harvard* Professors were either *incompetent* or *unfair* in the efforts they made on a similar occasion; since the genuineness of the phenomena, and the *mental* characteristics accompanying the developments are here verified and demonstrated. The question of "spirit or psych force"? is therefore secondary, until the *facts* are recognized and classified. To this end let it be remembered that—

"The scientific men in London have been applying tests to D. D. Home, the well known medium, of greater precision and severity than ever before, and confess themselves "stumped" by the results. The gentlemen concerned in the investigation were Mr. Crookes, an eminent chemist, Dr. Huggins, the astronomer, and Sergeant Cox, all members of the Royal Society. Mr. Crookes had prepared some special machinery for the experiments, which had never been seen by Mr. Home until the time of the trial. The first piece of apparatus is described as a mahogany board three feet long by 9 1-2 inches wide, and one inch thick, one end of which rested on a firm table, and the other was supported by "a spring balance hanging from a substantial tripod stand," with "a self-registering index" attached. Thus any pressure exerted on this board at any point nearer to the balance than the spot where it was supported on the table, tended to depress the end supported by the balance to an extent registered by the index—the board moving round the table-supported end as round a fulcrum. We quote an account of the experiments from the *Popular Science Review* for July:

"Mr. Crookes, to test the balance, stood on one foot at the end of the board nearest to the table, and Dr. Huggins said that the whole weight of his body then applied (140 pounds) only sank the index at the other end to an amount equivalent to one and a half pounds if applied to the balance-end, when he stood still, and to two pounds when he jerked up and down. Mr. Home, sitting in a low easy chair, simply applied his fingers lightly to the exact point where the board rested on the table (so that even hard pressure there would have only had the effect of securing the fulcrum instead of depressing the other end of the mahogany board) and under these conditions the opposite end was depressed by an amount which varied, as if in waves, between three and one-half pounds and six pounds, which was the maximum attained.

"This experiment was in some respects the most curious, as being the one which was in

every respect the most above-board — both literally and morally — and which was apparently fully attested by Dr. Huggins, as well as by Sergeant Cox and Mr. Crookes. If repeated often enough in the presence of competent witnesses, it would undoubtedly show the real existence of some new force not due to muscular exertion.

"The other experiment was made with an accordion imprisoned in a drum-shaped cage of Mr. Crookes' own invention, the cage being made of lathes of wood and copper-wire, to prevent access from outside; but this cage was placed beneath the table, and though Sergeant Cox and Mr. Crookes both seemed to have watched it there, and to have taken what they believed to be very careful guarantees that Mr. Home was not juggling, there can hardly be so much confidence placed in the reality of the facts asserted as in the case of the lever experiment. The cage was so made as to surround the accordion entirely, but not quite to touch the top of the table, leaving space to admit of Mr. Home's hands so far as to enable him to hold the accordion by the top. The observers on each side kept their feet on Mr. Home's feet to prevent any use of them, and one of Mr. Home's hands was placed on the table, and carefully observed, the other at first held the accordion by the top, but the rest of the accordion was completely inside the cage, so as to be inaccessible. Held in this position, the accordion first began to vibrate and then to play tunes inside the cage. Mr. Crookes avers that he put his hand on that hand of Mr. Home which held the instrument, and that he found it remained absolutely still at the very moment the instrument was playing. Nay, he asserts, as we have already stated, that when Mr. Home removed his hand altogether, and put both of them above the table, the accordion continued to float and play tunes inside the cage with no apparent support."

The facts stated in regard to this last experiment are attested by Mr. Crookes and Sergeant Cox. Dr. Huggins, however, is more cautious. He says his position at the table did not permit him to be a witness of the withdrawal of Mr. Home's hand, although the fact was stated at the time by the other gentlemen. He thinks the experiments of sufficient importance to warrant further investigation, and expresses no opinion regarding the cause of the phenomena. The other gentlemen do not accept the theory of spiritual agency, but they appear to be convinced of the existence of a force, "hitherto undefined, proceeding directly from the nervous system of specially constituted persons, and excited independently of the muscular system." They call this force "psychic," and with that vague description of it they are for the present fain to rest content. But as the experiments will probably be continued, they may lead to a scientific discovery that shall give a satisfactory explanation of the phenomena which have heretofore so puzzled all classes of investigators. A great difficulty has been the general suspicion of fraud, but the measures taken by the London savans seem to free the experiments from that disturbing influence.]

Prof. Crookes, the eminent chemist, Dr. Huggins, the equally eminent astronomer, and Sergeant Cox of the English Bar, are making careful examinations of the extraordinary phenomena produced by Home, the medium. They have not completed their investigations, but are satisfied of the immense scientific importance of the subject; both Crookes and Cox seem to be convinced of the existence of a "nerve atmosphere" of various intensity enveloping the human structure. Dr. Huggins has not been able to satisfy his mind, and wants to make further experiments. I read the foregoing item of foreign news with considerable interest, yet I do not know how far it

is founded on fact, but feel inclined to believe it, because I think it is in the line or direction for light; it suggests a field for science to explore, and where I feel convinced science will stay when it has entered it.

I will make this item of intelligence an apology for saying a word or two, if not directly on the subject suggested by the title, will have some bearing on it, and on the scientific investigation of spiritual phenomena in general. "Nature and science" would perhaps be a better caption, but I propose to be too brief for so comprehensive a title.

Nature is God speaking to man. We may say, and not inappropriately, Nature is his written word,—the true Bible. The intellect of man groans to-day under the human definitions of this all animating voice of God,—Nature. Science is Nature's interpreter—the translator if you please, of God's voice and word. Here also the intellect of man groans under the definitions of science.

To a thoughtful man there is nothing more self-evident than the unity of truth. God's voice is truth spoken. Science is truth understood. It is an axiom in mathematics, that when two quantities are equal to the same sum they are equal to each other. If there is a higher subject to which the rule is applicable, we may apply it to our proposition, and say, hence God is Science. I see no objection to that, for it is as logical as the well-known platonism, "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." I like the Koranic form better,—thus: "There is one God, oh! Children of Men, and Science is his prophet."

Religion and science then can never conflict. Where there is conflict there is error. How important then it is to discriminate between the exponents of religion and religion. And also to discriminate between the exponents of science and science. The world's turmoils are in the definitions,—the priest mistaking his own voice for the voice of God; and the scientist mistaking his conclusions (sometimes) for science.

It is very encouraging to find the free religionist growing modest with his experience. The more rationalism the less dogmatism. Compare the liberal thought with the evangelical, and the difference in this particular is marked indeed. It is very pleasant also to read in the records of Science words like these, which we quote from Prof. Tyndall. He is speaking of the origin of matter, its whence, and who or what divided it into molecules, and says; "Science is mute in reply to these questions. But if the materialist is confounded, and Science rendered dumb, who else is prepared with a solution? To

whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed? Let us lower our heads and acknowledge our ignorance, priest and philosopher, one and all."

It is this freedom from assumption, more manifest in liberal thought than in evangelical, and cropping out now and then (as in this Tyn-dallism which I have quoted) from the exponents of Science, that makes me feel as if we were getting near the Kingdom of Heaven, or nearer than we were once. There is a noticable disposition in this rationalistic age to give Truth the precedence of Scripture, which means simply, Science before Revelation (?) It is a white letter day in the world's calendar, when a man can criticize matters chronically and chronically sacred, and on which priestcraft has put its tag, "please not handle."

In one sense this triumph of Science over Faith has cast a shadow in the human heart; for the life after this, such as it was, died with the Bible. Science killed two birds with one shot; true, the life expectant after this, was not very inviting, and attended with awful risks; yet who does not linger, at least in thought, with regret at departing faith, looking in vain to Rationalism and Science for a Comforter. Yet the Comforter is in the world, but the world knows it not. God has said again, "Let there be light!" and there is light. It is, or will be the mission of Science to be its interpreter. The light, I need not say to a Spiritualist, is the intelligence from the other side, that men who have died, and worms have eaten their bodies (but not *them*) are alive, and are able to communicate the fact to us. If this be as true as it is rational, it is the greatest discovery that mankind has ever made.

I have no faith in the analytic powers of the priesthood; they are wedded to their idols, leave them alone; they will wake up some day and swear they never were asleep; but I do have faith in the exponents of Science. It is their duty to reconcile our phenomena with Science, or squelch it; to prove it true or put out the light. Once they did right, perhaps, to think it a delusion for a day, and pass it by; but it has lived and grown for a generation, and a grown up one is now receiving it, and it commands attention. It cannot be ignored, it fits a place made for it in our mental structure. Calling it deception will never make a man give it up, who from his careful experience knows better. It is no use with priestcraft to say it is the devil deceiving many, for where a devil can find an opening, a saint can also. The thoughtful exponents of modern Spiritualism do not ask the Scientists to admit its spiritual origin, only its fact,



and do their best to explain it. With rare exceptions, the scientific world has prejudged it, and in interviewing it has generally forgot its own method. In the Harvard investigation (?) some years since, one of those learned professors said to Allen Putnam, speaking of the subject, "Do you suppose if Providence had a revelation to make, he would pass *us* by (the savans) and give it to such?" Would any one after that, have expected a solution? The dignity and modesty of Prof. Tyndall in the words already quoted will offset the soft spot at Harvard, and a better hour, I think, is drawing nigh. The most sensible word on this subject yet uttered by unconverted Science, I find in the "Journal of Chemistry," written a year or two ago, after the editor had had some experience with Spiritual manifestations. Having to admit the fact, if not the claim, he says,—“That enough has been observed to lead to the conclusion that there is one power, impulse or force in Nature, regarding the character of which, mankind are totally in the dark, and we venture the opinion that if the phenomena be ever explained, they will be found to be due to a blending of the phycological and the physical of the human organization, acting under certain laws entirely dissimilar to any now known or understood.” No thoughtful Spiritualist objects to such a conclusion, for a spiritual manifestation would be just such a blending as the editor refers to in the remarks quoted. The conclusion that heads this article, attributed to the men now investigating the phenomena in connection with Dr. Home, is also in the right direction, and with a little extension, is quite in the line of high scientific attainments; and the deep thought and close observation that has given us the latest theory of light, may suggest in this “nerve atmosphere” a medium that will give us the law and the dynamies of this modern spiritual light.

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PUBLIC OPINION. “*Opinion*,” says Voltaire, “is called the Queen of the World, and it is so; for when *reason* opposes it, it is condemned to death. It must rise from its ashes twenty times to gradually drive away the usurper, Philo Die.” “*Everybody*, however, has the right to have an opinion, and to deliver it with modesty; but no one has a right to clothe such an opinion in general assertions and terms, which seems to insinuate that they are, or ought to be universal.” (Mrs. Jamison’s “Loves of the Poets.”)

Dr. Channing nevertheless acknowledged, “the world is governed much more by public opinion, than by laws”—and truthfully enough, since *sad* experiences have proved before and since, the assertion of Lord Bacon, that “*Custom* is the drill sergeant of Society.”

## Prec-Historic Times.

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"LOST CIVILIZATION IN THE WEST." — Under this heading, the *New York World*, July 4th, publishes the following letter. It gives the first fruits of a promised series, and purports to come from "the borders of Virginia and Kentucky." The prominent facts stated, and leading authorities quoted, are sufficiently well known to save it from *suspicion*; but the reader would be all the more satisfied with the good faith, as well as the general ability of the writer, if the name of the individual was given in full. The facts are *too* important, and the discussion is too fundamental to be shadowed by a *dubious* authorship, and we hope the next and subsequent letters of the series, will come in the *name* of the author. Meanwhile the following will prove suggestive, and prompt the curious to seek further and *know* more about "lost Civilization in the West," and elsewhere; for the question of "ARCHAIC" (the correspondent,) becomes the question of all, who, like him, desire to know,—

"What is American antiquity? — a question often asked, but seldom answered. Let those who would solve the problem come westward. Ancient monuments everywhere abound. From the head springs of the Appalachian range, whence percolates a single drop into the great basin of the Mississippi, to the farthest confines of the continent, monuments of the unknown past everywhere rise up to mystify the inquirer. Whose works are these? Whence came and whither went the prehistoric people who have left the evidences of their numbers, advancement, and power in the great valleys of the West and South? History is mute, and tradition or legendary song impart no reliable information.

"These monuments consist of mounds, circumvallations, ramparts, &c. The mounds are circular, ellipsoidal, square, conical, truncated, and dome-shaped. The mural works are circular, square, oblong, irregular, &c. These ancient works are principally of earth, although lithic remains are numerous, and are from one to nearly one hundred feet in height. They occur in valley, hill, and estuary, but abound along the higher alluvial of our large rivers and commanding promontories. They are more ancient than the river courses through which the great waters of the West find their passage to the Gulf. They are a great mystery — more full of eloquence in their sepulchral silence than the grandest mediæval ruins or the finest monuments of prehistoric periods in the old world.

"I propose a few hurried observations on this branch of American archæology, which will not be uninteresting to your more cultivated readers, especially as a department of American antiquities is to constitute one of the attractive features of the new museum in the Park.

"At the point where the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad strikes the Ohio River, stands upon a high plain a huge monument of the past. This is the celebrated Grave Creek Mound, so carefully described by Schoolcraft, De Hass, and other well known authorities in American archæology. This mound is seventy feet in perpendicular height, and a handsome cone slightly truncated.

"This mound was excavated in 1838 by the proprietors, Messrs. Tomlinson, and



revealed numerous interesting relics. The excavations consisted of a drift from the eastern base to centre — 111 feet — thence by a shaft to the summit. Some interesting features were revealed by these cuttings. A vault or chamber was discovered at the base, containing two human skeletons in tolerable preservation, and numerous bone, and shell beads, perforated shells, stone ornaments, &c. A second chamber was re-opened thirty-five above the lower, which contained a single human frame, with many articles of personal ornament — five copper wristlets, beads, shells, &c. But a more important discovery than all these was a small sandstone pebble, containing twenty-three distinct characters and one ideographic sign. This discovery was made June 9, 1838. The discovery at the time attracted no very marked attention.

