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A Record of the Progress of the Science and Ethics of Spiritualism.

VOLUME ELEVEN. NUMBER SEVEN.

LONDON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 17th, 1877.

## ON CERTAIN MISCONCEPTIONS REGARDING MESMERISM.

BY CAPTAIN JOHN JAMES.

SHOULD any of your readers happen to take an interest in mesmerism and desire to try its effects in the treatment of disease, it may be useful to notice certain misconceptions often entertained by beginners. A tyro has often felt disheartened because, after several trials, he has failed in producing sleep. Now, the fact is, that many a severe pain may be alleviated or altogether removed, and many a disease cured, without the patient experiencing the slightest inclination to sleep.

When sleep is produced, it should be welcomed as a proof of the susceptibility of the patient to the mesmeric influence promising some substantial benefit, and naturally encouraging the mesmeriser to persevere. But the mesmeric coma is not absolutely necessary, except in cases where an operation is to be performed and complete insensibility to pain is required, or when the patient has been deprived of natural sleep for any length of time; in the latter case the mesmeric passes, even if they do not produce any immediate and marked effect, will often tranquillise the system, assist nature, and lead to the patient's enjoyment of a good night's rest.

Beginners are sometimes afraid of producing bad effects on their patients, in fact of doing them more harm than good, and when they have succeeded in entrancing them are anxious, and even alarmed, if they cannot easily awaken them. Now, I never heard but one opinion from the most experienced mesmerisers, with Dr. Elliotson at their head, and it was that they had never met with a case where any mischief could have been fairly attributed to mesmerism, and that the longest and deepest sleep will always pass off spontaneously. For my own part I should not hesitate to mesmerise a patient suffering from the worst form of heart disease, and that is about the strongest illustration of my opinion as to the safety of the treatment of which I can think.

At the same time I should not venture to undertake the treatment of any severe form of disease, without the express sanction of the patient's ordinary medical adviser. As a rule, I have found members of the medical profession to be remarkably liberal on this subject, and have frequently been asked by them to try the effects of mesmerism on their patients, when the usual resources of medicine had failed in producing natural sleep or the alleviation of pain.

They were evidently determined to give the sufferer every possible chance of relief, whether the treatment was, or was not in the Pharmacopœia, or whether it was popular or unpopular. Of course there are exceptions to this liberal feeling, and there have been many instances, where medical gentlemen have bitterly opposed the practice of mesmerism—though entirely ignorant of the subject—simply because it appeared as a trespasser on their domain, and they evidently thought it a piece of gross impertinence that it should cure, when they had failed.

The most troublesome cases that I have met with have been where the patients were naturally highly nervous and excitable, and where symptoms of hysteria had declared themselves, mixed up with the mesmeric sleep; and in these cases the mesmeriser often finds it difficult to establish and retain his control. But after a very little practice the mesmeriser will discover methods of tranquillising the patient, such as breathing slowly over the region of the heart, or at the back of the neck, just at the junction of the spine with the cerebellum, and sometimes by passes from the region of the heart carried down to the extremities.

It is in those cases mixed with hysterical symptoms where

we generally find the greatest difficulty in determining then sleep, and restoring the patients to the normal state.

The most obstinate case of prolonged sleep I ever met with in my own practice was that of a lady who was a great sufferer from hysteria, whose sleep on one occasion lasted seventy-two hours. All the usual methods of demesmerising were employed, but with no effect. At last she told me to have a pail of water by my side, and that I was, in the course of an hour or two, to suddenly dash the water over her head. This was done, and her eyes immediately opened, and, by degrees, recovered their natural expression. This patient was seen during her long sleep by Dr. Newnham, of Farnham, who told me that he had been requested to write a pamphlet *against* mesmerism. The doctor, however, was so much impressed with what he witnessed in this case that he wisely determined to study the subject before writing on it; *O! si sic omnes!* and eventually wrote a book in *favour* of mesmerism.

Another common mistake is to suppose that women have little or no mesmeric power. On the contrary, many women are powerful mesmerisers, and they have these advantages over men, viz., that they have more patience, and, as a rule, more sympathy for the suffering. It is, indeed, very desirable that women should more generally exercise their mesmeric powers, as there are many cases where, for evident reasons, female patients should be treated by female practitioners, and thus the chief objection to which mesmerism is open would be done away with. In the present day, when so much is said and written about the difficulty of obtaining suitable employment for women, I cannot imagine a more useful occupation than that of alleviating the sufferings of their own sex by using those healing powers with which nature has endowed them. The field is large, and there cannot possibly be real occasion for jealousy, for were the medical practitioners multiplied a hundredfold, human suffering would still afford a wide field for their exertions.

It has been often said in my hearing, "Oh! no doubt it is very easy to mesmerise women, they have so much imagination, and are so nervous, anything that has an air of mystery would be likely to affect them!" If it were really the case that women only could be affected by mesmerism, and cured of many of their complaints, as well as relieved from severe pain, would that be a trifling boon? It certainly has always appeared to me a somewhat eccentric and rather whimsical reason why mesmerism should be relegated to the limbo of useless discoveries because women only can be benefited by it!

But the fact is that the susceptibility to mesmeric influence is not confined to women, many men of all ages, of every class, educated and uneducated, have been mesmerised, the severest operations performed on them without pain during the mesmeric sleep, and a long list of their diseases cured or alleviated.

The best cases I have met with, as regards extreme susceptibility to the influence, have been amongst boys. My first patient was a soldier boy about fourteen years of age, who was so easily affected that one pass down his back, even without his knowledge, would throw him into a deep sleep, and slow breathing on his forehead for less than a quarter of a minute would produce the same effect. At the request of a medical friend, I mesmerised this boy from another room, through closed doors, my friend engaging the sensitive's attention by showing him a book of pictures; but, in a very few minutes, the lad fell back as if he had been shot, and was found to be deeply entranced. Every precaution had been taken in this case to prevent the boy suspecting that I was about to try this experiment, and, on leaving the room, I said that I was going to visit an invalid, who was in another part of the house.

This patient had a comrade, about the same age, who was almost as susceptible. The first boy mentioned was once lying down in a deep mesmeric trance, and his friend was sent for and told to awaken him. He shook the sleeper and called him by name, but could not awaken him; he then by degrees became affected himself; the influence proved contagious; he rocked to and fro for a few seconds, and fell fast asleep across the body of his comrade.

Of course, these are exceptional instances of such extreme susceptibility, though many practitioners have occasionally met with equally remarkable cases.

There is the case of a stout, healthy man being easily entranced at the first trial. A recruit in my own regiment, twenty-one years of age, who had never heard of mesmerism, and did not know that he was expected to go to sleep, was mesmerised and entranced by the brother of one of the officers, who then sent for a musket, when the Sergeant-Major put the somnambulist through the manual and platoon exercise, which he performed in far better style than he could have done when wide awake.

In this case the sleep was so profound that when standing at ease and his attention not aroused, his limbs would immediately relax, and his musket fall to the ground.

I have also successfully mesmerised elderly men and women, but have found that very young people are much more easily affected than the elderly or very old.

A well-known London dentist told me, many years ago, that he had mesmerised his father every day for several weeks, before he could produce sleep; he succeeded in curing his patient; but, strange to say, as soon as the recovery was complete he could no longer entrance him. The same correspondent in another letter stated that during the mesmeric sleep he had extracted ten teeth and stumps from the mouth of a lady in three successive days; his description of the operation is worth recording as a proof of the great value of mesmerism as an anæsthetic, and although the case is not quite relevant to the subject of this article, its introduction may probably be excused on account of its general interest. He wrote:—

Some of the teeth—the molars—were tremendous fellows, with large hooked fangs, the stumps much decayed, and deep in the jaw, but that was of no consequence to the patient, she laughed and joked during the operation, of which she has not the slightest recollection. The patient is a very fragile being, and simulation is out of the question. I shall have to write up, "Tooth drawing a luxury!" The lady has not experienced the slightest pain in the gums from the operation, and I consider it very extraordinary that the gum was as firm in twelve hours as it would have been in a week under ordinary circumstances.

The higher phenomena, when they do occur, are generally developed in patients between the ages of about fourteen and thirty, and I have never met with a case of clairvoyance in a sensitive younger than twelve or older than forty. The experience of others may possibly be different.

The following extract from a letter written to his sister many years ago by the commanding officer of a regiment quartered at Jersey, shows that a very young girl can successfully mesmerise, and how an infant was affected by the passes. The writer says:—

"I have been mesmerising my servant's child, a young girl, but have not yet succeeded in putting her to sleep. The child, however, one day tried to magnetise her brother, a little boy aged four years, whom she was ordered to take care of, and succeeded so well, that the infant was found in a trance on the floor. The girl says, 'he tumbled over as if he had been shot, after she had just done for about five minutes what the master was in the habit of doing to her.'"

In conclusion, I think it very probable that most, if not all people—particularly if out of health—may be affected by mesmeric treatment, and that the very young and weak may occasionally be successful operators.

THE Rooms of the National Association of Spiritualists will be closed on Monday next, August 20th, and following days, and will be reopened on Monday, September 3rd.

LETTERS for Miss Kislingbury, during her absence in the United States, should be addressed to the care of Dr. Eugene Crowell, 196, Clinton Avenue, New York. Miss Kislingbury leaves England tomorrow. In the course of her travels in the States, she will visit Mrs. Dale Owen, at Lake George.

#### IDEAS RELATING TO IMMORTALITY PREVALENT IN FRANCE.

BY J. H. GLEDSTANES.

I HAVE just received a short but kind reply from Andrew Jackson Davis, to a letter I wrote him requesting an answer to the following question:—"How is it that the theory of reincarnation, if not true—although solving many problems otherwise insoluble—is now generally taught by spirits?" I had hoped that that enlightened Spiritualist and famous medium would have given me some good strong arguments against reincarnation, which I might have sent you for the benefit of those of your readers who do not accept that doctrine. It is some time since they have been favoured with arguments against it, as what has lately been written on the subject has been in its favour.

This is what Davis says:—"The harmonial philosophy is from end to end an argument and a revelation against reincarnation, and I can only refer you to it for my impressions on the subject of your inquiries. Of course there is no universal likeness of opinion among spirits, as there is not among men, upon any question purely intellectual. Hence the diversity of communications upon this or upon any other question can only be an element, not an authority, for mankind's mental growth in truths metaphysical and spiritual."

It seems extraordinary that there should be two opinions among spirits on a matter of this kind, concerning which one would think inhabitants of the spirit world ought to be able to come to a unanimous conclusion. An exponent of the Spiritualistic faith labours under a disadvantage in not being able to speak definitively on this subject, for it seems to me to be impossible to come to a certain conclusion one way or the other. To any one living on the Continent, associating with Spiritualists, and knowing all the arguments in favour of reincarnation, it is impossible to decide in the same summary manner against it, that is done by home-keeping people, who not liking the idea settle it to their own satisfaction. In France the different *groupes* all over the country are taught the theory of reincarnation, consequently the French Spiritualists accept it without hesitation, their minds are quite made up about it; not to believe in the plurality of earthly existences, they say, is childish folly, without which belief Spiritualism would be nothing. The rest of the nation is divided into two parties, the good Catholics and the nihilists. There are no mild religionists among the men, as in England, who go to church to please their wives or because it is a proper thing to do; they either assist at religious observances because it is agreeable to them to do so, or they renounce them altogether; for not believing in God or immortality, why should they attend tedious ceremonies to praise or appease a God who does not exist? This latter class comprises nearly the whole population of the educated males, who have not been turned from their unbelief through spiritual phenomena. I often subject myself to much raillery for maintaining that men have immortal souls. I am told that now, having arrived at years of discretion, it is time I should disabuse my mind of such erroneous early teaching, because all but foolish fanatics, know that once dead, one is indeed dead—"Une fois mort on est bien mort"—that death is a long sleep, and so on. This is the notion that pervades all classes of men and women who are neither Spiritualists nor under the influence of the priests, in which latter case they go to the other extreme, and believe implicitly whatever they are taught. A lady whose husband died suddenly from heart complaint, told me that it would ever be a source of regret to her that the suddenness of his death did not allow time for a confessor to be sent for; nevertheless she fervently hoped that the omission of the performance of the final ceremony of the Church would be condoned, as her husband had confessed two days previously. Another lady, wishing to improve the occasion, on Good Friday, asked her woman servant what that day commemorated. The answer that it was "the day on which God died," was deemed perfectly satisfactory, and void of all incongruity.

