

THE
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CRYSTAL PALACE LECTURES ON SPIRITUALISM.*

By THE EDITOR.

II.

I. PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.—Under this head may be comprised all those manifestations of a physical character with which Spiritualism is more generally associated in the minds of the public at large. The first phenomena witnessed at Rochester at the commencement of the modern movement consisted principally of knockings, and by these the whole thing has been largely characterized ever since that time. There is, perhaps, hardly a circle that has been formed in which rappings, gentle or violent as the case may have been, tilting of the table, and other phenomena of that kind have not occurred. These are generally the forms in which the spirits first manifest themselves, and, as such, present to our notice an interesting subject of enquiry. The rappings on the table are sometimes of an extremely gentle character, so much so, that they are unlike anything that is to be heard under other circumstances. He who has once listened to these tiny tappings will never forget the peculiarity which distinguishes them from every other kind of sound. They appear, not like raps on the surface of the table—either above it or below—but like sounds issuing from the centre of the wood itself. The first time I ever heard them I was particularly struck with their peculiarity, and I believe my experience is the same as that of nearly every other person who has investigated the subject. At other times these knockings are so loud and violent as to resemble the striking of the

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table or the wall, as the case may be, with the fist of a strong, muscular man, or sometimes seem like a blow caused by a thick heavy bludgeon. When they come in this way, unsought, as in my experience they frequently have done, they may be the source of a considerable amount of annoyance. Then there is the movement of the table. Sometimes it is tilted towards one side, sometimes the other; not unfrequently one end is raised or three legs are removed from the floor, so that it rests on only one, and occasionally it is taken up bodily into the air and floated with a gentle undulatory movement, as though it were swimming in water, on the surface of which a considerable disturbance was taking place. Articles of furniture are shifted from place to place in the room and occasionally removed from one apartment to another. Human beings sitting in the circle are frequently raised from the floor, sometimes with the chair in which they are sitting, sometimes without it, and placed on the table or carried to another part of the apartment. Flowers, fruits and other substances are occasionally brought professedly from a long distance and placed on the table in the *séance* room, and inanimate objects are taken from the room and carried to distant places. These comprise a few of the very numerous phenomena that take place in what is termed the spirit circle.

All this may occur with or without a presiding intelligence. In knockings on the wall, rappings on the table, shifting of articles of furniture from place to place, and even the levitation of human beings, there is not necessarily any intelligence whatever displayed, and consequently taken by themselves such phenomena would do very little towards establishing the truth of Spiritualism. The mere act of a table being moved or even floated in mid-air of course proves nothing more than that some force is in operation capable of accomplishing the result, leaving the question as to the nature of the force still undecided. There are, however, other phenomena of an exactly analogous character to these, in which the operation of an intelligence of some kind is apparent. Questions are answered by means of the raps, intelligent sentences are spelt out by the alphabet, the table is tilted in obedience to a request from some one of the persons present, articles in their motion follow a given direction, the sitters are brought into contact with active agents unconnected with any of themselves, sentences are written on blank papers by unseen hands, and pictures painted in the space of a second or two, which no one present could have accomplished under as many hours, if at all, and which, in the cases in question, they certainly had no hand in producing. I shall first speak of the phenomena which take place in the absence of intelligence, and secondly, of those in which there is an unmis-

takable display of design and purpose, with a view to discuss more logically and more minutely the theories which have been propounded to account for each.

1. *The Physical Phenomena in which Intelligence does not appear.*—These are of various kinds, as I have already stated, and have been attempted to be explained in different ways, according to the phenomena dealt with. A dozen or so of theories have been mooted by scientific men, which they have fancied might enable us to account for the manifestations without calling in the aid of spirit-agency.

(a.) *Trickery and Imposition.*—I do not intend to devote much time to a discussion of this hypothesis, because in the first place it is so utterly preposterous as to be unworthy of a moment's consideration, and in the second is not accepted by anyone who has paid the smallest attention to the subject. To suppose that a body of people who can be numbered by tens of thousands, and comprising some of the most brilliant intellects of the age, and men who, from their perfect knowledge of physical science, are thoroughly acquainted with everything that can be done by mechanical contrivances, should be imposed upon by a few conjuring tricks performed by a score or two of ignorant charlatans, is a notion so monstrously absurd as to be unworthy of one moment's consideration. I have myself seen all the great conjurers, Houdin, Robin, Hermann, and others, when the art of legerdemain was in its prime, before it had been degraded by the clumsy jugglery of the men who now practise it, and I never saw a trick performed by any of them that I could not understand or explain, and to suppose that a spirit medium, consisting frequently of an illiterate female, or of a child of eight or ten years of age, could deceive me by an act of sleight of hand which the men I have named were incompetent to perform, is preposterous in the extreme. I know that there are men who profess occasionally, in this very room, to produce the same phenomena as those which are witnessed in the spirit circle, but the profession is an impudent and lying boast as everyone knows who has taken the smallest trouble to investigate the subject. Besides, these phenomena occur in our own houses, with no one present but members of our own family circles, and where, therefore, conjuring and trickery are entirely out of place. The theory of legerdemain, therefore, I dismiss without further notice.

(b.) *Ideomotor Motion.*—This is a theory set up by Dr. Carpenter, and accepted by a goodly number of physiologists as being competent to account for a large number of the phenomena of the class under consideration. It was on this principle that Professor Faraday imagined that his Indicator settled the whole

question. You will be able to gather a tolerably accurate idea of what is meant by ideo-motor motion from the following extract which I quote from Dr. Carpenter's *Physiology*.

No difficulty can be felt by any one who has been led by the preceding considerations to recognise the principle of ideo-motor actions in applying this principle to the phenomena of table-turning and table-talking which, when rightly analysed, prove to be among the very best examples of the reflex operation of the cerebrum, that are exhibited by individuals whose state of mind can scarcely be considered as abnormal. The *facts*, when stripped of the investment of the marvellous with which they have too commonly been clothed, are simply as follows: A number of individuals seat themselves round a table, on which they place their hands, with the *idea* impressed on their minds that the table will move in a rotatory direction; the direction of the movement, to the right or the left, being generally arranged at the commencement of the experiment. The party sits, often for a considerable time, in a state of expectation, with the whole attention fixed upon the table, and looking eagerly for the first sign of the anticipated motion. Generally one or two slight changes in its place herald the approaching revolution; these tend still more to excite the eager attention of the performers, and then the actual turning begins. If the parties retain their seats the revolution only continues as far as the length of their arms will allow; but not unfrequently they all rise, feeling themselves obliged (as they assert) to *follow* the table; and from a walk their pace may be accelerated to a run, until the table actually spins round so fast that they can no longer keep up with it. All this is done, not merely without the least consciousness on the part of the performers that they are exercising any force of their own, but for the most part under the full conviction that they are not. Now, the *rationale* of these and other phenomena of a like kind is simply as follows: The continued concentration of the attention upon a certain idea gives it a "dominant" power, not only over the mind, but over the body, and the muscles become the involuntary instruments whereby it is carried into operation. In this case, too, as in that of the "divining-rod," the movement is favoured by the state of muscular tension, which ensues when the hands have been kept for some time in a fixed position. And it is by the continued influence of the "dominant idea" that the performers are impelled to follow (as they believe) the revolution of the table, which they really sustain by their continued propulsion. However conscientiously they may believe that the attraction of the table carries them along with it, instead of an impulse which originates in themselves pushing along the table, yet no one feels the least difficulty in withdrawing his hand if he really *wills* to do so. But it is the characteristic of the state of mind from which ideo-motor actions proceed that the volitional power is for the time in abeyance; the whole mental power being absorbed (as it were) in the high state of tension to which the ideational consciousness has been wrought up. To this *rationale* all the results of the variations that have been from time to time introduced into the experiment are perfectly conformable, it having been always found that when any method was employed under the conviction that the process would be favoured by it (as when, during the reign of the electrical hypothesis, the feet of the table were insulated, or a continuous circuit was made by the hands of the performers), the expectation thus excited brought about the result at an earlier period than usual.

The theory laid down here is, without doubt, partially true. It is quite certain that there is such a power as unconscious muscular action, and that very frequently the expectation of the person in whom it occurs does considerably influence the result. If I hold over a glass a button suspended from a string, the motion of the hand will cause this to strike against the glass; and if I know the hour of the day, and am expecting that this will be struck upon the glass, it is very likely to occur,

although I may be perfectly unconscious of producing it by the motion of the muscles of the fingers. It is one thing, however, to admit unconscious muscular action, and quite another to place no limits upon what it can accomplish. That it is utterly incapable of accounting for spiritual phenomena even of the class under consideration, I will presently show you; still there are results that it can accomplish. The theory of ideo-motor motion, when applied to what are termed spiritual phenomena, is none the less absurd, because there are other phenomena—even if they be of the same character—that it can produce. Indeed this very fact renders it more objectionable, since there are large numbers of persons who will not take the trouble to investigate sufficiently to be able to discriminate between what it can and what it cannot do. The Germans have a saying that “a half-truth is generally more dangerous than a whole falsehood,” and there can be very little doubt that this is often the case. T. L. Harris very beautifully remarks:—

He prospers best, who, with some quaint device
Of language, cheats the bosom of its care;
Or with half-truths beguiles the glittering throng.
Who speaks but half, speaks ever for the wrong.
The halves kept back are aye the halves that give
The warning, the alarm, the call that saves.
How well the priest, the scribe, the *savant* lives,
Yielding the dainty mind the food it craves!
Half-told Religion rings Religion's knell,
And Heaven, half-pictured, smooths the way to Hell!

In this professed discovery of Dr. Carpenter regarding ideo-motor motion, there is nothing that was not known long before he wrote on the subject—except the application of it to that which it is totally incapable of explaining. Of it we may say, as has frequently been remarked of other matters, “That what is true, is not new; and what is new, is not true.” Let us see how it will explain spiritual phenomena.

In the case of persons sitting at a table for the purpose of obtaining manifestations, it very seldom occurs that the whole of them are placed on the same side, and where they are, this fact is usually found to have little or no effect on the direction of the movements of the table. If I can by unconscious muscular exertion move this book, which of course I can, then it is possible to multiply the force here used to such an extent that it should be capable of moving a table. But to do this all the force must be used in the same direction. Now when persons are sitting at a *séance* they are usually placed around the table, in which case, of course; the pressure on one side, unconscious or conscious, would be neutralised by the pressure on the other side. The tilting of the table could therefore in no case result from such pressure.

And in cases where the hands of all those present are placed on the same side of the table, that fact will in no way influence the directions of the movements. Take an example. A short time since in my own house two or three of us were sitting at one end of a table which was being tilted towards us professedly by the spirit of a person who had been well-known to a sceptic present. This gentleman, suspecting that the table was being pulled up on the end at which we were sitting by the muscular force employed, requested the spirit to tilt the table the other way, that is, on to the two legs at the end opposite to the sitters, and added, "If you can do that, I'll believe." Well, this was immediately done; the table was raised in an instant, not only away from the sitters, but on to one leg at the end opposite to them. It must be perfectly clear to the meanest capacity that no amount of muscular action, conscious or unconscious, can account for phenomena of this kind.

Then very frequently the muscular force of all the persons present would be utterly insufficient to accomplish the results witnessed. Suppose, for instance, the table raised to be a very large and heavy one, so much so that it would require a good strong man to lift it; in such a case, if it be raised on to one side or one end, it could not be by unconscious muscular pressure applied at the top. The other evening a few private friends were sitting with me at a large, heavy dining table, so heavy that I should require to put forth considerable exertion to lift it by placing my hands underneath. Now this was tilted on to one end, all the hands being at the top. To say that this was done by ideo-motor motion is nonsense, because all of us afterwards tried to pull it over in the same way and could not stir it. One curious circumstance in this case was that the table was broken, so that when it was lifted by muscular effort the leg fell down, yet when raised by spirit-agency no such result occurred. Not unfrequently the medium by placing one finger on the top of a table in the middle will raise it, showing beyond the possibility of dispute that muscular pressure has no more share in moving it than has a steam-engine in the next street. Sometimes in connection with table-moving phenomena occur which would remain unexplained even if the table itself were raised by muscular pressure. I have seen cases, and they are common, where a glass filled with water has remained on the table while it was tilted up at an angle of fifty degrees, and yet the glass did not fall off, neither was the water spilled. If a table be lifted up on one side to such an angle that, under ordinary circumstances, whatever might be placed upon it would fall off, and yet candles, decanters, glasses partially or wholly filled, remain in the same position without being in any way disturbed, pray tell me, good believer in ideo-motor force,

how you account for such a circumstance. Every Spiritualist will bear me out that such phenomena occur frequently.