“Dr. Townsend, a prominent physician of Wheeling, visited the mound, and described the result of his visit in an elaborate paper to the *Cincinnati Chronicle* (the old *Chronicle* edited by E. D. Mansfield). Dr. Clemens, a leading physician of Wheeling, also communicated an account of the mound to Dr. Morton, of Philadelphia, who referred to it in his *Cronica Americana*. Mr. Schoolcraft visited the locality and spent several days in the summer of 1843, collecting all the facts bearing upon the discovery. The result of his visit was given in a lengthy report to the American Ethnological Society, and published in the second volume of its transactions. These American papers elicited the attention of European savans. Professor Rafhn, of Copenhagen, prepared and published an elaborate view of the character of the inscription. Baron Joniard, the only surviving member of the scientific corps which accompanied Napoleon to Egypt, read before the institute several memoirs on the subject of the inscription. Sir J. Alexander, of London, and several other learned investigators also examined the claims of this important discovery. Opinions differed as to the true character of the inscription. Professor Rafhn made them Celtiberian; Baron Joniard was inclined to regard them as Libyan, &c. Mr. Schoolcraft, Professor Marsh, and several other distinguished scholars inclined to a Phœnician origin. Thus matters rested up to 1858, when a captious writer, in a spirit of pique toward Mr. Schoolcraft, ventured a question of authenticity.

“The late Rev. Dr. Hawkes, Mr. Folsom, and other active members of the Ethnological and Historical societies, with the view of settling the question of authenticity, invited Dr. Wills De Hass to prepare a full account of the discovery and read the same before the Ethnological. This was done at a special meeting convened at the house of the president, Mr. Folsom. The evidence adduced in support of the claims of the inscription was complete and overwhelming. From a report of the proceedings, in the *New York Herald*, March 14, 1858, we find that Mr. Squier, who had raised a quibble, and has since attempted to question the discovery, said: ‘He disclaimed any personal knowledge upon the subject. He had wished for the facts in the case, and now that Dr. De Hass had with care and industry collected the facts, he was happy to receive them, and willingly say that the point was clearly established that Dr. Clemens did communicate to Dr. Morton an account of the inscription stone found at Grave Creek. He closed by moving a vote of thanks to Dr. De Hass for his paper.’ I may say that the facts of the discovery have never been controverted. The truth of the inscription is as undeniable as the mound itself. Numerous instances of the discovery of ancient characters over the country are on record. I cannot, however, at this time further examine the question.

“Descending the Ohio we meet with monumental remains in almost every bend

of *La Belle Riviere*. At Marietta are extensive remains, while modern civilization has destroyed some of the most interesting. Louis Philippe, while in exile, visited these works and made sketches of them. He spoke of his visit to General Cass, (who had lived at Marietta,) while minister to St. Cloud. On the extensive alluvial below Little Kanawha are mounds, walls, &c. Blennerhassett Island, celebrated in history and romance, greets the eye of the voyager; but, alas, almost every vestige of the hospitable home of the unhappy exile has disappeared. On the broad sand rock skirting the Virginia shore, near Buffington Island, are extensive sculptured remains — animals, reptiles, &c. Some of them have been carefully copied, and illustrate my portfolio. We pass on down to the Great Kanawha, the locale of an event of great historic importance. At this point, October, 10, 1774, was fought the opening battle of the Revolution. To-morrow, June 17, is popularly supposed to be the anniversary of the opening battle at Lexington, but the facts of history disprove the claim.

"This part of the valley is rich in antiquarian remains. I have just examined at the mouth of Sandy, the division between Virginia and Kentucky, some interesting relics taken from an ancient burial place on the south side of the river, near the point of union with the Ohio. Numerous remains of art and industry have been discovered at this point. Interment in the case referred to had been made in a stone-lined cist, sandstone slabs placed edgewise, and cased in by a large flat stone. The articles recovered consist of a vase, sandstone pipes, copper and bone beads, shell and bone implements and ornaments, celts, flints, &c. The vase is coarse pottery, without ornamentation, sun dried, and holds about one quart. It had clearly been buried with viands to support the departed on the way to the spirit land. The pipes are ornamented by carving. The other relics are alike interesting, and all belong to the polished stone age."

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THE MINISTRATION OF SPIRITS must continue to educate the sceptical and console the disponding, for according to Dr. Hullock, "each age as science has grown stronger, faith in the ancient established dogmas of so-called revealed religion has grown weaker. When such a man as Renan, a clever young Jew, could patronize Jesus, and tell us that medical science can name the disease which made the fortunes of Mahomet, and the celebrity of Jesus, what was there left in which the rational mind could find a faith in or a hope for the future. The advent of Spiritualism filled the want, for the facts it presented commended themselves to the rational minds of all men and women."

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"TOO THIN." Some folks are in the habit of going it "rather strong," and putting it on rather *thick*; but the following tends to the opposite extremity: "Leaving Constantinople," writes Dio Lewis, in an essay on dress, "let us visit the old-time fashionable social gathering in Vienna. Women enter the ball-room. They are dressed in gauze so thin that you can see their skins all over their persons." Doctor this is too thin.

## RAIN UPON THE ROOF.

In singing the following life lines and memory echoes, Reformers and Spiritualists generally use the *music* of James G. Clark, believing it to be *best* adapted to the measure and sentiment of the poem.

*Ed.*

WHEN the humid shadows hover  
Over all the starry spheres,  
And the melancholy darkness  
Gently weeps in rainy tears,  
'Tis a joy to press the pillow  
Of a cottage chamber bed,  
And to listen to the patter  
Of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles  
Has an echo in the heart;  
And a thousand dreamy fancies  
Into busy being start,  
And a thousand recollections  
Weave their bright rays into woof,  
As I listen to the patter  
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in fancy comes my mother,  
As she used to, years ago,  
To survey her darling dreamers,  
Ere she left them till the dawn.  
Oh, I see her bending o'er me  
As I list to this refrain  
Which is played upon the shingles  
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,  
With her wings and waving hair,  
And her bright-eyed cherub brother —  
A serene, angelic pair —  
Glide around my wakeful pillow  
With their praise or mild reproof,  
As I listen to the murmur  
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me  
With her eyes' delicious blue,



And forget I, gazing on her,  
 That her heart was all untrue.  
 I remember but to love her  
 With a rapture kin to pain,  
 And my heart's quick pulses vibrate  
 To the patter of the rain.

There is naught in Art's bravuras  
 That can work with such a spell  
 In the spirit's pure, deep fountains,  
 Whence the holy passions well,  
 As that melody of Nature,  
 That subdued, subduing strain  
 Which is played upon the shingles  
 By the patter of the rain.

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SPIRITUAL HEALTH.—If talking, writing and much *paradoxical* preaching can put the new Wine of Science into the "old bottles," of Theology, Henry Ward Beecher is sure to do it ; for in the pulpit, paper and lecture room ;—in season, and *out* of season, he is constantly laboring to that end. Here is his newest point to an old issue: the theology of which is more *Japan* than Christian ; when read in the light of ecclesiastical history. Theology apart, however, the sentiment and sense is good, and worthy of all commendation. It comes from the Christian *Union*, and says :—

Modern thought tends to limit the freedom of the human will. That it will deny that freedom altogether, is the apprehension of many religious men. We do not share the apprehension. But we accept it as a fact that men's conduct is largely determined by circumstances over which they have no immediate control. And the fact has a most important bearing on religion, not only as to its abstract conceptions, but as to its practical methods. \* \* \* \* The body is to be cultivated for the sake of the soul. Spiritual health needs physical health as its foundation. The want of physical health makes men peevish, indolent, selfish. By it their spiritual facilities are clogged. Through it they most easily fall into the habit of self-regard, which is the worst foe of nobility in character. It hurts their usefulness, and it tends to transmit all its evils to another generation. To remove the source of such mischiefs, or, better still, to prevent it, is true Christian work. The physician, who, by curing men's bodies, helps their souls, is as much a Christian worker as the pastor. And men must be taught to guard themselves in this respect. They must be taught that it is as much sin to enfeeble the body by overwork, or by neglect, as to impair it by strong drink.

## ILLUMINATION; OR, THE SLEEP-WAKER.

BY HEINRICH ZOCHOKKE.

## FRAGMENTS FROM HORTENSIA'S CONVERSATIONS.

THROUGH the sedulous and tender care of the Count, it came to pass that I no longer saw Hortensia while awake, to which I had myself little inclination, and did not even learn what she thought about me, although I might easily have imagined the whole of that. The most inflexible order reigned in the house. The Count had resumed his authority. No one presumed any more to take part with Hortensia, against either the Count or myself, since it was known that she would become an informer against herself and all her accomplices.

Thus, I never saw my miraculous beauty, except in those brief moments, when, exalted above herself, she seemed some being from another world. But these moments were among the most solemn, often the most exciting of my singular life. Hortensia's indescribable personal charms were heightened by a mingled expression of tender innocence and angelic enthusiasm. The strictest propriety marked her whole deportment. Truth and goodness only were upon her lips; and although her eyes, by which generally the disposition is most easily betrayed, were closed, we could read the gentlest change of emotion in the fine play of her features, no less than in the manifold intonations of her voice.

What she spake of the past, the present, and the future, — so far her keen seer-like vision extended, — excited our wonder, sometimes through the peculiarity of her views, and sometimes because of their incomprehensible nature. Concerning the *How?* of these things she could furnish us no explanation, notwithstanding I at times besought it, and she exerted herself on that account in long reflections. She knew, by actual inspection, as she said, all the internal parts of her body, the position of the larger and smaller intestines, the bony structure and the branchings of the nerves and muscles; she could perceive the same things in me, or any one to whom I gave my hand. Although she was a well-instructed woman, she possessed no knowledge of the structure of the human body, or only such as was of the most confused and superficial kind. I had to tell her the names of many things which she saw and accurately described; whilst she, on the other hand, corrected my representations when they were erroneous.

Chiefly was I attracted by her revelations of the secrets of our life ; for the inexplicable nature of her own condition the oftenest led me to inquiries upon this subject. I made a minute, every time I left her, of the substance of her replies, though it is probable I lost much of what she furnished me by means of unintelligible phrases and figures.

I will not here detail all that she said at different times, but only detached sentences, and I will arrange in better order what she revealed concerning many things that struck my sympathy or love of the curious.

As I once remarked to her that she lost much in not being able to remember, during her natural waking state, what she saw, thought, and said during her illuminated states, she answered : "She loses nothing ; for the earthly waking is only a part of her life adapted to certain specific ends, and is a mere narrow, external existence. But in the true, unlimited, inward, pure life, she is quite as conscious of what passes in that state as she is of what passes in her waking state.

"The inward pure life and consciousness proceeds, as with all mankind, without interruption, even in the deepest swoon as in the deepest slumber, which is only another sort of swoon excited by some other cause. In sleep, as in a swoon, the soul withdraws its activity from the external organs of sense, back into the spirit. Man is conscious of himself, even when he seems externally, — because the *un-souled* senses are silent, — utterly unconscious.

"When thou art suddenly aroused into wakefulness from deep sleep, a dim remembrance will hover before thee, as of something that thou thought'st of while awake, or, as thou supposest, hast dreamed of ; yet thou knowest not what it may have been. The sleep-waker is sunk in the fast sleep of the external senses : he hears and sees without ears or eyes : yet he is perfectly conscious of himself, and considers accurately what he thinks, speaks, or undertakes, whilst he remembers just as accurately whatever relates to his ordinary waking, even to the place in which he may have stuck a pin.

"The external and limited life may suffer its interruptions and pauses, but the real inward consciousness has no pauses, and requires none.

"The Sick One is well aware that now she seems more perfect to thee, oh Emanuel, but her spiritual and mental powers are not more exalted or noble than at other times, but are simply less constrained, and crippled by the limitations of the external senses. An excellent mechanic works imperfectly with imperfect instruments. Even the



most flexible human language is gross and unwieldy, because it can neither represent all the peculiarities of thought and feeling, nor the quick mutation and play of images, but only particular links in a continuous and sweeping chain of ideas.

"In the pure life, although the external senses are inactive, there is a more perfect and exact remembrance of the past, than in the earthly waking. For in the ordinary waking state, the universe streams in through the open door of the perceptions with violent and almost overwhelming force. It is on that account, as thou knowest, Emanuel, that during our natural state, we seek solitude and stillness, and draw ourselves in, as it were, from the external world, wishing to hear and see nothing, when we would give ourselves up to deep or earnest thinking. The further the spirit is from external life, the nearer it approaches its pure condition,—the more it is separated from sensuous activities, the clearer and surer it thinks. We know that many remarkable conceptions come to us in that state between sleeping and waking, when the gates to the outward world are half closed and the life of the spirit remains undisturbed by foreign influences.

"Sleep is not a suspension of the perfectly self-conscious life; but the earthly waking may be regarded as such a suspension, or rather as a limitation of the higher life. For, while in our waking state, the activity of the senses can manifest itself only in prescribed paths and limits, and, on the other side, the charms of the external world absorb us too exclusively,—while, furthermore, in the earthly waking, the attention of the spirit is distracted and drawn to every external part for the preservation of the body,—the remembrances of its purer life vanish. Yes, Emanuel, sleep is peculiarly the full wakefulness of the spirit; the earthly wakefulness is like a slumber or torpor of the spirit. Earthly sleep is a spiritual going down of the sun from the outward world, but a clearer rising of the sun upon the inward world.

"Yet, even amid the perturbations of the earthly waking, we have at times faint gleams of another life that we have lived, we know not when or where. So we see from the summit of a mountain, in a summer night, the more or after shine of a sun and a day, which exists not for us, but which sheds its effulgence on other portions of the globe. How miraculously swift, often, in extraordinary junctures of events, do appropriate thoughts and resolves occur to us without previous consideration or reflection! We know not whence they spring. No dependence can be discovered between our previous ideas

and these sudden and all-controlling suggestions. Men are accustomed to say, 'it was a good Spirit or Divinity that inspired me with such and such a thought.' At other times, we see and hear in our daily routine of life something that appears already to have taken place just in the same way, yet we cannot fathom how, when or where, and we are inclined to imagine it some miraculous repetition or resemblance from the region of dreams.

"It is not, — it is not extraordinary, Emanuel, that our conscious being never ends, — that, whether we wake or sleep, it is ever hastening on — for how can what *is* ever cease to be? But wonderful is the mutation, the ebb and flow, the intricate interchange of life from the inner to the outer and from the outer to the inner worlds.

