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PHRENO-MESMERISM.

BY CAPTAIN JOHN JAMES.

PERHAPS, of all the mesmeric phenomena, the most generally interesting to witness are those elicited in what is called Phreno-mesmerism, *i.e.*, the power of the mesmeriser to excite the different phrenological organs of the sensitive.

The experiments, when successful, go far to prove the truth of Phrenology, as well as the abnormal state of the patient.

An uneducated man, for instance, may, for the first time in his life, be thrown into the mesmeric sleep-waking state, and the operator, by touching, and sometimes even by merely pointing at, the organ, say, of "Benevolence," may cause the sensitive to exhibit marked signs of that particular sentiment, so that he may appear to fancy or dream that he sees before him some pitiable object, which at once awakens his interest and compassion. If "Combativeness" be touched, he will immediately show symptoms of anger, fancy he is quarrelling with some one, evince a desire to fight, and may even strike his mesmeriser; fan or blow over the excited organ, or touch "Benevolence," and his anger immediately subsides. Should "Combativeness" and "Destructiveness" be very small, the excitement of these organs will often lead him to imagine that some one is trying to quarrel with him, neither the expression of his countenance nor his actions betraying any feeling of anger.

On the organ of "Veneration" being touched, the sensitive will clasp his hands together, and kneel down in the attitude of prayer, the expression of devotion on his countenance, so beautifully depicted, that the observer is forced to acknowledge that the patient is either in an abnormal state, or that he is one of the finest actors he has ever seen. If "Veneration" and "Tune" be touched at the same time the sensitive will probably sing a hymn; touch "Mirthfulness" and "Tune" only, you may have a comic song. Touch "Philoprogenitiveness" and the sleeper will probably imagine he is caressing a child; touch "Combativeness" at the same time, and he will appear as if clasping the child with one arm, and with the other he will strike out as if defending the little one from injury. Take away the finger from "Philoprogenitiveness" and he will probably act as if he were dashing the supposed child to the ground. And so on with many of the organs, the manifestations being sometimes faint, and sometimes strong, according to the different idiosyncrasies of the patients; with some, only a few of the organs act; with others the experiments completely fail.

The most interesting results in these experiments take place when two or more of the organs are simultaneously excited, when you will probably observe such beautiful combinations of graceful attitudes and facial expression, as would be well worthy the observation and study of a first-rate actor.

That these experiments tend to prove the truth of Phrenology is almost certain, but after many experiments on different sensitives, I am led to believe that in some cases the excitement of the different faculties, sentiments and propensities, may be attributed to the power of the mesmeriser's Will, which so often plays a part in the production of many other mesmeric phenomena. And here I may observe, that when I use the word "Will" I have in my mind, the often proved subjection of a sensitive to the thoughts or minds of those *en rapport* with him, so that he then unconsciously obeys the will or wishes of his mesmeriser; or it may be that the mesmeriser's thoughts produce in the sensitive a state of suggestive dreaming, which leads him to carry out in pantomime the unuttered suggestions of his mesmeriser.

I once had a patient whose phrenological organs would at once respond when I merely pointed at them; and so in-

stantaneous and so marked were the effects that at last I began to suspect my constant success. It occurred to me that it was very remarkable that I never made a mistake as to the exact locality of an organ, although at that time quite a novice in the study of phrenology—a plaster of Paris head, marked with the names of the different faculties, being my principal guide.

These suspicions led me to try the following experiment, which was carried out with the assistance of a friend interested in the subject. We agreed that my coadjutor should mark down on a piece of paper a list of the principal organs, and that he should first indicate the name of an organ for me to point at, and then another organ for me to excite by the will. In this case the sensitive was not only ignorant of phrenology, but her eyes were always bandaged. After I had placed the patient in the sleep-waking state, my friend, by signs, desired me to point at "Benevolence" and to will "Combativeness." I did so, and immediately strong signs of anger and repulsion were exhibited, and so on with several other organs, my will proving more powerful than the pointing with my finger.

Great, however, would have been my mistake had I hastily concluded from these experiments that *all* the manifestations in phreno-mesmerism are due to thought-reading or will-power.

Numerous experiments of my own, and of others to whom I related the above case, particularly some very interesting facts communicated to me by Mr. Vernon, the editor of *The Peoples' Phrenological Journal*, most satisfactorily proved that the organs can be excited in cases where it appears impossible that the will can have anything to do with the results. It appears to me that both hypotheses may be true; the power of the will on some occasions, and the power of exciting the organs without any exertion of the will in others, in the same way that in clairvoyance, though mind-reading frequently plays a part, it also frequently has nothing to do with the production of the phenomena.

Here occurs to me the recollection of a rather curious experiment tried on one of my own sensitives. One day I was mesmerising one of my servants, a country girl, who, I need scarcely say, had never studied phrenology. A lady was seated next to her, and I touched the sensitive's head on the right side, on the spot marked by phrenological writers as the organ of Adhesiveness. The girl immediately clasped the lady's hand, and showed by signs very strong attachment to her. I then touched with the fore-finger of my other hand the organ of Combativeness on the left side of her head, without withdrawing my finger from the organ of Adhesiveness, and the results were very remarkable. The sensitive, still holding the lady's hand in her own right hand, struck out violently with her left hand; at the same time the right side of her face wore a most amiable expression, whilst the left side was distorted with anger. Any one who has seen the picture of David Garrick standing between tragedy and comedy, may imagine the effect produced in this case, where each side of the face exhibited the play of a different passion.

Perhaps, according to the law of reflex action, the sensitive ought to have struck out with her right hand, and the other manifestations to have been reversed, but the girl was no physiologist. When the famous case of the amputation of a leg at Wellow, during the mesmeric sleep, was read at the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London, Dr. Marshall Hall considered the case to be one of imposture, because the poor man's sound leg did not start or contract when the diseased one was cut, *i.e.*, did not "enact the reflex motion." Unfortunately for the interests of science, Dr. Marshall Hall had neglected to inform himself by repeated experiments, as to whether a human being during the

mesmeric sleep, and a horse struck on the head with a pole-axe, are in precisely the same condition.

The same patient of mine, on another occasion, had the organ of Imitation touched. A lady *en rapport* with her then spoke a long sentence in German, which the girl repeated without making a mistake, and, I was assured by the lady, with good pronunciation. Dr. Braid, in his work on *Hypnotism*, mentions that two of his patients, country girls, on the organ of "Imitation" being touched, spoke five languages correctly. I presume it is meant that they repeated the words after hearing some-one recite them; but that was an extraordinary feat, as any one may judge by trying the experiment even on an educated person wide awake, provided he be not a good linguist.

I was once asked to mesmerise the servant of a friend, for the purpose of rendering her insensible to pain, previous to having a double tooth extracted during the sleep. I succeeded in producing the desired effect, and the operation was performed. On the instrument being placed in her mouth, as soon as the cold metal touched her gums, there was a slight quiver of one of the muscles of the face, but when the wrench was made and during the extraction of the tooth, the patient showed no more signs of feeling than if she had been a stone. This was a beautiful case of Phreno-mesmerism, one of the best I ever met with, most of the organs responding in the most satisfactory manner.