Moreover, movements take place in which there is no muscular pressure employed at all, conscious or unconscious. How is this to be explained? Mr. Serjeant Cox, a gentleman of the most unimpeachable veracity, and a man whose judgment is usually considered sound,—and, by the way, not a Spiritualist, which I know will weigh much with a certain class of minds—states in a little work entitled *Spiritualism answered by Science*, that in the house of Dr. Edmunds, in the presence of several sceptics, “a dining table of unusual weight and size” was palpably moved when no person touched it at all, all present kneeling on the seats of the chairs, the backs of which were turned to the table. “In that position,” remarks the Serjeant, “of the entire party, a heavy dining table moved six times—once over a space of eight inches at a swing. Then all the party, holding hands, stood in a circle round the table at the distance from it, first of two feet, and then of three feet; so that contact by any person present was physically impossible. In this position the table lurched four times; once over a space of *more than two feet*, and with great force. The extent of these movements, without contact, will be understood, when I state that, in the course of them, *this ponderous table turned completely round*; that is to say, the end that was at the top of the room when the experiment began was at the bottom of the room when it concluded. The most remarkable part of this experiment was the *finale*. The table had been turned to within about two feet of a complete reversal of its first position, and was standing out of square with the room. The party had broken up, and were gathered in groups about the room. Suddenly the table was swung violently over the two feet of distance between its then position and its proper place, and set exactly square with the room, literally knocking down a lady who was standing in the way in the act of putting on her shawl for departure. At that time *nobody was touching the table*, nor even within reach of it, except the young lady who was knocked down by it.” On another occasion, in a different house, with other persons present, he informs us that whilst he and some friends were looking at the pictures, “very loud sounds, as of violent blows, came from a large lloo table which stood alone in the centre of the room, *nobody being near it*. We turned to look at the table, and, untouched, it tilted up almost to an angle of forty-five degrees, and continued in that position for nearly a minute; then it fell back. Then it repeated the movement on the other side. None of us were standing within five feet of it at that time. The room was well lighted with gas. There was no cloth upon the

table, and all beneath it was distinctly visible. Only four persons were in the room, and no one touched it, nor was near enough to touch it had he tried." In the report of the Dialectical Society you will find an account of phenomena witnessed by the Investigation Committee of an exactly analogous character. The gentlemen who composed this committee were most of them sceptics to Spiritualism, and yet they testify to the frequent movement of objects without contact. Serjeant Cox remarks, in reference to one of the meetings of this committee:—"1. The hand of the psychic [*i.e.* the medium] being held over it, a musical box upon the table, untouched, turned half round by four movements. 2. A sheet of paper was suspended by one corner from a pin which the psychic held at the ends between the thumb and fingers, so that the hand could not touch the paper. Many taps as if made with the point of a needle were distinctly heard upon the paper." Having described some other kind of manifestations, he adds, "Occasionally the phenomena continued after the departure of the psychic from the room, but in such cases they gradually diminished in power, until they ceased entirely."

Then there are physical phenomena to which muscular action can in no way apply. This class of manifestations is not confined to the tilting of tables. It may take the shape of rappings on furniture, no person—that is, no one in the flesh—being near the spot from whence the taps proceed. If I hear—as I have done many times—footfalls on the stairs or in the rooms which I know are not those of mortal beings; if I find articles of furniture carried from place to place when no mortal hand has touched them; if my bedstead be moved when I am lying on it—as it has been more than once, no one else being in the room—what ideo-motor force can accomplish this? No muscular action, conscious or unconscious, is in the slightest degree applicable to the case.

When Mr. Home was raised from the floor and floated in the air, when other mediums are raised to the ceiling, with the chair in which they are sitting—and this latter I have witnessed often—tell me, is this ideo-motor force? Because if it be, this same ideo-motor force must be a wonderful agent. It will not be surprising if, hereafter, we find locomotives driven by unconscious muscular action instead of steam. When you see a man drawing a truck—which, of course, he does by conscious muscular action—tell him what a fool he is, and explain to him the grand Carpenterian law, by which he might get into the truck and push himself along by ideo-motor force. How very absurd of men to labour, and toil, and fatigue themselves by conscious muscular action, when so much greater results could

be accomplished by muscular action unconsciously applied, and which would, of course, not tire, however long employed.

(c.) *Electricity and Magnetism.*—We are continually coming into contact with persons who inform us, with the greatest gravity possible, that the manifestations that I have been describing are the result of electricity or magnetism, or probably a combination of both. I come repeatedly into contact with this class of people; and when I relate to them the experiences that I have had in this subject, and the phenomena that have taken place in my presence, they are ready at once with the answer, "Oh, that's electricity!" It is exceedingly difficult to ascertain exactly what such persons mean, and the sense in which they use the words, so loosely employed in modern times. There seems to be a vague sort of impression abroad that electricity can do anything; and when a phenomenon is met with, the cause of which there is some difficulty in discovering, it is a sufficient explanation to push the whole thing off upon electricity. We know pretty well what electricity is capable of doing, and the laws by which it is governed. I do not mean by this that the results arising from its action may not be much greater than we can at present anticipate, but that the class of phenomena which fall within the scope of its operation are tolerably well marked. A current of electricity passed into a table will neither produce the raps nor the movements, and I need hardly add that magnets are powerless to act upon articles of furniture made of wood. That some arrangement might be made with a battery by means of which small hammers might be caused to rap on the table is of course quite possible, but this is to relegate the phenomena to the domain of trickery, and is of course out of the question. In our own houses we certainly know whether batteries are in operation or not, and whether magnets are employed for the purpose of producing the effects which fall within their action, table-moving certainly not being one of these. But the persons who ascribe the spiritual phenomena to electricity do not mean that batteries are employed or trickery resorted to, but that the electricity or magnetism passing from the fingers of the sitters is sufficient to give rise to the results. This, however, only shows how utterly ignorant they are of the subject on which they speak, and how loosely they use the words electricity and magnetism. For if the charge received from a large battery or from a gigantic frictional machine would be incapable of moving a table, how impossible it becomes that such a result should be produced by the electricity passing from the fingers of a few human beings. That is, even supposing the human body to be what these persons seem to imagine it to be, a sort of organic

battery, which it most certainly is not. The electricity evolved from the human body under any circumstance is exceedingly small, as has been demonstrated by experiment again and again, and totally incompetent to aid in the least degree in producing the most insignificant of the phenomena in question.

(d.) *Some New Occult Force.*—When every other physical agent has been found to be ineffectual in accomplishing the results under consideration, we are informed that they are due to some occult, and at present unknown force, which is only another way of saying that we don't know how they are caused. It will be quite time enough to call in this new force as an explanation of physical phenomena when its existence has been proved, but to fall back upon it before that time must be, to say the least, somewhat premature. That there may be a dozen or more forces in nature of which at present we know nothing, but whose existence future scientific discoveries may make clear, is quite possible; but how that circumstance can help us to an explanation of facts which are occurring to-day, I am at a loss to imagine. Serjeant Cox calls this new force Psychic, with what show of reason I cannot understand. Psychic is derived from ψυχη, and means, therefore, relating to the soul. The force in question should consequently be described as soul force. But soul force is exactly what Spiritualists hold it to be, and the term Psychic force, unless used in this sense, is employed in as loose and meaningless a way as are the terms electricity and magnetism. It is useless, however, to occupy time in discussing a force the nature of which no one professes to know, and the very existence of which is problematical. I think I shall be able to show presently that no blind force of nature, by whatever name it may be known, is capable of accounting for the phenomena which have again and again been witnessed, and upon which the principles of Spiritualism are, I think, most legitimately based.

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

DAYBREAK.

As the Sun when day is over,
Calmly sinks behind the West;
So when Life's brief day is ended,
The good man peaceful falls to rest.

As the Sun in splendour rises
From his seeming death—new born;
So, but more glorious, the soul
Wakes on its resurrection morn.

T. S.

SPIRITUALISM IN POPULAR POETRY.
LONGFELLOW.

BY THOMAS BREVIOR.

THE poet, as distinguished from the mere writer of verse, is eminently a seer. While the man of science observes and classifies the phenomena and methods of Nature, the poet not only perceives these with a keener perception of the marvellous fitness of their delicate and subtle beauty and infinite variety, but, gifted with the vision and faculty divine, discerns their inner meaning piercing through the outward shell and appearance into the life of things. Nature is to him in very truth a Divine writing—the Book of God—authenticating itself, as direct a revelation as to the angels at the Creation, when the morning stars sang together for joy. The constant, yet ever changing loveliness of earth—the grand panorama of the heavens—the flush of dawn—the gorgeous sunset—the deepening twilight—Spring, with its new life—Autumn, with its many coloured tints—the meanest flower that blows, no less than the vast and deep blue ocean, or the grand procession of unnumbered worlds—are to him alike symbols of the Creative and ever Creating Mind—a Divine picture-writing for the teaching of our infant race; or, as Goethe expressed it, “the garment thou seest Him by;” or, as a great prose poet has told us, it is the open secret which reveals Him to the wise, while it hides Him from the foolish. It is because the poet sees deeper and farther than others that he is a prophet. As he reads the manifestations of the Divine Mind, he learns more and more of those eternal principles which determine not only the course of Nature, but of men, and those consequences of character and conduct which no ingenuity can evade.

All men are, in a measure, poets—that is, in so far as they are conscious that Nature is but the effect—the natural expression and correspondence of a world beyond the domain of matter and sense—an inner spiritual realm of causes and eternal verities, not governed by laws of time and space, and transcending all conditions of crude material existence. While others see as in a glass darkly, and are unable to give fit, or even intelligible utterance to their dim and confused perceptions and feeble emotions, he expresses them in tuneful numbers and enables those not so gifted to apprehend more clearly and realise more vividly. He interprets Nature to them, and reveals them to

themselves. In a high sense, the poet is, indeed, "of imagination all compact;" his mind reflects not only the images of outward Nature, but of the unseen world; not mechanically as a mirror, but as the face of a man of ardent susceptible nature reflects the joy or sorrow on the countenance of a friend. It is the quickened and quickening spirit responding as an instrument of music to the touch of a master-hand. He is a poet because of this image-receiving and image-forming faculty; and his soul is musical by Nature's endowment and the influx of harmony from that choir invisible whose music is the gladness of the world. He may not as of old formally invoke the Muses, but not the less must he with open receptive mind wait patiently for the inspirations of the higher world, free from all perturbation, like the sea at rest, that the winds of the spirit may pass over it, the soul of the poet, like an enchanted bark, being carried forward by their motion; or, like an Æolian harp, its music is borne on the untroubled air; or like that of Memnon when touched by the first beam of the morning sun. In its most perfect state this is—

That blessed mood,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,

* * * *

While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

No one better than the poet knows that in this he can of himself do nothing noble; and hence, genius is not constant in its flow but intermittent.

What can I do in poetry
Now the good spirit's gone from me?

despondingly exclaims George Herbert, and however naively it may be expressed, the feeling is one which doubtless all true poets have experienced. Socrates tells us that he was sometimes struck by noble passages in the poets and that he called on their writers for a fuller interpretation, but the inspiration having past, he found they were even less able to interpret these passages than himself.

The faith in living inspiration is happily not dead. If the ancient poets recognised more fully than the modern poets the immediate source of their inspiration in the spiritual world, the latter trace it direct to its ultimate fount; and their invocation, not less sincere, takes a loftier form.

Thus Milton :—

Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the Heavens and Earth
Rose out of Chaos : Or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God ; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st ; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And madest it pregnant : What in me is dark,
Illumine ; what is low, raise and support ;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Scarcely less majestic, and no less reverend is the sincere and solemn invocation of Wordsworth :—

Descend, prophetic spirit, that inspir'st
The human soul of universal earth,
Dreaming on things to come ; and dost possess
A metropolitan temple in the hearts
Of mighty poets ! Upon me bestow
A gift of genuine insight.

Tennyson preludes his *In Memoriam* with an invocation which begins "Strong Son of God, immortal Love ;" and ends :—

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth ;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in Thy wisdom make me wise.

But while the poet is thus a nominal medium, his gift like every other gift, is strengthened by exercise, and improved by culture, the greatest attainable perfection being reached when the operation of his own fully developed spirit blends most intimately and harmoniously with the highest inspiration for which his peculiar genius is best fitted.

In glancing over the popular poetry of the present age perhaps this is nowhere better exemplified than in the poetry of Longfellow. In him the poet is also the scholar and the man of large and varied culture, familiar with the literature of many lands, with a mind open to the best influences of the present and the past, of the outer and the inner life, who realises the intimate union between the natural and the spiritual worlds.

It is not necessary to read between the lines for evidence of this. His poetry is pervaded by it ; the atmosphere of the

spiritual world is the very element in which it lives and breathes and has its being. He tells us:—

Some men there are, I have known such, who think
That the two worlds—the seen and the unseen,
The world of matter and the world of spirit—
Are like the hemispheres upon our maps,
And touch each other only at a point.
But these two worlds are not divided thus,
Save for the purposes of common speech.
They form one globe, in which the parted seas
All flow together and are intermingled,
While the great continents remain distinct.