What with people who decline to believe that they have souls, and others who think that a ritualistic performance

can affect their future welfare, or that the idea of a dead God is quite in harmony with reason and experience, it behoves us who are not in the bonds of credulity or incredulity to do all we can to enlighten our fellow creatures. Mr. Winwood Reed says, in *The Martyrdom of Man*, that he considers it necessary for the welfare of the human race and the progress of civilisation that men should know that immortality is a myth. It was very kind and proper of him to say so, if he thought it; it showed at any rate that he took an interest in humanity; but, as I see the word "late" attached to his name, I presume he would like to revoke that opinion, as he must now be aware of the great advantage to mankind it would be to establish the fact of the absolute certainty of immortality. Those who have taken the trouble to look for the evidence of that fact, have invariably found it; but there still remains a difficulty as to details. If pre-existence could be proved, it would help us in the question of reincarnation. Mr. Livermore's spirit-wife said to him, "I have learnt that we live before we are born into the world." This is one of the most satisfactory cases of proved identity on record. No one reading Mr. Livermore's critically precise account of his wife's continued appearance during the space of five years—to be found in the second and third volumes of *The Spiritual Magazine*—can doubt as to the genuineness of the manifestation, except it be Lord Radstock, who told me it was the devil taking the wife's form to pull him (poor Livermore) into hell.

Some thoughtful men have come to the conclusion, out of their own heads, that reincarnation is a necessity of existence. In the New Koran there are several verses in favour of the idea; its author, in answer to a letter I wrote him, asking where he obtained his facts, replied, "I got the New Koran ideas respecting reincarnation, not from any books, but from my own patient inquiry and meditation."

Dr. Doherty says that it is impossible to settle the question, as there are no data to go upon, but that the conviction he has come to from a long and philosophical study of life is that the theory is correct.

The notion seems to be obtaining that not only have we lived before as men, but as inferior animals. The editor of *La Religion Laïque* says, "Whether we are Christians or not, we desire and believe in the salvation of all mankind, and not only of all mankind, but of all beings. We assert that they are all on the road to become human, and thus rise, through humanity, to divine perfection. In this way alone can we recognise God's justice. Life would be but a deception, and the knowledge of good and evil a farce, unless every sentient creature were summoned at the cost of strife, suffering, and labour, to rise progressively from states, ever increasing in importance, until finally he attain to the full state of perfection." If it be true that we have descended, morally as well as physically, from the dumb animals, taking at each metamorphosis the form of a superior one, it is not difficult to conceive the possibility of the soul clothing itself during different earthly peregrinations with the human form under successively improving conditions. The aborigines of Australia, who say we "tumble down black fellow, and jump up white fellow," show that they have the intuition of promotion by death.

The readers of this journal must be getting accustomed to this idea; so let us hope, in case it eventually prove correct, we shall not be without "a place in the fabric of our thought for it to be fitted into." Davis himself believes in the development theory, for he says in one of his *Morning Lectures*: "All mankind inherit animal blood. We received it from our predecessors in the order of organisation. No theology, no science, no philosophy can refute the doctrine of the rudimental origin of human beings." He does not, however, think the moral qualities develop *pari passu* with the physical. He says: "Love and wisdom come not from the lower world." Wherever they come from, it will be a blessed day when they are poured out in larger abundance than at present. It is always a consolation, however, to have an abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of good, for one who has that can witness with tolerable patience the horrors that are daily perpetrated even in times of peace, knowing that the day, however distant, will eventually come, when men will learn to be wise, and cease to be selfish.

## AN APPARITION IN NEW YORK.

MADAME BLAVATSKY, of New York, has favoured us by forwarding the following extract from *The New York Sun* of July 29th last:—

Mr. Leon Furniss, a scion of an old and wealthy New York family, committed suicide at midnight on Friday in his home in Nicholas Avenue, corner of One Hundred and Fifty-third-street. Mr. Furniss had a large number of friends in society, but had gradually become estranged from them on account of the violent temper and intemperate habits which of late had characterised him. He was, however, of very liberal disposition, and though possessed of a large income, variously estimated at from 20,000 dols. to 25,000 dols. a year, he always was in debt before the end of the quarter.

Mr. Charles H. Cooper, a well-known club man, was an old friend of Mr. Furniss, and was visiting him when he shot himself. He was much affected, and admitted being thoroughly unmanned. He said:—"I have passed through some terrible scenes, but have never been more deeply impressed and shocked by an event than I was last night. Leon Furniss was an old friend of mine. About the fourth of July he met me and asked me to come up here and spend a few days with him. He appeared to be in a very morbid state of mind, and knowing of his separation from his wife, I attributed its cause to his being so lonely, and came up. It is only recently that he began drinking so heavily, and since I have been here he has been much more temperate. On Thursday his wife came up to see him, and remained at dinner. She declined to stay all night, although urged to by Mr. Furniss, and returned to town. She is a charming lady, and about the domestic difficulties I prefer not to speak. After her departure Leon remained moody and abstracted all the evening. I tried to cheer him up, but except an occasional remark, 'She loves me still, she loves me still,' he would say nothing more. He walked the floor a good deal that night. On Friday morning we took a drive up to Schedler's. He drank only one glass of lager there, and came back more cheerful. In the afternoon we paid a visit to a friend's house near by, and sat talking to the family for some time. A change had come over him, and he remained moody and abstracted with his arms folded during the visit. Going home we met Dr. Bronson, his physician. We were going to call on the Doctor, but he said that he had a visit to pay. The Doctor and I both noticed a strange gleam in Leon's eyes, and the Doctor soothingly said to him, 'Now, Leon, don't go and get mad at yourself.' We returned home, and, after supper, sat in the front porch smoking for some time. His melancholy appeared to increase, and I told him stories and sang several songs to amuse him. All was without effect. Once he roused himself, and said that he wished he had my jolly temperament.

"About half-past ten p.m. I told him that we had both better go to bed and get a good night's rest. After staying in his room a little while, I retired to mine and undressed. I lay on the bed for some time, but was nervous and oppressed with the idea that something was about to happen. I at last fell into a doze, from which I was suddenly awakened by Leo's voice crying, 'Helen, Helen, John, John.' There are two maid servants in the house, one of whom is named Helen, and the coachman's name is John. I thought nothing of this, as he was apt to call a servant at any hour of the night. A minute more I heard the loud report of a revolver from outside my window. Leon's room was in the second story front. In the rear was a large bath room, and at right angles to the door of the bath room was my door, both doors entering the hall. I jumped out of bed as soon as I heard the report, not dreaming that it had been fired by Leon, but thinking that it came from outside, as it certainly so sounded. I rushed to my door and opened it, and as I did so Leon appeared at his door leading to the bath-room. It was the most terrible sight I ever witnessed. He walked slowly, clad only in his night shirt, a few steps to the side of the bath, and said, 'Charley, I have shot myself through the heart.' Both hands were against his left breast, and the blood was fast covering his shirt, and dropping on the floor. I sprang toward him, exclaiming, 'Great God! Leo, how did this happen? I'll go for the Doctor.' He shook his head, and said, 'Don't you go; don't you go.' As he did so he sank on the floor beside the bath. I knew that it was life or death to get a physician, and pulled on my trousers and shoes, and ran as hard as I could down stairs and out of the house to the physician's residence in 152nd Street. I woke Dr. Bronson up by calling to him from the outside, and told him that Leo had shot himself. As I spoke I saw Leo dressed in a night shirt, and with a revolver in his right hand, coming down the street, as plain as I see you now. I was alarmed, and thought at first that he was only slightly wounded, and was coming after me, in his anger at my going for a doctor, when he told me not to. I called to the Doctor again to come down, and said, 'Leo is almost here now.' I walked to the back of the house and to another street, where I met a policeman, and we went back together to the house."

"It could not have been Mr. Furniss?" the reporter asked.

"It was not *him*," Mr. Cooper said solemnly, "for I learned at the house that he breathed his last four minutes exactly after I ran out for a doctor. Just that space of time had elapsed exactly when I saw *it* coming down the street, revolver in hand. I was nervous and excited, and do not believe in ghosts, but I saw the spirit of my lost friend in front of the doctor's house. On returning to the residence I went upstairs. Leo lay stone dead in the bath room. In his bedroom a mosquito shade had been removed from a window. The window was open, and outside on a ledge was the revolver. The blood trickled down the shade which reclined against the window, and there was a pool in the bath room where he fell. He had shot himself in the left breast, and the wound almost covered the nipple."

The coroner held an inquest yesterday, and a verdict of suicide while temporarily insane was rendered. The funeral will be held from his late residence, at 11 a.m., Monday.

## THE RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE OF SPIRITUALISM.

Thus far Spiritualism has of necessity been phenomenal. The world demanded facts, and the demand has been answered. It has been a disintegrating force which has driven apart instead of cementing together. It has quickened the selfish antagonisms in order to rend asunder and shake loose the bigotry and superstition which oppressed mankind. Now an earnest demand has been awakened for a higher life, a catholic system, which shall harmonise and unite all contending elements.

The Spiritualist who overlooks the present life in his eager gaze into the future, builds his castle in the air, beginning at the summit instead of the base. The very fact that we are immortal spirits after death proves that we are spirits now, flesh-clad, but spirits nevertheless. We are in the courts of heaven as much now as we shall ever be in the remotest future. Thus it becomes evident that our progress should date from the present moment. This life has its infinite responsibilities and duties, and to none other than the Spiritualist have they greater interest. To none other is a true, pure, and noble life of more unspeakable value, for he relies on himself, and not on a vicarious atonement. His morality must become the stronger and purer by this high ground on which it rests.

After becoming convinced of the truthfulness of the manifestations, we involuntarily ask what is their significance. If they only make the after life a reality, they but prove what has long been believed. We think a great mistake has been made by very many investigators in resting at this stage. Spiritualism has little value unless it reacts on the conduct of life. This reaction makes it a religious power which draws its invincible strength from knowledge or science. We need not pause to discuss whether man has a religious nature, or religious wants or not; whatever be his nature or legitimate wants, they will be answered in a perfect manner.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

## CLAIRAUDIENTS OF GENIUS.

CHARLES DICKENS—MRS. H. B. STOWE.

"Lothair," said a deep, sweet voice, that could never be forgotten. "I am here," he at last replied. "Remember," she said, with a glance at once severe and solemn. Lothair sprang forward to throw himself at her feet, but alas! the form melted into the moonlight, and she was gone—that Divine Theodora, who, let us hope, returned at last to those Elysian fields she so well deserved.—*Lothair*: By B. DISRAELI.

WHEN one puts down that instructive book, *Lothair*, one feels almost grateful that this interesting clairvoyant and clairaudient medium was only the hero of a work of fiction. For, if a veritable personage, he would most assuredly have rendered himself liable, on more than one occasion, to a Government prosecution for palmistry or otherwise. If we could still cling to fiction as our basis, and suppose Lothair to have been in the United States of America, he would, in that case, without doubt, I fear, have been numbered among the ten thousand Spiritualists shut up as demented ones, according—if we are to believe the *Lancet*—to another piece of pure invention, ycleped *Spiritualistic Madness*, by Dr. Forbes Winslow, the younger (always let it be remembered the younger) for in this case, it is not "like father like son." Had Lothair resided in France, even then he would not have been safe; for he might certainly there also have been incarcerated, if he had only innocently come in contact with those who supplement fact by fiction, whether through delineation by the pen or by the sun, as raids on the press, and on a treacherous photographer have proved. But a truce to fiction; what we have to do with is fact. The fact of clairvoyance and clairaudience claimed for the hero of a novel by its illustrious author, perhaps from the intuitive knowledge that such tendencies are but normal attributes of true genius. And we also have really begun to think, since we have investigated the subject, that far from clairaudience being a rare accompaniment of genius, that, on the contrary, there have existed but few real geniuses entirely unendowed with this especial gift, or at least with some of its spiritualistic correlatives.

Charles Dickens, for instance, was strongly imbued with the gift of clairaudience. So, it is said, is Mrs. H. B. Stowe, the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; while Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Thackeray were endowed with gifts so nearly allied

to it, that, like light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and other physical forces in correlation, we may regard certain spiritual aptitudes, such as hearing, speaking, seeing, inspirational and trance mediumship as correlatives also.