"The spirit clothed by the soul, as the sun is by its world-penetrating rays, may subsist without a body, as the sun might without other heavenly bodies. But these other worlds would be dead without the sun, and run loose in their orbits; so the Body is dust without the Soul.

"The body has its own life, as every plant has, yet natural vitality can only first be awaked by the spirit. The former is regulated and moved according to its own laws, independent of the soul. Without our will or conscience, and without the will or conscience of the body, it grows, digests its food, allows the blood to circulate, and effects its thousand-fold transmutations. It inhales and exhales breath, and it takes in from, and gives out to, the ocean of the air its many invisible means of sustenance. But, like vegetation, it is dependent upon the external matter upon which it is nourished. Its condition changes every day and night like the condition of the meanest flower: it grows and it decays; and its energies consume themselves as an invisible fire that ever demands fresh support.

"Only by an adequate fulness of its vegetative vitality is the body adapted for an intimate union with the soul; as otherwise it is of a nature heterogeneous to the soul. When the strength of the body is consumed or exhausted, the spiritual life withdraws itself from the external parts to the internal. That we name sleep, or the suspension of the sensuous activity. The soul enters again into union with the external parts, as soon as the powers of the vegetative life have been restored. It is not the spirit which is fatigued and exhausted, but the body — it is not the spirit that is made strong through rest, but the body. Thus, there is a perpetual ebb and flow, a streaming back and forth of the spiritual essence within us, almost simultaneously with the change of day and night.

"For the greater part of our existence we are awake externally — we must be — inasmuch as the body was given us as the condition of our activity on earth. The body and its impulses give a determinate direction to our activity. How great, how wonderful are these ordinations of God !

"With age, the body loses the ability to re-establish its vitality to a degree sufficient to maintain the inward union of all its parts with the soul. The organs, formerly pliant and flexible, stiffen and become useless to the Spirit. The soul retreats into the Innermost. The inward activity of the Spirit continues until everything hinders its union with the body, which only takes place through the withering influence of old age, or disease. The losing of the Spirit from the body is the restoration of the former to freedom. It makes itself known not unfrequently by foresights, the hour of death, and other prophetic anticipations.

"The healthier the body, the more intimately the soul enters into union with all its parts, and the more perfect the union, the less capable the soul is of prophecy, except that in moments of extraordinary enthusiasm the Spirit seems to be able to break its fetters. Then it becomes a seer of futurity.

"The withdrawal of the soul from the external world gives rise to a peculiar phenomenon in nature. It is dreaming. On going to sleep, it is induced by a mingling of the last impression on the senses with the first motions of the free inward life : and on awakening, it gilds the last ray of the inner world with the first beams of the outer world. It is hard to distinguish what properly belongs to each of these ; and dreaming is for that reason an instructive subject to study. That the Spirit, in its more inward life, should occupy itself with what was pleasing to it in its outward life, may throw some light upon the movements of the sleep-waker. If the sleep-waker, when his outward senses are again opened, remembers nothing of what he did in his extraordinary state, it will all come to him in his dreams. Thus much may be brought from the consciousness of the inner to that of the outer world. The Dream is the natural mediator or bridge between the inner and outer life."

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• CHANGES.

These are, perhaps, the most striking thoughts to which she gave utterance, either of her own accord, or under the prompting of "questions from us ; not in the order, it must be confessed, in which



they are here placed, yet with a great deal of fidelity as to the manner of the utterance. It is out of my power to repeat much that she said, since, unconnected with the circumstances of the conversation, it would lose the subtlety of meaning that it often possessed. And some of it was wholly unintelligible.

It was an oversight of mine, too, that I failed to lead her mind back when in the proper mood to the consideration of the things that were obscure to me. For I had soon observed that she did not see and speak with equal clearness during all her different states of illumination; that she gradually began to weary of conversation on these topics, and finally, ceased from it altogether, speaking almost exclusively of her domestic affairs and the condition of her health. The latter, she repeatedly assured us, was growing better, although, for a long while, we could discover no signs of the amendment. She continued, as before, to prescribe what she ought to eat and drink while awake, and what in other respects would be good or hurtful for her. To every kind of drug she manifested strong aversion, whilst, on the other hand, she required a cold-bath every day, which in the end was followed by sea-baths. With the approach of spring-time, her trances became shorter.

But this is by no means the place for me to give the details of Hortensia's illness; so, let me state in brief, that in seven months after my advent, she was sufficiently recovered to enable her, not only to receive the visits of strangers, but to reciprocate them, and even to go to balls, to the theatre, and to church, though only for a little while at a time. The Count was quite out of his head with joy. His daughter was oppressed with the richest presents, while he led her a round of the most diverting and expensive entertainments. Related to some of the best families of Venice, and on account of his wealth, no less than the charms of his daughter, courted by all, their daily life seemed to be hardly less than one continuous festival.

Made sad by the affliction of Hortensia, and kept in a state of constant anxiety and vigilance by the wonderful phenomena connected with it, he had hitherto lived the life of a recluse. His intercourse with mankind had been almost confined to myself, whilst his want of firmness, coupled with my influence over Hortensia and the half-superstitious respect for my person it had inspired, had allowed him to be readily governed by my directions. In fact, he submitted to me almost implicitly, and obeyed my wishes with a subservience that was disagreeable, though I never abused my power.

Now he changed his position towards me, as soon as the recovery

of Hortensia, and a mind free from care, vouchsafed the long-postponed enjoyment of a round of brilliant pleasures. True, I still kept possession of the management of his affairs, which he had formerly relinquished to me either in excessive confidence or for convenience sake ; but he wished that I should conduct his business under some name or other, whilst in his service. Then, as I confirmed my resolution, not to become a recipient of his bounty, in anyway, but remain steadfast to the original terms under which I had engaged, he seemed to make a virtue of the necessity. He gave me out to the Venitians as a friend ; yet his pride would not allow his friend to be a mere commoner ; and so he reported me everywhere as a scion of the best and purest German nobility. At the outset I strove against this lie, but was forced to give in to the entreaties of his weakness. Thus I shone in the circles of the Venitians, none of which dared to repulse me. True, the Count still remained my friend, as formerly ; but not so much as formerly, since I was no longer his only one. We lived no more, as once, exclusively with and for each other.

But more worthy of remark was the transformation of Hortensia as she grew better. In her moments of trance, as ever, she was most gracious ; but her hatred and repugnance, during the rest of the day, seemed gradually to vanish. Through the warnings of her father, probably, or moved by her own feelings of gratitude, she constrained herself from offending me either by look or word. It was granted me, from time to time, though only for a few moments, to pay a most respectful visit to her, as an inmate of the house, a friend of the Count's, a veritable physician. I could, before long, even without incurring the danger of arousing her wrath, betake myself to the companies where she was. Yes, so far did she carry this constraint or habit, that she could suffer me with indifference at the same table with her, when the Count ate alone or gave a dinner-party. But I always saw her pride gleaming through her condescension, and beyond what decency and ordinary politeness demanded, I seldom got a word from her.

As to myself, though I felt more comfortable on account of my greater freedom, my life was, after all, but half enjoyed. The diversions into which I was attracted, pleased me, without adding to my contentment. I longed often, in the midst of the whirl, for a solitude, which was better adapted to me. It was also an unalterable determination of mine, to recover my former state of freedom as soon as the restoration of the Countess should be completed. I longed intensely for that moment to arrive. For I felt but too deeply, that the passion

with which the beauty of Hortensia had inflamed me, might become my misery. I had battled against it, and the pride, as well as the aversion of Hortensia, had lightened the struggle. Against her pride of birth, as a noble, I had set my self-respect as a citizen, and to her wicked persecutions, the consciousness of my innocence and her ingratitude. Were there moments, in which the grace of her person impressed me — and who could remain unmoved by so many charms? — there were many other moments in which her offensive deportment inspired the deepest aversion. It filled my heart with a bitterness fast verging upon positive hatred. Her indifference towards me was as strong a proof of the thanklessness of her unimpressible disposition as her former repugnance. I avoided Hortensia in the end more vigilantly than she did me, and, let her look at me with never so much indifference, she must have seen, in my whole treatment of her, how great was my contempt.

Thus had the relations between us all been gradually, and strangely enough, changed during Hortensia's recovery. I had no deeper wish than to be speedily released from obligations which gave me little joy, and no better consolation, than that the moment that Hortensia should be perfectly restored, would render my person superfluous.

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PRINCE CARLO.

Among those who were bound the most intimately to us in Venice, was a young and wealthy man, who received the title of Prince from one of the leading Italian families. I will call him Carlo. He was of agreeable form, and fine manners, intellectual, facile, and captivating. The restlessness of his features, and the fiery gleam of his eye, betrayed an excitable disposition. He maintained an extravagant style, and was more vain than proud. He had once passed some time in the military service of France. Weary of that, he was minded to visit the most attractive cities and courts of Europe. A chance acquaintance which he happened to form with Count Von Hormegg, fixed him longer, than lay in his original plan, at Venice. For he had seen Hortensia, and enlisted himself in the multitude of her worshippers. Soon he seemed to have forgotten everything else in the conquest of her.

His rank, his wealth, his countless and splendid retinue, and his pleasing exterior, flattered Hortensia's pride and self-love. Without distinguishing him from the others by any special favor, she gladly saw him in her train. A single confidential, friendly look, was sufficient to raise the boldest hopes in him.



The old Count Von Hormegg, no less flattered by the Prince's solicitations, met them half way, preferred him over all, and soon changed a mere acquaintance into a hearty commerce. I doubted not for a moment that the Count had in his own mind elected the Prince for his son-in-law. Only Hortensia's sickness, and a fear of her freaks, appeared to prevent both the father and lover from more open declarations.

The Prince, in confidential conversations with the Count, had heard of Hortensia's illuminations. He was inflamed with a curiosity to see her in her extraordinary state; and the Countess, who well knew that this state was far from being disadvantageous to her, gave him, what she had hitherto denied to every stranger, permission to be present during such an hour.

He came one afternoon when we knew Hortensia was about to sink into this remarkable sleep; for she always announced it in the preceding trance. I cannot deny that I felt a slight touch of jealousy as the Prince entered the room. Hitherto I had been the happy one to whom the Countess, in her wonderful exaltations, had chiefly shown her grace and beauty.

Carlo approached lightly over the soft carpet, moving on tip-toe. He believed that she really slumbered, as her eyes were closed. Trepidation and delight were expressed in his features, as he gazed on the charming figure, which showed something beyond the reach of art in all its fine proportions.

Hortensia at length began to speak. She conversed with me in her usual affectionate expressions. I was again, as ever, her Emanuel, whose will and thoughts governed her whole being; a language which sounded not very agreeably to the Prince, and which to me had never been flattering. Hortensia, however, appeared to become restless and anxious. She asserted several times that she felt pain, though she could not tell on what account. I motioned to the Prince that he should extend me his hand. Scarcely had he done so, than Hortensia, shuddering violently, cried out, "How cold! Away with that goat there! He offends me!" She was seized with convulsions, which she had not had for a long time. Carlo was obliged hastily to leave the room. He was quite beside himself with terror. After some time, Hortensia recovered from her cramps. "Never bring that impure creature to me again," said she.

This accident, which even alarmed me, produced unpleasant effects. The Prince regarded me from this moment as his rival, and conceived a great hatred toward me. The Count Von Hormegg, who allowed

himself to be entirely led by him, appeared to become suspicious of Hortensia's feelings. The mere thought that the inclination of the Countess might turn to me, was insupportable to his pride. Both the Prince and Count concurring more firmly among themselves, kept me at a greater distance from the Countess, except during the time of her miraculous sleeps; agreed upon the marriage, and the Count opened the wishes of the Prince to his daughter. She, although flattered by the attentions of the Prince, demanded permission to reserve her declaration till the complete restoration of her health. Carlo, in the meanwhile, was generally regarded as the betrothed of the Countess. He was her constant attendant, and she was the queen of all his fetes.

I soon remarked that I began to be superfluous—that with Hortensia's recovery I had sunk into my original nothingness. My former discontent returned, and nothing made my situation supportable, but that Hortensia, not only in her transfigurations, but soon, also, when out of them, did me justice. Not only was her old aversion toward me gone over into indifference, but in the same degree as her bodily health returned, this indifference changed itself into a considerate, deferential respect; to an affable friendliness, such as one is accustomed to from the higher to the lower, or toward persons whom one sees daily, who belong to the household, and to whom one feels indebted for the services they perform. She treated me as if I were really her physician,—willingly asked my advice, my permission, when it concerned any enjoyment or pleasure; fulfilled punctually my directions, and could conquer herself to such a degree as to leave the dance so soon as the hour arrived which I had fixed for her. It came to me sometimes, as if the influence of my will had in part passed over to her waking state, since it began to act more weakly over her soul during her illuminations.

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#### THE DREAMS.

Thus Hortensia's pride, obstinacy, and ill-humor, passed gradually away like evil spirits. Almost as amiable in her deportment, as during the time of her raptures, she fettered me no less by her external beauty, than by her love, patience, and grateful kindness.

All this made my misery. How could I, daily witness of so many perfections, remain indifferent? I wished most earnestly that she might, as of old, despise, wound, and persecute me, that I might the more easily separate from her, and be able to despise her in return.

But that was now impossible. I again adored her. I pined away in my passion, silently and without hope. I knew beforehand, that my future separation from her would lead me to the grave. What made my situation worse, was a dream, in which I from time to time had seen Hortensia, always in the same or a similar form. Now I was sitting in a strange room, then in a grotto made by pendent rocks, again on the moss-grown trunk of an oak, in some perfect solitude, but always in a deeply-agitated state of mind. Hortensia would come, gaze at me with looks of heartfelt pity, and say, "Dear Faust, why so melancholy?" This would awaken me every time; for the tone in which she spoke thrilled to my inmost soul. Through the whole day, too, this tone haunted me. In the whirl of the city, in the presence of company, in the gondolier's song, at the opera, — wherever I was — it was heard. Sometimes at night, I would start suddenly from this dream, just as the lips of Hortensia moved to express the usual question, and imagine that the sound was actually without me. True, a dream, in any ordinary condition of things, is nothing but a dream, but in the enchanted circle in which destiny had thrust me, even dreams were not to be lightly disregarded.