And again—

The spiritual world
Lies all about us, and its avenues
Are open to the unseen feet of phantoms
That come and go, and we perceive them not
Save by their influence, or when at times
A most mysterious Providence permits them
To manifest themselves to mortal eyes.

He assures us that—

When Death, the Healer, shall have touched our eyes
With moist clay of the grave, then shall we see
The truth as we have never yet beheld it.

Even our lapses, failures and bitter experiences are in the end subservient to that ultimate progress which is the law of our spiritual being.

Oh, soul of man,
Groping through mist and shadow, and recoiling
Back on thyself, are, too, thy devious ways
Subject to law? and when thou seemest to wander
The farthest from thy goal, art thou still drawing
Nearer and nearer to it, till at length
Thou findest, like the river, what thou seekest?

Nor are we left friendless and unaided, though—

Truly we do but grope here in the dark
Near the partition-wall of Life and Death,
At every moment dreading or desiring
To lay our hands upon the unseen door!
Let us, then, labor for an inward stillness—
An inward stillness and an inward healing;
That perfect silence where the lips and heart
Are still, and we no longer entertain
Our own imperfect thoughts and vain opinions,
But God alone speaks in us.

The following vision of spiritual trance and inspiration is one the fidelity of which the experience of every clairvoyant will attest. It is, in all probability, a transcript of the poet's own experience:—

A drowsiness is stealing over me
Which is not sleep; for, though I close mine eyes,
I am awake, and in another world.

Dim faces of the dead and of the absent
Come floating up before me.

These passages are all taken from Longfellow's last work, *New England Tragedies*. In his *Hiawatha* is a chapter headed "Ghosts." Strange pallid visitors come to the wigwam of Hiawatha, who gives them kindly entertainment. He hears their midnight sobs and lamentations, and hospitably enquires into the cause.

Then the shadows ceased from weeping,
Ceased from sobbing and lamenting,
And they said with gentle voices—
"We are ghosts of the departed,
Souls of those who once were with you.
From the realms of Chibiabos
Hither have we come to try you,
Hither have we come to warn you.
Cries of grief and lamentation
Reach us in the blessed islands;
Cries of anguish from the living
Calling back their friends departed,
Sadden us with useless sorrow.
Therefore have we come to try you.
No one knows us, no one heeds us,
We are but a burden to you,
And we see that the departed
Have no place among the living.
Think of this, O Hiawatha!
Speak of it to all the people,
That henceforward and for ever
They no more with lamentations;
Sadden the souls of the departed
In the islands of the blessed."

Passages illustrating the intimate union and connection of the two worlds and the continued presence and communion of disembodied spirits with those still clad in the garment of mortality are scattered profusely in the pages of our poet, especially in his minor poems, but as much of their significance and beauty would be lost by detachment from their context we present only those that can be quoted entire. Foremost is one which is a household poem in the home of every Spiritualist, and which is sung perhaps more frequently than any other at our *séances* and Sunday meetings, but which, although so well known, must here have place.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are num-
bered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;
Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The belovèd, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more:
He, the young and strong, who
cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
 Who the cross of suffering bore,
 Folded their pale hands so meekly,
 Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,
 Who unto my youth was given,
 More than all things else to love me,
 And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
 Comes that messenger divine,
 Takes the vacant chair beside me,
 Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me.
 With those deep and tender eyes,
 Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
 Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
 Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
 Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
 Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
 All my fears are laid aside,
 If I but remember only
 Such as these have lived and died!

It would be a pleasing and instructive task to compare the spiritual teachings of Longfellow with those of our own laureate. This paper, and one in a former volume giving an analysis of *A Vision of Sin* and *In Memoriam*, in the absence of any formal essay on the subject, may furnish some materials for such comparison. I think a careful study of these poets, as indeed of all great poets, would show that under every variety of subject and of treatment the great underlying principles of Spiritualism which they illustrate are, in all essential respects, uniformly the same. Take as an example the poem just cited and compare it with the four verses in *In Memoriam* commencing—

“How pure at heart and sound in head,”

and it will at once be seen how truly both alike express the essential conditions of spiritual communion. And when it is remembered that both were written prior to the advent of Modern Spiritualism, it will also be seen how that “gift of genuine insight” which is the poet's dower, strengthened, it would seem, in their case by personal experience, enabled them to anticipate the conclusions on this subject of the mere men of fact. These verses are among the most popular of their respective writers,—a fact which illustrates how congenial is the faith in spiritual communion to the human heart.

Here is a poem not so widely known as it deserves to be. The theme, though commonplace, is weird enough and sometimes ghastly, but under the treatment of a truly spiritually-minded poet we may see of what fine rendering it is susceptible.

HAUNTED HOUSES.

All houses wherein men have lived and died
 Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
 The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
 With feet that make no noise upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stairs,
 Along the passages they come and go,
 Impassable impressions on the air,
 A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall
So thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see; nor hear the sounds I hear;
He but perceives what is; while unto me,
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusky hands,
And hold in mortmain their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of an unseen star,
An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd,
Into the realm of mystery and night;—

So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss!

Here is a beautiful poem, very different in character and mode of treatment to the last.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a reaper whose name is
Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow be-
tween.

“Shall I have naught that is fair?”
saith he;

“Have naught but the bearded
grain?”

Though the breath of these flowers is
sweet to me,

I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful
eyes,

He kissed their drooping leaves;

It was for the Lord of Paradise

He bound them in his sheaves.

N.S.—X.

“My Lord has need of these flowrets
gay,”

The reaper said, and smiled;

“Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

“They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care;

And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;

She knew she should find them all
again

In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day;

'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

O

Here is another fair lily poem for our garland of Spiritual Poesy ; it may fitly be read in sequence to the last.

RESIGNATION.

There is no death! what seems so is
transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.
*She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor
protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.
In that great cloister's stillness and
seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's
pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.*

Day after day we think what she is
doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year her tender steps pur-
suing,
Behold her grown more fair !
Thus do we walk with her and keep
unbroken
The bond that Nature gives ;
Thinking that our remembrance,
though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.
Not as a child shall we again behold
her ;
For, when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face.

The two verses I have marked in italics may occasionally be seen on a tombstone in a cemetery or country churchyard over the grave of a beloved child, and what more suitable epitaph could be found than this simple, sweet expression of Resignation, Hope and Trust, so beautifully embodying the faith of Christian Spiritualism !

Here is an old Talmudic legend, transmuted by the fire of genius into the pure gold of poesy.

SANDALPHON.

Have you read in the Talmud of
old,
In the legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air,—
Have you read it,—the marvellous
story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?
How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnum-
bered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?
The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn and expire
With the song's irresistible stress ;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the gush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below ;—
From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervour and passion of prayer ;
From the hearts that are broken with
losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.
And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his
hands,
Into garlands of purple and red,
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Im-
mortal,
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—
 A fable, a phantom, a show,
 Of the ancient Rabbinical lore ;
 Yet the old mediæval tradition,
 The beautiful, strange superstition,
 But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
 And the welkin above is all white,
 All throbbing and panting with stars,
 Among them majestic is standing
 Sandalphon the angel, expanding
 His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
 Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
 The frenzy and fire of the brain,
 That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
 The golden pomegranates of Eden,
 To quiet its fever and pain.

It is characteristic of Longfellow that he delights to render into poetry passages of history, or legends, that may yield some lesson of spiritual truth, or that may serve to illustrate it and set it in a more striking light, and this is also seen in his translations from the poets of other lands. I give two examples—both are from the German :—

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

Into the Silent Land!
 Ah! who shall lead us thither?
 Clouds in the evening sky more darkly
 gather,
 And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the
 strand.
 Who leads us with a gentle hand
 Thither, oh thither,
 Into the Silent Land?
 Into the Silent Land!
 To you ye boundless regions
 Of all perfection! Tender morning
 visions

Of beauteous souls! The future's
 pledge and band
 Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
 Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
 Into the Silent Land!
 Oh Land! Oh Land!
 For all the broken-hearted
 The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
 Beckons, with inverted torch doth stand
 To lead us with a gentle hand
 Into the land of the great Departed,
 Into the Silent Land!

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

There sat one day in quiet,
 By an alehouse on the Rhine,
 Four hale and hearty fellows,
 And drank the precious wine.
 The landlord's daughter fill'd their cups,
 Around the rustic board ;
 Then sat they all so calm and still,
 And spake not one rude word.
 But, when the maid departed,
 A Swabian raised his hand,
 And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,
 "Long live the Swabian land!"
 "The greatest kingdom upon earth
 Cannot with that compare ;
 With all the stout and hardy men
 And the nut-brown maidens there."
 "Ha!" cried a Saxon, laughing,—
 And dashed his beard with wine ;
 "I had rather live in Lapland,
 Than that Swabian land of thine!

"The goodliest land on all this earth,
 It is the Saxon land ;
 There have I as many maidens
 As fingers on this hand!"

"Hold your tongues! both Swabian
 and Saxon!"
 A bold Bohemian cries ;
 "If there's a heaven upon this earth,
 In Bohemia it lies.

"There the tailor blows the flute,
 And the cobbler blows the horn,
 And the miner blows the bugle,
 Over mountain-gorge and bourn."

* * * *

And then the landlord's daughter
 Up to heaven raised her hand,
 And said, "Ye may no more contend,—
 There lies the happiest land!"

I have spoken of Longfellow as a spiritually-minded poet, by which I do not mean mere Spiritism or other worldliness, but that temper of mind which leads him to dwell by preference on the spiritual side of life and its higher issues; on those principles, affections and aims which relate man to the eternal and divine rather than the mortal and material. Of this we have an example in his "Psalm of Life," of which I need cite only the first two verses, which strike the key-note of the poem:—

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

This thought is finely rendered and a little further expanded in the concluding lines of "The Slave's Dream."

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

I must content myself with a reference to but one other example of this pure and lofty spirituality. I allude to the poem in which, as I understand it, the soul, on its ascent up the Alpine heights of duty and aspiration, is represented by—

A youth who bore 'mid snow and ice
A banner with the strange device—
Excelsior!

And who, neither resting nor turning aside for the blandishments of beauty, the allurements of ease, or the warnings of danger, pursues his ever upward way, constant unto death,

Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device.

Nor does the spectre most feared by man, any more than the spectral glaciers that had shone above him, arrest his course or stop that clear clarion cry which still rang through the upper air—

There in the twilight cold and grey,
Lifeless but beautiful he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell like a falling star—
Excelsior!

May not that banner with the strange device (happily not so strange now as in the years that are gone) be also regarded as

the banner which the poet himself for so many years has bravely borne aloft, expressing the spirit and the aim of all his labours? Who can fully estimate the influence a true poet like him must have exercised over his age, and especially over the ardent susceptible mind of youth—now guiding all its generous impulses; now melting the soul to a divine tenderness and pity; now, like the light of stars, gently stealing unawares upon the heart as the soft dew upon the tender herb; and now waking the better soul that slumbered, impelling it to fling wide open its gates and garnish its chambers to receive the heavenly guests—the beloved, the true-hearted, who come to visit it once more!

Work like this is surely its own best illustration of a high and holy inspiration; but some external confirmation of its inspiration may be found in the following letter, and which is, at all events, of interest, as showing how many of these poems were composed. It is written by James F. Fields, and is published in the *Harbinger of Light*:—

“Influx from the spiritual world is universal, and the various productions of mind and the phenomena of the sensible or natural world are direct outbirths from that mighty theatre of causation, lying just out of sight, yet immediately contiguous to our own—the plane of effects. I extract an interesting account of the origin of Longfellow’s ‘Psalm of Life.’ The scene is a bright summer morning in 1838, as the poet sat between two windows at the small table in the corner of his chamber, in Cambridge. The poem was a voice from his inmost soul, and he kept it some time in manuscript, unwilling to part with it. It expressed his own feelings at that time, when he was rallying from the depression of a deep affliction, and he hid the poem in his own heart for many months. He was accused of taking the stanza, ‘Art is long, and time is fleeting,’ from Bishop’s poem, but I happen to know that was not in his mind, and that the thought came to him with as much freshness and originality as if nothing had been written before. ‘There is a reaper whose name is Death,’ crystallised at once, without an effort, in his mind, and he wrote it rapidly down, his eyes filling with tears as he composed it. ‘The Light of Stars’ was composed as the poet looked on a calm and beautiful summer evening, exactly suggestive of the poem. The moon, a little strip of silver, was just setting behind Mount Auburn, and Mars was blazing in the south. That fine ballad, ‘The Wreck of the Hesperus,’ was written in 1842. A violent storm had occurred the night before. As he sat smoking his pipe about midnight at the fire, the wrecked Hesperus came sailing into his mind. He went to bed, but the poem had seized him, and he could not sleep. He

arose, and followed the promptings of his inspiration, and that thrilling and beautiful ballad is the result. It did not come into his mind by lines, but by whole stanzas, hardly causing him an effort, flowing without let or hindrance. 'The clock was striking three,' he said, 'when I finished the last stanza.'