One has only to read some of the late Lord Lytton's novels to make a shrewd guess that he, too, was a partaker in some of the aforesaid spiritual gifts, however his natural reserve, and deep knowledge of the world's scorn may have taught him to conceal them from the superficial crowd. And as to that glorious, genial, cheery, delight of our youth, the late Captain Marryat, what are we to say of him? Ah! what indeed. There are few persons to whom believers in Spiritualism are more indebted than to Dr. Eugene Crowell, whether for the detection and chastisement of the calumnies of its enemies, or for the elucidation of its truths. In his *Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism*, we find the following proofs of clairaudient mediumship in that wondrously sympathetic novelist, Mr. Charles Dickens. Dr. Crowell informs us as follows: "Mr. G. H. Lewes, in an article written by him and published in the *Fortnightly Review* says: 'Dickens once declared to me that every word he said by his characters was distinctly heard by him.' Again Dr. Crowell says, 'Mr. James T. Fields also bore testimony to the mediumship of Mr. Dickens in his lectures on *Fiction and its Ancient Authors*. He then said, 'Dickens was at one time so taken possession of by the characters of whom he was writing, that they followed him everywhere, and would never let him be alone for a moment. He told me that when he was writing the *Old Curiosity Shop*, the creatures of his imagination so haunted him, that they would neither allow him to sleep nor eat in peace; that little Nell was constantly at his elbow, no matter where he might happen to be, claiming his attention and demanding his sympathy, as if jealous when he spoke to any one else. When he was writing *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Mrs. Gamp kept him in such paroxysms of laughter, by whispering to him in the most inopportune places—sometimes even in church—that he was compelled to fight her off by main force when he did not want her company, and threatened to have nothing more to do with her unless she could behave better and come only when she was called.'"

Dickens was here either hallucinated, or the veritable spirits of these characters made themselves manifest to him; or other spirits who personated these did so; and as no one has ever charged him with being subject to hallucinations, either in this or any other instance—and as we know that in thousands of instances of persons now living, they have seen and heard spirits—we claim that the actual presence of spirits, and of their manifestation to him, is the only reasonable conclusion to which we can come in the consideration of his case.

Dr. Crowell tells us also of Mrs. H. B. Stowe, that she says, in relation to her celebrated work *Uncle Tom's Cabin*: "She did not write it; it was given to her; it passed before her. She had to tell it as it came to her, and suffered in so doing." Something very like the above is told of Sir Walter Scott, which, if it cannot be precisely called clairaudience, is at any rate impressional writing in very close connection with it. The following was written of Sir Walter by his biographer, Lockhart, respecting his *Bride of Lammermoor*. He quotes James Ballantyne, Scott's printer, as saying, "The book was not only written, but published before Mr. Scott was able to rise from his bed; and he assured me that when it was first put into his hands, in a complete shape, he did not recollect one single incident, character or conversation it contained."

Here, also, is an analogous assumption respecting that great and deeply discriminating reader of human nature, Mr. Thackeray. Dr. Crowell says:—

"Mr. Fields in his work entitled *Memories of Many Men*, relates a conversation he had with Mr. Thackeray, from which we extract the following: 'I then remarked to him that he must have known intimately many French families of the best class; that his French characters were more accurately and delicately drawn than those of any other English writer whom I had ever read; and to this opinion I still adhere. He assured me that, on the contrary, he had never in his life been intimate in a single French family.' It may well surprise Mr. Fields, as well as his readers, and it is wholly

inexplicable, unless we assume that the spirit of a Frenchman impressed Mr. Thackeray's mind while writing the works, and then all difficulty in explaining disappears."

I am in accord with all Dr. Crowell says in the above extracts; and as I have shown in former papers that the greatest poets were for the most part clairaudients, so I have now much pleasure in showing also, from good authority, that our greatest modern writers of fiction are, or have been, all subject to clairaudience, or to some of its spiritual correlatives.

SCRUTATOR.

AN EXAMPLE OF SPIRIT-POWER.

BY THE REV. THOS. COLLEY, LATE OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

THE most wonderful manifestation of spirit power I ever witnessed has occurred within three hours of the time I write.

Passing through London with my wife, on our way into Warwickshire, from Italy, I found that Dr. Monck, that prince of mediums, and much misrepresented and persecuted man, was in town, and we paid him an unpremeditated and unexpected visit. Having been lately much abroad, I had not seen him for a year and eight months. A little short of that time I lent him a large scrap-book of newspaper cuttings. This he promised to return in a few days; but on my writing for it after the lapse of a month, I was annoyed to find that he had lost it, or rather that his control, "Samuel," purposely, as was said, had taken it away, but intended in due time to return it. I, however, had long given up hopes of ever seeing it again, since the breaking up of Dr. Monck's home and the general upset of his affairs through his unjust imprisonment, to say nothing of the detention of many of his things still withheld from him, rendered it improbable I should ever again possess it.

Sore on the matter of my loss even till this afternoon, on my casual meeting with Dr. Monck for the first time after the book's disappearance, we sat at tea, and were talking about it. "Samuel," in occasional control, and by raps, declared that it was even there in the strange house in which we were sitting, a hundred and twenty miles from the place to which I sent it, and eighty miles from the place from which it was sent. Moderately marvelling at this statement, in consequence of much experience in the past of "Samuel's" ways, and because of my ancient and still unshaken and unabated confidence in his accomplishing things "impossible," but yet true, I earnestly begged that he would from some quarter of the universe of matter or spirit, forthwith return the lost volume to its rightful owner. My name was written on the first page, with a request, appended at the time of lending it (prophetically as it seems, of its truant wanderings, sudden falling out of sight, and strange recovery), that in case of its getting lost the owner would esteem it a favour if the finder would kindly send it to the address given.

A friend who was with us up till this time had now to leave, and Dr. Monck went to see the lady downstairs. I, in his absence, took the opportunity most diligently to search the scantily-furnished drawing-room, to ascertain if Samuel had already brought the book and secreted it anywhere near. People having no knowledge of the wonders of spirit-power may say, if they like, that I did this to see if the medium had already stowed it away to sensationally produce it at the proper moment; they must be pleased not to forget that my visit to Dr. Monck was sudden and unpremeditated; he did not know of my being in England, and it is rather a stretch of fancy to suppose that he would have kept a large scrap-book by him through all his troubles and sad experiences for the truth's sake, ready to humbug me with on the chance of my turning up some day from some quarter of the world about which I have been roaming pretty extensively of late. People who can prefer such improbabilities to the manifold attested facts of Spiritualism are fearfully and wonderfully made, and I pen not this record for such, but for men of some mentality, and logic, and mind of proper balance.

When Dr. Monck returned from seeing our friend to the street door, we resumed our tea and talk, and Samuel, by raps, promised to return the lost volume. Then suddenly he controlled his medium, and said, "Ah! my friend, how about the poetry you read at sea about the funny one-horse

gig?" alluding to a matter I had never mentioned to any one; it related to my recitation, on the night of Nov. 29th of last year, in the Red Sea, to the officers, naval and military, and troops and crew, of Wendell Holmes' comic verses concerning the deacon's "One-hoss shay." I was then acting chaplain of H.M.S. *Malabar*. My laughter with Samuel about this, and the comical way in which he told me of circumstances connected with it—which neither the medium nor any living mortal save myself in any possible way could have known—suddenly awoke Dr. Monck from his momentary trance, and then I had to tell him and my wife, for the first time, the cause of our merriment.

But again Dr. Monck, while finishing his tea, was anew controlled, and Samuel spoke with earnestness and emphasis, saying that the marvel of the restoration of the book should be instant, then and there. His medium was shaken with convulsive energy. I threw my arms round him to hold him up, and no bulky volume could have been secreted on his person, or by this action I should instantly have detected it. And now, strongly moved, Samuel said, "It is coming! it is coming! but I cannot bring it to you in the room. Run out. Quick! quick!" I loosed the medium, who fell staggering to the wall, and, with my wife, ran out of the drawing-room, shutting the door behind us, and instantly, as we got on the landing, the long-lost book met us there while we were alone; it fell, as it seemed, from the ceiling, and in amazement I caught it as it fell, ere it had reached the ground. Mark! the door was shut; the distance from the corner where the medium was left entranced to the outside landing where the book thus mysteriously came into my hands (the afternoon sun shining on it as it came), is over five-and-twenty feet. Moreover, the front cover of the book was thick with dust, as from long standing on some dusty book-shelf, the which (with my finger-marks only in carrying it) has this evening been seen by the assembled members of the British National Association of Spiritualists, meeting to welcome the Baron and Baroness von Vay.

August 10th, 1877.

REMARKABLE CLAIRVOYANCE.

To the Editor of the "American Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I have a married daughter living in Oakland, California, who always has been mediumistic, though, for the want of opportunity and practice, undeveloped as a practical and reliable medium. Some time since I received from her the following postscript to a letter of family correspondence, which I will explain in the sequel:

I forgot to tell you that I have a friend here who is a clairvoyant. The other day she went asleep while sitting beside me on the sofa, with my hand in hers. It was the first time I ever saw anything of the kind, and you may rest assured it made me feel strange when she described my whole life, telling me things I had long ago forgotten. She told me all about my sea voyages between New York and California; also about my undeveloped infant. How strange! for she knew nothing about me, or these events in my life, nor even my name, only as Mrs. Wychoff.

While she was asleep (entranced) I happened to think that I had your letter in my pocket. I placed it in her hand, and asked, "Can you tell me anything about the person who wrote this letter?" She immediately described your person. At my request she examined your vital organism, and said she could not see any organic disease, excepting something the matter with one of the tubes in one of your lungs, which at one time in your life had caused you to lose your speech for a certain length of time.

She said you were ready to enter the spirit world, but that it was not best; that you had many years to spend in earth life yet.

She said she saw a female with you, but she was coming to the spirit world first.

She said there was a strong mesmeric current between you and me, and asked me to promise that I would never change. I promised, God helping me, I never would.

After talking about an hour, she suddenly grasped both my hands in hers, and whispered, "Maggie! Maggie! Maggie!" and kissed my hands, and then swooned away. This amazed me, as I know she never heard me called by that name. I became frightened, and began to rub her, when she came to herself.

She then told me that, as consciousness returned, she had a vision, in which she saw a house with dormer windows, and an old gentleman sitting by the door. I don't know of any of our friends who live in such a house, except Aunt Margaret. The whole thing was very strange to me. Please tell me what you think of it.

At the time this scene occurred in Oakland, California, I resided in a country house, one mile from Oxford, Butler county, Ohio, about 3,000 miles from the former place. My daughter had never seen that house, nor did she know at that time where, or in what kind of house I lived. But the house exactly corresponds with the one the medium saw in her vision, and my usual place for enjoying the summer breezes was beside the door in the yard, in company with my wife, among her flowers.

But the most remarkable feature in this unaccountable occurrence was her allusion to my lung difficulty, and her description of the particulars in the case. She stated the facts as they occurred more

than half a century ago, and of which my daughter knew nothing, and I had myself long ago forgotten. In the winter of 1824—25, I slept by a broken window in wet clothes, caught cold, and lost my speech for a period of two weeks, when I coughed up coagulated mucus, or false tubes from my lungs, in sections of several inches in length, nearly suffocating me in the effort. For many years afterward—even to the present time, on making violent exertions, I experienced a distressing suffocating sensation in my left lung.

Another remarkable incident in this narrative, is that of the medium suddenly grasping my daughter's hands in hers, and whispering the name "Maggie! Maggie! Maggie!" My daughter was named "Margaret Ella" in childhood, but has not been called by her first name since she arrived at womanhood, except by myself and wife. We have always, and do still call her "Maggie." Is it not remarkable that this strange lady-medium, who had never heard her called by that name, should, in connection with her clairvoyant vision of our persons and our home, exclaim "Maggie! Maggie! Maggie!" Or was it I, then in rapport with my daughter through the medium, who whispered the familiar name, seldom, if ever, repeated by any person except myself and wife? If this is at all possible, it is rendered probable by the fact alluded to by the medium: that there is, and always has been a "strong mesmeric current" between myself and that daughter.

Can any of your readers give a philosophical explanation of the foregoing occult facts and circumstances? Did the medium actually visit, in spirit, my home, three thousand miles distant from where her body was lying in trance, examine my physical organism, and report its condition, and describe the house I lived in to my daughter? That this was done in some way is certain; now who can decide the *modus operandi*?

D. WINDER.

Oxford, Ohio.