The patient during her sleep, after the phrenological organs had been excited, always imagined that I was her fellow-servant, who happened to be an elderly negro from Jamaica, and as the *séances* always took place in the presence of her mistress and another member of the family, I was obliged to be constantly on the watch to prevent the somnolquist from betraying all the secrets of the pantry and kitchen.

During the ordinary mesmeric sleep the patient generally recognises his mesmeriser, but as soon as the organs are excited a state of dreaming ensues, and then he will often take his mesmeriser for some other person, perhaps for some intimate friend, and by a few suggestive words he may be led to fancy that he is conversing with any particular individual the mesmeriser may suggest.

Of course the most decided and convincing cases as evidence of the truth of phrenology are those where the mesmeriser himself—as well as his patient—has no knowledge of even the localities of the several organs. In such circumstances, should the mesmeriser, for instance, touch the organ of Cautiousness, and the sensitive immediately exhibit strong symptoms of terror, we may be pretty certain that the result is quite independent of will or of mind-reading.

An experienced mesmeriser and phrenologist wrote to me many years ago, as follows, by way of proving that the will did not act in his experiments:—

"I send you something new. Get some one to entrance your patient; you then excite the organs of the mesmeriser, and you will get the usual effects exhibited in double force by the sensitive, the mesmeriser holding his hand. Or, mesmerise the patient yourself, form a chain of a dozen or more persons; you hold the patient's hand and turn your back upon the last person of the chain; let any one touch the organs of the last person and the same results will follow. Where is the will here?"

This experiment, however, in my opinion, is not quite conclusive, for if the person manifesting the phrenological organs of the last person, be able to transmit any influence at all through a chain of twelve persons, why should not his will be thus transmitted?

Mr. Braid, a surgeon practising at Manchester, many years ago wrote a work on *Hypnotism or Nervous Sleep*, in which he narrates a case of Phreno-mesmerism, so extremely curious and interesting that I venture to insert it in the present paper. Mr. Braid says:—

"I was informed that a child, five years and a half old, who had been present when I exhibited some experiments, the same evening had proposed to operate on her nurse. The nurse had no objection to indulge the child, never suspecting any effect could take place. However, it appeared she speedily closed her eyes, when the child, imitating what she had seen me do, placed a finger on her forehead, and asked what she would like, when the patient answered, 'To dance'; on trying another point, the answer was, 'To sing,' and the two had a song together; after which the juvenile experimenter roused the patient in the same manner she had seen me do.

"The above circumstances being related to me, I felt curious to ascertain whether there might not be some mistake, as there had been no third party present, and I depended entirely on the statement of the child, which induced me, when visiting the family next day, to request permission to test the patient. This was readily granted, and, to my astonishment, she manifested the phenomena in a degree far beyond any case I had tried; indeed she did so with a degree of perfection which baffles description.

"However frequently she was tried, the same expression of countenance, the same condition of the respiration, and similar postures of the body have been evinced when the same points were touched.

"Indeed, so highly susceptible was she that after a few trials, when I pointed a finger or glass rod over the part, without contact, similar manifestations resulted."

This case of Mr. Braid's is of double interest; first of all, as proving that even a young child can mesmerise, and, secondly, that a child can excite the phrenological organs—perhaps one of the best proofs we can have of the truth of phrenology.

It is not to be supposed, however, that good cases of Phreno-mesmerism are by any means common; some mesmerisers are more fortunate than others in finding patients who exhibit the higher phenomena; the great majority only succeed in producing the sleep.

During the state induced by Mr. Braid's process, and which he calls the "Hypnotic state," it would appear that the phrenological organs are more sensitive than they are during the mesmeric sleep, which would account for his remarkable success. In all my practice, extending over several years, I have only had two cases of clairvoyance and about half a dozen cases where the phenomena of Phreno-mesmerism were remarkably distinct.

To do full justice to the subject of Phreno-mesmerism would require great experience in mesmerism, and a considerable knowledge of phrenology and physiology. I can only lay claim to a certain amount of the first requisite, and will be truly glad if some one more competent for the task would continue the subject in future columns of *The Spiritualist*.

Tottenham, July, 1877.

REMINDERS OF DEATH.

In the second gallery of the Royal Academy for this year hangs the large and truly great picture of "An Egyptian Feast," painted by Edwin Long, Academician. It is a rarely beautiful picture, despite the defects found in it by some hypercritics. It may be that the interest of the picture is too widely diffused and not sufficiently centred on any one point or object. It has also been said to be lacking in imagination; but this accusation is founded on the vulgar error that imagination can deal only with supermundane topics, and that therefore a picture of angels—human in form, but possessing large wings—is a more ideal performance than the depiction of human emotions, and than the careful, studious resuscitation on canvas of an historic event.

Mr. Long's "Egyptian Feast" is at once an historic revival, and also a profound psychologic study. The building, with its pillars, its magnificent doorway, and its mural paintings, the various physiognomies of the various guests and attendants, and their diverse garments are all most carefully studied and elaborated. And, in addition to this, the picture is a poem of Love and Death. The first glance at it tells us of an ancient Egyptian hall, whose size is suggested as much by the large circles of the inlaid marble floor as by the vast number of people seated and standing around the walls. The centre of the hall has been occupied by musicians and dancing girls, whose duties are at this moment arrested for the performance of an important function of every Egyptian feast. When the banquet was ended; when merriment began to supersede ceremony; when wine and sociability began to break through the reserve of glance and of expression ordinarily maintained between man and woman; when the life of the senses began to assert itself with free joyousness; then—and not till then—did the Priest of Osiris enter, preceding a mummy on its bier, bare and unflinching in the awful rigidity of death. Slowly was this reminder of their fate led round the circle of gay and joyous guests; and, as it came before each, the priest uttered the words: "Gaze here: and drink and be merry; for when you die, such will you be!" This is the action of the external life of the picture.

But a second glance at it reveals an undercurrent of interest and of life; of love in its various stages; its rosy advent, its joyous noon, its pale drear decadence; and upon Love, Death strikes diversely according to love's diverse conditions. Lovers, or bridegroom and bride, or happy husband and wife—each couple regards death variously, as they feel variously toward each other. Look at the couple on the extreme right of the spectator: Love in *her* eyes sits glancing, and *he* responds with ardent gratification. They are so occupied with each other; so entirely are they all in all just now to each other that death passes by them unregarded. For

“Who grieve when the bridegroom is with them?
Who weeps when the wine-chalice flows?
When the aureole of life shines around us,
Who then of death's cold shadow knows?
When we stand on life's throne, crown'd and sceptred
In love's own most regal attire,
Can we think of the day when the triumph
Of life and of love will expire?”