I cannot better conclude this extended, but still imperfect essay, in illustration of the spiritual genius of one of the most distinguished poets of our time, than by quoting the following beautiful tribute to him from the *Boston Advertiser*, written by his illustrious fellow poet and countryman, James Russell Lowell:—

TO H. W. L., ON HIS BIRTHDAY, 27TH FEBRUARY, 1867.

I need not praise the sweetness of his song,
Where limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds
Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing lest he wrong
The new moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along,
Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds.

With loving breath of all the winds his name
Is blown about the world, but to his friends
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
And love steals shyly through the loud acclaim
To murmur a *God bless you!* and there ends.

As I muse backward up the chequered years
Wherein so much was given, so much was lost,
Blessings in both kins, such as cheapen tears,
But hush! this is not for profaner ears;
Let them drink molten pearls nor dream the cost.

Some suck up sorrow from a sorrow's core,
As nought but nightshade grew upon earth's ground;
Love turned all his to heart's-ease, and the more
Fate tried his bastions, she but found a door
Leading to sweeter manhood and more sound.

Even as a wind-waved fountain's swaying shade
Seems of mixed race, a grey wreath shot with sun,
So through his trial faith translucent shone
Till darkness, half disnatured so, betrayed
A heart of sunshine that would fain o'er-run.

Surely, if skill in song the shears may stay,
And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,
If our poor life be lengthened by a lay,
He shall not go, although his presence may,
And the next age in praise shall double this.

Long days be his, and each as lusty-sweet
As gracious natures find his song to be;
May Age steal on with softly-cadenced feet,
Falling in music, as for him were meet
Whose choicest verse is not so rare as he!

A CHAPTER OF PSYCHOLOGY.

By WILLIAM HITCHMAN, LL.D.

QUESNÈ, in discoursing on the doctrine of Psychism, tells us—that there is a fluidic force, diffused throughout all nature,—animating equally all living and organised beings, and that the difference in their actions is solely due to molecular arrangement, or atomic details of particular organisation. Psychologists, in this our day, likewise, whilst treating largely of mind and brain, do not generally admit the existence of soul, or spirit, as distinct from the mechanism of bodily life. But surely no science of man, or mind, is complete—that does not examine *all* the facts of human consciousness, whether empirical or rational—embracing phenomenal manifestations, and the faculties, or forces, by which they are produced, as well as spirituality of existence, proper, and its relations to the scientific position of true Anthropology. As a rule, learned societies have hitherto dealt only with physics, mathematics, naturalism, physiology, comparative anatomy, unity or plurality of species, individual and social life of man, physical and psychical qualities, the mode and magnitude of moral and material changes, external influences of climate, aliment, hereditary transmission of certain peculiarities, differences which distinguish races, results of intermixture of organic types, classification, linguistic, historic, or specific, primitive state, and conditions of development, &c. With a facial angle of 90°, which ancient Greeks have splendidly given to their magnificent statues of Deities, and Heroes of Soul,—the Negro races with 70°, and the different species of the Monkey tribe, from 65° to 30°, or thereabouts, with special endowments of anterior lobes, for Newton, Cuvier, Napoleon, and others, of commanding genius—how fares Psychology, without Spiritualism.

If we take the *gist* of the psychological question of questions, in regard to the soul or mind of man, as recently discussed by Anthropologists, at home and abroad—it will be found in the life of each individual, so also in that of all nations, physical and mental culture is something quite *secondary*, resting everywhere upon a gradual progress to a better state of existence than belonged to the primitive state of our race, naturally. In fact, the original condition of mankind, it is almost universally held in the works of competent investigators, was conclusively marked by the entire absence of SPIRITUALITY, and therefore barbarous, animal, base, degraded, undeveloped. The mental

life of man is not created or evolved, in any wise superior to that of the ape, specifically and essentially. There is a difference of degree only—certainly not of kind or quality—in respect of the organic endowments of soul, from the standpoint of modern Psychologists and Anthropologists. Assuredly, it cannot be doubted by any scientific observer of the animal kingdom, that though inferior races of beings have no history of spirit, mind, soul, or intelligence, in the philosophic human sense, they possess unequivocal perfectibility, mentally and physically, and exhibit not seldom a sphere of thought capable of expansion far, indeed, beyond what appears its natural limits, or cranial capacity. Again and again have I discovered instances of pure reasoning, as close, distinct, and prolonged, as that which takes place in precocious childhood of man, in *various* sagacious domesticated animals, and the very foundation of spirituality itself may not impossibly lie in the power of self-direction of soul, or faculty of moral improvement, which human nature possesses.

Thus and thus alone is the rightly constituted heart and mind—when adequately trained by circumstances—enabled to fix due attention upon each special object of self-consciousness, to the exclusion of all others, mentally or physically, externally and internally. In short, a succession of ideas determined from within, by spiritual impressions alone, it may be, and characteristic wholly of other beings, far superior to organic nature, in the scale of universal existence. Surely the inexorable tendency to believe in that great World of Spirit, which is now both seen and unseen, with recent demonstrative testimony of spirit communion, and *influx*, is a strong natural argument for the continuity of life, when compared with the weak unnatural assertion of Materialists, that such a general desire of immortality is merely a gratuitous “delusion” implanted in the breast of mankind, never to be gratified, either here or elsewhere, since the wonderful faculties of the human soul are themselves but aimless combinations of chemico-physical forces! Moreover, the *spiritual* diversities—alike in the mental and moral developments of individuals, or races, cannot be explained from innate differences of cerebral organization, neither do the shape and capacity of every skull fairly represent, or truly indicate, the exact ratio of intellectual capacity, whether we select from the Museum of Anthropologists, the chief features of a thoughtless Negro, a restless nomadic American, a cannibal South-Islander, or the finest Greek and Roman *crania* that ever yielded to the magic spell of Germanic civilization, in the philosophy of universal history.

Internal resemblances are not always deducible from external

resemblances, either in the highest or lowest representatives of human civilisation—to wit, the Indo-Germanic and Semitic nations (and from these latter races of men WAS evolved that spirituality of soul which forms the three chief theistic religions) or the mental and physical characteristics of the Australian Aborigines, that now occupy the same position in the scale of existence, as mankind is said to have done in primeval times—namely, great prominence of brow, with shortness of lower jaw, wide expansion of nostrils, great depression of nose at the base, extreme width of mouth, absence of difference between incisor and canine teeth, together with profuse hairiness of the entire body, and *without* religious notions, even in that direst form of all superstition, a rude, unmitigated polytheism, demanding the most barbarous human sacrifices, assassination of women and children, cannibalism, nameless cruelties, and the most hideous atrocities, having no relation whatever to the moral sense.

There is no doubt that cannibalism, infanticide, and other similar crimes are yet practised without consciousness of criminality, as related of the Zulu people of Innmithlanga and the Negroes of East Sudan, who not merely excuse theft, murder, treachery, and outrage upon women and children, but consider these vile deeds as laudable in the highest degree—in fact, blood for blood is a strict religious-like duty, as it were, “an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;” whilst amongst Kamtschadales, the only transgressions still viewed as unpardonable sins are found in piercing coal with a knife, and scraping off snow from the shoes! The religious ideas of primitive peoples are everywhere based upon some form of revelation *allied* to Spiritualism; with some uncultured tribes, or nations, as with the Indians of Caraccas, for example, the evil spirits are exclusively active in all the phenomena of life, health, disease, death, natural forces here, and the fates of men hereafter—in short, they only believe in a wicked original Devil, whose legions have now subordinated good spirits for ever. Who can wonder, therefore, at the prevalence of gluttony, drunkenness, sensuality, improvidence, indolence, or licentious festivities, delight in killing and mutilating fellow-creatures, or aught else, in the entire absence of intellectual and moral culture? Verily, without *true* spirituality of soul, either in the flesh or out of it, the mental life of the human race is not superior to that of the ape, or brute.

BOIRE SANS SOIF ET FAIRE L'AMOUR EN TOUT TEMPS, C'EST CE QUI DISTINGUE L'HOMME DE LA BÊTE, is *not* an unwise statement of the real differences which distinguish man from the beast, if the world of humanity cease to regard the life of God in the heart and soul, or to conquer the obstacles,

physical and moral, which oppose the religion of being good and doing good, and whose holy angels alone can whisper words of that heavenly peace which passeth all understanding, and whose Love, now bountifully shed over all His children, sage or savage, has set us on the Rock of Science and Salvation, where waves aloft the banner of Modern Spiritualism, on which is inscribed the last and best line, not only of Man and his Migrations, Matter and its Transformations, or the physical resemblances of Hottentots, Esquimaux, the population of Tierra del Fuego, London, Paris, and Berlin, with anthropoid apes to boot, but the grandest outcome, and most gorgeous chapters of Psychology, Ethnology, and Anthropology—*epitomised*, which the voice of Truth has proclaimed for universal assent, objectively and subjectively, namely, THE SPIRITS OF ALL PEOPLES ARE GROUPED, ACCORDING TO THEIR AFFINITIES, IN TIME OR ETERNITY, FOR EVER AND EVER.

THE HIGHER SPIRITUALISM IN THE PULPIT.*

BY FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG,

Minister of the Free Christian Church, New Swindon.

THE name of the author of the volume of sermons referred to at the foot of this page is rapidly becoming well known in the world of letters, and among what are called liberal theologians. Some years ago Mr. Haweis was a clergyman in the East end of London, well known, no doubt, to the persons in his own more immediate neighbourhood; but a stranger to the public at large living beyond that limit. Some remarkable articles in periodicals and reviews from the pen of this gentleman, and more particularly a volume of sermons, entitled *Thoughts for the Times*, published three years ago, and which has reached a sixth edition, have given Mr. Haweis a prominence of position which must be very grateful to him, and which indicates that there must be large numbers of persons in England who are willing to listen to a man that can offer them something like individuality of expression and originality of thought. We have read most carefully *Thoughts for the Times*, and have just finished the perusal of *Speech in Season*, and our amazement has grown

* *Speech in Season*. By the Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A., Incumbent of St. James's, Westmoreland Street, Marylebone, London, Author of *Thoughts for the Times*, &c., &c. London: H. S. KING & Co., 12, Paternoster Row.

to a great height as we have asked ourselves how the author can possibly reconcile many of the theological views he holds with the terms of subscription at his ordination, or even with the modified forms of subscription now binding upon all English Clergymen? If Mr. Haweis can take orders and subscribe, if he can be a consistent and accepted Church of England minister, we cannot for the life of us see why so many Nonconformist brethren should stand outside the pale of the Church, and decline to seek entrance into her ministry!

It is not, however, with a view to the discussion of what we venture to describe as the anomalous clerical position occupied by Mr. Haweis, that we now call attention to *Speech in Season*. We do so because it is in many respects a most remarkable and valuable book, and one of especial interest to all Spiritualists who are willing to study principles, and not allow themselves to rest in mere phenomena. Mr. Haweis's style is colloquial, and this very fact will hide from his superficial readers the efforts he makes to be understood, his eminent rationality, reverence, and fearlessness. He has something to say which he conceives to be of great value, and he tries to say it in the way which he conceives to be best fitted to its reception. The man is in deadly earnest. Evidently he abhors your *dilettante*, and feels that he must "magnify his office," and make it of real service to those who come within the sphere of his influence. You feel, in reading his pages, that you are not in company with some mere priest who falls back upon his official authority and deals out to you a number of platitudes with due oracular gravity, but a man who has thought much, felt much, suffered much; a man who has faced some of the awful problems of existence, and tried, as best he could, to solve them, or, if not to solve them entirely, to get some measure of light in the darkness which is inherent in them. Well, it is pleasant to come into contact with a man of this type. You may not agree with him, you may be constrained to differ from him extremely, you may wonder how he can adjust his position as a clergyman to what are evidently his deep convictions, but you are none the less certain that there must be some way known to him, that he walks in at the front door and does not seek entrance through the cellar or the kitchen, and that he at least is self-consistent as well as brave. We do but echo the feelings of a tolerable multitude when we express our own thankfulness to Mr. Haweis for his straightforward and suggestive utterances. He at least has earned the right to be heard by his splendid audacity, intense earnestness, and competent knowledge.