### SPIRITUALISM AND CONJURORS.

BY ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

A SHORT time since there was a note in *The Spiritualist* to the effect that Dr. Lynn was exhibiting "burlesques of spiritual phenomena at the Aquarium." From Dr. Lynn's antecedents it seemed probable that this should be so, but probabilities are not facts. From what a friend informed me I had my doubts, and I therefore visited the Aquarium a few days back, and, with four other gentlemen, went on the stage to take part in the *séance*. Your readers must be told that Dr. Lynn is not the performer, but a gentleman who is introduced as "a medium—a real medium;" and I must say I believe him to be one. We first sat at a table—a very common and undoubtedly genuine table, which I turned over and examined, and after about four minutes' sitting this table rose up full two feet from the floor, and floated horizontally round the stage twice, resisting my efforts to stop it. All our hands were on the table; it moved about rapidly but somewhat irregularly; and no wires or machinery had anything to do with it. To me the motion was exactly such as I have experienced, with a genuine medium, but more powerful. Then followed the cabinet *séance*, the "cabinet" being a baize curtain supported by four poles on a carpet-covered platform, raised about a foot above the stage, and having no connection with it. We examined it thoroughly, and it was absolutely above suspicion. The medium was tied, hands and feet, in the usual way in a chair, by two gentlemen, and almost all the phenomena which characterised the Davenport's performance were here reproduced, but with even *greater rapidity*. At the very same instant that the curtain was drawn, hands appeared over the top, and the moment they descended the curtain was drawn back, and we found the medium with feet and hands tied exactly as before. This was repeated in various ways half a dozen times. Then, for an instant, three figures appeared in the cabinet robed in white from head to foot, and the next instant they disappeared, the medium being found tied as before, with no possibility of concealing the white robes, to say nothing of the figures which were there. The medium's coat was also removed and afterwards put on again, his hands remaining tied, and one of the spectators who entered the cabinet had his coat-sleeves turned inside out, and the coat put on him again without his being able to give any account of how it was done.

Now, it seems to me that a very bad effect will be produced by telling the public that this is all imposture; for they will naturally say, "We see no difference between this performance and those which you tell us are real: if this is imposture, then all your alleged spiritual manifestations are imposture also." I trust that you, Mr. Editor, or some of your readers, who have had more experience of mediums than I have had, will visit the Aquarium theatre and tell us

your impressions after going on the stage; and if you think it is all juggling, point out exactly where the difference lies between it and mediumistic phenomena. I must also add, that when I was there Dr. Lynn said nothing against Spiritualists or Spiritualism. Of course, he made his usual fun, and referred to the risk of prosecution if he *said* it was all done by spirits—a remark which his audience took as an excellent joke, but which might have another meaning.

There have been many cases in which genuine clairvoyance has been brought before the public as conjuring; and now that the exhibition of anything claimed to be spiritual manifestations is punished by the strong arm of the law, it is to be expected that some physical mediums will engage themselves to professors of legerdemain in order to secure peace and safety. If the phenomena I have described are produced by conjuring, it is clear that Dr. Lynn, who is a master of the art, could do it himself and thereby add to his reputation; but he does not, and, as I venture to think, *cannot* do so, and until some one up to the tricks of conjurers really shows "how it is done," I shall continue to hold the opinion that we have here a case of genuine mediumship.

London, August 10th, 1877.

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 WAS DE QUINCEY A SPIRITUALIST?—The following is an extract from Dr. Mackay's *Forty Years' Recollections*:—"The last time I saw him (De Quincey) was in the streets of Glasgow, when I suddenly came upon him at a turning. 'I knew I should meet you,' he said. 'Three streets distant I was mysteriously aware that you were somewhere in the neighbourhood, and that our two orbs were approaching each other. Have you never experienced such a presentiment, or thought of some one in a sudden and inexplicable manner, whom you had no particular reason to think about, a person who, for all you knew to the contrary, might be a thousand miles away, and come across him unexpectedly in the streets a few minutes afterwards?' I owned that such a circumstance had happened to me more than once, and that in the present instance I had been thinking of him in the street some time before I met him. If I had been in haste to keep an appointment this admission would have been unlucky, but I was in no particular hurry, and had to stand and listen at the street corner while he poured forth a full stream of poetical and philosophic talk in explanation of what he called the possibility of spirit meeting with spirit before body met body. Like the Ancient Mariner with the wedding guest, in Coleridge's poem, the opium eater 'fixed me with his glittering eye,' while in eloquent language he expressed his belief that every human being was surrounded by a spiritual atmosphere; that the body was but the nucleus of a comet, and that the soul surrounded it with a light unseen by the physical eye; that the volume of this luminous atmosphere was in proportion to the intellect, and that the light thus cast before him into space, by a man of genius, was vastly greater than that projected by the dull ordinary man or woman; and that the atmosphere which enveloped the fool was so slight as scarcely to be considered an atmosphere at all. Thus, he said, our atmospheres had met and 'mingled' that morning before we knew that we were near each other, and had communicated to each of us, by means of an apparently spontaneous thought, the intelligence that we were approaching, and should shortly meet."

MR. AND MRS. J. W. FLETCHER AT DALSTON.—On Thursday evening last week, the 9th inst., a reception was given by the Dalston Association of Spiritualists, at their Rooms, to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fletcher, of Boston, U.S.A. Among the company present on the occasion were Mrs. Corner, the Misses Corner, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cook, Miss Cook, Mr. J. Tozeland, Mr. Thos. Blyton, Mrs. C. Bradley, Mr. T. Allsop, Mr. G. R. Tapp, Mr. J. Rouse, Mr. R. A. March, Miss Emily Thomson, Miss Jennie Pope, Mr. T. Wilks, Mr. J. Dawbarn, Mr. W. H. Atkins, Mr. C. F. Russell, Mr. Edwin Dottridge, Mrs. Marianne Nokes, Madame Isabel de Steiger, Mr. A. E. Lovell, Mr. M. Pardo, and others. The chair was taken by Mr. G. R. Tapp, who, in the course of his introductory remarks, said that several present had had good proofs of the value of Mr. Fletcher's gifts, and the reputation of Mrs. Fletcher had reached them from the United States. The form of mediumship cultivated by Mr. Fletcher was a particularly valuable one, and was comparatively rare, or not fully developed among mediums in this country. It was needed more than any other in the present condition of Spiritualistic science, as it afforded demonstration of the fact of immortality. Therefore they welcomed the presence of such fellow-workers among them. The large meeting showed incontestably that notwithstanding recent prosecutions, and the determined attempts of bigoted or prejudiced persons to stop free inquiry into the most important subject that could occupy the mind of man, the interest of the members of the Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism in matters psychological was unabated. Spiritualism, with all its complications and perplexities, with all its adversities and triumphs, was as immortal as the souls of those who started its phenomena, and any attempt to crush it or stop its progress would only end in causing its real friends to come closer together.—In the course of the evening Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher and several members addressed the meeting, while towards the close Mr. Fletcher was controlled by "Winnona," who terminated the proceedings after giving some messages to a few members present. On the motion of Mr. Thomas Blyton, seconded by Mr. R. A. March, a unanimous vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher for their visit.



## THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

RECEPTION OF THE BARON AND BARONESS VON VAY.

LAST Friday night, a special *conversazione* was held at the Rooms of the National Association of Spiritualists, 38, Great Russell-street, London, to welcome the Baron and Baroness von Vay, of Hungary, who are so well known to our readers for their outspoken advocacy of the truths of Spiritualism. The esteem in which they were held was evinced by the circumstance that although many Spiritualists are out of town at this time of year, the Rooms, as the evening advanced, became quite full. Among the friends present were Mr. Alexander Calder, President of the National Association of Spiritualists; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Russel Wallace; Captain Rolleston; Mr. C. C. Massey; Mr. and Mrs. William Tebb; Mr. F. W. Percival; Mr. J. N. T. Martheze; Dr. Carter Blake and Mrs. Blake; Mrs. Ellis; Mrs. and Miss Cooper; Captain John James; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gales Forster, of the United States; Dr. George Wyld; Mr. Benjamin Coleman; Miss Deekens; Mr. Thomas Shorter; Miss Shorter; Signor Rondi; the Rev. Thomas Colley, late Chaplain to H.M.S. *Malabar*; Mrs. Colley; Mr. Algernon Joy, M. Inst. C.E.; Mr. Frederick Collingwood, late secretary to the Anthropological Institute; Mrs. Lowe, secretary to the Lunacy Law Reform Association; Mrs. Showers; Mrs. Hallock; Herr Christian Reimers; Miss Kislbury; Mr. G. R. Tapp; Mrs. Fitz-Gerald; Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Fitz-Gerald; Miss Fitz-Gerald; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Blyton; Mrs. Henry Cook; the Misses Cook; the Misses Corner; Mr. Cornelius Pearson; Miss Houghton; Mrs. Nokes; Mr. Greene; Mr. J. W. Fletcher; Mr. C. E. Williams; Mr. Peele, R.A.; the Misses Burke; Mr. R. Linton; the Misses Rogers; Miss Withall; Mr. A. Glendinning; Mr. W. H. Harrison; and many others.

At the *soirées* of the National Association of Spiritualists most of the time is spent in social conversation, and but a brief portion of the evening to speeches. At eight o'clock Mr. Calder, the President, rose and said:—

Ladies and gentlemen,—From time to time there appear in our midst individuals more or less noted, who, far from being ashamed of Spiritualism, glory in it. And why should they not? They feel and know it to be true; there is a manifest superiority in spiritual life; and they believe that such life, if properly cultivated, is eminently fitted to check and control selfishness and other forms of materialism. Struck by the potent influence of a great reality, conscious of its strength, purity, and goodness, and in no way surprised at its unpopularity, they have the courage to record their testimony in its favour. On the present occasion we are fortunate in having among us several valued friends—worthy representatives of our cause. The Baron and Baroness von Vay have long sustained a prominent position in the field of Spiritualism. As the foundress and principal supporter of the Spiritualist Society in Hungary, as a medium, as a writer, and as a healer, the Baroness von Vay has done much good work; and her efforts (ever loyally seconded by the Baron) merit our strongest sympathy and consideration. (Applause.) They differ from us as to reincarnation; although their ideas of development may not resemble ours, yet they are true Spiritualists, doing battle—perhaps under a separate banner—but yet doing battle against our common foe, materialism. From America we have our distinguished friends Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gales Forster. Mr. Gales Forster is well known for his valuable contributions to our current literature. It is not improbable that some of these friends may be induced to favour us with a few remarks on the position and prospects of Spiritualism in their respective countries. And now, on behalf of our Association, I greet these friends most cordially, and commend them severally to your kindest attention. (Applause.)

Mr. Benjamin Coleman said: I desire to endorse the expressions of welcome which our respected President has offered to the Baron and Baroness von Vay. This excellent couple have been known to me by correspondence for several years past, and though differing from them on the theory of reincarnation—because, perhaps, I am incapable of understanding the depths of the philosophy which that belief inculcates—I nevertheless appreciate their high moral worth, and the active zeal which they have shown in spreading the great truth of spirit intercourse. (Applause.) I admire and respect their philanthropic disinterested labours on behalf of suffering humanity, by the exercise of their curative power, which I believe they possess in an eminent degree, and of which they make the most unselfish use. I am indeed very happy to welcome the Baron and Baroness to England, and regret that they should have been obliged to visit us at a period of the year when so many sympathisers are absent from London. I also offer to our American visitors a hearty welcome. Mr. Gales Forster has been long known to me by his eloquent expositions of spiritual subjects.

The Baroness von Vay, who rose amid loud and continued applause, said: Ladies and gentlemen,—I feel very much touched by the kindly welcome you have given to us, and as my husband is not versed in the English language I return thanks to you on behalf of both of us, although it is not the custom in Austria for ladies to speak in public. Here, however, we are not in public, but have met as friends who have long assembled beneath the banner of Spiritualism. I have much pleasure in presenting this Association with an account of a vision of mine just published; I was not in trance, but wide awake when I saw what is herein described, and my spirits afterwards explained all that I beheld. They have sometimes told me beforehand about political events, and of circumstances relating to my sick friends, and their statements have afterwards proved to be wonderfully true. I am not skilled in the English language, so thank you, Mr. President, and all the friends here to-night. (Applause.)

MR. GALES FORSTER ON SPIRITUALISM.