Next to this joyous couple sits, alone, a little maiden to whom, as yet, love and death are both mysteries. Wonder is the predominant expression on her childish face; wonder crossed with a dim pity. But how can death be sad or be joyous to those who know not what love is? For life is not life, till love vivifies it; as life, when love is gone, relapses into mere existence, unless the eternal impersonal love supply the place of the mere personal and transitory emotion; and then life has already become immortality. This little maiden is seated next to the master and mistress of the feast, a couple who reveal a lovely phase of human affection. To this happy pair the reminder of death comes tenderly. Hand clasped fondly in hand, passion ripened into love, and even into friendship, they think that death cannot sever the tie which has resisted the more powerful attacks of passion, of weakness, of faithlessness, and of disappointment.

The third couple represent a less united condition of love. The man gazes callously and with folded arms at the mummy; stolid philosophy and critical thought are in *his* eyes, whilst *she*, wholly engrossed in the thought of his love for her, is terrified at death, the separator, and she clings to her one beloved, turning from death to love.

Most startling is the old woman who sits beside her aged husband in the angle of the room. Her withered cheeks and dingy skin she has tried to adorn with a wondrous head-gear of lovely light-hued feathers. She is, I fear, a worldly old thing, and death appears to her horribly real and near, as it comes to her amid all this youth and feasting.

Next to this poor old lady, whose life-story is well nigh at its last page, sit a young couple who are but beginning the oft-told tale. She is young, coy, and timid, frightened at the approach of love and its ardent powers. Her lover finds in the reminder of death a new argument for urging her to relent: “See,” he says, “death will come; let us love while we may.” He seems to whisper George MacDonald's entreaty:—

“Love me, beloved! for I may lie
Dead in thy sight, 'neath the bright blue sky.
Love me, beloved! for both must tread
On the threshold of Hades, the house of the dead.”

Further on, considerably, sits a “used-up” voluptuary, between two girls. He looks bored at that thing coming round, and seems indifferent alike to love and death, himself being more deadly and dead than the mummy itself.

These are only a few among the numerous figures and faces in the picture—a picture which requires a prolonged study for its due appreciation. In the Academy Catalogue there is a recondite note on this curious Egyptian custom—a note which leads the reader to speculate about the views of death held by the ancients, and to consider how different were their notions to those of the moderns. Death as a dread personage seems to have been unthought of by the ancients. The words—“Gaze here: drink and be merry,” are like the words of the Hebrew preacher—“Rejoice, Oh young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the way of thy heart and the sight of thine eyes.” They meant that youth and bodily existence will not continue long; therefore they should be enjoyed while possessed. Youth and vitality are given by

our Maker; it is our duty, therefore, not to waste them, neither by a dreary melancholy nor yet by a reckless career of gross living. The Hebrew sage added the words—“Know thou that for all these things God shall bring thee into judgment; therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh.” That is, in other words, waste not thy god-given youth and its capacities of enjoyment in morbid or religious asceticism; so remove sorrow from thy heart. And waste not thy youth neither in excesses in which the beasts would not indulge, but put away *evil* from thy *flesh*; for excesses and fleshly evils will bring their own penalty on thy body, thy intellect, and thy soul. Every act has its inevitable result, a result often called the judgment of God.

There is one remarkable thing in this Egyptian ceremony; it is the only personification of death to be found among the ancients. The Greeks had no God of death. Pluto and Proserpine presided over Hades, the world of those who had gone through the process of death and had crossed the river Styx. They had been ferried over by Charon, a lesser deity, in subservience to Pluto and the other Gods. Æschyllus, the sublime, recognising neither time nor death, makes no such *dramatis persona* as Thanatos. Euripides in the *Alkestis* introduces a personage called, in English translations, Death. But in the Aldine edition of 1567 he appears as Charon; whilst Sertius (in his notes on Virgil) says that Euripides put him in as Mercury. And as Mercury he appears in an edition of Euripides, printed in 1471, and in another of 1532. But under whatever name, Euripides personifies him as slightly as possible and makes *Alkestis* and *Hercules* speak of him as if he were Pluto. *Hercules* calls him “The Priest of the Dead,” and *Alkestis*, talking as she dies, says she—

“Beholds a boat and him who ferries o'er the dead,
By Charon I am summoned hence.”

In *Sophocles* there is a short invocation to death, in *Ajax's* last speech; but the mere personification is unimportant, and does not raise *Thanatos* to any rank like the deification attributed to even *Aido*, *Orcus* (oath), or *Nemesis*. *Atropos*, that one of the *Destinies* who cuts the thread of life, in effect performed the duties of *Death*. And to *Iris* also is given the work of cutting that thread which binds the soul to the body.

Nowhere among ancient literature do we find that dread king of terrors who—with scythe and hour-glass, with crowned skull and bare jawbones—is the modern idea of death. That grim image is the production of the creed which professed to reveal life and immortality. It is a Catholic mediæval conception, perhaps a monkish rendering and blending of *Pluto* and of *Chronos*. *Chronos* (the Latin *Saturn* or *Time*) was represented with a scythe and hour-glass by the Greeks. The mummy of the Egyptian feast was decorated as *Osiris*, the God with whom men entered into happy union after death; and so it was to them a reminder of immortality; the Greeks supposed that those who had entered the nether world, were at once judged by *Rhadamanthus*, and abode in the *Stygian fields* or in the *Isles of the Blest*; but the mediæval Christian supposed the dead lay rotting in their graves until the last trump. He deemed that for them was neither pleasure nor pain any more; for them action and happy repose were alike over. *Death*, the most powerful of all beings (scarcely excepting *Deity* itself) cut short the only career of happiness given to man; for after the grave he would go to either an eternal fire, or to a petrified heaven. And so arose that stalking skeleton, suggesting so many false ideas, which has become the popular image of death. “The founder of Christianity,” wrote *Isaac D'Israeli*, “everywhere breathes the blessedness of social feelings. The horrors with which Christianity was afterwards disguised arose in the corruptions of Christianity among those insane ascetics, who misinterpreting the word of life, trampled on nature. The dominion of mankind fell into the hands of those imperious priests who ruled by the terrors of the ignorant. Life was darkened by penances and pilgrimages, alternating with murder and debauchery; spectres started up amid the midnight vigils; the grave yawned, and *Death*—in the Gothic form of a gaunt anatomy—paraded the universe. After they had sufficiently terrified men with this charnel-house figure, a reaction in public feelings occurred, and death, which had so long

harassed the imagination, suddenly changed into a theme fertile in coarse humour. The Italian love of the beautiful forbade their art to sport with deformity, but the Gothic taste of German artists delighted to give human passions to the hideous physiognomy of a noseless skull; it put an eye of mockery into its hollow sockets and made the shank-bones of Death dance gaily." And "The Dance of Death" travelled through Europe. It even became enacted as a religious ceremony in churchyards. A popular poem on it was composed by one Macaber, of which the English Dance of Death (erroneously attributed to Holbein) is an illustration. Groups from this dance were copied as house and as furniture decorations, and at Luzern there still exists a bridge (a covered bridge) on which is painted the Dance of Death.