Every man should be left to describe his own position in relation to the movements around and about him. We do not,

therefore, say that Mr. Haweis is a Spiritualist, because he himself has not said so. And yet no one who has read his *Thoughts for the Times*, and especially his *Speech in Season*, with any moderate amount of care can fail to see that page after page is filled with spiritualistic teachings, or teachings which may be fairly said to implicate Spiritualism. There are sixteen discourses in this volume, half of which have a very strong flavour of the spiritualistic in them—indeed, one fairly wonders how many of Mr. Haweis's congregation thought and felt as they listened to these burning, direct words. The second discourse aims to prove that "the priesthood is magnetic and spiritual;" the third discourse discloses "the secret of concourse and concord," or the spiritual laws which regulate all public worship; the seventh discourse is devoted to answering the question "What is the use and meaning of Baptism?" and the eighth to "What is the use and meaning of the Lord's Supper?" the ninth explains the action of prayer in a new way; the eleventh is on Hell, a subject of growing and tremendous interest; and the twelfth and thirteenth expound the author's views of immortality and the spirit-life. We do not agree with some of the positions taken by our author in the discourses we have now named; on the contrary, we think that in his evident and natural desire to reconcile scientific men and rationalists generally to religion and Christianity, Mr. Haweis has conceded more than the just demands of the case would warrant, and has passed by certain aspects of the Baptismal and Eucharistic controversy which must be met in other ways than those which he has adopted. But no difference of opinion with our author can blind us to the rare value of his book. Spiritualists in general should read it, that they may see what an able man has to say on their side of the question, while to Spiritualists who are also Christians the book carries with it an exceptional recommendation. Most sincerely do we hope that this handsome volume may find its way into the hands of Spiritualists generally, for it will supply them with weapons of warfare with which to fight the mere scientist, while it will help them to see that a man may be a Christian as well as a Spiritualist and yet not be ignorant or inconsistent.

It is the tritest of all remarks to say, that we are living, if not in "awful," at least, in peculiar times. Men are digging down to the very foundations of things, if haply they may discover whether those foundations are secure, or the reverse; while there are persons—and their number is legion—who are warning us against all such work as being dangerous, if not suicidal. The existence of God, the authority of Scripture, the spiritual laws which regulate the future life, yea, the very

nature of that final appeal to which all subjects must, first or last, be brought, are being discussed—not alone by the professional clergyman and in strictly religious publications, but by the laity, in newspapers, periodicals, reviews, and on secular platforms. It is not given to all men to engage in such a warfare; but, alas, for that man who, while he feels in his inmost soul that he is called to it, evades it because of the trouble it may give him, or the evil consequences which may ensue. It is given to God, and to God only, to know the absolute truth and right of things, and pure sincerity is of greater value in His sight than the acceptance of intellectual conclusions, however correct they may be; at the same time it must be best to hold truth rather than error, to be in the right rather than in the wrong; and any man who can give us real help in these directions is to be honoured, even though we may be unable to agree with him in all that he believes or does. We repeat it, we do not profess to be able to reconcile Mr. Haweis's opinions with his position as an ordained clergyman of the Church of England. But this is his affair, and not ours. We are equally thankful to him for letting us know what his own thoughts are, and for the large amount of valuable help he offers us in his pages, all of which are instinct with a brave sincerity and an intensity of belief which is perfectly refreshing. If the Church of England is to survive the organised attacks now made upon her, it will be by the aid of such men as our author; and we hope the day will come when, by the relaxation of clerical subscription and a better general administration of the Church, her clergy will be more free to speak and act than they now are, and the avenues will be opened through which Nonconformist brethren, ceasing to be Nonconformists, shall be able to enter a Church which was once the Church of the nation, and may possibly be so again.

GOD'S FREEMEN.

To speak our own free thought, and without fear
 Boldly maintain the truth we prize so dear;
 To hold supreme above all human power
 The law of conscience—man's especial dower;
 This was the faith for which our fathers died
 The martyr's death, nor failed though sorely tried.
 And shall we wear the chains that they had riven?
 No: by our dearest hopes and by great Heaven!
 The serpent arts of Jesuit craft in vain
 With lying lips may tempt us back again;
 Nor fraud, nor force, nor earth, nor the abyss,
 Can change one jot our firm resolve in this.
 God's freemen, we will dread no league of evil,
 Come Priest, or Cardinal, or Pope, or Devil!

T. S.

Notices of New Books.

OUT OF THE BODY.*

SOME time since we noticed a very excellent little work entitled *Dead and Gone*. The present book is by the same author, and somewhat similar in character. The former volume recorded a large number of instances, collected from many different sources, of the return to earth of the spirits of those usually spoken of as dead, and the present one discusses at some length, in the light of Scripture alone, the intermediate state. The work is divided into twelve chapters, which we should imagine from their style, to have originally formed sermons. They are headed as follows:—"Scope of Inquiry," "The Presentiment," "The Anticipation," "The Departure," "The Life of the Body," "The Life of the Spirit," "Dream Life," "The Spirit World," "Spirit Groups," "Helping One Another," "Limits of Communication," and "Spiritual Manifestations." Each of these subjects the writer discusses with considerable ability, and in a devout and reverent frame of mind, bringing whatever he has to say to the test of the Scriptures. Indeed so closely has he kept to his design of relying entirely on the Bible for information on the question he discusses, that in some instances he has neglected to adduce many facts which might have been quoted in illustration of his position. The chapter on "Dream Life," for instance, might have been greatly extended and rendered more perfect by references to works on Physiology and Psychology. The view taken by Mr. Pollock, however, is after all a correct one, and we are glad to see that he wages war against the generally received materialistic theory, that sleep involves unconsciousness. One of the best chapters in the book, and which of itself would render the volume worthy of perusal, is that on "Helping One Another," in which the all important question is discussed as to how far disembodied spirits can be benefitted by the prayers of persons in the flesh, and how far on the other hand, we, who are still in the body, can receive assistance from those who have passed away. The views of the author on this subject accord thoroughly with our own, and his answer to an oft-repeated objection respecting spirit communion, is so good that we cannot help quoting it *in extenso*.

This is perhaps the right place to notice a question constantly raised with regard to alleged communications from the Spirit-World. The question takes

* *Out of the Body. A Scriptural Inquiry.* By JAMES S. POLLOCK, M.A. London: RIVINGTONS, Waterloo Place.

this form: Is it a good spirit or a bad spirit? The question is answered or unanswered. If it is answered one way or the other, a pretext is given for disparaging the evidence of the revelation. If it is not answered, the inquirer refuses to accept the testimony till this point is cleared up to his satisfaction.

The best answer to the question is to ask another. Let the inquirer be requested to say, Is *he* a bad man or a good man? Till he satisfies you on this point, do not let his scepticism be counted of any worth.

For this is indeed the answer to all inquiries of the sort. And no other can be given. A priest once put this question to a class of Sunday-school teachers, of whom I was one: "Was Jacob a good man?" The answer given was "Yes." The priest said, "Think again:" he wanted the answer "No." Both were right, of course. Looking at some parts of Jacob's character he was a good man, and we must confess it. But when we "think again," we see bad things in him, and we call him a bad man. He is both, or he is neither. And so is the inquirer who wants to know whether communicating spirits are bad or good. The answer is, they are both, and they are neither. For the varieties of evil are many, those of good are infinite. And both these sorts mingle in the tangled web of all men's lives. By degrees, no doubt, the character of the man is fixed, and grows into the shape of his reigning love. Yet even then the traces of other qualities are not obliterated. There is a day coming when the holy and the filthy will be holy and filthy "still;" but it is presumption to demand of every spirit in the intermediate state, of which we know so little, that it should stereotype its form for our satisfaction, or else cease to mystify us by its communications.

Hence it comes to pass that we need not be careful to decide on the character of our angel-guardians, or on the number of them. Especially let us guard against the weak idea of a duality in each case. The good and evil in us tell most plainly that there may be good and evil in any angels that guide us. We are not to imagine that a guide is perfect because he is invisible. We are not to imagine two guides, because we are led wrong ways and right ways. That we are tempted as well as guided we know; but we need not assert what we do not know.

And again, we must not forget that the guardians God sends us are created beings, not gods, and that they carry God's message to us. If this is realised, we shall be saved from great disquietude and also from danger of profanity.

Although we should judge from Mr. Pollock's book that he has seen nothing of what are called the modern spiritual manifestations, yet he clearly not only believes in their reality, but, within certain limits, in their desirability, and accordance with Scripture. In some passages, indeed, he argues in their defence in a manner such as might be expected from an enthusiastic advocate of Spiritualism. He tells us that his "feeling is not so much in favour of Spiritualism as against its unrighteous opponents," and occasionally he gives some hard hits at our sceptical antagonists. Referring to the operation of one class of unseen agencies, he forcibly remarks:—

We do not quite believe them—nobody believes anything now-a-days—but we see in them a witness to a tradition that had at least a foundation of truth, and is more to be respected than the laughter of the fool that cries aloud for witnesses of his imbecility, or the solemn shaking of a head whose ancestors had brains. The "crackling" of such "thorns" will never boil a pot for "a dinner of herbs." Much less will it heat the crucible that is to melt down and destroy the "superstitions" of the Bible! Scoffers! laugh on while you may, if you will do nothing else. Rejoice over truth while you can; but know that Christians laugh too, and refuse to worship the image you set up.

The preposterous objection so frequently urged by the

Huxleys and other sceptics, that spirits are at the beck and call of mediums, and the opposite objection, that when they do not come it proves the whole thing to be trickery, is admirably dealt with in the following passage. The author, speaking of the communications from the departed, remarks :—

Here is no claim of continual presence ; it is commonly limited to certain times when intercourse is sought. Again, at the times mentioned there is a confession of weakness that is refreshing. The mediums do not promise manifestations of any kind. They simply promise to seek them in the usual way. The only assurance of success is grounded on former efforts and their results. Even this hope is not to be depended on. Indeed, the leading and most prominent idea in the whole transaction is that it obeys no rules with certainty. Hence, it is easy to see and expose the obtrusive ignorance of inquirers who believe that "even the devils are subject unto them" and their own sweet wills ; and that if a spirit, good or bad, refuses to come upon the stage whenever they call, the "imposture" is detected, and they are entitled to the thanks of their scientific "circles." This mode of dealing with the supernatural is not new. It is so near the surface, that it was found out by shallow thinkers long ago. "So persecuted they the prophets" of old. By this argument you may confound free-thinking Spiritualists ; but, remember, in the same breath you silence the Christian Apologists.

With some of the views of Mr. Pollock, regarding the relationship of the spirit to the material body, the cause of the disembodied being appearing in the form in which it was known in life, and other minor points, we should disagree to some slight extent, but on the whole we heartily approve of his excellent little volume, and have great pleasure in recommending it to our readers. The tone which pervades the book is as much to be commended as the interesting matter with which its pages abound.

MR. CROOKES' RESEARCHES INTO SPIRITUALISM.*

THE name of Mr. Crookes has been recently more intimately associated in the minds of the public with Modern Spiritualism than that of most other men. This arises from the fact that he is a well known scientific authority, and has made public through the pages of his own journal—the *Quarterly Journal of Science*—the results of certain carefully conducted experiments into some of the most startling of the modern manifestations. At the commencement he seems to have found a ready solution of all the problems presented to his mind in connection with this matter by the aid of Serjeant Cox's theory of Psychic Force ; but at the end he appears to have arrived at the conclusion—which in truth was obvious, to all those who had passed through the same phases of thought—that there is no explanation

* *Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism.* By WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S. London : J. BURNS, 15, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

to be found outside the pale of Spiritualism. True he has not, as far as we can learn, avowed himself a Spiritualist, but then the conclusion that he is one cannot be resisted by those who have read his accounts of what he has experienced.

The results of his experiments, as has been stated, were published at different times in his own journal. The accounts were afterwards reprinted in a separate form, and had we believe a tolerably good circulation. In the present volume they are all collected together, arranged in the order of time in which they first appeared, and handsomely bound. The book is highly interesting, both from the fact that it shows the progress of the author's mind in regard to this great question, and from the circumstance that it details some of the most important experiments that have ever been made in connection with the subject. Every Spiritualist in the country should read Mr. Crookes' researches, and having done so should lend the volume to some non-Spiritualistic friend. The editor of this journal has repeatedly maintained that Spiritualism should take its position as a science, and be dealt with as such. Works like this one from the pen of Mr. Crookes are admirably adapted to aid in bringing about so desirable a state of things.