Mr. Thomas Gales Forster, who was warmly received by the meeting, said:—

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Did you ever observe in this beautiful land of yours, as the clouds of a summer's day are passing over, sweeping forest and field, village and stream, with their blue shadows as they fly, one bright particular spot; some church spire or cottage window, on which the sun's rays seem to settle more frequently, and linger longer, than on any other point in the entire landscape? Such a spot, in the moral and intellectual world, has Spiritualism been to me, during the lapse of nearly twenty-seven years of earnest and honest advocacy and investigation—a brilliant spot, reflecting continually the glories of the inner life, and shedding a benign and healthful influence over all things else in this otherwise dark and weary world. And to-night, after this long experience, Spiritualism, in comparison with all antecedent and surrounding faiths, stands before my mind's eye, like unto a majestic column in a desert plain, rich in beauty, and in the splendour of an indescribably grand architecture, immovable as ocean's rock, breasting successfully the wrath of every billow, and the storm of every sky. In America, the fact that spirits can, and under proper conditions do, commune with mortals, has been unprecedented in its reception. Faith in this glorious truth originated with us in the affections. True, we now feel and know that philosophy teaches this great truth, that science demonstrates it, that reason sanctions it, and that true religion embraces it; but it was the longing of the soul after that which had enlisted its sympathies and affections, and which we had been so long told was silent for ever, at least in this world, that *primarily* established this faith. So that it has been truly said, that through the longings of the heart Spiritualism has made such rapid strides, that to-day, only twenty-nine years since its phenomenal inception, it is a theme of general thought, subject alike to the ridicule of the thoughtless and the reverence of the judicious. That it has called forth the former, mainly, however, from a misconception of its facts, and a misapplication of its tenets, need not be denied. But it likewise calls for reverence from all earnest men and women, believers in the facts or not, who are able to perceive that the human heart still clings to it, despite all obloquy, as an incentive to virtue, and as a means of development. Through its instrumentality the evidences of immortal life are in a million of American homes to-night, and through its glorious inculcations, millions of American hearts are rejoicing with a most holy joy. And neither materialism on the one hand, nor sectarian bigotry on the other, can mar what is to these hearts a divine revelation. Its vitalising effect, as repeatedly declared and demonstrated in our midst, has not been merely an external action, it has taken hold of man's highest nature, and what was enkindled in the heart has become the life of the whole man. Therefore, if martyrs should be called for, I believe that my country would be full of them, for that which is born of the affections will live as long as the affections themselves shall live, and we Spiritualists know, thank God, that human love is immortal. But Spiritualism is not merely a theme appealing to the affections; men and women, reputed to be wise, judicious, and far-seeing, stand ready with a reason for the faith that is in them. More of this class mark the progress of the cause in America at the present time than any other. The appeal to the heart has satisfied the judgment, and Spiritualism claims to be able to satisfy the intellect of the scholar, the statesman, and the jurist. Both science and philosophy are measuring it; and what is more, it is growing broader and deeper, more exalted, and more prolific of thought, the farther investigation is pursued from the point of original inception. I sincerely believe that, when Jesus of Nazareth said His disciples possessed that which the world could neither give, nor take away, He but adverted to the principles which underlie the faith of the Spiritualist of to-day—a faith, or rather demonstration, which renders a man certain of his attainments, and conscious of his possessions. In America, according to present and past theological teachings, man is deemed a mere worm—religiously fit for nothing; naturally fit only to be damned! Spiritualism, however, looking upon man as a creature of most important uses, and as a being of immortal destinies, has assigned him a far more important niche in the grand temple of existence. It teaches that man is the last of a long series of steps in the material creation, that in his being are the latent elements of all that he can attain to, either in the flesh or spirit; that he is indeed the ultimate in the sphere of material conformation; and that in his spiritual nature he is the prophecy of all that is to succeed the experiences of time; that he stands, as it were, midway in a

“Vast chain of being, which from God began—  
Nature's ethereal, human, angel, man.”

Spiritualism with us, therefore, inculcates the rejection of all ecclesiastical authority as plenary, either past or present; it enjoins the cherishing of a keen scepticism, and the ignoring of mere blind faith in regard to all assumptions which appertain to the soul and its destinies, as long as *declaration* is not accompanied by *demonstration*. Reasoning from analogy, and from its facts, it declares that inspiration is universal, that God is no respecter of persons, and, indeed, that the canon of revelation is as fully open to-day as ever it was. It teaches that the individual soul is normally and for ever the highest revelator of truth unto itself, and that truth is seen by any man only through his own convictions. In contradistinction to the doctrine of total depravity, it teaches that all men and women are divine, from the nature of their origin; united in one great family by being participants in the same divine spirit; that just as surely as chemical affinities unite and bind material particles, so, under proper development, moral affinities will eventually unite mankind in a universal brotherhood; the establishment of which is the legitimate aspiration of all true reform, since, in the widespread scope of its embrace, such a brotherhood shall comprehend the loftiest and the lowliest, seraphs and mortals, the denizens of earth and the dwellers in the summer land. Spiritualism, therefore, we deem to be, in its fullest acceptation, sufficiently broad in its conceptions, and wide enough in the grasp of its investigations, to comprehend, more or less distinctly, any principle of

reform, in this or any other age, that is legitimately based upon the fatherhood of God, the motherhood of nature, and the brotherhood of the race. For myself, I believe Spiritualism to be—1. A *science*, upon the authority, as declared by one of our ablest writers, of observed facts, demonstrated truths, and inevitable deductions. 2. I believe Spiritualism to be a *philosophy*, in that it reasons from fundamental truths, or first principles, to their legitimate and necessary sequences, upon purely rational grounds. 3. I believe Spiritualism to be a *religion*, in that it asserts the immortality and divinity of the race, and inculcates love to God through love to man; whilst it aims at the salvation of man from his sins, through his own aspirations and effort, rather than in his sins, through the merits of another. There are certain propositions of Spiritualism which in America are more or less generally deemed fundamental:—1. An Infinite Principle of Good in the universe, which, in the exercise of Infinite Will, is unceasingly adding to all that has been by perpetually transforming all that is. This power we gratefully and reverently term God; and know no more. 2. The perpetuity of individual consciousness beyond the grave. 3. An ever-present conscious intercourse with the angel world. 4. Eternal progress, not death, the destiny of the race. In connection with these propositions, Spiritualism further teaches that man, as I have said, is the result of all that has gone before him; that he is a wonderful microcosm of the vast macrocosm by which he is surrounded; that his physical body is but an outside shell or covering, outwrought for and adapted to the uses and pleasures of the earth-life alone—which, having been elaborated from the rocks, will, after dissolution, decompose into its original elements; but that the spirit, or soul, the divine principle within, which makes the conscious man of thought, of feeling, and of angel-aspiration, will live on in an endless pathway of wisdom, and in a boundless succession of altitudes in love and happiness—his identity unchanged, his conscious individuality preserved for ever, amid the infinite conditions of the land of the beautiful, where—

“Sceptred angels hold their residence.”

Thus, our glorious religion, through the law of eternal progress, is “weaving its woof of joy around the heart of despair, and winding its warp in the storied temple of Immortality.” Born into the inner life by an immediate resurrection from the body, through the process termed Death, the disenfranchised children of humanity, proportioned to individual effort and desire, soar around the concentric spheres of love and wisdom, whilst their choral melodies reverberate amid the arches of the sky, heart beats in unison with heart, and soul unites joyously with soul, as the universe of mind is echoing with the symphonies of human love, engendered through the fruition of human hope, and all those broad plains

“Where angels walk and seraphs are the wardens,”

bespeak continuously the grandeur and the glory of progressive and still progressive thought. And thus Spiritualism has given to many an earnest soul, indeed—

“The golden key  
Which opens the Palace of Eternity.”

Such, in brief, is Spiritualism, generally deemed to be, in my country. But we have not been without our shadows likewise. Hidden away in Oriental tradition, is an instructive fable of the Amreeta Cup. This cup of divine wine, it is alleged, gave life and immortality, excellence and bliss, beyond belief, to the pure in heart; but to the evil-disposed who partook of it, it brought desolation, despair, and death. The allegory is truly applicable to the experiences of investigators in America. The divine beauties of Spiritualism have, indeed, penetrated deeply and healthfully into the hearts of those who have honestly and earnestly sought for Truth; but deception and fraud only have been found by those who have entered into the investigation, wickedly determined to see nothing but what their own prejudices have already declared to have an existence. We have also had our fanatics. But, is there any principle of deep, vitalising force, that has not, at some time, and in some manner, engendered fanaticism? We have, therefore, consoled ourselves with the reflection that the cause which is not clothed with sufficient brilliancy and beauty to arouse some natures into fanaticism, need scarcely be expected to have intrinsic merit enough to justify martyrdom in others. We have felt, too, in America, and still feel—as doubtless Spiritualists everywhere have felt, that never since the dawning of that beautiful star that is said to have led the Magi of the East upon an unknown journey to the stables of Bethlehem, has there existed a cause that has been so sadly misunderstood, or so grossly misrepresented, as have been the facts and the philosophy of Spiritualism. Nevertheless, as I have said, its reception has been unprecedented; and through the aid of this glorious system very many thoughtful minds are beginning to realise that the present age has more of Spiritual Light than has ever before been vouchsafed to man—and, too, that mankind have larger needs and greater spiritual capacities, wherein to absorb this light. On every hand are to be seen the evidences of intellectual and spiritual expansion and elevation, declaring, trumpet-tongued, that man can never stand in the future where he has stood in the past. The angels, to-day, are our ministers, from whom we are learning that God is as near to the soul as matter to the sense; and Nature has become the grand cathedral of our devotions—a Cathedral,

“Boundless as our wonder—

Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply—  
Its choir the wind and waves, its organ thunder;  
Its dome the sky.”

And too, even the opponents of our cause are rapidly recognising the fact that Spiritualism has charms which cannot be ignored. In vain does Atheism on the one hand, and sectarian fanaticism on the other, cry out that our facts are a delusion, and that our theories are unintelligible nonsense. Mankind will look and listen, despite themselves. As the ancient mariner is said to have forced the bridal guests to listen to his wild mysterious song, so Spiritualism, as it were, seems to have commanded

the universe to stand still, and give attention to its phenomena and the deductions drawn therefrom, which charm, in spite of their alleged obscurity. The spirit of inquiry, and the bold, free school of thought engendered by Spiritualism, are spreading like one of our wild prairie fires; and it is beginning to be perceived that neither municipal enactments, legislative statutes, ecclesiastical decrees, nor judicial decisions, can stay the progress of human thought, or check the aspirations of the human soul. May we all more fully appreciate the age in which we live, together with the glorious work evidently assigned us, of co-operating with the angels, in lifting the light of Divine Truth above the mere plain of dogmatism, and in inaugurating it upon the altar of the human heart. This is the mission, it seems to me, my friends, that is before us all, of whatever land—not as bigots, not as sectarians, but as earnest humanitarians, demonstrating by our lives, the grandeur, the beauty, and the beatifying results of the precious truths we profess. And may we all prove worthy of the privilege of being accounted co-workers with the white-winged messengers of our Father's love. I thank you for your courteous attention. (Applause.)

A CLERGYMAN ON SPIRITUALISM.

The Rev. Thomas Colley: In passing through London on my way from Naples I could not resist the temptation of staying here to have the pleasure of seeing the Baron and Baroness von Vay, Mr. Gales Forster, and other friends at this meeting. I hope that in due time I may be more permanently settled in London, and work more heartily in the cause than I do in distant parts. Although my position as a clergyman is somewhat against the more prominent part I should like to take in Spiritualism, as I do not wish to compromise those among whom I labour, still, I think I can justify my position in the Church, as a clergyman who possesses what he believes to be a certain amount of light, which he does not altogether give out. I think I am justified in withholding that excessive amount of light which might be more injurious than beneficial. Still, heart and soul I am with the movement (applause), and I hope that more liberal days will yet dawn, when judicial enactments and legal prosecutions will be things of the past, and when everybody will feel ashamed that in the nineteenth century persecution was possible for such views as Spiritualists hold. All should wish Spiritualism to be true as a matter of poetry, but, better still, it is actually true as a matter of fact. (Applause.)

Mr. T. Shorter stated that Mr. Gales Forster had had remarkable experiences in relation to physical manifestations.

Mr. Gales Forster said that Mr. Colley's utterances formed a strong contrast to those he had heard from ministers in America; with the exception of a few Episcopalians in the United States, the clergy there overwhelmed Spiritualism with abuse.

The business proceedings of the evening then closed.

The photographs sent by the Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan from Paris were on view, and attracted much critical attention; they resemble pictures of sculptured heads or busts; the evidence is strong that the more or less solid surface on which they were formed was withdrawn in a few seconds from the interior by spirit power.