It would have been happy for English people if this ludicrous view of it had been allowed to end the gross and materialistic conception of man's career. But, unfortunately, Milton restored to the figure of Death its first awe and majesty. Milton, profoundly read in Virgil, transferred all Virgil's classic lore to the Hebrew myths, and changing Prometheus into Satan, he transformed also Virgil's Pluto, Rhadamanthus, and Hades, into Death, Hell, and Judgment. Milton has made the theology and coloured the religious imagery of Englishmen for two hundred years now, and so long as the following lines remain household words, neither fact nor philosophy will obliterate the false and popular conception of death:—

"Black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

Yet fact, and philosophy founded on fact, tell us that death is not a personage; scarce even an event; naturally it is but a process; a process slow and sure, aye, surer than physical birth. The spiritual doctrine, and one incessantly reiterated by every spiritualistic teaching, is that death is but an exact repetition, in less material organs, of the process of physical birth; but that there are a multitude of deaths; and that we have to undergo—and we do undergo—far more painful deaths while still in the body, than our physical dissolution will be. Aurora Leigh knew this, when she spoke of the slow death of young souls, so often "bound by social figments, feints, and formalisms, and then crucified head downward, on the cross sticks of the world." Ouida knew it, too, when she made the soul of Signa to be extinguished and killed by contamination with vice long before his body departed from its shattered life. And preachers know it when they repeat the words "Fear not him who can kill the body, but I say unto you, fear him who can kill both body and soul." Fear sin. Thank God, nowadays preacher, poet, novelist, philanthropist, doctor, and man of science, all perceive that sin is a far more hideous and more powerful thing than death. It is sin, not death, which stalks among us, as Blake saw the sin-plague of Egypt, a livid, monstrous, green-hued, poison-radiating, spear-darting power. It is sin, not death, we have to fear as lurking secretly to catch the young, and as leading us in the wild "dance Macabre."

Our popular theology and religious conceptions have not yet entirely recovered from that low and selfish phase of former generations. The idea of man's future existence was formerly one of selfish happiness, so far as petrified existence and petrified perfection can be happiness. "It looked," as Mr. Frederick Harrison says, "only for the permanence of the consciousness which can enjoy itself; whilst the modern and better idea of man's future existence is permanence of those activities which can give happiness to others." With this opinion the psychologist neither courts nor fears death. He will not address it as "most beloved, most lovely;" nor yet as "dread king of terror," for he regards it as a natural process, as growth toward a new birth. The pain of the process is felt generally long before we are conscious that the process has begun in us; the sorrow of it lies in separation from those we love; but that sorrow is felt more by those who are left than by those who are departing, for death brings hopeful consolations to those whom it touches. We have all heard of dying people entreating their friends to "let them go," and not to keep them by their yearning love; but who ever heard of a dying man entreating to be kept in

the body; to be kept back, in fact, from dying into life? It is true that the new life into which we die is very different to this life in some respects. For, with the loss of the external body of matter, will cease those mere physical functions whose due action gives physical pleasure now. Therefore "let the young man rejoice in his youth;" and let Edwin Long's happy lovers quaff the wine cup while they have palates to taste with, and while love gives tone and flavour to all around. Let love reveal life, that we may know and enjoy life; and let the reminder of death come as the reminder of immortality.

G. T. C. M.

Review.

England and Islam on the Counsel of Caiaphas. By Edward Maitland. Tinsley, London. 1877.

ANOTHER of England's foremost thinkers (for such the author of the *Pilgrim and the Shrine* must be deemed) appears to have joined the ranks of the minority who refuse to bow the knee to Baal! In the book before us he distinctly states his conviction that "*the spiritual world is real; and the faculty whereby man holds intercourse with it is a natural faculty, which fails only through morbid, or at least abnormal insensibility of the cerebral centres.*" Further he says: "The source of all evil in mortal existence is the limitation of the spiritual vision. The cause of that limitation is unsuitable diet, physical and mental."

Mr. Maitland tells his readers that he has only arrived at a belief in the phenomena of Spiritualism after first finding that it was possible to form in idea an harmonious and consistent conception of the spiritual world. He further adds: "And just in the degree in which I became convinced theoretically, did I receive in confirmation (of the substantial truth of the doctrine known as "Spiritualism") practical demonstrations even surpassing in their absolute satisfactoriness any crucial test of which I had been cognisant. And now that I have no manner of doubt on the subject, and that my "spiritual eyes" are open, I can, in looking back through my whole life distinctly trace the operation of the influences of the reality of which I have only so recently become assured."

We have not space to review critically in detail the contents of this remarkable book. To do so would require another volume. But its author is always suggestive, and never common-place. If he errs it is difficult to convict him of error, for there are few sign-posts in the road of "absolute vision," and when he betakes him to "aerial" locomotion the critic cannot follow. There are some flights, however, which, permissible in poetry or metaphysics, seem out of place in a book intended to influence opinion upon questions of politics and sociology. One may err in breadth of vision when a distinct view of near objects is required—as a man who should attempt to direct his course by the Polar star to the neglect of pitfalls and brick walls—not to speak of conventional sign-posts.

So far as the political aim of *England and Islam* is concerned, we fail to see that the existence of a special spiritual affinity between the "soul of England" and the soul of "Islam" is sufficiently demonstrated. The analogical faculty (a quality of mind most useful in all abstract reasoning) may be trusted too far. Its conclusions should be regarded as probabilities, not as absolute data. The ideal is not necessarily real, though the real may be necessarily ideal. However, the rare faculties of ideality and comparison which the author displays in a marked degree are such a necessary counterpoise or rather *antipoise* to the groping system of modern thought that we can well forgive a little too much buoyancy in their action, if such there be. We wish the author therefore "God-speed," and whether his views and utterances be prophetic (as he thinks them) or not, there is much in them which will prove a fine physic for the "*Body of England*" and the narrower sect of the scientists.

G. F. GREEN.

THERE is abundant evidence in the records of Spiritualism that all persons who are not mediums in the ordinary sense of the term, are most sensitive to spiritual impressions at the moment between sleeping and waking, when their experiences are sometimes remarkable. Can our readers furnish us with further well authenticated examples?

Poetry.

NO DREAM.

ONCE I walked by the deep rivor's side,
Where the moon through grey mist clouds shone white,
Watching him—my own love—onward glide
Neath a white sail through deepening night.

"Sweetheart, go not alone!"—but he gave
Me this answer with one parting kiss—
"Tis not well for my darling to brave
E'on with me such a chill night as this."

So I lingered and watched the white sail,
Through the mist veil and tremulous light,
Till between the dark hills swept a gale,
And the white sail was gone from my sight.

Loud I cried for good help, but alas!
Not a mortal had followed my way;
Thon I sank in the dank reedy grass,
Nor aroso till the waking of day.

When I saw the white flowers which lay
Liko fair isles on a lake yestor morn,
Dooply ront and far scattered away,
From their calm mirror-bed rudely torn.