JAMES NICHOLSON'S POEMS.*

IT is seldom indeed that we have come across such true and genuine poetry as that to be found in the little volumes of James Nicholson. The present is an unpoetic age. Materialism controls science; and commerce occupies the sole attention of the great mass of mankind. Business, and stocks and funds, and the price of shares and bank rates, and money-grubbing in a thousand protean forms meet us at every point. There is no escaping from the horrid nightmare which this kind of thing brings in its train. Newspapers are full of it, and ordinary conversation is devoted to little else. If we escape from the noise and turmoil and bustle of town to enjoy the green fields, inhale the fresh air, and luxuriate where nature breaks out into beauty, and where birds carol forth their song to heaven's gate, even here the chances are that some huge and lying advertisement will stare us in the face, promising unheard-of impossibilities, and bringing back our thoughts against our will to the frauds and shams of the great city left behind. All this

* *Idylls o' Hame, and other Poems.* By JAMES NICHOLSON. London: HOULSTON and SON, Paternoster Row. *Wee Tibbie's Garland, and other Poems.* By JAMES NICHOLSON. Glasgow: JAMES Mc GEACHY, Union Street.

is unfavourable to the inspiration of the poet, and it and other causes, numerous, and difficult to comprehend, appear to have largely crushed out true poesy from amongst us. Wild and crazy rant with neither sense nor meaning, and whose principal peculiarity seems to consist in the mode in which the authors of it play at battledore and shuttle-cock with the English language, usurps the place of the true poetic fire, by which heart communes with heart, and soul blends with soul. Amidst the frightful dearth of poetry in this terribly prosaic age, it is gratifying to come across one man who possesses and who has preserved the genuine poetic sentiment amidst so much rant and fustian. James Nicholson is a poet worthy of the name. We have read his productions with an amount of pleasure and feeling that now-a-days we seldom experience. He should be, and some day will be, better known. There is hardly a line in his books that does not teem with poetry. *The Idylls o' Hame* are just what their name implies, and as such are calculated to call forth some of the best and purest feelings of the heart. *Wee Tibbie's Garland* contains also some sweet and charming pieces; and when it is stated that James Nicholson in these delightful rhymes never loses sight of the fact that the poet should be a Reformer, and should strive to improve the society in which his lot is cast, it will, we are sure, increase the estimation in which most of our readers will hold him. The evils of society in general he wages perpetual war against, and the drinking customs he sees in their true light, and denounces them accordingly as a snare and a curse, leading to ruin, destruction, and death. Long may he live to pen such grand and noble sentiments as we find in the books before us.

MR. WALLACE ON MIRACLES AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.*

THE fact that Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace is a firm believer in Spiritualism ought to go far with the public to show how utterly erroneous is the general impression that the ranks of the Spiritualists are made up of people who know nothing whatever of modern science. Mr. Wallace is one of the foremost scientific men in this age, second only to Darwin, equal to Tyndall, and far superior to Huxley, and his name will be known in future years, when many of the most popular men of the day will have been forgotten. Everything that comes from Mr.

* *On Miracles and Modern Spiritualism. Three Essays.* By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE. LONDON: J. BURNS, 15, Southampton Row, W.C.

Wallace's pen is well worthy of perusal. His work on the Malay Archipelago is of itself sufficient to have created for him a reputation of no mean order, and his volume entitled *Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection* is full of original facts and written in a flowing and easy style that renders it as interesting as a novel. We never look into the latter volume without feeling our interest in the study of the *Philosophy of Natural History* considerably augmented. The work on *Miracles and Modern Spiritualism* is of a totally different character, but, it is nevertheless calculated to have a far wider circulation, to be more generally read, and perhaps to do even a larger amount of good. It comprises three essays that have appeared before at different times and under different circumstances. The first one is an answer to the arguments of Hume, Lecky and others against miracles—an argument much needed in these days of scepticism—and the whole subject is treated with masterly ability. The second is on the "Scientific Aspect of the Supernatural," written, the author tells us, "more than eight years ago for the pages of a secularist periodical," and deals largely with the question of the spiritual phenomena. The last consists of the two well-known papers that appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* last year. These latter will be fresh in the recollection of our readers, having been extensively read by Spiritualists and non-Spiritualists at the time. They created a great sensation in connection with Spiritualism in circles where otherwise it would never have been heard of, and doubtless led many to investigate the subject for the first time. Our space will not allow us to quote extracts from these essays of Mr. Wallace, nor perhaps is it desirable, since the book has but to be known to be procured and read. We look upon it as one of the very few really good books that have appeared in connection with Modern Spiritualism. It is beautifully got up, well printed and elegantly bound, thus forming a very handsome volume. It is also cheap, which is another recommendation, and not a small one.

"THE MACHINERY OF LIFE."*

The Machinery of Life is one of a series of small works, written by Dr. Beale, of King's College, upon one of the great controversies which are agitating men's minds so tremendously at the present time. The old landmarks of religious thought seem in danger of being swept completely away by the over-

* *The Machinery of Life.* A Lecture by LIONEL S. BEALE, M.B., F.R.S.
London: J. & A. CHURCHILL.

whelming flood of scientific speculation which is deluging our literature. Science appears no longer to be characterised by accurate observation, carefully conducted experiment, and precision of thought, but to run riot in the wildest of all wild speculations, and, leaving knowledge far behind, to soar away into flights of imagination that may well vie with ancient mythology. In the ages of the past, authority held science greatly in check and prevented her from exercising her legitimate function in her own domain; but, now that she has broken the bonds with which she was previously bound, the reaction that has followed is so great that she has bounded off into an opposite extreme, and aims at crushing out every form of thought that does not square with her presumptuous pretensions. It may not, perhaps, be quite correct to speak thus of science, because it is not true science, but the speculation and conjecture of so-called scientific men, of which we have to complain; but, then, the two are so blended together in the publications that are issued and the discourses that are delivered, that the public, who are not versed in nice discriminations in points of difference, can hardly help confounding the one with the other. The unbearable dogmatism and arrogant presumption of some of the men who, in modern times, pride themselves on being the champions of science, would be amusing, were the results not so mischievous to society at large. It is not sufficient on the part of these men to attempt to undermine the faith of the ages, and to destroy the hopes and aspirations of the entire civilized world, but they arrogate to themselves an infallibility equal to that claimed by the Pope of Rome, and treat all people as deficient in brains who have the temerity to dispute their visionary speculations. And what is particularly worthy of notice in connection with this matter—a fact to which attention has been specially drawn by Dr. Beale in the little work under consideration—is the circumstance that the speculations that are put forth generally refer to some branch of science altogether foreign to the studies of the man by whom they are advocated:—

The extravagant views lately advocated have not been put forward by those who have been working in the particular department to which they relate, but by men who have earned reputation in altogether different fields of research. An authority perhaps upon light or sound deems it expedient to lay down the law upon the nature of life. A distinguished investigator in hydraulics might enliven us upon the structure of nerve, and although from his remarks it might be pretty clear that he had no correct idea concerning the real structure and the distribution of nerves, if he expressed himself with sufficient confidence, and his conclusions were spoken of in terms of praise by one or two scientific men, distinguished perhaps in mechanics and astronomy, but who had never seen a nerve, readers who were not specially informed would naturally believe him to be an acknowledged authority upon the subject of which he was treating. Indeed, the most pertinacious advocates of physical doctrines of life are not physiologists who have been studying the structure

and actions of living beings, but physicists who have been engaged upon the investigation of non-living matter. Biology and physiology are in fact now taught by men who ought to be teaching us physics. Astronomers and mathematicians may shortly be expected to leave the heavenly bodies and propound new and more startling theories about the origin of living beings than any yet proposed. But this is not all. Those who have studied living beings are spoken of contemptuously by their physical scientific brethren, some of whom really behave as if all fields of scientific research were exclusively their own. Those infatuated creatures who will not work under their direction and control, are to be dismissed with that crowd of "rash and ill-formed persons," who "biassed by previous education," are opposed to the new revival of a very old philosophy.

The Editor of this journal had occasion to point out this same fact in reply to Professor Tyndall's Belfast Address,* and he is very glad to find so eminent an authority as Dr. Beale drawing attention to the same circumstance.

In the little work under consideration the word "*Machinery*" of *Life* is used ironically, since the author shows clearly and conclusively that living things are not machines in any sense in which the word can be used. There is no man living who is better competent to deal with this question than Dr. Beale. He is one of the first microscopists of the day, and has devoted his life to the study of branches of knowledge intimately associated with this question. His opinion, therefore, will carry more weight to everyone who knows anything about the matter than the views of half-a-dozen of the men who now-a-days talk so loudly about the nature and qualities of life. When we are told, as we are now-a-days with the greatest possible *sans froid*, that we are simply pieces of machinery driven into action like an automaton by springs over which we have no control, that free will is a delusion and immortality a wild dream, that God is a creature of the imagination, worship a mockery, and religion a craze, we naturally begin to rub our eyes and ask whether we are wide awake; and having discovered that we are, are sadly puzzled to know whether these modern theories are to be considered as science or nonsense. A little reflection, based upon some knowledge of a practical character of the nature of tissue, leads us to say emphatically that never was anything further removed from real science than these visionary speculations, and when we find ourselves in such company as that of Dr. Beale we conclude that we cannot be far wrong.

The "*Machinery*" of *Life* comprises a lecture that was delivered before the Philosophical Society at Leamington in January last and is now printed in a small volume. In it Dr.

* *Scientific Materialism Calmly Considered: Being a Reply to the Address delivered before the British Association, at Belfast, on August 19th, 1874, by Professor Tyndall.* A Discourse by GEORGE SEXTON, M.A., M.D., LL.D., &c. London: J. BURNS. Price 1s.

Beale has thoroughly exposed the pretensions of some of the leading men of science in reference to this question, and has demonstrated that the chasm which separates the living organism from dead inorganic material is as far from being bridged over as ever. He deals some heavy blows at the pretensions of the apostles of this school of thought and the dogmatism with which they enunciate their views. The following passage is worth quoting as illustrative of their tendency to pull down instead of building up:—

But has not the materialist school, from Lucretius to our own time, behaved at least as unjustly to the teachers of the old faith as the latter have behaved to them? Materialists looking from the side of observation and experiment and scientific enlightenment and hope have no excuse. It cannot be necessary that religion should be condemned as the first step in the proof that all the actions of living things are mechanical. Lucretius of old would surely have gained more disciples had he steadily pursued his course of teaching what he knew of the nature of things. But instead of allowing a little time for his pupils to acquire a taste for the studies he loved, he fiercely attacks what he calls the superstitions of his time, and condemns the priests. Though nearly two thousand years have passed, the followers of Lucretius have not yet learnt that it is their business first to teach new facts; and that it will be time to overthrow the old ideas when the new truths shall have been firmly established. But the zealous teachers of the new philosophy cannot wait. They exhibit the same injudicious haste in attacking the old faith and its followers. They are not content to let old superstitions die out or rust out. They must actively crush them out. Moreover it is certain that if only a very few of the confident assertions made by new philosophers and repeated over and over again had been shown to be based upon facts, no active efforts would have been needed upon their part to destroy the old faith. But is it not feared by some of our confident teachers that some of their cherished dogmas will, after all, find their resting-place among the superstitions of our time? Is not the idea of a *formative* power of the sun a superstition? If the belief that the sun can form and build organs and make vegetables and animals is not a superstition, what is it? Is it "nonsense?"

It seems doubtful whether the grand tenets of the conjectural philosophy, clothed in the most eloquent language, would commend themselves to men's minds unless the old religious beliefs were held up to ridicule. And it does not seem very likely that any persons will be persuaded to accept many of the new notions, unless they can be convinced in the first instance that the ideas they had entertained were very foolish indeed.

Our space will not permit us to enlarge at greater length upon Dr. Beale's admirable little book. We can only hope that it may have a large circulation and tend to undo some of the mischief that is daily being effected by the promulgation of erroneous views on this question.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS AND THE QUARTERLY.

THE *Quarterly Review*, which never loses an opportunity of exposing its ignorance of and hostility to Spiritualism, has in its January number quoted with lively unctiousness an anecdote which Greville gives respecting his mother. The Reviewer says:—

“Shortly before her death, a celebrated Spiritualist, never dreaming that a man of his age could have a mother living, told him at a *séance* that her spirit was in attendance, and ready to answer any question he might wish to ask. He coolly replied that this was needless, as he had been conversing with her in the flesh only two hours before.”

The “coolness” in this passage is as conspicuous as the fallacy which underlies it. The *Quarterly* in its edifying self-complacency evidently thinks that it has here fired a formidable shell through the frail planking of the vessel of Spiritualism; but the *Quarterly* is under a miserable delusion: its weapon is only a pop-gun, the pellet of which has been wool-gathering. The attack is as harmless as the animus is manifest. Such deceptions by spirits and such mistakes by mediums, as the incident above narrated discloses, are among the commonest every-day experience of the most careful and enlightened Spiritualists. The *Quarterly*, with all the advantages of study at its disposal, has apparently not yet mastered the A B C of the phenomena of Spiritualism; and therefore it would be almost an idle waste of time to discuss the subject with a publication which is in such a hopeless and helpless state of ignorance and incompetence. We may as well, however, give ourselves the trouble of instructing the Reviewer so far as to inform him that the incident, which he quotes with so much subdued chuckling, is precisely what we should expect to happen under the circumstances stated. Mr. Greville was, according to the Reviewer’s own showing, a vicious scandal-monger; and therefore by a law of spiritual affinity, he would be attended by undeveloped, lying, mischief-making spirits, who would do all they could, not only to mislead him, but those with whom he was associated; and no Spiritualist could desire to cite an apter or more striking illustration of the laws which govern spiritual intercourse. The *Reviewer*, so far from overwhelming our position with the force of a formidable exposure, has, unwittingly, furnished us with one of the most appropriate instances which

could be selected of the truth of our spiritual philosophy. Let it also be considered that, if the *séance* was one where good was likely to be wrought, evil spirits would resort to all their artifices to bring doubt and discredit upon the manifestations, and eagerly pounce upon that precise opportunity for the display of their pestilent propensities; but it must be borne in mind that this untruthful and unhallowed result could only be accomplished by the sympathetic co-operation of unholy thoughts and wishes present in the minds of those persons who attended the *séance*.