#### SPIRITUALISM IN EDINBURGH.

Mr. J. T. RHODES writes:—

Spiritualism in Edinburgh has as yet made but little progress, whether on account of the prevalent hard Calvinistic theology, or the want of pioneers in the movement, or the want of that independence which places men above all consideration of what their neighbours will say, is hard to determine. Yet looking at the past history of Scotland, and the general assertion that its inhabitants are a “superstitious” people, supposed to be more or less gifted with second sight and other psychological powers, one would naturally suppose that it would afford a fair field for the development of the more modern phenomena. A few individuals in Edinburgh are investigating, and Miss Fairlamb has lately given a series of more or less successful *séances*; Mr. Brown, of Howden-le-Weir, has also been giving a number of *séances*, most of which have been for development; but I know of no medium who has yet been developed here, or through whom physical manifestations are likely to occur so as to give the movement an impetus in the modern Athens. On looking over the *Traditions of Edinburgh*, by Robert Chambers, I find many stories of a Spiritualistic character. It is there related how “Grace, Countess of Aboyne and Moray, in her early youth consulted a celebrated fortune-teller inhabiting an obscure close in Edinburgh. The sybil predicted that she would become the wife of two earls, and how many children she was to bear, but withal assured her that when she should see a new coach of a certain colour driven up to the door as belonging to herself, her hearse must speedily follow. Many years afterwards Lord Moray, who was not aware of this prediction, resolved to surprise his wife with the present of a new equipage; but when Lady Moray beheld from a window a carriage of the ominous colour arrive at the door of Tarnaway, and heard that it was her own property, she sank down, exclaiming she was a dead woman, and actually expired a short time after, November 17th, 1738.” Another story is that of the Countess of Stair. In a short alley leading from the Lawnmarket, and called Lady Stair's Close, is a substantial old mansion, and in a sculptured stone over the doorway a small coat armorial, with the initials W. G. and G. S., the date 1622, and the legend, “Fear the Lord, and depart from evil.” This was the last residence of a lady conspicuous in Scottish society in the early part of the last century, the widow of the celebrated commander and diplomatist, John, Earl of Stair.

Her ladyship's first adventure in matrimony led to a series of circumstances of a marvellous nature, and the cruelty of Lord Primrose was too much for her; she eventually left him, and sought protection in the house of Lord Primrose's mother, which being extended reconciliation was sought in vain, and Lord Primrose went abroad. During his absence a foreign conjuror came to Edinburgh, professing, among other

wonderful accomplishments, to be able to inform any person of the present condition or situation of any other person, at whatever distance, in whom the applicant might be interested. Lady Primrose, with a female friend, disguised, one night visited the wise man in Canongate for the purpose of inquiring regarding the movements of her husband, of whom she had not heard of for a considerable time. It is related that the conjuror led her to a large mirror, in which she distinctly perceived the interior of a church, with a marriage arranged near the altar; to her astonishment she recognised her husband as the shadowy bridegroom. The magical scene was not exactly like a picture; it admitted of addition and progress of action. As the lady gazed the ceremony seemed to proceed, and another personage appears on the scene whom she recognises as her brother, who draws his sword, rushes up to the bridegroom, who prepares to defend himself. The whole scene became tumultuous, indistinct, and soon after vanished away.

When Lady Primrose reached home she wrote a minute narrative of the whole transaction, to which she appended the day of the month on which she had seen the mysterious vision. This she sealed up in the presence of a witness. Soon afterwards her brother returned from his travels and came to visit her, and on closely questioning him concerning his wanderings, and if he had happened to see or hear anything of Lord Primrose, it was found that his statements corroborated her vision. This caused her to faint, and having been informed of the date of the circumstance related by her brother, she took a key out of her pocket, requested her brother to go to her chamber and fetch a sealed packet, which on being opened showed that the shadowy representation of her husband's abortive nuptials took place on the very evening they were transacted in reality.

One of the houses near the head of the Canongate tradition points to in connection with a wild story related in the notes to *Rokeby*, which sets forth how a divine of singular sanctity was called up at midnight to pray with a person at the point of death. He was put into a sedan chair, blindfolded, and compliance with the request was enforced with a cocked pistol. He was conveyed into a remote portion of the town, and introduced into a bedroom, where he found a lady newly delivered of an infant; he was commanded to say such prayers as were fitting for a person not expected to survive a mortal disorder. The task over, as he was conducted down stairs he heard the report of a pistol, and he was warned that the least allusion to the affair would cost him his life. He was awakened in the morning by his servant informing him that a fire of uncommon fury had broken out near the head of the Canongate, with the shocking addition that the daughter of the proprietor, a young lady eminent for her beauty and accomplishments, had perished in the flames. The clergyman had his suspicions, but as the deed was done, to have made the particulars public would have availed nothing. Time wore away, however, and with it its terrors. He became unhappy at being the solitary depository of this fearful mystery, and mentioned it to some of his brethren, so the anecdote acquired a sort of publicity. The divine, however, had been long dead, when a fire broke out again on the very same spot upon which the house had formerly stood; when the flames were at their height, the tumult which usually attends such a scene was suddenly suspended by an unexpected apparition. A beautiful figure in a night-dress, extremely rich, but at least half a century old, appeared in the very midst of the fire, and uttered these tremendous words in her vernacular idiom, "Anes burned, twice burned, and the third time I'll scare you all!"

The belief in this story was so strong that on a fire breaking out, and seeming to approach the fatal spot, much anxiety was testified lest the apparition should make good her denunciation.

Other similar stories are related in the work quoted from, notably one of "Major Weir," too long to insert here. But apart from extraordinary apparitions of him after death, and the haunted house stories, this Major Weir had a magic staff, and old crones will seriously tell you how it could run on a message to a shop for any article its proprietor wanted, how it could answer the door when any one called upon its master, and how it used to be seen running before him as he walked down the Lawnmarket. Putting aside all these statements as greatly exaggerated, it is possible that a few good physical manifestations in the light, will show that all old stories are not necessarily "old wives' fables," and I see no reason why Edinburgh itself should not try to evolve a few physical phenomena as Glasgow has done.

MISS KISLINGBURY requests that all letters on the business of the National Association of Spiritualists may be addressed during the next two months to "The Secretary, National Association of Spiritualists, 38, Great Russell-street, London," and not to her by name, because she will be absent in the United States.

MR. ROBERT DALE OWEN'S CHILDREN.—His children are Julian Dale Owen, a merchant in New Harmony; Ernest Dale Owen, lawyer in Marquette, Mich., and his daughter, Miss Rosalind Dale Owen. His eldest daughter married Dr. Cooper, of Posey County, and died in 1869, or thereabouts. Another child died when an infant. He left but one brother living, Professor Richard Owen, of the Chair of Natural Science in the State University of Indiana. Like his father, Mr. Owen named all his children Dale, in memory of an ancestor.

SCIENTIFIC PRIESTCRAFT.—In English cities and towns the minister of religion has been tamed; so many weapons are turned against him when he obtrudes his office in a dictatorial manner that, as a rule, there is no more quiet and modest member of society than the urbane clergyman. But the overbearing minister of nature, who snaps you with "unphilosophical, unscientific," as the clergyman once frightened you with "infidel," is still a recognised member of society, wants taming, and will get it. He wears the priest's cast-off clothes to escape detection. The better sort of philosophers would gladly set him to square the circle.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

## Poetry.

### "WE ARE WISER THAN WE KNOW."

Thou who in the noontime brightness  
See'st a shadow undefined,  
Hear'st a voice that, indistinctly,  
Whispers caution to my mind;  
Thou who hast a vague foreboding  
That a peril may be near,  
Even when Nature smiles around thee,  
And thy conscience holds thee clear;  
Trust the warning, look before thee,  
Angels may the mirror show,  
Dimly still, but sent to guide thee;  
*We are wiser than we know!*

Countless chords of heavenly music,  
Struck ere earthily time began,  
Vibrate in immortal concord  
To the answering soul of man;  
Countless rays of heavenly glory  
Shine through spirit pent in clay—  
On the wise men at their labours,  
On the children at their play.  
Man has gazed on heavenly secrets,  
Sunned himself in heavenly glow,  
Seen the glory, heard the music,  
*We are wiser than we know!*

*From Charles Mackay's Poems.*

## Correspondence.

*Great freedom is given to correspondents, who sometimes express opinions diametrically opposed to those of this journal and its readers. Unsolicited communications cannot be returned copies should be kept by the writers.]*

### SPIRITUALISM IN OXFORD.

Sir,—Your readers may be interested to learn that Mr. Williams paid us a visit in Oxford some time ago. A party of eight assembled in my rooms in the evening to meet him. The manifestations, though not of the most powerful kind, were very striking to those who were fresh to the subject. The *séance* is very likely to create some interest in Oxford. Mr. Williams good-naturedly submitted to being searched to the skin by my brother and myself before we commenced sitting. And as he afterwards slept in a room opening into that occupied by ourselves we had ample opportunities for detecting his electrical apparatus, which we nevertheless failed to do.

ST. GEORGE STOCK.

### ASTROLOGY: DESTINY *versus* PRAYER.

Sir,—It is a question that has often puzzled me, whether it be possible by means of astrology to predict the future of a man, and if so, what is the relationship of such facts with prayer and Divine mercy? It seemed to me that, supposing astrology to predict for a man an unhappy or unlucky life, and that there be truth in astrology, then prayer can be of no avail, and Divine mercy is not comprehensible to man. If a good man, who believes in and relies upon prayer, is nevertheless doomed by the Divine will—as revealed by the astrologer—to a life of undeserved unhappiness, then all motive for prayer ceases, and nothing remains but blind submission to fate.

I submitted a question on this subject to the guides of a well-known writing medium, Mrs. Woodforde, who sent a reply which may interest your readers:—

"There is no such thing possible. Astrology is a false science—a most ingeniously constructed device of men to discover how their lives are to be passed. It is higher wisdom for a man to believe that which is a *fact*—that he is the maker of his own destiny. Swayed by such a belief, a man is stimulated to the highest and noblest endeavours. Having achieved the best he can, he may remain in blessed ignorance of star-ruling, or if he knows of it, may laugh at it. A man makes his own destiny as he goes.

"The very fact of a man knowing all that is to befall him would prevent his praying at all: he would suppose it impossible to alter destiny. If an evil destiny, he would sink under it in despair. If happy, he would rush forward to obtain it, thanking no one."

In the little work I published some time ago, I had obtained similar thoughts to the above, but circumstances having made me rather sceptical on the subject, I have been induced to seek an explanation from another hand. If any of your readers have any facts which throw light on the question of Prayer *versus* Destiny, it would be interesting to have them published.

"LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE."

August 10th, 1877.

### MATERIALISATION OF SPIRIT HEADS.—NO. VIII.

Sir,—Aug. 7.—Have only received to-day photographs of the bust of Glaucus. They are beautiful, but yet do not produce all the peculiar effect and charm of the original. Photography works through lights and shadows, cast on a flat surface, and often hardens the faces of which the eye sees all the soft contours in a different way. When you look at them, bear in mind that all that copious wealth of short Roman curls, surmounting that youthful, while mature face, is always shown to us in the materialisations of Glaucus entirely white. I presume it must be for the purpose of symbolising the old age, which to the eye is contradicted by the face. When seen in the cabinet Glaucus looks old, when by John King's light sometimes old, sometimes youthful, as in this bust, but always with white hair. The eyes present a circle, with a point in the middle, to indicate the iris and pupil, as ancient busts sometimes do.

The Count at first supposed that this might have been added, by the plasterer, to the cast. But he denied it, and the corresponding fragment of the mould showed that it existed in relief there too. John King told us the next day that Glaucus had put it there in materialising, for the dipping, "to make it look more natural." In the photograph of the cast of the mould you will observe an indentation at the end of the nose. This represents a blow or collision of the soft hot stuff with the edge of the cold-water pan when the Count let the mould down into it. The right shoulder certainly seems to be abnormally raised and swelled. It looks as though the materialisation (a hasty process, as we are told), must have been carelessly made at that unimportant outlying part.

We have not yet received from Russia the photographs of the bust of Alexandrine.

Aug. 12.—No fourth mould yet to report. The "weather" has not yet been favourable, according to J. K. That is to say, the electrical condition of the atmosphere. He says there must be neither too much nor too little electricity in the air; and that there must be a quantity in proper relation to the season, that is, to the temperature, and that the quantity which would afford the favourable condition at one temperature would not be the suitable quantity at another. I think we must get up a tabulated system of meteorological observations to see if any sort of law can be found between the state of the atmosphere and the degree of "the power." But this will not be easy, inasmuch as the physical and psychical condition of the medium also constitute factors in the case.

We were to have tried for the bust of our pretty little "Carmita" yesterday (sister of the Countess), but on the day before John King said there was no use in going to the trouble of heating the paraffin. Today he thinks we can try on Tuesday evening (14th), but will be able to speak more confidently to-morrow. "Angela" has promised a mould of her hand and arm.