One day, as I was putting the papers of Count Von Hormegg to rights in his room, having given him some letters to be signed, he was called out to receive a Venitian of some distinction, that came to visit him. I supposed he would come back in a moment, and threw myself in a chair, where I relapsed into my customary sadness. Musing thus, I heard the sound of footsteps. The Countess, in search of her father, had approached me. I trembled, hardly knowing why, and rose to greet her. "Why so melancholy, dear Faust?" said she, in a voice of singular tenderness, that animated my whole being, and with the same tone that had so often and touchingly been echoed through my dreams. She smiled, as if astonished or surprised at her own inquiry, and passing her hand thoughtfully across her brow, said after a pause, "How is this? It seems to me that I have been in precisely this condition before, though it's very odd. Some time or other I must have seen you, just as you are now, in a dream perhaps, and asked you the same question. Isn't it altogether queer?"

"Not more so than what I have experienced in the same way," said I, "for not one time, but several times, I have dreamed that you came to me, as you have done now, and asked me the same question in the very words."

Count Von Hormegg returning, broke off our brief interview. But the event, trifling as it was, became a source of profound reflection,

yet my gropings after the truth were in vain, to reconcile the workings of the imagination with the reality. She had dreamed the same thing that I had, and the same had been accomplished in actual life!

But this fairy-work did not for some time come to an end. Five days after this incident, the god of sleep juggled with me again, to the effect that I would be invited to a festival. It was a great feast and dance. The music made me sad: I remained a lonely spectator. From the whirl of the dancing, Hortensia came suddenly to me, and pressing my hand affectionately and secretly, lisped, "Be cheerful, Faustino, or I cannot be," and then regarding me with a look full of compassionate tenderness, lost herself again in the throng.

Count Von Hormegg the next day made up a pleasure jaunt to the country seat of one of the Venitians. I was to accompany him. On the way he told me that the Countess would also be there. When we arrived we found a large assembly. In the evening there was a display of fireworks, and then a dance. The Prince opened the ball with Hortensia — and as I looked at the noble pair, it went through me like a dagger. I lost all desire to participate in the dance. But in order to forget myself, I selected a partner and mingled in the beautiful waving groups. But it seemed to me that lead hung upon my feet, and I rejoiced when I could slip from the crowd. Leaning upon the door, I gazed at the dancers — no, not at them, but at Hortensia, who hovered among the rest like a goddess.

At that moment I recalled the dream of the past night; at that moment a dance was coming to an end; at that moment Hortensia stepped towards me, glowing with joy, yet coyly, pressed my hand with a fugitive affection, and whispered, "Be cheerful, Faustino, or I cannot be." She said it with such sympathy, so friendly, and with a glance from her eyes — such a glance — I lost all sense and speech. Hortensia, before I could recover myself, had already vanished. She was sweeping once more through the ranks of the dancers: but her eyes ever and anon sought mine, and her look was constantly towards me. It seemed as if she had taken a whim to wrest from me by her attentiveness what little of understanding I had left. At the close of the dances, the couples separated from each other, and I left my place to look out another in the hall, to see if I had deluded myself, or whether the looks of the Countess would follow me.

Already new couples were gathered for the dance, when I passed near the sitting-place of the women. One of them rose the very moment I approached; it was the Countess. Her arm lay in mine. We entered the circle. I trembled, and scarcely knew what was going



on ; for never before had I had the audacity to request Hortensia to dance with me, and yet it seemed to me that I must now have done so in my distraction. But she was unembarrassed, scarcely regarded me, and penetrated the showy tumult with her brilliant looks. In a moment the music struck up. I seemed released from every earthly bond, to hover like a spirit on the waves of sound. I was unconscious of all about me, — knew not that we fastened the attention of every spectator. What cared I for the admiration of the world ? At the ending of the third dance, I led the Countess to a settee, that she might rest. I stammered my thanks with trepidation. She acknowledged them with mere friendly courtesy, as to the greatest stranger. I withdrew among the spectators.

The Prince, as well as Count Von Hormegg, had seen me dance with Hortensia, — had heard the general murmurs of applause. The former burned with jealousy, and did not even conceal it from Hortensia. The Count took my boldness, in asking his daughter to dance, in bad part, and on the following day rebuked me for having so lightly forgotten her rank. Both confessed, with all the rest of the world, that her dancing had been full of soul and passionateness. Neither doubted that I had infused an unworthy inclination into the Countess. In spite of their plausibilities, I soon saw clearly, that I was an obstacle of hate and fear. I was much seldomer, and at last not at all, invited to companies where Hortensia might be present.

In the mean time, both went really too far in their carefulness. It is true, the Countess did not conceal that she cherished a feeling of gratitude towards me ; but everything further was a reproach which she repelled. She confessed that she prized me, but beyond that, it was all one to her whether I danced at Constantinople or Venice.

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As a general thing, Christians have manifested very little kindness, or candor, in their estimate of other religions ; but the darkest blot on their history is their treatment of the Jews. This is the more singular, because we have so much in common with them. We worship the same God, under the same name ; we reverence their Scriptures ; we make pilgrimages to their Holy City. Christ and his Mother and his Apostles were Jews, appear to have conformed to the established worship of the country, which we consequently claim as our sacred land.—*Lydia M. Child.*

Huxley, Huggins, Roscoe, and others of the best thinkers and teachers of England, are giving penny lectures in London, to the workingmen, and publishing them afterwards for a penny apiece, thereby doing a great deal of intellectual good to the million.

## THERE IS NO DEATH.

BY J. L. M'CREERY.

THERE is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore,  
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the Summer showers  
To golden grain or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize  
To feed the hungry moss they bear,  
The fairest leaves drink daily life  
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,  
The flowers may fade and pass away —  
They only wait through wintry hours  
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread —  
He bears our loved things away,  
And then we call them *dead*.

He leaves our hearts all desolate —  
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;  
Transported into bliss, they now  
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones  
Make glad this scene of sin and strife,  
Sings now an everlasting song  
Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,  
Or heart too pure for taint or vice,  
He bears it to that world of light  
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,  
They leave us but to come again;  
With joy we welcome them the same,  
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread,  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life. There are no dead.

## Scientific Record.

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YOUNG MEN IN HISTORY. The New York *Tribune* of March 22d., furnishes the following condensed, but instructive report of a lecture, read before the Long Island Historical Society, at Hamilton Building, Brooklyn, on "Young Men in History," the aim of which was to show at what period of life most of the original brain-work of the world has been done. The lecturer claimed that the Physiology of History — a science treating of the relations between human physiology and human achievement — justified the assertion that the period of life during which man does his best and most effective work is that between the ages of 40 and 60. In past ages, fame was posthumous in great measure; and in our own time, even in America, the paradise of young men, fame is rarely acquired prior to the age of 50. But the most effective moment of cerebral action — the period at which, on the average, youth ends and old age begins, with an implied absorption of nerve force and a deterioration of brain fiber is under the age of 40. Basing his deductions upon facts derived from the lives of 800 statesmen, authors, men of science, and representatives of every department of human effort, the lecturer divided life into five decades of mental activity — the golden decade being between 30 and 40, the silver between 40 and 50, the brazen between 20 and 30, the iron between 50 and 60, and the tin between 60 and 70. Before 45 at least 70 per cent of the original cerebral work of the world has been done, and before 50 more than 80 per cent. The golden moment of life when the enthusiasm of youth is at the maximum and the experience of age tends to support and systematize effort without manifesting a tendency to retard it, is between the years 38 and 49.

The lecturer applied the views advanced to legislation, reform, and professional and business life. Statesmanship is entrusted too much to age, to the exclusion of youth, and, as a natural consequence, the science of government, which should be in advance of all sciences, is in reality behind them all. A law requiring officials to resign office upon reaching the age of 65 would be quite as wise as the law that requires the attainment of a certain age in order to hold office. The history of civilization is a history of the triumph of young radicals over old conservatives, and if it were not for death at a certain period, if life were not limited in duration to three or four score of years, society would retrograde, owing to the antagonism and opposition of the old men. In military history the greatest generals have averaged 35 years, and in the late civil war the North was defeated in 1861, when our generals averaged 50, and was victorious in 1865 when the leaders were all under 40. In journalism four-fifths of the reading matter of the religious, scientific, and secular press, is contributed by men between 15 and 40, and to this fact the profession

owes its great influence. With reference to the management of colleges and educational institutions, the policy of putting them under the control of men over 60 years of age, is fatal to the true interests of a progressive nation. The President and members of the Corporation should be young men, and gray-haired scholars in academic chairs should be subordinate to youth and the prime of life. At 60, every College President should retire under a pension, and in every department of human effort the question of age should be asked in the same breath as that of ability and capacity. With regard to the comparative longevity of brain-workers and muscle-workers, the former live to a greater age, the average age of 500 of the greatest brain men in history being 64. With reference to the comparative achievements of the sexes the proportion was 50 to 1 in favor of man. No woman has founded a system of philosophy or religion, achieved a great invention, or composed music. The great fields of woman's efforts in history have been polite literature and government.

STATISTICS: NEW DEVELOPMENTS. — To think in figures and classify facts, is the logical suggestion of the following extracts from *The Golden Age*.

"The art of statistics," says Gen. Garfield, one of the few American masters of it, 'did not enter its scientific phase before 1749, when it received from Professor Achenwall of Göttingen, not only its name, but the first comprehensive statement of its principles.' Before that auspicious date, human beings, it is mortifying to reflect, scarcely knew how to count their own noses. The ancient and medieval nations did sometimes make the attempt; but they did it in so bungling and unphilosophical a fashion that their noses might as well have been pulled as counted. They did manage to arrive at a sort of estimate concerning the number of people and the amount of property within a given territory; but there they stopped. They gathered but few facts about the people, and even these they gathered inaccurately; while as to any classification of these facts, they never dreamed of such a thing."

"We refer to these matters for the purpose of calling attention to a remarkable coincidence, which has not been noticed hitherto, either in prose or verse. The science of statistics took its rise in a German University, and within the teeming brain of a snuffy Professor. But that great science has been brought to its maximum of comprehensiveness and of perfection in the leading American Universities and by the perspicacities and daring enthusiasm of the students themselves."

This general statement is illustrated and confirmed by facts and figures developed in and among the members of the present Senior Class at Dartmouth College.

"The statistical record begins in prosaic fashion by announcing the entire number ever connected with the class as 93; left for their own good, 19; left for the good of others, 6; died 1; at present in the class, 67. Could anything be neater or completer? Then follow facts and figures relating to the individual peculiarities of these 67 gentlemen — all stated with a precision and a large grasp, such as might make good old Herr Achenwall of Göttingen roll over in his coffin for joy."

Omitting much of the detail, and a part of the article, the following and



closing extract will suggest the *method* and enforce the *morale* of classifying acts by the aid of figures. It should be borne in mind, however that —

“It is a fact of which philosophical historians have already spoken, that when any science makes a great advance it generally does so in several different places at once. We would not have it supposed that Dartmouth is the only College in which the new science of statistics is cultivated with such daring and success. We have carefully examined statistical reports from all the leading Colleges, and in them all we find this science to be in the most flourishing state. The points of resemblance between them are many; but the slight variations in details are often interesting and instructive. For instance, at Amherst, the capillary statistics are thus announced: full sets, 10; mustache, 21; Burnsides, 13; goatee, 3; unsuccessful attempts, 9; imberbis, 18. And this is the chronicle of matrimonial prospects: engaged, 23; expectant, 9; chances good, 11; slim, 17; corresponding, 24; blighted 6; don't care a damn, 7; S. H. Struck, 1; looking for money, 8; for beauty, 5; for perfection, 1.

“But we must not prolong these illustrations. We have furnished enough to sustain our assertion that this brave science of statistics has received at the hands of young university students an impulse to a perfection never dreamed of by the old university professor who invented it. Before the next national census, let our legislators take a few hints from these boys; or rather, let these boys by that time become legislators.

“BEAUTY UNADORNED” has been the admiration of the naturalistic school of poets and romancers; but that type of the beautiful differs somewhat from the following of Bayle St. John. He says of the “Turk in Europe,” —

“Another source from which vacant harems are filled is the market of Georgian slaves; but it is by no means so popular. These unhappy creatures, who are embarked at Trebisond on board of the regular steamers, reach Constantinople in a very sad and pitiable state. We can imagine an European reader almost envying the captain under whose care is placed so poetical a cargo; but, alas! the truth is, that the Georgians are looked upon almost as suspiciously as a hundred cases of leeches for the Marseilles market. It is true they are separated as much as possible from the rest of the passengers, penned in like a flock of sheep, hidden by dirty clothes; or, in bad weather, crammed below like negroes in the middle passage. In spite of these precautions, the whole vessel suffers from their presence. Nearly every one of them has the itch; and, without exception, every one brings away a colony of native vermin. This is easily accounted for. The poor things resemble not a bevy of English maidens going out voluntarily to seek for husbands in the barracks of Madras or Calcutta. They are sold from poverty or avarice by their parents or friends, and are handed over nearly naked to the purchaser. To dress them would eat up all the profits. A ragged shift and piece of canvas wrapped round their shoulders — such is the costume in which they crowd by day and huddle together at night, whispering or dreaming of the splendor which has been promised them, to dispel their sorrow or their sulkiness, —

and perhaps giving a passing thought to the home which has cast them forth, like the pet lamb when it has outgrown the fondness or the patience of its mistress. The merchant, with the calculating stupidity which characterizes all dealers in human flesh, fattens these future sultanas during the voyage on water and millet-flour porridge. They arrive at their journey's end in such a state that few connoisseurs in incipient beauty would venture to pronounce an opinion. Sometimes, when the owner is in haste to realize, he drives his Georgian flock to market in the unseemly condition in which they come ashore; or at most throws around them a *ferigh* — the mantle of the Turkish women. Chance for the most part presides over the sale. The purchaser keeps at a respectful distance from his acquisition, as a doctor might from a plague patient; and drives her before him to what may be called a preparatory school for the harem. A number of old women, indeed, gain their living by polishing up this rough material; curing them, by remedies of which they have the secret, of their disease, combing their hair into shape, scrubbing them, and exterminating the reminiscences they have brought with them from their native hovels."