First to plunge deep beneath them I thought,
For I knew he was sleeping below,
When a strong unseen hand quickly caught
Me away in my desperato woe.

In the silence of evening I rovo,
Whon the moon clothes the lilies in sheon,
Whore, amidst the white flowers, my love
Is reflected in that placid stream.

All illumined with light still I trace
From his eyes how the old love doth beam;
Aye, full sure as I gaze on his face,
This dear sight is no fanciful dream.

For the glory which circles his frame,
Is not born of the pallid moonlight,
Thus I know that he liveth again
Still expecting me thero everynight.

And he says ere next moonlight shall gleam,
O'er the lilies through soft evening's dew,
Two reflections shall meet on that stream,
And who knows that this may not be true? R. A. Cox.

A SEANCE WITH MR. FORSTER.

An anonymous leading article writer in *Truth*, of July 12th, says:—

A friend of mine, a thoroughly practical man, for he was the president of one of the largest railroads, used to tell me of wonders that he had seen performed by a medium of the name of Forster. "Let me by all means see them," I said, and it was arranged that I should; but, for one reason or another, I never came in contact with Forster until the night previous to my leaving the country. I had asked the railway president, and two or three other friends, to dine with me at Delmonico's, a famous New York restaurant. We had a private room, and, when dinner was nearly finished, I happened to say to the president that, after all, I should leave the country without meeting Forster. "Shall I send for him?" he said. "By all means," I replied; and he wrote a note to invite him to come to the restaurant, and smoke a cigar with us. Soon Forster appeared. He was a pleasant, gentlemanly man. Dessert was on the table, and he sat down, drank his wine, smoked his cigar, and joined in the general conversation. After a little while this conversation gravitated into a discussion on Spiritualism. Forster asked me what I thought of him. I said, "You are my guest, so I do not wish to offend you; but if you really want to know, I regard you as a clever conjuror." "I have," he answered, "a certain power; whether it is derived from spirits acting through me I do not know, but I am certain that I have this power." As he said this, the chair upon which he was sitting began to crack portentously, as though it were going to fall into pieces. "Give me the chair," I said, and I tried to make it crack in the same manner; but it was a solid piece of furniture, and I utterly failed. Then there were noises like explosions in all parts of the room. "Is that conjuring?" he said. "Probably," I replied. "Can you do it?" he asked. "No, I cannot," I answered. At this moment there were loud bangings on the ceiling. I rang the bell, and asked the waiter, in French, who was in the room above. He went to see, and came back with the information that the room was vacant. "A confederate," I observed to Forster; but he denied it. On this we sat down round the table. Forster produced a card with an alphabet in large letters on it, and told us to ask questions, and then to touch the letters, pausing when we heard a rap. One of my friends was a Scotsman. He asked where an uncle had died (naming him). A Scotch unpronounceable word was rapped out. "That was the name of his country house, and he did die there," said the nephew. I then asked where an aunt of mine had died. "In the Isle of Wight," was rapped out. "Wonderful," I observed, which indeed it was, for the lady happened to have died in London. Suddenly Forster got up from his chair, and wriggled himself behind one on which another friend was sitting, laid hold of his arm, and gave him a message from his sister, who had died some years previously. There seemed to be nothing of the slightest importance in the message. "Go into the next room," said Forster to the brother, "and she will speak to you." He did, and on his return said that she had spoken to him. He looked pale and discomposed. "Well, what did she say?" I asked, but he would not tell me. Then

we wrote on pieces of paper, and rolled them up in balls. By means of the alphabet Forster read them without opening them. "Are you convinced?" he asked me. "Not in the least," I answered. I then went into a corner of the room, turned my back on Forster, and, having written a word on a piece of paper, folded it up, and rang the bell. When the waiter came I sent him for an envelope, and, having put the paper in the envelope, which I closed, and put it before a candle to see that the light could not shine through it, handed it to Forster, and asked him to read the word. He pressed the envelope to his forehead, and then correctly read it. "Does this convince you?" he said. "It convinces me," I replied, "that you have some curious mesmeric power, or that you are a singularly clever conjuror; but it certainly does not convince me of Spiritualism. Show me a spirit, or a ghost, or a head, or a hand?" "To see these," he answered, "you must sit with me for hours in the dark, evening after evening, and then perhaps one of these manifestations may appear to you." "That is to say," I replied, "if I get thrown into a morbid, dreamy state, you will persuade me that I see something that has no real existence. Thank you;" and I handed him a cigar, which he lit, and relapsed from a medium into a pleasant companion.

RELIGIOUS ERAS COMPARED.

The following review of *The Religion of Jesus as Compared with the Christianity of To-day* (E. W. Allen), by Mr. F. A. Binney, Member of Council of the National Association of Spiritualists, is extracted from the *Salford Weekly Chronicle*:—

In the preface to this work the author (who is a citizen of Manchester) thus explains the scope of his work. He tells us that "its object is to undermine the importance which all Christian Churches attach to doctrine as a means of salvation, and to bring into prominence the value of Christ's moral teachings, which, according to his own showing, alone comprise the one thing needful. "In short, I have," says he, "endeavoured to show that modern Christianity—in dwelling so prominently on the value of the doctrine of Christ's divinity and the atonement—virtually preaches salvation through the birth and death of Christ; whereas the New Testament most emphatically teaches salvation only through the life of Christ." The first part of the work consists of an elaborate analysis of the teachings of Christ and the teachings of the Apostles, dividing them into the practical and the doctrinal teachings. The result of this analysis is then summed up, and the writer eliminates what he considers to have been taught by Christ as necessary for salvation, and rejects all other texts as of minor importance. He finds as a result that Christ nowhere requires of mankind a belief in any doctrine whatever on pain of damnation, but over and over again both He and His disciples insisted upon the necessity above all things of obeying Christ's commands. In proof of this the writer quotes, amongst many other texts, the words, "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say;" and "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven;" but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven." He also discusses the meaning of the word "salvation," and comes to the conclusion that it is not a future alternative against hell fire and eternal damnation, but simply means the attainment of happiness, and, as such, salvation may commence in this life. He concludes by the texts of the New Testament, as well as by reason, that salvation or happiness is only attainable "by cultivating a truthful, benevolent, charitable, and unselfish disposition, exemplified by kindly deeds and an upright life."

Mr. Binney does not consider that our reason can admit that a belief in God is necessary to salvation, but he argues (and herein Mr. J. S. Mill, in his essay on the *Utility of Religion*, is of the same opinion) that it can be shown from every-day experience in life that the believer in God must necessarily be a happier man than the unbeliever; and so also with the believer in the efficacy of prayer, and the belief in a future state. These may not be necessary to salvation in the orthodox sense; but he argues that, in so far as we admit that salvation and happiness are synonymous terms, they are necessary to salvation, but in no other sense.