By the way, the proportion of wax employed is ten (10) per cent., not 2. No news yet from Russia about the bust of "Alexandrine," of which M. Levoff, her brother, took the mould with him, securing its safety by having it filled in with alabaster.

J. K. made yesterday a photographic experiment, which did not succeed any better than that which he twice tried when photographs were taken of moulds, on which occasions he directed that the medium should go and sit under the mould. He had told us not to be disappointed if such should be the case, as it was his first attempt, but that he would persevere, and sooner or later accomplish it. The Count (in pursuance of his directions) brought some collodionised and sensitised glass plates, and laid two of them on the table in a shallow frame, with a sliding top. John came forth, and took out one of them (opening the frame by pulling off the slide) and handed it to the Count, directing him to hold it up "So," suiting the action to the word, that is, the bottom edge resting on the table, and the side edges supported by the Count's hands. He then came out and presented his face to it, at the distance of less than a couple of inches, holding his luminous stone just over his face, first on one side, then on the other. The light was not at its best. The plate was scarcely more than two-thirds of the size of the face thus applied close to it, for about thirty or forty seconds. He said—"There, that will do, and if the plate was well sensitised I think you will find an impression." But, when taken to a photographer to be developed, it did not exhibit the slightest. When asked to-day whether he would try another, he said—"No, not to-day." We shall see what may come of this. First failure in an attempt is a fact to be noted as well as success would be.

He alluded again to-day to a proof of force to be exerted, which he has promised, and of which he has more than once spoken as a thing he intended to do for the Count's satisfaction, namely, the shattering of a solid iron cannon-ball into pieces. He renewed the promise. I suppose it is to be done by a sudden blow of a wave of some sort of electric force. We have seen the Hercules of fairs shatter paving-stones with their fists, well-bound round with a handkerchief. But a solid and flawless cannon-ball is "made of sterner stuff." He has told the Count to get the ball, and to have it ready for him when he shall be.

He seems to be a little impatient over my slowness in putting together "his book," as he calls it, that is to say, a volume which I have consented to prepare under the title of *Experiences in Spiritualism in Paris in 1875-6 and -7*, to be mainly a collection of the series of letters in which I have recorded our observations over here. It will be illustrated with photographs of some of our busts, &c. He says it will do a great deal of good. He every day asks how it is getting on. Unfortunately, my time is greatly absorbed with important affairs of a very different order, to say nothing of between two and three hours sliced out of the very heart of every day by these *séances*.

2, Rue Solferino, Paris.

J. L. O'SULLIVAN.

#### THE THEORY OF REINCARNATION.

STR.—The Rev. Mr. Colley, in your journal of the 3rd inst., gives a very interesting account of the *séances* he attended in Naples, at the residence of Signor Damiani, with the gifted trance medium, the Baroness Cerrapica.

Mr. Colley says that "the doctrine of reincarnation is upheld and taught here by spirits, both in and out of the flesh, and one of the controls was sorely puzzled to see in one of our company the spirit of Aristides the Just, still tangled up in parcels of fibrine, albumen, and phosphates, that have conspired to build up the body of our living friend, and when the question was put as to the need of one so just to be reincarnated, the answer was that though well-nigh morally perfect, it was to his benefit to return to earth once more."

It would have been very satisfactory to English Spiritualists if Mr. Colley had had the opportunity of minutely inquiring into the moral status and real character of the living Aristides reincarnated, of whom history tells of the original that "he was a man of great temperance

and virtue, which secured for him the surname of the Just, and whose example as a great leader made the Athenians more virtuous."

Mr. Colley, if he had even thought of the point involved, would not as a stranger have the opportunity probably of satisfying himself, but my friend Signor Damiani, who since his residence in England has adopted Kardec's views, will no doubt be able to tell us whether his friend, Signor Blank, now in the flesh, is esteemed as a man "well-nigh morally perfect."

If he be not, it is an additional reason, to many others, why I cannot yet embrace the Kardecian philosophy, which is so universally accepted on the Continent by many most excellent men and women who are ardent Spiritualists, and with whom I entirely agree in other respects.

B. COLEMAN.

August 10th, 1877.

#### THE TRUSTWORTHINESS OF CERTAIN SPIRIT MESSAGES.

SIR,—In *The Spiritualist* of 22nd June I read Mr. J. H. Gledstanes' letter upon "Life Beyond the Grave," which he says is an interesting account of spiritual existence on what the communicating spirit designates the earth plane; which would be very much so if we were certain of its truth, but such communications are so conflicting and contradictory, that I have no confidence in them. Is it not notorious that many spirits who have left the body delight in hoaxing the credulous, just as many do who are still in the flesh, and that both are unchanged when they have passed beyond the grave? It would be interesting to know Mr. Gledstanes' grounds for believing in the communications to which he refers. It is a very great comfort to be assured that there is a future state, but I believe we shall know little or nothing more until we have passed into it.

SPIRITUALIST.

#### MESMERISM AND PHRENOLOGY.

STR.—The matter contained in my letter of the 23rd July was intended rather to draw attention to some apparent anomalies which strike our attention in reading the contributions which have emanated from the minds of those who have dealt with the subject of mesmerism, than to deal with the subject fully. The letter I then sent had the disadvantage generally of short communications, of not being sufficiently explicit.

Memory, as Captain James cogently remarks, is not one distinct faculty, but rather the harmonious or healthy action of each special organ. No one now, I think, who lays claim to any knowledge of the subject of phrenology, would venture to assert otherwise. If he did, I am very much afraid the facts would not warrant any such conclusion.

It might have been better, and more satisfactory, if I had added to the paragraph, "subjects who are able to give names, dates, and events, with accuracy at one time, were also able at all times to do so, and those who were not able to give names always manifested that peculiarity" the words, "all things else being equal—that is, health, harmonious influence, and so on."

Concerning mesmerism, I am not influenced by any special theory, but simply content myself with patiently observing phenomena as they occur in my practice, and so far they have pointed to the conclusions stated in my former communication of your issue of the 27th July.

Subjects who are dull, stupid, deficient in their perceptive and semi-perceptive faculties in their normal condition, never display any remarkable powers in the state of trance, whether that trance be mesmeric, mediumistic, or self-induced. On the other hand, we may look for large intuition and fair eventuality, all things else being equal, in sensitives possessed of large perceptive.

There are at present in London many well-known test mediums who are themselves conclusive evidence of the fact.

Before dealing more comprehensively with the subject from my standpoint, I should like to see eliminated in your valuable paper the experience of others.

J. COATES.

12, Lime-street, Liverpool.

#### WAS IT BLOMBERG?

SIR,—In the *Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arbly*, as Miss Fanny Burney, the authoress of *Evelina*, and, as such, the friend of Dr. Johnson, and afterwards an attendant on Queen Charlotte, among the stated inconveniences of a place at court, a principal one is mentioned, that of being subject to constant intercourse with persons who are disagreeable and unsympathetic. None more so, in the case of Miss Burney—with the exception of the cruel old tyrant, Madame Schwellenberg—than a certain gentleman whom she designates as "Mr. Turbulent;" and there seems reason to suppose that he was the person who was introduced to the Royal Family, as a child, through the means of a ghost story. Madame D'Arbly, speaking of him in her sometimes somewhat quaint language, says:—"And thus, during the whole journey, in another new character, appeared Mr. Turbulent! For nothing did he seem, more or less, than a mere mischievous *polisson*, from its beginning to end." Again she says:—"How strange and how wild a character! I again acquainted my beloved old friend, Mrs. Delany, with all this affair (one of his especial worryings), and she counselled me to keep upon manifest good terms invariably, and to avoid complaints that led to scenes of such violence and impropriety."

Mr. Turbulent's liberties were not confined to members of the retinue; they extended to Royalty itself. "The Princess Augusta came, during coffee, for a netting shuttle of the Queen's. While she was speaking to me, he, Mr. Turbulent, stood behind, and exclaimed, *à demi voix*, as if to himself, '*Comme elle est jolie ce soir, son Altesse Royale!*' And then, seeing her blush extremely, he clasped his hands in high pretended confusion, and, hiding his head, he called out, '*Que ferai-je?*' The Princess has heard me!"

"Pray, Mr. Turbulent," cried she, hastily, "what play are you to do to-night?"

"You shall choose, ma'am; either *La Coquette Corrigée*, or—" (he named another I have forgotten).

"Oh, no!" cried she, "that last is shocking! Don't let me hear that."

"I understand you, ma'am. You fix, then, upon *La Coquette*? *La Coquette* is your Royal Highness's taste?"

The dialogue continued for some time, and it need not be repeated here; but Mr. Turbulent finished with a vulgar personality. "Fixing her with the most provoking eyes, '*Est-ce la Danemarque?*' he cried.

"She coloured violently, and, quite angry with him, called out, 'Mr. Turbulent, how can you be such a fool!'"

SCRUTATOR.

CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE RECORDED BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE following instance of clairvoyance is extracted from the *Autobiography of Harriet Martineau*. (Smith, Elder, and Co. London: 1877):—

Early in 1849 I stayed a few days at Mr. S. Dukinfield Darbishire's, at Manchester. One night, after a party, Mrs. Darbishire told me that she had to go, the next morning, to Bolton, and she hoped I would go with her. She had a question to ask of the girl Emma, whose strange powers as a somnambule had just become known through an accident. Mrs. D—'s question related to some missing property (not, I think, her own, but a friend's). Emma's information had recently led to the discovery of some mislaid bank-notes, and the saving of the character of a clerk; and this induced Mrs. D—'s experiment. I shall say nothing about that business, however, but shall relate only incidents within my own experience and observation. At first I refused to go, being unwilling to countenance the practice of exposing invalids (as somnambules very commonly are), to be mesmerised for money, and urged beyond the natural exercise of the faculty, whatever it be. At bed-time, however, Mrs. D— said, "I think, if you consider that your going will make no difference to the girl, that it will be merely two ladies being in the room instead of one, you will see that you may as well use the opportunity." I was very willing, of course; and I went.

It was a bitter cold winter's morning; and when we left the station at Bolton Mrs. D— said she hoped we might meet brother Charles presently, and not have to wait long in the street. She had sent him a request to meet her at Mr. Haddock's (where Emma lived), but it had now occurred to her that we had better meet him in the street, that she might caution him against mentioning either of our names in Mr. Haddock's house. We did meet him, a few yards beyond Mr. Haddock's shop; he was introduced to me, and we agreed to mention no name during the interview. Mr. Charles Darbishire (I believe a bachelor), lived eight miles from Bolton, and I think he and I had met once before; but we were quite strangers to each other. Of me and my ways he knew nothing but that I lived at Ambleside, and that I had been much interested in the facts of mesmerism. For his part, what he knew of Emma was the recovery of the bank-notes, by her information, he being one of the witnesses of the transaction.

We entered the shop—an apothecary's shop. Emma was the maid-of-all-work to Mr. Haddock. As we were not expected, we had to wait in the shop while the fire was lighted in the sitting-room, and while, doubtless, Emma dressed. I will say nothing of Mrs. Darbishire's business, but merely remark that she and I were the only persons present, after Mr. C. Darbishire went away, except that Mr. Haddock went out and came in two or three times as business called him. He had nothing to do with Emma while she was under my hands.

She was a vulgar girl, anything but handsome, and extremely ignorant. It does not matter to my story, but it is the fact that she could not read. What I saw disposed me to try what I could make of her when Mrs. D—'s business was done. I mesmerised her, and soon saw she was fast. She exclaimed at once that "the lady had warmed her."

After a good deal of very striking disclosure on her part, it suddenly struck me that I might try her power of seeing about places and persons. So I took a handful—a large handful—of letters from my pocket, Mrs. D— asking me what I was doing. I told her she would soon see, and so she did; and so did Mr. C. D—, who returned in the middle of my experiment.

I was aware that the girl could not read, but to make all sure, I chose a letter which was not in an envelope, and was altogether blank outside. There was not a scratch of ink on it, and it was close folded. I asked Emma who that letter was from. She clapped it on her head, close folded, and said a gentleman wrote it who was then walking up and down his parlour, with a silk handkerchief in his hand. Her account of his appearance, ways, and habit of mind was as accurate as possible.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. D—. "Who is she talking about?"

"I will tell you all about it by and by," I said; "surely not now."

Emma described the room, but I need not, unless I mention one particular. It was a London dining-room, one of hundreds which any one might venture on describing. One article, however, Emma mentioned as "a long-down picture," hanging, in fact, where she said it did. The gentleman was Mr. Atkinson, in his own dining-room; and the "long-down picture" was a part plan, part bird's-eye view of Rome, two or three times longer than it was broad.