"IS OUR MOON INHABITED?" — The *Coruhill Magazine* in answering the above question, recalls the extravagance of other days, and emphasizes the facts underlying the controversy about the "Plurality of Worlds," and the habitableness of "the Earths in the Universe." The former suggests the folly of *hasty* generalization, while the latter points to the *analogies* necessary in support of an affirmative conclusion; and both imply the *need* of more science and further demonstration. The answer is as follows: —

"When the telescope was first invented, it is certain that astronomers were more hopeful of recognizing such signs in the moon than in any other celestial body. As telescopes of greater and greater power were constructed, our satellite was searched withal, more and more eager scrutiny. And many a long year elapsed before astronomers would accept the conclusion that the moon's surface is wholly unfitted for the support of any of those forms of life with which we are familiar upon earth. That the belief in lunar men prevailed in the popular mind long after astronomers had abandoned it, is shown by the eager credulity with which the story of Sir John Herschel's supposed observations of the customs and manners of the Lumarians was accepted even among well-educated men. Who can forget the gravity with which that most amazing hoax was repeated in all quarters. It was, indeed ingeniously contrived. The anxiety of Sir John Herschel to secure the assistance of King William and the care with which "our sailor-king" inquired whether the interests of nautical astronomy would be advanced by the proposed inquiries; the plausible explanation of the mode of observation depending, we were gravely assured, upon the *transfusion* of light; the trembling anxiety of Herschel and his fellow-workers as the moment arrived when their search was to commence; the flowers, resembling poppies, which first rewarded their scrutiny; and the final introduction upon the scene of those winged beings — not, strictly speaking, *men*, nor properly to be called angels — to whom Herschel assigned the generic appellation, *Esperthio Homo*, or Bat-men. All these things, and many others equally amusing, were described with marvellous

gravity and with an attention to details reminding one of the descriptions in *Gulliver's Travels*. One can hardly wonder, then, that the narrative was received in many quarters with unquestioning faith, nor perhaps, even at the simplicity with which (as Sir John Herschel himself relates,) well-meaning persons planning measures for sending missionaries "among the poor benighted Lunarians."

"Yet astronomers have long known full certainly that no forms of life, such as we are familiar with, can exist upon the moon. They know that if our satellite has an atmosphere at all, that atmosphere must be so limited in extent that no creatures we are acquainted with could live in it. They know that she has no oceans, seas, rivers or lakes, neither clouds nor rains, and that if she had, there would be no winds to waft moisture from place to place or to cause the clouds to drop fatness upon the lunar fields. They know also, that the moon's surface is subjected alternately to a cold far more intense than that which binds our arctic regions in everlasting frost, and to a heat compared with which the fierce noon of a tropical day is as the freshness of a Spring morning. They search only over the lunar disk for the signs of volcanic action, feeling well assured that no traces of the existence of living creatures will ever be detected in that desolate orb."

WHAT MAY BE FELT, seen and sensed while climbing a mountain, are graphically and comprehensively stated by Mr. Henry Woodward in a new work on "THE EARTH." The following will suggest other, but not better outlined pictures; for every step in the ascent, seems like an intellectual as well as a physical triumph over natural difficulties. Happily the mountain of science still remains, to compensate for the joys long promised from the "Hill of Zion;" the intellectual pleasures of which is thus brought vividly to mind.

"With regard to the intellectual pleasure which mountain climbing affords, which, however, is intimately bound up with the material joys of the ascent, it is proportionately greater as the mind is more expanded, and the various phenomena of nature have been more successfully studied. The destructive action of water and snow is fully grasped by the scientific traveller; he inspects the movements of the glaciers, and the rolling rocks or boulders making their way from the summits to the plain; he traces out the enormous horizontal or inclined strata; he perceives the masses of granite upheaving the beds; then, when he at last stands upon some lofty peak, he can contemplate in its entirety the mountain edifice, with its ravines and its spurs, its snows, its forests, and its meadows. The hollows and the valleys which the ice, the water, and the tempest have carved in the immense relief, are clearly defined, and the whole labor accomplished during thousands of centuries by all the geological agents is plainly seen. By going to the origin of the mountains themselves, a surer judgment can be passed on the various hypotheses of *movements* as to the rupture of the earth's crust, the displacement of strata, and the eruption of granite or porphyry. And beside, without alluding to that meaner impulse of vanity which instigates a certain number of men to distinguish themselves as mountain-climbers, there is a sentiment of natural pride excited when we compare our own littleness with the grandeur of the natural phenomena which surrounds us. The torrent, the rocks, the avalanches, and the

glaciers — all remind man of his own weakness : but, by a natural reaction, his intellect and his will rise up in opposition to every obstacle. He takes a pleasure in conquering the mountain which seems to brave him, and in proclaiming himself the victor over the formidable peak, the first glance at which had filled his mind with a kind of religious awe."

"THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS." — Tradition and geological specimens unite in justifying the ancient belief in a physically larger race of men than the present, although the assertions of tradition are *gigantically* greater than the discovered skeletons of those ancient worthies. "It is held by the Moslems, says Mr. Taylor, "that Adam and Eve were sixty feet high, — or the measure of a tall palm tree : and that the true believer will be restored in Paradise to this *original* stature of the human race, and that the *hories* who attend them, will be of proportionate dimensions. Linneus seems to have held that Adam and Eve were giants, and that mankind from one generation to another, owing to poverty and other causes, have been diminished in size." (The Early History of Mankind, p. 3, 16.)

Such is *belief* : the *facts* however are more in keeping with *economy* and large populations than gigantic men, for —

"A letter from Kern county, California, repots that in digging a grave on the old banks of the Kern river, not long since, there was found a human skeleton seven feet five and a half inches in length. The account says there was with it a package of eleven flint arrow-heads and spear heads, and that the skull was much larger than the ordinary size of craniums moving round at the present day. A full grown person placed his head inside the skull. The Louisville Courier-Journal, however, tells a bigger story, thus : "Workmen in the new fire cistern in Jeffersonville exhumed, twelve feet from the surface, a part of the skeleton of a giant at least twelve feet high. The skull was badly broken by the workmen, but sufficient of the jaws and face-bones were saved to show that it was the remains of a monstrous sized human being. A shin was dug up which measured near three feet in length." — *Boston Herald*.

FRANCE AND THE FRENCH ; How far the Protestantism of the American people, influences certain editors and orators to *rhapsodize* against the French and their struggle for Republican freedom, *because* of their Roman Catholicism it is hard to guess ; but, that there is some misleading cause is evident when so *liberal* (?) a paper as the New York *Independent* makes light of the generous tribute, which Wendell Phillips paid some months ago, to that much misunderstood and calumniated people. His additional remarks, made in the late Convention of the *Reform League*, was therefore as timely as pertinent, when he said, — "I recognized some months ago, on this platform, the debt which the world owes to those Parisians who are now branded generally with the name of Red Republicans, for almost all the steps of civil progress. [Great applause.] Agassiz said the other day, in referring to the balloon-post sent from Paris, that science owes more to France, especially for lighthouse illumination, civil engineering, medical science, and so on, within the last 50



years, or two generations, than to all the rest of the world put together. The same might be said for her in suggestions and leadership in civil reform. And what I meant to say was that, while Louis Blanc and others with him are wise men, and superior men, and moderate men, they have behind them and below them the vast crowd of brutalized and morally starved Frenchmen, such as we shall have 20 years hence, who never hold to rule nor government, but precipitate their leaders into difficulties, and mar all their measures and render them abortive, and who will, in the end, probably force the return either of the Orleans princes or Bonaparte to the throne of France."

The better to illustrate the generous sense of Mr. Phillips, and the real character of Louis Blanc, we make the following extract from a letter of the latter gentleman, now going the rounds of the press. Writing under date of April 27, — 1871 ; to M. Nadaud, he says, —

"There are in history certain troubled hours when violence has so taken possession of a man's faculties that moderation gives offense, and the only emotion which is understood, the only one held to be sincere, is that of hatred. To be the butt of suspicion and to receive blows of all the parties in the struggle if one does not espouse their enmities without reserve ; to be taxed with hypocrisy if, when the cannon roars, one thinks of the weeping mothers ; to be accused with complicity with disorders one blames if one seeks a pacific issue to the situation which produced them ; and if one dares to pronounce the word conciliation, to be instantly denounced as an ambitious person in quest of popularity, as a deceiver, as a traitor — such, my dear NADAUD, is the lot reserved to those who in civil discord would prefer owing the restoration of order to concessions dictated by the spirit of concord rather than to the triumph — necessarily murderous — of force. After this what influence can you expect them to exert, and what authority can their word have so long as the crisis lasts ? There is the evil — only there ; for as to their personal concern in the abuse directed against them, in the venomous comments with which they are pursued, that is nothing — much less than nothing ; and the honest man who is outraged would ignore these miseries if his power of working for the public weal in an efficacious manner were not thereby diminished in those sad times which secure a numerous public to the apostolate of suspicion or of anathema. Besides, what can one do or say when one is in such a situation — I wrote of this lately — that one cannot do or say anything without exposing oneself to envenoming the wound ? One must have endured this torture to understand it. Ah ! my presentiments did not deceive me when on the eve of the elections I painfully traced these words which, each day and each hour of the day, returned to my memory : This time, the elected will be men condemned. Receive, dear friend, a cordial grasp of my hand.

LOUIS BLANC.

PRACTICAL SENSE VS. MYSTICISM. California is not in sympathy with transcendentalism. Emerson has delivered a course of lectures in San Fran-

cisco to good audiences; but the newspapers there, unable to understand the discourses, are wondering why he does not say what he means in plain English. — *N. Y. Tribune.*

SCIENCE A UTILIZER. "If as a nation we are to continue to be the large meat eaters we are now, we must pay high prices or contrive to economize by throwing aside what is useless and wasted, instead of transporting it thousands of miles. The bulk of our beef comes from the West, much of it from the Southwest, and we have to pay for all the bone and offal which might as well have been left behind where it was produced. Most of it is an absolute waste, for after we have transported it across the country at a large cost, we throw it away and utilize but a small part of it. This refuse should go back to the earth in a judicious manner, so as to aid production by restoring wasted fertility. Science is to play an important part in the food question. Instead of bringing an ox from Chicago or Texas — bone, horns and hoof, science will take all that is essential for man's sustenance, concentrate it, retain all its virtues in a small bulk, thus saving heavy items of expense. Liebig, the great German Chemist, has done much in this direction. His extract of meat appears to solve the problem. It is free from fat and gelatine, and each pound contains the soluble nutritive constituents of about thirty-five pounds of meat exclusive of bones, membranes, &c., and is equivalent to about forty-five pounds of good butcher's meat. This extract will keep for years in any climate. It is this concentrated form we must finally adopt to obviate the high cost of meats, or become vegetarians. We must follow the light of science to overcome the evils arising from a large population and the exhaustive processes incident to obtaining food." — *Ex.*

That science is a *utilizer*, has been and is generally acknowledged; but just where, and when to apply its economizing wisdom, is not so obvious. The writer of the above, sees the need of reform in the meat market; so do most persons, who patronize the butcher's shop; but, *how* to make the needed reform actual and practical is the question. Texas and the far West may be good places to do the butchering; but, what is gained? so long as the *hides* are needed in Danvers for tanning? and Lynn, Marblehead, Haverhill, and the Readings live by making shoes and boots? The tan-pit and the shoe-factory are close together; but at the opposite extreme from the far West. Besides, the animal fats and bone matter are needed in the bodies of men and women everywhere. Soups, stews and pot-pies are healthier and more economical dishes than the lean, *mean* and *tough* preparations now passing for beefsteak, roast and bake meats, &c. &c. The latter is fashionable, and may be regulated by *temperament*, — business and want of time to cook and eat properly.

"HISTORICAL FICTION." The agencies and instrumentalities tending to corrupt historic truth are many phased, and multitudinous in number; and they must continue to mislead and abuse the understanding, as long as the imaginative faculty is so exclusively ministered to by Literature, Art and Religion.

The *causes*, however, are few, but powerful; for, they originate in the imaginative, wonder-loving multitude, and end in the *love of popularity*, which controls the artist, the novelist and the minister.

There is a profound significance, therefore, in the reflection of R. W. Mackay, when he says—"fiction is not peculiar to antiquity; it is as inseparable from human thought, as shadow from substance;" and a partial justification for Fielding, when in his novel of *Tom Jones*, he declares, that "the only difference between the historian and me, is, that with him everything is false but the *names* and *dates*, while with me, *nothing* is false but these."

The regret of the thoughtful reformer must be proportionate, since radical changes require radical thought; and the *distance*, separating the multitude of to-day from the requirements of reform, may be inferred from the following comprehensive statement of the N. Y. *Tribune*.

Works of "Historical Fiction" have increased to such an extent in the Boston Public Library that a special catalogue of them has been prepared and printed. Without being able to fix the precise value to the reader of such books, we are afraid that, upon the whole, it is rather small. How safe would it be, for instance, for the student of English history to take his notions of it even from Shakespeare? The Germans write their 'historical novels' with a great deal of ingenuity; but can we trust Miss Muhlbach to give us a good idea of Frederick the Great, or Robespierre? And can we say anything better of those tawdry things which Lamartine compiled and called 'History?'"

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## Reports and Notes.

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"FORTUNE-HUNTING AND FORTUNE-TELLING." An instructive chapter, if not a good sized volume might be written in *vindication* of the original circumstances and motives that made the fortune-teller the aid and assistant of the fortune-hunter; although it is now the *fashion* to despise the former, and honor the latter. *Just why* this is so, or should be so, is not easily explained, since the distinction is as absurd in theory, as the practice of abusing the one and flattering the other is preposterous and outrageous.