In Part II. the author deals with the Christianity of to-day, reviewing the doctrines and form of prayer in the churches of England, Scotland, and Rome, and of the various dissenting bodies, and the conclusion he comes to is that they all agree upon one point only, namely, the value and importance of Christ's practical teachings; and therefore, argues Mr. Binney, the probabilities are that these are the only grains of truth that modern Christianity possesses. About doctrinal points no two divisions of modern Christianity are agreed, and it is precisely these matters that, in the first part, he contends are not required of us, even by the letter of Scripture itself, and they are therefore immaterial and ought to be removed from all creeds. He criticises the Church of England service, and especially the reading up of passages from the Psalms breathing sentiments diametrically opposed to the teachings of Christ, and therefore neither edifying nor conducive to the soul's benefit. He is also severe upon the uselessness of modern doctrinal sermons, and the great indifference of the clergy to the real wants of their hearers. The author gives an outline of the creed of the Spiritualists, and points out in what respect their faith supplies a gap in the creed of modern Christianity, especially in reference to the Church's ignorance and inconsistent teaching upon the doctrine of a future life—in one part hinting that the dead are already angels before the throne of God, and elsewhere teaching that they are all sleeping until the day of judgment. A lengthy chapter is devoted to Modern Christianity in *Daily Life*, full of pertinent extracts from newspapers upon such questions as the salvation of Dissenters, disestablishment, the sale and purchase of church livings, doctrine *versus* morality, Church of England intolerance towards Dissenters, the progress of infidelity, mammon

worship and commercial frauds. The last chapter is devoted to an exhaustive attempt to disprove those arguments of Mr. Greg, in *The Creed of Christendom*, which are directed against the miracles, Christ's resurrection, the possibility of Divine inspiration, the efficacy of prayer, the forgiveness of sins, and a future state.

SLATE-WRITING UNDER TEST CONDITIONS.

BY HENSELEIGH WEDGWOOD, M.R.I.

HAVING engaged Dr. Monck to give me a sitting yesterday evening, I bought a couple of small slates, and tied them face to face with a fragment or two of slate pencil between them before Dr. Monck arrived. The slates were tied tightly together by a double fold of tape, the two ends of the knot being sealed to the framing to hinder the band from slipping. In addition to this I sealed the edges of the slates together, so that they could not be separated from each other in the slightest degree without being broken. The slates were laid on the table, and in the course of the evening, in a fair light, Dr. Monck, under control, desired me to place them on my head, which I did accordingly, keeping hold of them with one hand. He asked me whether I would have the writing signed by my father or my grandfather. I told him, as they were both named Josiah, he might take his choice. He put one hand on the slates, and after a moment we all heard the scratching sound of pencil writing upon them. As soon as this was done I took the slates down and laid them on one side till the end of the *séance*. I then examined them by the full light of the gas, and satisfied myself that the seal on the edges of the slates was unbroken and called the attention of the other sitters to this essential point. Having cut the tape I found the following message written lengthways on one of the slates, in a direction transverse to that of the tape binding:—

God bless you
for ever.
Josiah.

I am sensible that this is no more than what was frequently done by Dr. Slade, and is indeed in itself a less striking example of Dr. Monck's mediumship than that recorded in the *Medium* of the 27th October last, where a long passage was written on the face of a slate completely covered by a thin board nailed down on the framing, but the fact in question is of so extraordinary a nature as to require the accumulated evidence of repeated witnesses.

31, Queen Ann-street, Cavendish-square, London, July 20.

VISIT OF THE BARON AND BARONESS VON VAY TO ENGLAND.

EARLY next month the Baron and Baroness von Vay will spend a short time in London, on their way to Ireland, and it is intended to give them a public reception at the rooms of the National Association of Spiritualists, on the tenth of August. The Baroness von Vay is well known to the readers of this journal by her distinguished services in the cause of Spiritualism, as the writer of the works *Studies from the Spirit-world* and *Spirit, Force, and Matter*,* and as the foundress and patroness of the Spiritualist Society at Buda-Pest, in Austrian Hungary. It is unfortunate that the visit of our friends is at a time of year when many Spiritualists will be absent from London, but there will doubtless be a sufficient number present to make a good gathering, and at all events to give them the cordial welcome due to all noble and outspoken supporters of Spiritualism. As the Baroness is well acquainted with English, it is hoped that she may be prevailed on to give some account of her own experiences in Spiritualism, or of the prospects of the spiritual movement in Germany and Austria.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gales Forster, from the United States, will also be present and cordially welcomed. Mr. Forster is a well-known contributor of excellent articles to the *Banner of Light* newspaper, and it will be of interest to hear from him something of the state and progress of Spiritualism in its early home on the other side of the Atlantic. It will be pleasing to gather together in one meeting these representative Spiritualists from abroad in company with several veteran English leaders in the movement, and numerous latter-day workers, representing

various shades of opinion and belief, yet all equally impressed with the importance of the work in which they are engaged.

FORM MANIFESTATIONS.

ALTHOUGH form manifestations are deeply interesting when progress is made in their evolution in private, no manifestations do so much harm as these when it is attempted to use them for proselytising purposes. They are the reverse of convincing to an inquirer, because the medium is usually out of sight in a cabinet, and even when the manifestations are presented under absolute test conditions, which is not always possible, the result is too much for a beginner to believe all at once; such phenomena usually terribly exhaust the medium, and send the observer away strongly prejudiced against the subject. Raps or table motions without contact, or a few unanswerable manifestations in the light, are infinitely better for beginners: When a medium is not on his own premises, and in a cabinet with no opening but the one facing the spectators, it is good evidence of materialisation if two living figures come out of the cabinet, and all the witnesses present, as in duty bound, put their names and addresses to a certificate that they simultaneously saw "the living flexible features of the two forms side by side." When only two objects are seen near together in a bad light, not with flexible features, or not walking about independently of each other, and when all the witnesses do not certify to what they have seen, the evidence is not so strong as the importance of the phenomena demands. We request all correspondents who in future send us accounts of form manifestations to attend to these points, to say whether or not two living flexible faces were seen together, and to give the names and addresses of all the witnesses.

MR. HOME'S book, written out of jealousy of other mediums, has brought down more abuse of Spiritualism in the new periodical called *Truth*.

ON Sunday next Mr. J. J. Morse will deliver two trance addresses in the Temperance Hall, Horsedje-street, Oldham; afternoon at 2.30, evening at 6; admission free.

By a letter received just before going to press, we learn that the Rev. Thomas Colley, late of Portsmouth, is now acting temporarily as English Chaplain at Naples.

NEARLY all our correspondents now give their names and addresses for publication at the end of their communications, and we hope that the few who do not do so, will hereafter imitate the good example set by their neighbours.