Again, from another point of view, we may observe that it is by no means certain that the spirit which appeared to the medium was not the spirit of Greville's living mother. If the old lady was asleep on the occasion, and in very infirm health, it is quite within the limits of possibility and experience, that her spirit might have temporarily left her body without causing death—if the tie between soul and body was not entirely sundered—and been seen by the medium.

When the *Quarterly Reviewer* has devoted a few years to the thorough investigation of Spiritualism, and acquired an insight into its phenomena and laws, we can assure him that he will be richly rewarded for his pains; and he will then be qualified to interpret some of the most curious and marvellous enigmas of the past and present ages. C.

DR. SEXTON'S SUNDAY SERVICES.

Dr. Sexton commenced regular Sunday Services in Goswell Hall on the 11th of last month with a discourse in reply to the unjust attack on Spiritualism by the Rev. Dr. Talmage in a sermon which appeared in the *Christian Age*, and was afterwards reprinted and issued in a separate form, entitled, *The Religion of Ghosts*. A crowded audience greeted Dr. Sexton, and many a well-known worker in the cause of Spiritualism shook him heartily by the hand at the close of his discourse, and wished him success in his undertaking. There appears to be but one feeling amongst Spiritualists with regard to this matter, which is that these Sunday services will be productive of great good. Letters have poured in upon us from all parts congratulating us on the commencement of this work—a work which all admit was much needed. We have only to ask our readers who reside in London to support the undertaking as far as they can by their presence, and those who are unable to attend personally may still aid us by donations to help to meet the necessary expenses incurred, and by speaking of the lectures to any of their friends who may be interested in the subject. Each Sunday

meeting will partake of the character of a religious service in conjunction with the discourse of Dr. Sexton, so as to meet the wishes of those persons who look upon the Sabbath as a day to be set apart for worship as well as for imparting and receiving instruction. A choir is being formed, and the assistance of musical friends will therefore be highly acceptable. The discourse with which the Sunday Services were inaugurated is printed in full in the *Christian Spiritualist* for the present month. It is a most important one, and should be circulated in every district into which Dr. Talmage's sermon has made its way.

DR. SEXTON'S DISCOURSES.

The editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* having been frequently applied to to issue his discourses on Spiritualism, in a more permanent and compact form than that in which they have at present appeared, has decided to select a dozen or so, and bring them out in a handsomely bound volume. Full particulars will be found in our advertising columns. The undertaking is a somewhat heavy one, and those persons who are desirous of possessing copies will confer a favour by sending in their names without delay.

MEDIUMSHIP OF INFANTS.

One of the most interesting facts in connection with the spiritual phenomena is the manifestation of spiritual powers through the mediumship of young children. A remarkable case of this kind occurred recently in connection with an infant son of Mr. Jencken, a full account of which has already appeared in the spiritual journals. Numerous similar cases are recorded in history. We extract the following from Dr. Crowell's recent work, entitled the *Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism*:—

If there are persons so peculiarly constituted as to admit of spirit-control, we would expect to find this peculiarity a congenital one, and this we find it to be in a majority of instances, as it probably is in all; and not only so, but it is often inherited, as in the cases of D. D. Home, Chas. H. Foster, Henry Slade, C. T. Buffum, C. B. Kenney, and as it probably is with most, if not all remarkable mediums.

In some instances also, the power is manifested very early even in infancy; there being such cases related in Scripture, and many well-attested instances in modern times. That the first passage above quoted relates to infants being the mouth-pieces of spirits I have no doubt, and there can be no question in the mind of any believer in mediumship, that the passage from Judges declares the fact of Samson being controlled, or impressed by spiritual agency, while yet a child, to speak, or act, or to both speak and act.

In 1 Sam., chap. iii, we have a detailed account of Samuel's mediumship

from the first proof furnished to Eli in Samuel hearing the spirit-voice, until his development into a full prophet. And we here find a clear and explicit account of what constituted a prophet in those days, the qualifications being precisely those that now constitute a medium.

In chap. ii., verse 18, it reads: "But Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child, girded with a linen ephod." In chap. iii. it is again said that Samuel was a child. "And Samuel was laid down to sleep, that the Lord called Samuel, and he answered; Here am I. And he ran unto Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou calledst me. And he said, I called not; lie down again. And he went and lay down. And the Lord called yet again, Samuel." Again he rose and went to Eli, who again directed him to lie down, and the Lord called Samuel again the third time. . . . "And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child. Therefore, Eli said unto Samuel, Go lie down: and it shall be, if he call thee, that thou shalt say, Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth. So Samuel went and lay down in his place. And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. . . . And Samuel lay until the morning. . . . Then Eli called Samuel, and said, Samuel, my son. . . . And he said, What is the thing that the Lord hath said unto thee? . . . And Samuel told him every whit, and hid nothing from him. And he said, *It is the Lord*: let him do what seemeth him good. And Samuel grew; and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground. And all Israel, from Dan even to Beersheba, knew that *Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord*. And the Lord appeared again in Shiloh: for the Lord revealed himself to Samuel in Shiloh by the word of the Lord."

In the above narration, we find that Samuel, a child lying in his bed, heard a voice calling him which he mistook for that of the aged Eli, and arose and inquired of the prophet why he called him. Eli replied that he did not call him. Twice again was the voice heard, and upon Samuel the third time applying to Eli it is said; "And Eli perceived that *the Lord* had called the child." The proof so satisfactory to Eli, consisted entirely of a voice being heard by the child, which Eli was persuaded was supernatural, and consequently must be that of God. In common with many others, I have heard spirit-voices many times; but I should be sorry to be so credulous as to imagine them to be the voice of God.

In the tenth verse of this chapter it is said: "And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times;" but there is no evidence that Samuel saw the Lord, or any spirit whom he could have mistaken for Him; for had he done so, the apparition would have impressed him more than the voice did, and he would have stated it. So the whole evidence is reduced to his hearing a spiritual voice—a sudden development of the faculty or gift of clairaudience, although from verse 19 it may be inferred that in addition he was controlled to speak by spirit-power, for there it is said: "And the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground." So that up to this period Samuel was clairaudient, and either an impressional or trance speaker. It is impossible to reasonably claim for him any other gifts, or any other proofs of his divine mission, and yet "all Israel, from Dan even to Beersheba, knew that *Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord*."

If there were no other passages in the Bible from which to seek an answer to the question; "What constituted a prophet?" we would in this find an answer; and unless thousands of the most intelligent men and women in this country, and in Europe are not egregiously mistaken, there are hundreds of respectable persons amongst us to-day who possess similar gifts; and some of them seemingly in perfection. But they are not Hebrew prophets—they are American mediums.

Amongst the Cévénal prophets of France in the seventeenth century; children, and even infants at the breast, were often controlled to speak. De Gasparin, in his *Science v. Modern Spiritualism*, vol. ii. p. 37, quotes Pierre Chaman, who says: "I knew at Tyés a man by the name of G—, whose little boy, only five years of age, prophesied several times in my presence; he was through the power of the spirit seized with violent agitation of the head and every part of the body. After that he spoke: he predicted misfortune to Babylon and disturbance in the Church. He exhorted loudly to repentance;

but the poor little fellow was sometimes so agitated that his words became incoherent. He always spoke in good French. He made use of these expressions: 'I tell thee, my child;' 'My child, I assure thee.'" The same author quotes Jean Vernet as saying that there were multitudes of these infant prophets, and that some of them would really have required the care of a nurse. He also quotes from Jacques Dubois. This latter author says, "About a year previous to my departure, I went with two of my friends to visit another friend, Pierre Jacques. While we were there, a daughter of the family came to call her mother, who was seated with us, and said to her: 'My mother, come see the infant.' Whereupon the mother also called us, telling us that we might see the speaking infant. She added that we had no occasion to be frightened, and that this miracle had already happened. We all immediately followed her. The infant, three or four months old, was lying wrapped up in the cradle, and it had never spoken or walked of itself. When I and my friends entered, the child spoke distinctly in French, in quite a loud voice considering its age, so as to be plainly heard in every part of the chamber. It exhorted to repentance, just as I have seen others do when in a state of inspiration." Jacques Dubois adds that he has seen more than sixty children between three and twelve years of age who were in a similar condition.

In the *Hartford Review*, of May 17th, 1833, published fifteen years before the advent of Modern Spiritualism, and therefore not narrated by interested observers, is an account of a case of trance-speaking, illustrating this class of manifestations. We copy it from the *Western Star* for August, 1872.

"There is a girl in Saybrook, about eleven years of age, who, from the many specimens she has given, is thought to have been recently endowed with some extraordinary gift of speech. At certain irregular times, when the impulse is upon her, she breaks out into powerful connected and finished exhortations, and discourses generally on religious topics.

"The first discourse which she is known to have uttered, and the only one on that subject, was on temperance. It is said to have been remarkable for its clearness, precision, and eloquence of thought, and the impressive manner in which it was pronounced. Since that time she has delivered herself of nothing on temperance. The premonitory symptoms of her impromptus are usually fits of stupor; as soon as she comes out of that, she rises, closes her eyes, and perfectly abstracted from every thing around her, commences by repeating the hymn, which is sometimes original and of a high order of poetry. She next gives out a text, naming the chapter and verse, and proceeds to deliver a sermon, always conspicuous for its sound argument, logical sequences, and elegant phraseology. What especially astonishes the hearers is the fact that when the inspiration is gone she recollects not a word of what she has been saying, and if told the verse and chapter of her text, and the number of her hymn, she knows not how or where to find them. Her parents reside in New Haven, and are poor, miserably ignorant, and intemperate people, whilst her education has been so much neglected that she reads with the greatest difficulty.

"What is more marvellous still, she discovers hardly any ordinary degree of intellectual capacity, except when the spirit of improvization possesses her. Several physicians have examined her both when in and out of her lunacies, and as yet have found no other marks of disease and insanity.

"We think this case will match the Campbells, of Scotland, who on stated occasions are said to speak in strange and unknown tongues, and by their followers are believed to be inspired by the Holy Spirit."

By the careful reader the "fits of stupor," followed by her rising with closed eyes, and perfect abstraction, and in this state delivering her discourse, will be recognized as the indications of spirit-control, which so constantly attend trance-speaking mediums.

We will here narrate another case of child mediumship, taken, somewhat abridged, from Mrs. Emma Hardinge Brittan's *Modern American Spiritualism*, a work that every investigator of this subject should read. This case occurred in 1851, in the town of Waterford, a village four miles from Troy, N. Y. She says:

"The reports were so startling, and the effect of conviction was becoming so obvious and wide-spread, that a reverend gentleman, one of the officiating

pastors of Waterford, waited upon General Bullard, a distinguished lawyer of the place, and begged him, in company with four other of the most prominent men of the district, to institute enquiries into the 'obnoxious thing,' with a view to crushing its infidelic and satanic tendencies.

"Having learned that 'spirit-rapping,' was to be found in its most startling prominence in the person of a little daughter of Mr. Anson Atwood, of Troy, and that the parents of the child had generously opened their house, free of charge, to investigators, the party, headed by General Bullard, proceeded to fulfil their mission by calling at the house in question.

"They were freely admitted by Mrs. Atwood, who, without requesting even the formality of their names, introduced them to her little girl, who at the time was amusing herself with the toys proper to her age.

"This total unconcern, together with the childish appearance and occupation of the young priestess, somewhat disconcerted the grave magisterial party who had come prepared to detect well-laid plans of imposture, or confront the impious craft of satanic agency, but 'not to play doll games with children, or learn metaphysics from babes and sucklings.'

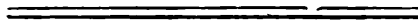
"The little medium was 'out of sorts,' the mother said, and she had to be coaxed by a liberal supply of candy, when she consented to sit for the gentlemen. At this crisis there was not one of the party but would have gladly retreated from a scene where they felt their dignity as sensible men and magistrates, ridiculously compromised by the initiatory steps of their mission. . . . a single quarter of an hour's experience of the marvels outwrought through this most undignified means, however, soon changed their views, riveted their profoundest interest, and made them forget the agency of the unconcerned little one altogether.

"Seated on a high chair, with her tiny feet resting on a footboard, the medium all unconsciously munched away at her sweetmeats, whilst the spirits lifted her about, and moved her from place to place with the ease of a feather blown by the winds. Meantime the heavy table around which the party were gathered rocked and rolled like a ship at sea; the chairs of the gentlemen, with their occupants, were moved bodily; whilst loud raps sounding from various parts of the room, spelled out names, dates, and messages. . . .