The plain and simple truth is, that men, women and children have been from necessity and choice *fortune-hunters*, and naturally enough sought the aid of the fortune-teller, as soon as it was *known* that one person could *see* further and better than another. Equally natural was it, that the fortune-teller should be occasionally a person of distinction, if not a leader among a leading and a religious people, since we are informed that Saul went to Samuel for information about his *lost "asses,"* without knowing that the *Prophet* of his day "was *beforetime* called a seer." (1 Samuel, Ch. IX.) Names however, are secondary to the fact, since the seer, the prophet, the witch, the saint, the clairvoyant, the impressionalist and the medium have *all* looked after the fortunes of the needy; and become associated in theory or in fact with predicting events and telling fortunes. If the office has become *degraded*, we must look to the

clair-films of men and nations for the explanation of the *transition*. That there is any necessary connection between the office and a *bad* character is illustrated by the lives of well-known clairvoyants in ancient and modern history. But in order to illustrate the illustrations to our own day, we find the Seersess of Boston: Mrs. Freeman and Miss Munson of Boston; Mr. A. J. Davis of Philadelphia; Mr. Peter West of Chicago, and others, all associated with the discovery and recovery of the lost, the missing, and the *drowned*, most of whom are well known and more or less distinguished.

We regret accordingly, that any true clairvoyant has ever been placed in circumstances that made it necessary for her or him to do other than legitimate business; for it appears from the testimony of Miss Cladin in Court, that such has been her position for years. She said: (*Tribune* report, May 17, 1886.)

"I believe in clairvoyance and spiritualism, and know I have clairvoyant power; Mr. Vanderbit and others know that I do possess that power; but I had to pretend to not do it, even when it was not with me, to make money, as I was compelled to; to support this family I had to hoodwink people sometimes. I was useful to them, and they wanted me to come in this way; others wanted to make money out of me; nature believed it was my duty to continue it; she has said to the hired girl, 'I will not Tattle, and rather look into her great business — she must use her great power, which is God's power.' I have educated her children, and spent at least \$100,000, and been a martyr, as I say again, to this whole family."

As a further explanation to this deplorable family feud, she said: "For fourteen years I have been compelled to keep from a dozen to twenty-five 'dead heads'; when I was only a little girl, I had to keep the whole family."

The statement is brief, but comprehensive, and the vindication of the clairvoyant follows in a breath; since the affections of the daughter united with the passive habits of the medium to make her yielding to those who did not know how to respect Nature, cherish her gifts, or wisely honor themselves.

**"SPIRITUALISM NOT AN AMUSEMENT, BUT RELIGION.**—The chief point of the defense in a recent suit of Mrs. Feital against the Middlesex Horse Railroad Company for damages for an injury, was that she could not recover because she was travelling on Sunday, and returning from a Spiritualistic camp-meeting at Malden, which was a place of amusement, and not devoted to bona fide religious worship. The statute makes all travelling on Sunday for amusement illegal, and any injuries received while so doing would not be the ground of an action. Judge Wells charged the jury that "by the constitution every one has a right to worship according to his or her conscience," and he told them to determine from all the evidence whether the plaintiff was sincere in her belief in Spiritualism, and also to decide the character of the meeting. A person has the right to travel on Sunday for the honest purpose of attending religious worship, and if the plaintiff was so doing she was entitled to recover. The jury brought in a verdict for Mrs. Feital, giving her \$5666 damages.

We are indebted to the *Commonwealth* for the above good news, and wonder accordingly, that so important a piece of history should be placed under



the head of "MINOR MATTERS": for it contains *three* noticable and remarkable things! *First*, a rich Corporation striving to defraud an injured woman of just dues in the name of religion, and by virtue of Sunday law; *second*, a *just* judge; and *third*, a jury of impartial men, independent and magnanimous enough to award a verdict of \$5,000 to a woman — a Spiritualist, and that too, in the "face and eyes" of the pleadings, and *against* the interests of a powerful Corporation. Evidently the writer of the above has large ideas of the "good time coming," when such things pass with *him* for "minor matters."

"SWEARING IN WITNESSES." The Quakers have borne a consistant testimony against swearing in courts of law,—and wisely, as the *implication* is that the evidence of a witness is *not* reliable without the oath. It is one of the ways Christianity uses to tell the world that *all men and women* are *liars*, while complimenting her priesthood and institutions. It is none the less an insult to *human* nature, and will be *abolished*, as a worthless, if not an injurious ceremony, as soon as men and women learn to *respect* themselves and think less of their saints and holy books.

So thinking, we told his Honor the Mayor of Boston, that we preferred not to swear on the Bible, as previous witnesses had been doing, the detail of which is thus stated by the *Reporter* of the *Post*, June 3rd, 1871.

"Dr. Toohey was now called, but objected to be sworn on the Bible, stating as his reason that he did not believe the Bible to be a plenary inspired work, neither did he believe in God as a God of humanity, nor in the Roman Catholic Church, but his conscience was his God. After considerable difficulty in determining what form of an oath the doctor did consider binding, the matter was adjusted by allowing the witness to hold up his right hand and be sworn in the usual manner."

The reporter of the *Post* intended to give the *facts*, but got them mixed; while the reporter of the *Journal*, (June 3rd) aimed at communicating *nothing*, and succeeded. Here is his statement.—

"Prof. J. W. Toohey, one of the coroner's jury, was called. A rather amusing colloquy ensued between the Professor and Mr. Parker as to what the Professor considered a binding form of oath. The Professor went into a metaphysical statement of his idea of Deity, which might hardly be Orthodox, but was construed as adequate for the purpose, and he was sworn in the usual manner.

The facts in the case are these. The previous witnesses had been sworn on the Bible, which prompted Mr. Parker to ask the following questions, as we did not answer to his liking the *first*. "Are you a Catholic? A. No. Are you a Protestant? A. No. What are you then? A. We are between the two — a little of both and not much of either. Mr. Parker then turned to the Mayor, who was presiding, to know what should be done with such a witness; when his Honor asked, if we had any objections to swearing on the Bible? We answered that we did not believe in the *plenary* inspiration of the Bible, and thought it useless to swear on it under such circumstances.

Then came the question, do you believe in God? Which we answered promptly in the *affirmative*, with this special *qualification* — our God — “the God of humanity and conscience.”

The inaccuracy of the *reports* is further noticeable in the abridgements of our name, and the unnecessary multiplication of *titles*. The former we have striven to prevent, as there is another Toohy before the public, a politician, with whom we have been confounded, and for whose sake we have been made to suffer. Indeed, the identity of name nearly cost us our life in the city of Joliet, Ill., where some of the Irish Democracy took a fancy to *stop* us in the street, *supposing* us to be the “*tother chap*.” Numerous as our initials are, therefore, they seem to be necessary to us, however taxing to others in writing.

The latter we have learned is a kind of an Americanism; for we have on more occasions than one, found ourself *reported* and bill-posted, as “Dr. ;” “Hon. ;” and Professor, and on very rare occasions, the “Rev. ;” is brought forth from the almost forgotten past to do duty; but for all that, we dislike the practice. Having *preached* as a minister, we are remembered as a “Rev.,” having spoken on politics, we pass for an “Hon. ;” and whenever we lecture on science, and take care of the sick, we are spoken of as “Doe.” Doctor or Professor. Be it known therefore, once for all, that these titles do not belong to us in any *legal* sense, and that it is a license upon the part of the public to so use them; nevertheless we have a preference, and if *titles* are to remain in use, we wish to be known as a *simple* Professor, for we *do* profess manhood, truthfulness and intellectual conviction as a spiritualistic witness, having some knowledge of Phrenology, Temperamental Physiology, Historic Anthropology, and kindred branches of Biologic Science; and *see* no good reason why men and women should not be called by their *pr per* names. So thinking, we will be correspondingly thankful to all who in writing or speaking of us will give us the benefit of our name.

JOHN H. W. TOOHEY.

“GHOST” EXCITEMENTS. Nothing contrasts more plainly with the extravagance of *ghost* scenes and excitements, than the thoughtful, matter-of-fact investigating *method* of the spiritual circle; and there is no single agency so well calculated to bring the former to an end, as the intellectual recognition and wise use of the latter. For the one grows out of mystery, tends to excitement, and supports superstition, while the other corrects all this, brings order out of chaos.

The much-ado about “the *mysterious noises* and exciting phenomena” at Stratford, Connecticut, and the more recent *sensation* of Brinkly College, will illustrate; but the better to make conviction “doubly sure,” we are now called on to make note of, and digest the later and more extravagant “doings and saying” at Wooston, Ohio. The origin of the excitement is connected with some manifestations which occurred in “the family of a miller named Hoff-

man," the detail and characteristics of which are stated as follows by the editor of the *New York Times*. He writes —

"There are almost continual noises, furniture is thrown down, clothes are cut to pieces or hidden away, crockery flies briskly about the house, food disappears from the larder, and is found buried or stuck up the chimney, and other mischievous pranks of the same sort are continually played, to the annoyance of the family, and the amazement and awe of their neighbors.

The matter has now become, we are assured, the theme of animated discussion through the whole surrounding country. It was alleged by many at the outset that the whole affair was a clever piece of legerdemain, carried on by the women of the HOFFMAN family. This charge they denied with indignation, and invited the most thorough investigation. All classes have been asked to come and see for themselves, and people have accepted the offer in great numbers, and with much closeness of scrutiny. In fact, the pressure of visitors has been so heavy, that at last some discrimination has been rendered unavoidable, and the *the Wooster Republican* says that three hundred persons were refused admittance on one day. Committees of examination have been at work for weeks, but strangely enough, not even a clue to the affair has been attained. All who go, see, hear, and attest to the same things. Some visitors — doubtless the most inquisitive and incredulous ones — have been subjected to the same persecutions as the HOFFMANS themselves. For example, ladies have had their dresses cut and rent, to quote the words of the *Republican*, 'in daylight and in the presence of individuals who were on the watch for such depredations.' Again, a reporter's hat was slashed into ribbons — the hat having been during the whole time of the owner's visit 'upon a small stand in the room where all were, and could not have been moved from its place, or the action would have been observed.'

"Mr. HOFFMAN, the head of the family, who took up his abode elsewhere for a time — the ghosts never troubling him individually under such circumstances — has returned home. He has taken this step because of the entreaties of his wife and daughters to come and protect them. We have already explained that a change of residence on the part of the ladies is followed by no relief. Mr. HOFFMAN's contumacy in returning to the domestic hearth, against the apparent wish of the unseen demons, is sharply punished by them in the old way. They cut his clothes, and steal his money, and pull his hair, and play him all manner of disagreeable tricks. Lately too, they have devised a fresh and poignant torture for his daughters. On managing to get to sleep, after the excitement and worry of the day, these persecuted females are suddenly aroused by the sensation of being punctured with pins. This, it will be observed, is a leaf from the book of many of the old-fashioned spectres, and, before the Hoffman ghosts are found out, the whole ancient catalogue of thaumaturgical exploits will probably be gone through. Meanwhile it must be recorded to the credit of the mystic operators, that their reputation for professional skill is considerably raised by their protracted escape from detection. The number of investigators has been greatly multiplied, and the chance for catching the ghosts tripping are of course multiplied also. But neither the Presbyterian divines, nor the table-tippers, neither the pedagogues of the region, nor the physicians, can boast so far, that they have thrown the least light on the mystery, or have gained any advantage the one over the other.

Several Ohio newspapers have been represented at the house of the HOFFMANS,

sometimes by their editors and sometimes by reporters; and all their accounts seem to be exactly confirmatory of each other and of what we have described.

"DYING WITHOUT HOPE IN GOD." Sunday, June the 11th, we had the pleasure of speaking to the Radical Free-thinkers, Spiritualists and Liberalists of Marlboro, Mass. The lecture did not commence until 2 o'clock P. M., and we had the fore part of the day for "*tending* meeting," if we chose. We did *choose*, a friend inviting, and went to the Universalist Church. It proved to be a cool, comfortable place, with "nothing to molest, or make us afraid," except the large number of empty pews. The sermon and services were *rather* serious and heavy; but otherwise liberalizing. Indeed, *some* passages in the sermon were emphatically un-orthodoxical," and suggested much more than was stated by the preacher. Of these, the following is the most noticeable.—

During the "Anniversaries of May, the preacher visited a Presbyterian meeting, and heard a report read by a prominent member, on "the *spiritual* condition of the world." The detail was *bad*; but the conclusion of the whole matter *worse*; for it appeared by the aid of multiplication and substraction, that "during the *past fifty years, over twelve hundred MILLIONS* of human beings have died, and gone into the world of spirits, without any hope in God."

\* Reflecting upon this preposterous statement, the preacher concluded; 1st, that the *report* was *false*; 2d, that he would not preach from the Bible, if he thought its teachings justified such miserable prospects for the dying and the dead; and 3d, that he could not blame those who believed the Bible inculcated such blasphemous views of God and Nature, for rejecting it as a revelation of "good news."

We agreed with the first conclusion, and a quarter of a century ago put in practice the second, believing the fundamental doctrines of the Bible inculcated just such "blasphemies," the preacher and the Universalists to the contrary, notwithstanding; but independent of all abstractions on *blasphemy*, the above report suggests a question for the consideration of those who help to support sixty-one thousand clergymen annually, at an expense of \$42,000,000, "DOES IT PAY?"

EXPLANATORY AND SUGGESTIVE.—Mr. E. S. Wheeler in the first July issue of the American *Spiritualist*, has a friendly notice of the July number of the *Analyst*, from which we extract the following,—the better to point the moral and enforce the logic of what we have already offered on the subject.

"*Stop that lie*," says Mr. Tooley in a note, and recalls to mind that at Lawrence, Mass., half a decade ago, he was synoptically, and hence of necessity partially reported. He declared, he says, his preference for *genuine* mediumship, over "mere shut, eyed imitations." The word "mere" with a great deal else was omitted from the report of a long debate, which occasioned a widening understanding, whereby he was charged with being an enemy of media and a disparager of mediumship, when he



has been, for a score of years, a friend to one, and a trusting student of the other. All this has been circulated to his personal discredit and general damage, although as he writes, "the reporter before and since our last visit West has put a few lines in the Spiritual papers as partial correction."

It is to be regretted that the unnecessary sensitiveness of any one interested in the popularity of some special phase of "abnormalism," should induce them to make the literal wording of an imperfect report the ground of a disparaging attack upon an individual. To fully and wholly report the doings of a lively convention day after day would be difficult, perhaps unprofitable. Synopsis may be attempted, but when speakers are themselves concentrative and close, omission of words abrogates sense, and justifiable complaint follows. Those who write and publish may learn a lesson; but those who read and discuss have equal reason for consideration.