MRS. WELDON'S ORPHANAGE.—Next Monday, in the course of Mrs. Weldon's musical *soirée* at the Langham Hall, Great Portland-street, Regent-street, Mrs. Weldon will read a history of her Orphanage, and as she never does things by halves, but expresses opinions about persons and things with the utmost freedom, a lively meeting may be expected. It will be a good one for those to attend who have never yet been present at one of her meetings. Mrs. Weldon, as a Spiritualist who gives up many of the luxuries of life, and all her annual income, to the personal education and training of helpless orphan children, deserves warm countenance and support, and as the charges for admission to her *soirée* or concert vary to suit everybody, it is to be hoped she will have a good attendance next Monday. An account just published by her shows that she has not only managed to make her weekly concerts for the benefit of the Orphanage self-supporting during the last six months, but has cleared about £70 by them.

RECEPTION AT MR. WILLIAM TEBB'S.—On Thursday evening last week, Mr. and Mrs. William Tebb, of Gloucester-gate, Regent-park, London, gave a reception to Spiritualistic and other friends, among whom were:—Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Massey; Mr. Walter Weldon, F.C.S., and Mrs. Weldon; Dr. and Mrs. Stanhope Templeman Spcer; Mr. A. Vacher; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Ellis; Dr. George Wyld; Mr. H. D. Jencken, M.R.I., and Mrs. Kate Fox-Jencken; Mr. Keningale Cook, LL.D., and Mrs. Cook; Mr. Cöster; Mr., Mrs. and Miss Desmond Fitz-Gerald; Dr. Hitchman; Mrs. Hallock; The Rev. W. Stainton-Moses, M.A.; Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Bennett; Mr. W. H. Harrison; Mr. N. Fabyan Dawe; Mr. William White, author of *The Life of Swedenborg*; Mr., Mrs., and Miss Clayden; Signor Rondi; Miss Houghton; Dr. and Mrs. Coffin; The Misses Coffin; Mr. C. Coffin; Mr. W. H. Coffin; Rev. Wm. and Mrs. Hayden; Mr. F. W. Percival; Mr. and Miss Shorter; Miss Kislingbury; Mrs. and Miss Cooper; Miss Ella Dietz; Mr. F. Dietz; Mrs. G. N. Strawbridge; Mrs. Harvey; The Misses Harvey; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Fletcher; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse; Miss Laffan, authoress of *O'Hagan, M.P.*; Dr. Carter Blake; Miss Knight; Miss Mackay; Mr. J. G. Crawford; Mr. J. T. Peele, A.R.A.; Miss Parker; Mr. Anthony Godbe; Mr., Mrs., and Miss Lewis; Mr. Cornelius Pearson; Mrs. Coombes; Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Tebb; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Tebb; and many others. In the course of the evening Miss Ella Dietz, of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, gave an amusing recitation from Hans Christian Andersen's works; and Mr. Gerald Massey read a brief poem, relating to the origin in Egypt of many religious and other ideas now prevalent, in which subject he is well up, in consequence of his assiduous work over his forthcoming book on *The Origin of Myths*. Miss Ellen Cooper gave two songs, with exquisite and cultivated ability; Mr. Weldon a recitation; and Mr. Campbell (Principal of the Royal Normal College for the Blind, visited a few days ago by the Princess Louise), aided by several of his pupils, entertained the company with music and singing. Mr. and Mrs. Tebb have been associated with the work of the College since 1872; Mr. Tebb was on the managing committee for some years, until his delicate health forced him to resign, but he still takes as active an interest as possible in its progress, since those benefited belong to the most helpless class of the community.

* *Studien aus der Geisterwelt: Geist, Kraft, Stoff.* Oswald Mutze, Leipzig.

SEANCES WITH MESSRS. FLETCHER AND WILLIAMS.

BY W. R. TOMLINSON.

I HAVE been for many years subject to be awoken from my sleep by words, clairaudiently heard, which continue for some short time after I awake, often conveying short messages coming, as I suppose, from deceased relations and others whom I may have known, or not, when living. I may add that these messages cannot, from their nature, arise from any seeking of my own, as I only receive them under the conditions expressed.

The above experience has long convinced me of spirit identity; but as the messages received are often fragmentary, and my personal power of continuing the communion consecutively *nil*, I was glad to be able to pay a visit to Mr. Fletcher, which I did on Wednesday, July 4th.

Almost at once Mr. Fletcher, without any hint from myself, or indeed without the particular spirit being in my thoughts, gave me a long and interesting message from the alleged spirit of my paternal grandfather, the identity of whom I did not doubt, as the message was entirely in accord in its tenor with those I had previously received from the same spirit personally in the way I have described. I may here remark that the above spirit was the first that I remember to have come to me, so as to make his presence felt, since my faculty of clairaudience, such as it is, first came upon me, now some twenty years ago. This spirit said to me, through Mr. Fletcher, "You are going to some dark *séances* while in London. I will try to speak to you there." I had such intention.

My grandfather was a captain in the navy. At forty years of age he began to study the Hebrew language in order to read the Bible in the original tongue. He subsequently published a Hebrew grammar. He contested the opinions of Dr. Priestly, and wrote some theological works, one of which he called characteristically for a man-of-war, *Arius Slain and Socinus Mortally Wounded*.

Soon Mr. Fletcher said: "I see another relation of yours. He seems suddenly snatched away from all his friends by violence. I do not see this where you are, but in a foreign country far away. It must have been a hot country, for I feel so warm." Then he added: "How very strange! The spirit is all dripping with water. How is that? I can't make it out." "Give me more tests," I replied. I felt I did not want them, but asked nevertheless. The medium then took my left hand, and opening out the palm wrote with the index finger of his right hand, several times over, the word "Nicholas," always finishing by dotting the *i*. This name, "Nicholas," had been spelt out at the last *séance*, where any intelligence had been displayed, that I had attended; this was at Brighton on May 28th, 1875, in St. James's-street, if we except Dr. Lynn's public "*séance*," where I had been the day before. The medium explained that this was the spirit of my brother Nicholas, who was killed on the spot in May, 1842, at Chapoo, in the Chinese war of that period, but whose body was taken from the battle-field on board one of Her Majesty's ships to be committed to the deep with funeral honours. The spirit of this brother has been more, apparently, about me, now for some time, than any other; not, Mr. Fletcher informed me, from any especial brotherly affection that existed between us during his life, but because I attract him now more than other living members of my family, for the reason that he knows that I would not desire to repulse him as a spirit.

On the next day, Thursday, July 5th, I had another very interesting *séance* with Mr. Fletcher, when the above-named two spirits returned to me, both giving me long and most interesting further test details of a private nature.

On that same evening of July 5th I attended the *séance* at Mr. Williams's. Peter, whom I had only met to my knowledge once before, now nearly six years ago, at once greeted me by name, and afterwards lighted up his face. John King too, whom I had not met for the same period, greeted me by name cordially, shaking my hand with one apparently as material as my own, and said at once: "*Your grandfather and your brother are standing behind your chair.*" This was a very satisfactory test to me, for I had certainly given no clue to either of the mediums that could have brought out this coincidence. I mentioned this at the *séance*.

A further test now occurred which further convinced me.