"Now," said I, "go into the next room, and tell me what you see there."

"The next room?" said she. "There is a room, but I can't get into it; there is no door." And, moving in a troubled way, "How can I get into it when there is no door?"

"I suppose somebody gets into it to clean it," said I.

"Oh, yes; they go in by the hall."

"Well, do you go in by the hall?"

"Yes; I can do that. Ah! this is a smaller room. There are some cut stones stuck up—one, two, three."

"Cut stones!" said Mrs. Darbishire; and I begged her to wait.

"And there are some book-shelves—not many books; there are boxes. Some are gray, some are green; and they have large white marks upon them—letters, I think. They are in rows, a lot of them, one on top of another between the shelves."

"Any books?"

"Yes, some; only one shelf of them."

"Anything else?"

She writhed in her chair, and shuddered, and spoke unwillingly and hesitatingly.

"Ye—s; there are some things on the top shelf. I don't like them," shuddering much.

"Tell me about them."

"Well, there are six on 'em; and one is very well; but the other —" And she shuddered.

"Go on."

"Well, there is one below in the shop—one of the sort."

This was true; I had seen it when we entered.

Mrs. D— could wait no longer. "What is she talking about?" she exclaimed. "She talks of 'things' and 'things,'—what things are they?"

I said to Emma, "You talk of 'things.' What sort of things are they?"

"Well, I can't tell you what they are."

"Are they apples and oranges, or what?"

"O no, no! nothing of that sort, I should say"—and she shuddered out her words, and spoke doubtfully—"They are a sort of heads. But one goes this way"—putting up her hands, and describing a wide arch from side to side of her head—"and one goes that way," describing a great arch from the nape of her neck to the root of her nose. This was enough; and I relieved her from her painful state of disgust by turning to other objects.

This may end my first story; for I could have nothing more remarkable to tell. As soon as we were out of the house I explained it all to my companions.

The second room was the place of deposit of some curious property of Mr. Atkinson's deceased father, as well as some odd things of his own. The old Lord Elgin gave Mr. Atkinson, Sr., some of the most fragmentary of the Elgin marbles; and these "cut stones" were on pedestals in various parts of the room.

Mr. Atkinson, Sr., was an architect of eminence, and the plans, &c., of mansions and grounds of many noblemen and gentlemen were kept by him, as deeds are by lawyers, in tin boxes—in this case gray and green, with the names of the owners and estates painted outside in large white letters—the boxes being shelved as described.

Above them was a shelf of books, and above them, on the top shelf, six "things" which, as it happened, I had forgotten, till the girl's horrors brought them back to mind.

They were six casts of heads—one, as she said, nothing remarkable, or "very well." The other five were casts of the heads of a family of idiots in Norfolk, hideous beyond expression, and two of them enormous, as Emma described—one in length, the other in breadth.

Of course I told Mr. C. Darbishire that I should be ready to bear witness to the reality of Emma's powers at that date—so far, at least, as (what is called) "thought-reading" is concerned—in case of her meeting with the too common treatment—the insult and imputation of imposture, which are the weapons of the prejudiced, the ignorant, and people who are too indolent to ascertain facts for themselves. I implored him, however, to do all he could to prevent the girl being over-worked or over-urged, and thus to save her from the danger of filling up her failing power by material from the imagination, and at last resorting to tricks, deceiving herself and others rather than give up.

Mr. W. H. HARRISON is at the British Association at Plymouth.

THE Baron and Baroness von Vay proceeded to Ireland last Saturday on a visit to private friends.

MR. C. E. WILLIAMS has left London for the Continent, and will reside for a time with M. Gustave de Vehl, at Interlakken, Switzerland. In England he bears a very good name as a medium, and he obtains powerful physical manifestations in the dark, off his own premises, while he is held hand and foot, heavy articles being frequently moved about the room, or placed on the table, when he is thus secured. The room must be in total darkness, otherwise nothing, as a rule, takes place.

SPIRITUALISM IN DALSTON.—At the ordinary monthly meeting of the Council of the Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism, held at the Association's Rooms, 53, Sigdon-road, Dalston-lane, London, on Thursday evening last week, under the vice-presidency of Mrs. Corner, the other members present were Messrs. J. Tozeland and T. Blyton. The minutes of last session were read and confirmed. Letters were read from Dr. W. B. Carpenter, F.R.S., the Countess of Caithness, and Mrs. Georgina Weldon. Presentations, received since the last meeting of the Council, were laid upon the table and accepted with a cordial vote of thanks to the respective donors, viz.: Mr. Wm. Crookes, F.R.S., the Countess of Caithness, Mr. W. H. Harrison, and Mr. W. J. Colville. The hon. treasurer submitted cash accounts, which were passed. Miss Jennie Pope was elected an ordinary member. Letters were read from Messrs. J. W. Fletcher, J. J. Morse, and W. J. Colville, proffering their services, and the hon. secretary submitted circular of special announcements in connection therewith, which were confirmed, with thanks to Messrs. Fletcher, Morse, and Colville.

## SPIRITUAL IMPRESSIONS BETWEEN WAKING AND SLEEPING.

In *The Spiritualist* for July 27th you ask for examples of spiritual impressions received between the moments of sleeping and waking. The following personal experiences may serve as illustration, though in the two first instances they are dependent upon the *rapport* of my spirit with that of living people in the body. They are not the less spiritual, however, because I was unconsciously affected by these persons at the moment of influence.

The first occasion was some years ago, when I was a young inquirer into the truth of spirit existence. I was thinking much of the growth and progress of the soul, and being in delicate health, I retired one evening early to rest. I had been asleep about an hour when two people coming into my room talking, awoke me, just at the moment I was spiritually asking and receiving answers to questions from my friend and instructor who was alone in another room. The mental questions were on the subject of the manifold changes and growths of the human spirit; and if there were any deaths and births to the soul-body similar to the decay of the body at the one change of mortal death.

I was receiving answers to these questions, but at the same moment the disturbance caused by the talkers so aroused me that I became unconscious of what had just passed within my mind, and forgot all about the subject.

The next day, at dinner, I met my friend and instructor, and said to him, "There was a question in my mind last evening which I have now forgotten, for I was interrupted in sleep at the time I was finding it out." My friend replied, "Stay a minute, I will tell you what it is, for you came in spirit to ask me;" and there and then he repeated to me in clear terms the very subject in my mind, saying, "You wanted to know if the soul passed through many changes of condition in a body after the mortal change of death." "Yes," I replied, "and you answered me, I now remember, at the moment I was disturbed, and you told me there were many changes through which the soul passes, as it dies to one state of feeling, and rises into a higher perception of life and spirit."

This and the following experiences are instances of being in communication with souls in the mortal body, with this difference, that in the next case, the impression was made on my external senses, not on my mind, though caused by the joined minds of two others.

It was on a spring morning, when my sister and I, both sleeping in the same room, were disturbed by the sound of gentle raps on my iron bedstead. On asking my sister if she heard the raps, "Yes," she replied, "they are on the iron bars of your bed." Presently they ceased, as I heard footsteps sounding on the hall door-step. They rested there, and at the same moment we heard the village clock strike six. Then there was talking heard beneath my window, and soon the steps went slowly away. In the course of the day I went to see two poor respectable people, an intelligent woman and her husband, whom I knew well. She then told me her husband had been ill and restless all night, and she could not keep him indoors. So she took him a walk early in the morning, and they wandered about, saying, "We will go to Miss ——'s house, and pass by her door. We did so, and stood on your door-step just as the clock struck six; and we talked of you, wondering whether you would be awake, and my husband said to me, 'Bless the dear lady, she little knows that we two poor creatures are standing here talking of her, maybe beneath her window; and little she knows what a restless weary being I am, or that it does me good to even come to her house and talk of her.'"

But often have I heard voices, both just on going to sleep, and before waking, and seen figures and representations of scenes which have warned me what event was coming. A year ago, I was anxiously waiting the news of a dear relation's health, who was dangerously ill; one morning, on being called, just before I awoke, I was in the act of dressing her in some clean white garments, and I was so delighted to see her stand to be dressed, and to find her look so much better, that I told my dream or vision of her to my sister, saying, "We were dressing her in new white garments." As I said so, it occurred to me she must have

passed away; for I knew that to dream of dressing in clean white garments meant a new condition of existence.

That very day a telegram came, saying that our dear relation had left her body, and passed away to the new life at three o'clock that morning. These were merely visions that were fulfilled by external events; but I have experienced other more symbolic visions of spiritual realities. Last Good Friday eve, after meditating on the various views and manners with which the Christian churches keep the Fast of the Crucifixion, and considering the Once Crucified One as now reigning over heaven and earth, I was refreshed in the early morning by a vision presented to me of a vast church, larger than any building of the kind in England; and from above the congregation I was made to behold the vast assembly kneeling in worship of the Crucified One. A great spiritual guide took me to the height of the expansive dome, and bade me look at the crowd who were commemorating the mortal death of their Christ, and then he revealed to me a glimpse of the hosts of spiritual beings who were worshipping their risen and ascended Lord. I was lifted up in heart and mind at thus being allowed to see what my angels pointed out, as they made me understand the Risen Life, bidding me worship *that* rather than the "Shadow of Death," which was the object of the people's worship. There was a fulness of angelic presence in this dome, where I was taken to behold the earth-worshippers; and a jubilant sense of rejoicing and gratitude amongst them, to Him who said, "I am He that liveth, and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore."

This vision, though transitory, supported me the next day through the sadness of the Church services that dwell so much on the mortal sufferings on the Cross, rather than on the life of self-abnegation, which the Master lived, and taught. These instances are enough to show what spiritual impressions are made on the passive mind just before waking. I am not a strong physical medium—indeed, all the little power I ever had for drawing, or circle-manifestations, is very feeble; but with the departure of that, these intuitions are my chief source of refreshment. T. G.

## SPIRITUALISM IN SALT LAKE CITY.

Mr. T. C. ARMSTRONG, Sr., writes: It is with pleasure that, in accordance with a resolution of the Society of Spiritualists in this city, I give you an account of the reorganisation of a Spiritualist association here. For some considerable time past the Spiritualists here have been without any organisation; holding a few *séances* in private houses and occasionally giving lectures, mediums, and expositors an opportunity of coming before the public in the Liberal Institute; among the former, honourable mention may be made of Mr. Thomas Walker and Hon. Warren Chase, who both did good service here last winter; while the operations of the so-called medium expositors, although proving nothing but their love of the untruthful, yet gave our enemies additional excuse for exultation, and also tended to weaken the ardour of some of our friends, as well as to stop the inquirer for a time from further investigation. This state of things continued for a time, until a few of the working Spiritualists, urged and backed by our loving friends of the better shore, determined to do something to bring about a union amongst the believers in the spiritual philosophy, and to make an effort to place before the general public such evidences of a life beyond the tomb as would be irrefutable. To this end we took a large room and held a few *séances* and consultations upon the question of organisation, and the 31st of March approaching, and our room becoming, on account of the increase of visitors, too small for us, we concluded to hold a public anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, and for this purpose took Cisler's Hall, situated on Main street, in this city, where we had very good and satisfactory meetings on Sunday, April 1st. We continued to meet in the same place, and on Sunday, April 15th, at a special meeting, we organised a society (First society of Spiritualists of Salt Lake), with a constitution and bye-laws, using as a basis the articles suggested in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Dec. 23rd, 1876, No. 15, making changes to suit our own peculiar circumstances. The following are the officers of the Society: Trustees—John Hepworth, T. C. Armstrong, Sr., and John P. Lloyd. Treasurer, T. C. Armstrong, Sr.; Secretary, Alfred Ward; Corresponding Secretary, W. H. Holmes, since replaced by T. C. Armstrong, Sr.; with the following ladies and gentlemen to fill the Executive Committee: W. Pimrock, John Gunn, James Ashman, Mrs. Fanny Ashman, Mrs. M. S. Hunt, Mrs. Y. Hepworth, Mrs. Mary Ward, Mrs. Mary A. Lloyd, T. C. Armstrong, Jr., James Peterson, James Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Hance Ahlquist, and Mr. Hy. Cottle. Meetings have been held regularly in Cisler's Hall, since the organisation, on Sunday afternoons and evenings, and latterly also a *séance* on Wednesday evenings in the same place. It is gratifying to observe that love and harmony are on the increase in our midst, and that several of our brothers and sisters are developing in varied phases of mediumship; we appeal to all lovers of the good and true to come forward and help us to stem the torrent of bigotry, superstition, priestcraft, and wrong which flows throughout Utah.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.