"First, let us have an end of persecution for opinion sake — even though one affirms his lack of confidence in some who see with their eyes shut !

"Second, let speakers be plain and direct; reporters attentive and faithful; editors and publishers impartial and liberal; above all, let readers be candid, sensible and receptive, more anxious to make known, magnanimously, the *spirit* of the record than hold an earnest mind condemned for uncertain words spoken in heat of debate, and reported in the imperfection of abbreviated haste.

"As an Anthropologist, Mr. Toobey has made mediumship a study; and all classes of sensitives will do better to acquire his knowledge than to attempt to create a prejudice against him, on account of any utterance he may make — "shut-eyed" or open-eyed. We have come to the eve of the time when "mere" pretense cannot be made profitable; and assumption from any quarter must be backed by demonstrations of ability and attainment."

**FAMILY DECLENSION.** The Rochester *Express* publishes the following under the heading, "Influence of Age over Youth"; but does that single fact account for the *declension* of *four* religiously educated daughters from *one* family? We think not, since similar retrogressions in religious families point to other and deeper causes. The saying, that "Minister's sons and deacon's daughters are apt to be wild," points to a common experience, and means something fundamental. So thinking, we will return to the subject, and attempt explanation of a much neglected department in the science of "sexology." Meanwhile, let all who can, account for the fact, that —

"In 186—, the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman in the centre of this State (New York) who had been reared in a strict and rigid manner, proceeded to New Haven, Conn., to spend a month with friends during the college commencement season. While there, taking advantage of the new freedom from restraint afforded her, she carried on extensive flirtations with the students, and was ruined by a member of the senior class. He persuaded her to leave her friends and return with him to New York instead of going home. Singular to relate, she appeared almost from choice to enter upon city dissipations and excesses, until, becoming thoroughly hardened and depraved, a sister came to visit her and persuade her to go back to her father's home. Instead of doing so, however, the visiting sister was persuaded to remain and enter on the same terrible life which her sister was leading. Since then the two abandoned women have allured their two younger sisters away from

the paternal roof, and the four are now keeping, what is known as a "fashionable bagnio" in New York. A more melancholy instance of power of older upon younger members of a family never came to notice. Parents unquestionably sometimes commit a mistake in bringing up their children under too rigorous regulations, especially if they be strong positive natures.

## THE SPIRITUAL ANALYST, AND WHAT IS SAID OF IT.

The introduction of a new\* PERIODICAL into the family of public prints, resembles in some particulars the entrance of the "new comer" in the domestic circle; for each has to undergo a certain amount of inspection, criticism and approval before the family welcome is warmly and heartily extended. "Big brothers" and *sulky* sisters often complicate and prolong the "*probation*," and end in considering the new born "a good for nothing" and an incumbrance. Should there be *no* brothers or sisters, there are other members, elders and relatives, who have fears to express and *improvements* to suggest about the *virility* and *probable* usefulness of the new aspirant. The elders may be as poor as the leanest of "Job's kine," and as near death as "the last rose of summer"; but that does not prevent them from being "wise in their own *conceit*," nor save them from being *selfish* to the last degree of *meanness*. And all this comes independently of "the *cutting* of the *teeth*," and the getting the wherewithal to *sharpen the teeth upon*.

Fortunately for us, we have had very little of this kind of family authority extended to the *Analyst*. For the most part the welcome has been warm, appreciative and honest. Those who have known us longest and best, have been most prompt to notice our efforts and commend the undertaking. Policy and individual preferences have not prevented the *generous* from acknowledging the merits of the *Publication*, nor withheld them from speaking and writing truthful and discriminative words about the qualifications of the editor.

Of the three notices of the *Analyst* which have appeared in the American *Spiritualist*, the following extract from the pen of Geo. A. Bacon will illustrate the scope and tenor of this generous appreciation. Writing of the *Monthly*, and in *advance* of the first issue of the *Analyst*, (May 6th) he says:—

"Prof. Toohey resumes the editorial pen after several years of systematic study and comparative silence, bringing to his present task more than ordinary mental fitness. We doubt not he will make it a highly critical, able and instructive magazine. Certainly there is an absolute need, and we trust there will be developed a

demand, for an exact compendium and record of Spiritualism in all its outlooks. The present status of the Spiritual movement requires something of the kind."

Equally prompt, the *Banner of Light*, so well and generally known as the oldest existing expositor of the philosophy of spirit-intercourse, made note of our progress month by month, and in its issue of July 15th, reports us as follows:—

"THE SPIRITUAL ANALYST for July is a manifest improvement on previous issues, offering a table of contents that will challenge general admiration. The talent and industry of the editor are conspicuous throughout the number. Mr. Toohey leads off with an article based on the inquiry, "Is Christianity a Finality or a Failure?" and this is followed by a goodly list of sterling articles on Communion with Nature; Poetry, its Development and Uses; Illumination, or the Sleep-Waker; Where are the Dead? Consciousness, by John Pierpont; Biblical Spiritualism; Scientific Record; Reports and Notes; and Literary. The *Analyst* is of the true magazine stamp and spirit, and displays a freshness and vigor that promise good fruits for the future."

The detail of this statement is further set forth by a friendly report in the Western Department of the *Banner*. Cephas B. Lynn, writing of "*The Spiritual Analyst*," says:—

"This magazine, issued monthly, is now under the editorial supervision of Prof. J. H. W. Toohey. The June number is full of interesting matter. The man in the "easy chair" talks like a clear-headed philosopher, possessing all the method of the scientist, and the sunny wit of the natural humorist. The "Scientific Record" is valuable, and then there are able essays, and a choice selected narrative. We shall anxiously look for the *Analyst* as the months come and go, for we shall find calm, dignified, progressive and scientific statements on the all-important theme of Spiritualism. We hope to see an essay on "Mediumship," before long, in this publication."

In answer to the closing suggestion, we can only state the fact,—that we have been working upon an Essay on MEDIUMSHIP; ITS CONDITIONS AND PLACE IN NATURE; which we hope to publish, with our review of A. J. Davis's criticisms of Spiritualism and Spiritualists, before many months. Just when, however, we cannot state.

Moses Hull, in the *Crucible*, though given to melting crude things with earnest thought, "comes down" thus lightly on the *Analyst* in his issue of July 15th. He says:—

"The July number of this excellent Magazine, "devoted to life and its issues," is before us. The publishers are well known and have ever been known to do their work right. Prof. Toohey, as editor, fully meets the anticipations of his most sanguine friends. He seems to fully endorse the doctrine of "leaving the first principles, and going on to perfection." He uses the Spiritual Phenomena—as it should be used—as a child uses the alphabet. He no more believes that having once learned the Phenomenal phase of Spiritualism, we should eternally dally with it, than that old grey-headed men and women should spend all their time in look-

ing over an a, b, c, primer book, which once proved useful to them. \* \* \* \*  
Every article in the *Analyst* will come quite up to what may be expected from reading its title."

Later, on coming to Boston, Moses called at the office of the *Spiritual Analyst*.

"W. F. Brown & Co. have worked hard to make a monthly, deserving of support, and they are succeeding. The mechanical execution of the *Analyst* is not excelled by any journal on the continent. Prof. J. H. W. Toohey proves himself well adapted to the work of conducting just such a journal as the *Analyst*. There is only one question now, will the Spiritualists sustain Messrs. Brown, Twitchell and Toohey in their work."

These good words for the PUBLISHERS are timely and well deserved, as they desire to fill, and more than fill the promise made to the public when the *Monthly* was first projected. If this is realized and responded to, the work will go bravely on.

Horace Seaver, of the Boston *Investigator*, although iconoclastic rather than constructive, seems to think the *Analyst* makes, —

"A neat appearance typographically, and is well managed editorially, for Mr. Toohey is able and liberal, and, for a Spiritualist, progressive, though we don't know that we ought to express a decided opinion of a sort of progress that 'no eye hath seen or can see,' so far as it relates to another world. However, we shall read the *Analyst* and *Scientific Record* carefully, as we rather like its name and purpose."

This was in May (2d), since when, a slight change has come to his thinking about *spiritual* analysis, for he says, (August 2d.)

"The *Spiritual Analyst* for August is Spiritual, and nothing else, though not quite so fanatical as some of its school, but we notice that it says the 'spirit manifestations' are not by any means subsiding. We are sorry to learn the fact, as we had hoped that this folly was dying out, but religious errors are long lived — and it seems to us but a continuation of them to talk of *spiritual* analysis. One may analyze material matters, for in that case there is something substantial to work upon, but analyzing a spirit is like separating nothing from nothing, or so it appears to us. But perhaps the *Analyst* can tell how this is done."

We think the "thing" can be done, and will get around to the *needs* of the *Investigator* "some of these days." There is "a good time coming," friend Seaver, only wait "a little longer."

S. C. Cleveland, Editor of the Yates County (N. Y.) *Chronicle*, a liberal and enterprising publicist of the progressive school, after noticing the contents and general make-up of the June *Analyst*, says:—

"Mr. Toohey is a man of broad culture and much ability. He will make an excellent Editor of such a periodical as the *Analyst* proposes to be. His scientific notes are particularly interesting. If he can succeed in bringing Spiritualism within the domain of science he will perform a good service, if he does not destroy it altogether. We are glad, at any rate, to see his intellect and learning put to good service, and we wish him and his publishers abundant success."



Friend Cleveland should know us better, for our work is not to destroy, but to *construct*. And this we think will be the order of progress, as soon as men and women learn to *analyze* phenomena, and become reconciled to the *logic of facts*.

S. C. Jones, the editor of the *Religio-Philosophic Journal*, thus noticed the *Analyst*, June 10th:—

"This is the name of a new monthly just started,—J. H. W. Toohy, editor. It is nicely printed, and all the articles bear evidence of deep research, and are very interesting."

Two months later, the same "*Religio-Philosophic*" Journal reports us as follows:—

"The last number of the *Analyst* comes to hand laden with criticisms from the pen of E. S. Wheeler, on the writings of the Poughkeepsie Seer.

That's right; cut right and left, Brother Wheeler; let the world know that you live! But what a pity it is that you have not been the author of as many grand productions as Brother Davis; then some critic could get a hit at you. But as long as you persist in a masterly inactivity, so far as any literary production is concerned, you are safe—perfectly so. Write a book, Brother Wheeler, and give some critical pen a chance to stab you. Several, no doubt, are waiting for the opportunity.

We wonder what Brother Davis thinks of these troublesome critics—Wheeler, Toohy, Powell, and others. We wonder if he ever says "*Shoo fly*," or does his *knower* itch when he reads their fulminations as if an Illinois ox-fly was around.

We have always admired Brother Davis, and have sometimes somewhat envied him in his happiness, but since the critics have been buzzing around his ear like a June bug around a potato vine, we feel that he is pestered enough.

Brother Davis, we leave you with the calm satisfaction that you still live, and that our shelves are adorned with all your publications; and if you should ever wish to brush off your critics, as a milkmaid would a troublesome fly, the columns of the *Journal* are open to you; but if you persist in letting them *bite* you, they will, like a Chicago Mosquito, become more bold and troublesome, and in order to appear learned many will criticise you.

We hope the *Analyst* will be able to withstand the shock of this criticism. Its predecessor was killed thereby, and its editor badly injured, and was compelled to go to Europe to recuperate. Some kinds of criticisms are poisonous, and nothing but a bath in the Thames, or the genial air of Italy can thoroughly eradicate it from the system."

Western extravagance is proverbial, but this is composed of equal parts of bad taste and *worse* sense. Analyzed, it says to Mr. Wheeler, "Mr. Davis has written books, and you have not "*Shoo fly*!" don't you touch him or them *critically*, until you do! Logically making Mr. Davis a spiritual Pope, and "*Shoo fly*" Wheeler and Company, "*bugs*" and "*ox-flies*." And to crown this presumptuous nonsense, these intellectual refinements (?) pass for "*religio-philosophic*" wisdom where S. S. Jones, Esq. is "*boss*" and high priest.

We appreciate accordingly the *benevolent* outlooks of Squire Jones's mind, and hasten to relieve his anxiety about the future of the *Analyst*, by assuring him that it "*still lives*," with a fair prospect of a continued and useful life. But should it undergo some future and additional changes, it will only experience the *variations* incident to "*a beginning*," and so far resemble the earlier development of the *R. P. Journal*. Still, we expect for it — "*better things*."

We also hope the criticism of Mr. Wheeler will induce those who have not the publications of Mr. Davis, to get and read them, that they may know *how* far the character of *our* issue with Mr. Davis, is *removed* from any aid the *R. P. Journal* can give it."

### "THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN," NOT QUITE SCIENTIFIC.

The *Scientific American* of August 12 contains the history of the late manifestations in England, with illustrations representing the machinery used on the occasion. The account of Mr. Crookes, together with the letters of the other gentlemen in attendance are published in full, the whole making a clear and circumstantial statement of the means, methods and results of the "experimental investigation."

This speaks well for the *American*, and illustrates how personal prejudice is forced to respect the thoroughness and impartiality of scientific investigation. Nevertheless the *American* has to say a word or two against the spirits and the mediums, — just enough to inform its theological and materialistic readers that it has more respect for their prejudices and foregone conclusions than for the *logic* of *facts*. Here is the conclusion of its editorial.

"We are glad these investigations are thus initiated. Heretofore, when anything out of the common way has occurred, a solution has been found by a certain class of minds, in the belief that spirits of the dead revisit the earth and manifest their presence by out-of-the-way performances, etc. If the existence of phisic force be now accepted as proved, it will give the spirits a chance to rest; there services will no longer be required.

These experiments, performed through the presence of the celebrated spiritual medium, Daniel Dunglas Home, are no more remarkable than those exhibited in this country by other mediums we could name, and which we have frequently witnessed. It is their subjection to strict scientific scrutiny that renders them noticeable at this time."