"This deeply interesting *séance* was prolonged to an unusual length, and just as it was about to terminate, a spirit identifying himself with a deceased brother of General Bullard's expressed a desire to communicate. . . . He (General Bullard) mentally framed this sentence: 'If this be indeed the spirit of my brother, let him move that child in the chair towards me.'

"General Bullard was sitting at the side of the table opposite the medium; and as it was a very large one, there was room between any of the party for the movement of a chair. His wish was that the child's chair should be moved a little towards the end of the table which was nearest to himself; but before he could conclude the sentence in his own mind which he was endeavouring to frame, the child, chair and all, was lifted, carried, or moved, none present could divine how, completely round the table, and set lightly down by the side of General Bullard, who started up with an irresistible impulse, exclaiming, 'By heaven! it is all true.'

"When the investigating party at length returned, with their very unexpected report, the reverend gentleman in whose behalf they had undertaken it, was so struck with consternation at the result, that he concluded to continue the enquiry in his own person; and as the spirits had promised mediumistic gifts to some of the party if they would sit for development, the worthy minister joined them, and actually became a fine writing medium, and ultimately a confirmed believer in the truths of Spiritualism."



Correspondence.

OUR KNOWLEDGE OF NATURE.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—As I do not pretend to possess the intelligence of Socrates or Kepler, I am very easily puzzled by a clever controversialist like your correspondent Mr. Atkinson. He has certainly succeeded in rendering himself to me profoundly "mystical and incomprehensible;" but I fancy that I do not stand alone in this abject condition, as Mr. Atkinson himself—my mentor—quotes Socrates without being certain what he "did really mean." When such an authority as your correspondent is in doubt, who shall dare to be more enlightened? Certainly not I. But I would respectfully venture to ask whether in all discussions it would not be advisable to quote passages which, at least, he who quotes is able to understand?

Mr. Atkinson is emphatic in his appeals to "nature fundamentally considered," and to "matter at bottom." I detect the resemblance between these two propositions, but I fail to see their appropriateness to the subject under debate. When I inquired why Mr. Atkinson did not labour at utilising the facts of Spiritualism, he replies by referring me to "a rainbow." Now I admire a rainbow as one of the most beautiful objects in nature, but as it does not come within my definition of a miracle, I am at a loss to perceive how I could turn it to any good account in my argument: nor how I could utilise it to the purpose of influencing and guiding our daily life and conversation. My plan of operations is to utilise facts as we discover them, and not to wait until there are no more facts to be revealed.

Yours, &c.,

Blackheath, April 1st, 1875.

NEWTON CROSLAND.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC SÉANCE.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Those who read my monthly letters in the *Christian Spiritualist* during the years 1872 and 1873 will perhaps remember that very remarkable manifestations were granted in both instances, on the Thursday in Passion week, and I think the following account of what has taken place this year will be interesting to those who peruse your valuable Magazine.

Of course, all are aware that Mr. Hudson is now established close to Notting Hill Gate Station, but his new studio has needed some time to become, as it were, *charged* with the spiritual atmosphere ere he could obtain such good results as at the old place; and from the first of his going there I have resumed my Thursday visits, for the purpose of helping the work in that respect, but I had no sittings until the commencement of this year, since when there have been some beautiful photographs.

When I told Mrs. Guppy that I was intending to have a *séance* there on Maundy Thursday (March 25th), she kindly offered to meet me for the occasion, and she had already arrived when I got there at 10 o'clock, so we at once went up to the studio, when I told her that I had received directions from my spirit friends before leaving home that I was to sit for the first plate, and then she was to take her turn, to which she willingly agreed. I accordingly seated myself, and on the negative are three veiled figures close together, leaning towards me, and on, or rather round, my lap are flowers, with a continuation of shadowy palm (our English palm) branches on the side near the spirits, of whom only the upper portions are defined.

Mrs. Guppy removed the chair, and was going to seat herself on the floor, as she had a feeling that there was something low down, but Mr. Hudson arranged a low seat for her; and while the plate was sensitising, I was impressed to kneel in front of her, and, bending forwards, to place my hands on hers. I then rose, and stood where I always do while officiating as medium. Kneeling exactly where I had knelt, are two of the spirit figures who were with me, and the same garland is on her lap, with many additional flowers and a good cluster of palm branches, which show distinctly upon her black dress, also, I am happy to say that it is a nice likeness of her.

For the next negative I was sitting, and she stood behind me with her hands on my shoulders, when she observed that there was a peculiar odour, not of flowers, but like something green, or the bark of trees. She told Mr. Hudson that he must not uncap the lens until she should give the signal, as she must wait for the impression, which came after some little delay, and I immediately felt her hands pressed very strongly on my shoulders, as if to enable her to resist the impulse to start; I then caught a glimpse in front of my arm of a piece of palm (our willow palm). When the exposure was over, I found that my head had been, as it were, framed round with freshly gathered palm, which the spirits had thus brought in broad daylight, and *instantaneously* arranged, some of the pieces being fixed into my hair behind the comb, and Mrs. Guppy said she had felt them scratch her face as they came down. There were 11 pieces, some very branchy, and some single sprays, and the arrangement must have been made with lightning speed, for the palm has had the same amount of photographic exposure as myself. Of course, Mrs. Guppy's portrait is not sharp, for she must have been somewhat startled at what was taking place in front of her, but it makes a very curious and interesting picture.

We had one more negative in the same position, but her hands meet round my throat, and I was impressed to place my left hand lightly on hers, and on this occasion she kept them quite steady, so that the three hands are perfectly photographed, but as soon as the lens was uncapped she made a startled ejaculation and I felt my head lightly touched for a moment by something that then fell to the ground at my feet. It was a wreath of artificial flowers, and Mr. Hudson, who was looking towards us at the time, saw it descend as if from the roof of the studio. There is a faint appearance in the photograph of the wreath above my head, where it first rested.

I think that one of the great peculiarities of this *séance* is the fact that in the first two negatives we should have had spiritual representations of the palm, and that it should afterwards have been brought in material form; and all your readers will doubtless be acquainted with the circumstance that the previous Sunday was what is termed Palm Sunday.

Believe me, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

GEORGINA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W.,
April 5th, 1875.

MR. PEEBLES' "TRAVELS ROUND THE WORLD."

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Having observed in your last issue that you had favourably noticed a book entitled "Around the World," written by Mr. J. M. Peebles, I thought it incumbent upon me to draw your attention to a sentence in it which you probably overlooked, and which appears to me to call for a most emphatic denial. The passage to which I allude will be found on page 89, and runs as follows:—"During the late English elections, overthrowing the reigning Gladstone party, both the Scriptures and liquors were used at public gatherings for political purposes. Flags and banners bore the inscription—'Beer and the Bible—a national beverage and a national Church.'"

This can be nothing but a deliberate falsehood, penned apparently for no other object than to gratify the writer's evident dislike to Christianity as it at present

exists, and to give him an opportunity for sneering at it. This anti-Christian prejudice is one of the most conspicuous features of the book. The author takes every opportunity of comparing modern Christian morality with some purely speculative heathen system, placing the former in as unfavourable a light as possible, and seeming wholly to forget that their modern professors have as little to boast of as ourselves as regards the observance of the moral precepts of their religion. He should remember an old proverb respecting the behaviour of inmates of glass houses, and at the same time reflect that this prejudice of his against Christianity is to the full as irrational and narrow-minded as that which he so strongly condemns in the opponents of Spiritualism.

Apologising for troubling you so far,

I remain, yours very sincerely,

W. H. ASTON PEAKE.

4, St. Jude's Place, Staines,
April 3rd, 1875.

LORD BACON AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—It is highly gratifying to find a man of your scientific attainments referring to Lord Bacon in the terms you have when a writer like Mr. Draper is telling us that "It is time that the sacred name of philosophy should be severed from its long connection with that of one who was a pretender in science," &c. The man who, 250 years ago, anticipated the present received theory of force as modes of motion in his famous induction in regard to heat. But he admonishes us to begin in doubt that we might end in certainty, and to beware of hasty generalising; in fact, he sets this down as the chief difference between his method and that then in vogue, and the nature of spirits, he says, must be investigated in the same way as in respect to any other matters. But in regard to Modern Spiritualism it may be said that the facts (spirits) speak for themselves. True, but so does a man in the flesh speak for himself, and yet how little we know about his real nature and the nature of mind may be seen by the contending theories issuing from the press almost daily, and we must reject all the current theories of mind as conclusions derived from illusions and appearances; and so in regard to Spiritualism, the nature of all which I do not think, as true Baconians, we are as yet in a position to decide, as by a full and searching inductive demonstration in a full acquaintance with all the facts still being developed.

Perhaps I am over cautious, but anyhow that is safer than concluding in haste from appearances and hastily generalising in respect to all the facts in question being of the same nature as the doings of individual spirits, such as the elongation of the body and the facts recorded of men bodily passing through stone walls. Then we have the present perplexing difficulty of the double—even of men in the waking state, and Mr. Darwin, as you say, did not jump to conclusions any more than did Lord Bacon. True, we have the facts rapping at our door and at our tables, but how that is produced is as yet a profound mystery. Truth lies at the bottom of the well, and for aught we can say as yet we may be only dealing with some reflections on the surface, that is, with a reflex to something, and in some unknown way from our own selves, as the double seems clearly to suggest. You and I, sir, should profoundly distrust first conclusions from appearances. But when a man wants an idea to be true he is impatient with the cautious and slow course of a true method of scientific investigation.

Men were all once believers that forces must be fluids and entities, but how different came out the facts after Bacon's careful induction from all the facts brought together in contrast to be dealt with by negations, and some of the facts seeming to be so opposite and contradictory; for instance, the force of cold as well of heat, of contraction as well of expansion, and the beautiful

effects of the frost upon our window panes, with the anomaly of the expansion of water before becoming ice, &c., all showing the source of force to be the physical condition, and the dynamical fact to be the act of such condition, and capable of transfer and exchange. Philosophers of the mechanical school have ridiculed Bacon for requiring an investigation to be made of a class of phenomena having relation to what we now term Spiritual—such as divination, dreams, the oracles, &c., and what he terms one of the profoundest secrets in Nature—that is, nerve and mind sympathy at a distance—on all which Bacon is still in advance of the “men of science” of the present day, and Spiritualists are the only people who, standing at a higher elevation, can fully appreciate Bacon’s broad view of Nature and deep insight in regard to the value of all classes of facts, and more particularly those bearing on the nature of man and mind; and such a man Mr. Draper has the ignorant folly to denounce as “a pretender in science.”

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

LIFE AND DUTY.

Why all this toil for triumph of an hour?	<i>Young.</i>
Life's a short summer, man a flower.	<i>Dr. Johnson.</i>
By turn we catch the vital breath and die.	<i>Pope.</i>
The table and the tomb, alas! so nigh.	<i>Prior.</i>
To be is fairer than not to be.	<i>Sewell.</i>
Through all man's life man seems a tragedy.	<i>Spenser.</i>
But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb;	<i>Daniel.</i>
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.	<i>Raleigh.</i>
Your fate is but the common fate of all;	<i>Longfellow.</i>
Unmingled joys here to no man befall.	<i>Southwell.</i>
Nature to each allots his proper sphere,	<i>Congreve.</i>
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.	<i>Churchill.</i>
Custom does not reason overrule,	<i>Rochester.</i>
And throws a cruel sunshine on a fool.	<i>Armstrong.</i>
Live well, how long or short, permit to heaven!	<i>Milton.</i>
They who forgave, most shall be forgiven.	<i>Bailey.</i>
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face;	<i>Trench.</i>
Vile intercourse where virtue has not place.	<i>Somerville.</i>
Then keep its passion down, however dear,	<i>Thompson.</i>
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.	<i>Byron.</i>
Her sensual snares let Pleasure lay,	<i>Smollett.</i>
With craft and skill, to ruin and betray.	<i>Crabbe.</i>
Soar not too high, but stoop to rise;	<i>Massinger.</i>
We masters grow of all that we despise.	<i>Cowley.</i>
Oh, then renounce an impious self-esteem;	<i>Beattie.</i>
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.	<i>Cooper.</i>
Think not Ambition wise because 'tis brave.	<i>Davenant.</i>
The paths of Glory lead but to the grave.	<i>Gray.</i>
What is Ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat;	<i>Willis.</i>
Only destruction to the brave and great.	<i>Addison.</i>
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?	<i>Dryden.</i>
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.	<i>Quarles.</i>
How long we live, not years but actions tell;	<i>Watkins.</i>
The man lives twice who lives the first life well.	<i>Herrick.</i>
Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,	<i>Mason.</i>
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.	<i>Hill.</i>
The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just,	
For live how we can yet die we must.	<i>Shakespeare.</i>