The opening statement is *cool* even for a scientific skeptic, for it more than implies that the phenomena in America has not been investigated during the past twenty years. But this is not the first time an editor has done violence to his convictions and the radical issues of the age, to please his subscribers; — and considering how powerful a tyrant "public opinion" is, it will not be the last. It is surprising, nevertheless, that a *scientific* man, who has "frequently witnessed mediumistic manifestations in this country, as remarkable as those of Mr. Home, should indulge in such common-place; particularly, when his news-paper *exchanges* furnish him with almost daily occurrences, which prove the activity of the spirits and the direct *opposite* of their being "at rest." Take the following case from the *Lyons Republican* of recent date.

"**SPIRITUAL SURGERY.**—The following occurrence is said to have taken place a few miles from here, last Monday. A young man was so unfortunate as to dislocate one of his shoulder-joints. Two physicians attempted, in vain, to reduce the dislocation. In a short time, while the patient was resting from the pain and fatigue of the vain attempt, he felt his arm gradually raised to an extended position, and the head of the dislocated bone readily slip into its proper place. — He experienced no pain whatever, but plainly felt a hand upon his arm; and turning his head, he saw a female — the exact counterpart of his mother, who has been dead a number of years. The image was present to him but a moment, and then disappeared. When the physicians returned to the room to make another attempt to reduce the dislocation, they found the work done, and the bone in its proper position."

And this manifestation illustrates only one phase of the many, which for twenty years have been occurring in thousands of homes in this country. The merit of the late investigation therefore is not in proving what is, and has been well known before, but in demonstrating to those, who need the information, the important difference between individual, *pretense* experiences, and public demonstrations; for, so long as it is possible for *one* person to be mistaken, the testimony of two, three or more persons equally intelligent on the same point, will be considered more reliable and go further as evidence than the one.

The one may be as true as the many, but the testimony of the former is not conclusive with the latter. On this philosophy the multiplication of witnesses has a value, for the improbabilities are greater against the many being mistaken than the one. But even this method of testing *truth* is not infallible, as every reader of history knows; but when science makes its own tests, invents its own methods of verification, and demonstrates nothing, not previously known, the inference is, the *age* is more scientific than *some* of its teachers, and more reliable than the schools supporting such expositors.

It is not the first time however the dogmatism of scientific men has brought science into discredit; but that day has passed, with the intelligent, since the services of science have been too numerous, and her truths are too well established to be seriously injured by the errors of her well meaning but occasionally mistaken servants. We hope accordingly for the further education and speedy conversion of the *Scientific American*, to the recognition of a **SPIRIT** as well as a **Nerve Force**, for it is not in keeping with the intelligence of men less educated than the editor of the *Scientific American*, to accept half truths, when they can obtain the **WHOLE**; and that they get in recognizing the **SPIRITUAL UNITY** of Nature, and the probability of spirit-int intercourse.

## Recent Publications.

THE PRIMARY SYNOPSIS OF UNIVERSOLOGY AND ALWATO! THE NEW SCIENTIFIC UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE. By Stephen Pearl Andrews. New York; Dion Thomas, 141 Fulton Street; 1871. pp. 224.

The intellectual developments of the past half century, and the individual scholarship of Mr. Andrews, unite in this brief expression of "universology." It is a culmination as well as an accumulation; a construction as well as an analysis; and appeals to the student in the joint suggestiveness of the better and best developments of the individual and contemporaneous achievements. It is an attempt to master the outlooks of other thinkers, and improve upon their results, — the many finding expression *in* and *through* the one.



It is more than a system, it is a science,—organic and fundamental,—combining the known truths of the universe; the uniformities of Nature; and the *verified* acknowledgements of *conscious* Life.

Those unacquainted with the mental qualifications of Mr. Andrews, and the many efforts made in the interests of so vast an undertaking, may consider it more assumptive than practical,—a conceit rather than a possibility; but all such should know that Mr. Andrews is “a natural” linguist, as well as an earnest, industrious and enterprising student. Early evidence of this was given nearly thirty years ago, (1845) when he was the known and acknowledged expositor of “Pitman’s System of Phonography”; and the publisher of “The Phonographic Class Book and Reader.” Subsequent “Discoveries in Chinese” and the publication of a French Grammar, were the ripening fruit of this *basic* study,—the further outlook of which was to be “a larger work,” which should extend to all the Primitive Chinese Characters, including Clefs and Phonetics.” [Introduction to Discoveries, &c.]

The importance of these *discoveries* were acknowledged as soon as published, (1854) and prompted the *book* reviewer of the *Tribune* to say: “We regard the investigation of Mr. Andrews as the first scientific and satisfactory opening of the Chinese to the Occidental world. Unless we are much mistaken, he has done for that language what the great Champollion did for the Egyptian—he has discovered the *clue* which reduces what has heretofore appeared as only a mass of incongruities and confusion, into compact, accessible and useful order.”

This, however, was only a partial application of “a larger work,”—a fundamental analysis of the root-words of the leading classical and modern European languages; from a point of view entirely novel in this species of study; “a new science,” which he denominated “IDIOLOGY: the Philosophical and Historical Evolution of Human Thought; which has underlaid and inspired the development of human language, and is therefore logically precedent to it.” [Introduction to Discoveries, &c., p. 5.]

The desire, therefore, to found a new, scientific and universal language, was original with the youthful student, and ripened with maturing years and scholarly efforts, until appreciative and competent judges “cordially concur in urging the publication of the work at the earliest possible date.” Prominent among these are:—Park Godwin, Prof. E. L. Youmans, George Opdyke, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, and many others; most of whom have more or less of a national reputation, although residing for the most part in the city or vicinity of New York.

The theory of an “universal language,” important and fundamental as Mr. Andrews considers it, is but a part of the intellectual results of the study that finds expression in “Universology.” As early as 1850 he was earnest and active in developing “the science of society.” Vindicating the natural rights of the Individual against the assumptions of tradition and custom, he was bold to say: “Socialism *demands*, and will end by achieving the untrameled self-hood of the Individual in the private relations of life; but out of that universal self-hood shall grow the highest harmonies of social relationship.” [Science of Society, No. 1, p. 40-1.]

This general statement was supported by a systematic detail of “Principles,” the better to introduce “*honesty* in TRADE,” and make “COST the LIMIT of PRICE.” Not content, however, with generalizing fundamental thought in socialistic reform, he adds EXPERIMENT to conviction, and taxes his time, strength and general resources to demonstrate the *practical* of “EQUITABLE COMMERCE,” and co-operative industry. “Trialville, O., and Modern Times, L. I., developed experiences and analogical results, the logic of which deepened conviction and worked out the science of the UNIVERSAL. Success and failure contributed to this result, and were alike profitable to the science-builder, however disappointing the latter to the practical man; for Fourierism in France, Owenism in England, and Communism in America, had failed in “The Solution of the Social Problem.” [See Science of Society, No. 2, 1851.]



Thus the logic of events in the developments of sociology, as well as the individual enterprise of Mr. Andrews, brings us face to face with universal experience and the science of the *knowable*. The conclusion is, that "universology" is more than a possibility: and better than theory in the presence of the developed actual of Mr. Andrews. Commencing with Language, as Comte did with Mathematics, "the elements of sound" are presented as the Analogues or Individual Echoes of the elements of the Universe itself, which are the Proto-pragmata and Abstract Principle of which it is composed." (p. 45.) From this it is inferred that each sound of the voice in speech, such as is represented by the Letters of the Alphabet, is the Analogue of some *Particular* First Entity or Governing Principle of Universal Being; and that inversely, that Particular Entity or Principle is the *true* meaning by Analogy of the giving Alphabetical sounds; and that all such Principles must be measured numerically and by Exact Echoes in all senses, by the number and character of the elementary sounds of the *True* Universal Alphabet of Language." [P. 72, p. 45-6.]

The further application of these "Governing Principles," divides Language into three parts, corresponding to divisions in Being, — Life — its Principles and Appliances; all of which finds expression in and through the spoken word, making Language a Science and an Art. A broader generalization carries these elementary divisions into the uniformities of law, making "only *Three Fundamental Principles* in the Universe. These are UNISM, DUISM, and TRINISM, because they are derived from, and stand definitely related to the numbers ONE, TWO, and THREE." [Introduction.]

The detail necessary to these fundamental Principles, will be found in "The Primary Synopsis" and "The Basic Outline of Universology." The first is now before the public, to introduce and prepare the way for the second, — both being auxiliary to the larger and perfected work. How far the size and binding will be uniform, is not stated; but the letter-press speaks for itself; and the well known taste displayed by Mr. Thomas in the getting up of his publications, gives promise that the series will receive a liberal finish and a substantial binding. New type clear print, good paper, and eminent sense, thus unite to make the promised volumes deservedly attractive with all thoughtful and studious persons, desiring to master the unities of Life, the uniformities of Nature, and the *certainties* of Science.

Having the synopsis only, we are confined to a notice, postponing all criticism. When we know more, we may have something additional to offer, as the subject matter is fundamental to the Science of the Real, and the philosophy of the Possible.

THE THEORY OF UNIVERSAL UNITY. By Charles Faurier. With Notes and Appendix by A. Brisbane. New York; News Company.

CULVERT, in common with the multitude, considers Faurier a *visionary*, because he proposed "to make a *l'amen honest*"! and says it was natural that he should be so represented, having proposed "so stupendous a *revolution* in human affairs"; but the *conceit* is as foreign to Faurier, as it is insulting to *human* nature. The fact is, Faurier did not propose to *improve* upon Nature, but to improve the *conditions* of society; so that men, women and children would not be induced to be *di-honest*. Not making this distinction, "the *civilizee*" generally fails to understand the real intentions of the apostles and disciples of Socialism.

Understanding the matter better, Faurier was not surprised to find the historic sages "looking forward to a time when the human race should arrive at a happier destiny than that of civilization," and says: "We find this prognostication in the pages of the most renowned authors, from Socrates, who argued that some day *the light* would descend upon the earth, to Voltaire, who, impatient to see it descend, exclaimed: "How dark a night still veils all Nature's face?" Plato and other Greek philosophers expressed the same idea, in other terms. Their utopæas were an indirect accusation of the genius of their age, which could not conceive of anything beyond the civilized regime! These writers are regarded as oracles of wisdom, and yet from Socrates to Rousseau we find the most eminent of them deploring the insufficiency of their theories. They admit the falseness of the social state and the imperfection of our political sciences. Montesquien thinks that the social world is afflicted by a chronic debility, by an internal malady, by a hidden virus!! and Rousseau, speaking of the *civilizees*, says: "These beings whom we see around us, are not men; there is some perversion, the cause of which we cannot penetrate." [Chap. 3d, p. 61.]

Faurier thus vindicates himself from *singularity*, in sharing the honor of good motives and noble aspirations with the reformers of other times and climes, — suggesting the nature of his *real* issue and desires. As an *end* he no doubt wished to re-organize society; but the *real* reality of his life and labors, was to develop a "unity of Man with himself"; a unity of Man with God; and a unity of Man with the universe." (P. 13.) This was the grand "end all and mend all" of life's issues with him, as it has been with the good and great all the wide world over. Faurier, therefore, was *not visionary*, for he sympathized with the good and true of humanity, and felt "the good time coming" *drawing nigh*.

The history of his mental discoveries are proportionately interesting, and the methods by which he hoped to effect the great social and passionate revolution he worked for, must ever remain among the attractive studies of mankind. His theory of unity is fundamental to his philosophy of history and life, and is more or less reflected in and through all his writings. The present volumes, however, with the aid of Mr. Brisbane's notes, will aid the English student in mastering the details of Fourierism, although the work would be easier were the type a trifle larger.

**MARRIED FOR BOTH WORLDS.** By Mrs. A. E. Porter. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1871. pp. 281.

While the sympathy of the writer and the sentiment of the narrative are in the interest of religion, the title of the book and some of the statements in it, are hardly in keeping with the text of the New Testament, and the so called "Orthodoxy" of the day. The title says, "Married for Both Worlds"; but Jesus said, "In the resurrection, they neither marry, nor are they given in marriage, &c., &c." [Matt. ch. 22: 30.]

The heroine and her husband, however, believe in a union forever; and she lives a faithful, truthful and trusting life after his translation, inspired by that conviction. The story is eventful, but neither touchingly descriptive nor startlingly dramatic. It has little philosophy and less science — the detail coming within the domain of the social, domestic and religious spheres of life. The local of the story is in a retired village, "where the parishioners lived in simplicity, satisfied with the faith as delivered to the saints, though in New York and Boston tables were turning and spirits were writing. Swedenbourg was unknown there, and the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress were their teachers in spiritual things." (p. 15.) Nevertheless, the heroine eventually finds consolation in knowing there are "ministering spirits" and that her "husband was with" her. (p. 206.) The book, however, is better adapted to the Sunday School, than to general circulation.

**A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.** By Charles Reade. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

This is the authorized edition, and the tenth volume in the series of the author's publications. It is complete in itself, and yet there are trains of thought and resemblances in scenes and characters, that recall much of the latter part of "Hard Cash." Whoever has read the one, should read the other, and master the working policy of the Asylums and Hospitals for the insane in England. The pictures are occasionally distressing, but their truthfulness is the most distressing part of the matter. Mr. Reade, however, is educating the public, bringing order out of chaos. His books, accordingly, should be kept circulating, notwithstanding the legal fiction that classifies them as Novels. The narrative is clear, compact and circumstantial; the scenes for the most part being highly dramatic and startling. An instructive detail.

**NAHANT: AND WHAT IS TO BE SEEN THERE.** Boston: W. F. Brown & Co, 1871.

The letter-press of this delightful little manual is a triumph of art, and a fitting frame for the clear and circumstantial detail of what is to be seen in Nahant and vicinity.

Persons visiting Boston Bay for a boat ride or an excursion, will find much in this little volume to "throw light" on surrounding objects, making it easy for the traveller to "find tongues in trees, books in the rolling sea, sermons in stones, and intelligence in everything."

**THE PSALMS OF LIFE.** By John S. Adams. Boston: Adams & Co., 25 Bromfield Street.

This is a neat volume, containing 522 Hymns and Chants, which is destined to supply a deficiency in the department of Song, and is admirably adapted for Circles, Lyceums, and home use. It combines the dear and familiar tunes of the past, with words and sentiments adapted to the progress of the age — choice selections from our favorite poets.