Peter suddenly cried out: "Your brother is all wet! Oh! how he drips; he is running down with water." Peter continued thus exclaiming, but later on at the *séance* told me the spirit was not dripping then. Soon John King said: "Your brother wishes me to let him place his hand upon your head." I then felt a hand on the top of my head, which was passed down over my brows.

John King said he could not materialise on that night; would I come on Saturday? I said that I would remain in London over Saturday if I were sure he would materialise on that night, as I had never seen a materialisation. Then John King said, "Come to-morrow, Friday, at two o'clock, and I will materialise then for you."

"On Friday, July 6th, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Williams and I sat alone in his dark *séance* room at opposite sides of the table. Very soon after we were seated John King's voice was heard. A material hand again shook mine. We three conversed together for several minutes; then John King asked Mr. Williams to go into the cabinet. Not long after, John King appeared with his light. He did not come near me at first, but said: "Don't be afraid." He was high up. I answered: "Oh, no! I am not in the least afraid." Indeed it would have been very foolish and inconsistent if I had been afraid of a spirit whom I believed to be well disposed towards me, having been so long subject, as I have, to visions both by night and by day. Then occurred for several minutes, to me, a most touching and extraordinary scene. John King kept coming close up to me, as I sat with my two hands on the table, showing himself by his light and asking me if I saw him well. He would occasionally go to the cabinet, only to return to me with his features more brightly illuminated than before. He would be generally right over the table, in order that I might see him well, sometimes higher, sometimes lower. Sometimes I would rise up from my seat so as to peer more closely into his features. Then he would, after I had seen him high up, say: "You saw me floating?" "Yes," I replied, "I did, indeed." Then he passed right through the table, and I looked under the table to see if he was there; he was not, but when I lifted up my head again he was again before me. I could not help smiling when I saw him so often over the table so close in front of me, and asking myself what would Mr. Williams have done with his legs if in trance he had been personating the spirit? I saw far more than enough to prove to me that that was entirely impossible. Besides, the spirit's face was no more like that of Mr. Williams, either in feature or in complexion "than I to Hercules." Next, John King came out with apparently a larger light than before; it was beautiful and bright indeed; he held it at one end, with both hands plainly visible, as well as his face, and allowed me freely to handle this beautiful light; a wondrous handling. This greater light was of the shape of a large oblong beach pebble, and shone like a brilliant moon. I was, however, to witness, perhaps, even a still more wondrous sight than the above. The spirit next held close up in his hands a brilliant cross, to which he called my attention over and over again; it was not above an inch or two in length, but so very bright that the spirit's face was plainly seen by it. I could not but be reminded of the well-known lines:—

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.

I was yet to be favoured with another remarkable manifestation. John King, in full view, with a light in his hands, said, "Now I am going to sit down." I then heard a chair drawn to the table opposite me, to the place where Mr. Williams had been sitting before he entered the cabinet, and there I saw John King plainly. He said, "You see me sitting at the table," which, I told him, I certainly did without doubt. He sat with apparently his elbows on the table, holding the light up to his face with his two hands, and thus we resumed the conversation. After a time, as we both sat talking, the light was extinguished, and the form was no longer seen; but there sat John King apparently still, for his voice in conversation continued from the same place. I believe that I was the one on this occasion who spoke the most, for I told John King something about the earth-lives of the two spirits who had come to me at Mr. Williams's and Mr. Fletcher's *séances*, both of whom, John King had

told me, stood behind my chair the evening before. I gave him traditional details concerning my grandfather, who died when I was a child; and I spoke also of my brother, the late Colonel Nicholas Ralph Tomlinson, who was killed at Chapoo, in China, in the month of May, 1842, and was buried at sea; and who, as the late Lord Gough (then Sir Hugh), the Commander-in-Chief, said in his despatches, "died at the head of his men, nobly doing his duty." I told John King that there was an effigy of my brother in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin; that on a handsome monument, placed there by his regiment (the 18th Royal Irish), he was sculptured as being carried dead from the battle-field. We had thus conversed for some time, when the spirit said it was time to wake the medium. Mr. Williams came out of the cabinet and struck a light. I told him that John King had been sitting at the table opposite to me, conversing. Mr. Williams spoke of this latter fact—the spirit sitting at the table—as a strange occurrence; and then he remarked upon the chair drawn up to the table, and said that he had certainly put back his chair to the wall before he entered the cabinet.

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.]

A LATIN AUTHOR ON THE UNSEEN WORLD.

SIR,—I venture to send you a copy of a passage from Apuleius, a Latin writer of the early part of the second century, thinking it might possibly interest Spiritualists, giving, as it does, as clear a glimpse as we can hope to have of the ideas of a Latin Spiritualist about the constitution of the unseen world. The passage is taken from *Apuleius on the God of Socrates*, Bohn's translated edition. Speaking of the nature of the inhabitants of the spiritual world, he says:—

"And not to discuss prolixly the rest of the instances, the poets, from this multitude of demons, are accustomed, in a way by no means remote from the truth, to feign the gods to be haters and lovers of certain men, and to give prosperity and promotion to some, and to oppose and afflict others. Hence they are influenced by pity, moved by indignation, racked with vexation, elated with joy, and are subject to all the affections of the human mind, and are agitated by all the fluctuations of human thought, with similar commotions of the spirit and agitations of the feelings, all which storms and tempests are far alien from the tranquil state of the celestial gods. For all the celestials always enjoy the same state of mind, with an eternal equanimity, which in them is never driven from its own fixed states, either in the direction of pleasure or of pain; nor is it moved by anything from its own everlasting rule towards any sudden line of conduct; neither by any external force, because there is nothing more powerful than deity; nor of their own impulses, because nothing is more perfect than deity.

"And furthermore, how can he appear to have been more perfect who moves from a former condition of being to another condition which is better? And this the more especially, as no one spontaneously embraces anything new, unless he is tired of what he had before, for a new mode of proceeding cannot be adopted without disapproving the preceding modes.

"Hence, it follows that a god ought not to be employed in any temporal functions, either of beneficence or love, and therefore is neither to be influenced by indignation, nor by pity, nor to be disquieted by any anxiety, nor elated by any hilarity; but he is free from all the passions of the mind, so as never either to grieve or to rejoice, nor on sudden impulse to will, or to unwill.

"But all these and other qualities of the like kind properly accord with the middle nature of demons; for they are intermediate between us and the gods, both in the place of their habitation, and in their nature, having immortality in common with the gods of heaven, and passions in common with subordinate beings. For they are capable, just as we are, of being affected by all that soothes, as well as all that moves the mind, so as to be stimulated by anger, influenced by pity, allured by gifts, appeased by prayers, exasperated by affronts, soothed by honours, and swayed by all other circumstances, just in the same way as we are.

"For to embrace the nature of them in a definition, demons are as to genius animated beings, as to mind rational, as to feelings passive, as to body aerial, as to duration eternal. Of these five characteristics which I have mentioned, the three first are the same as those which we possess, the fourth is peculiar to themselves, and the last they possess in common with the immortal gods, from whom they differ in being subject to passion. Hence, according to my idea, I have not absurdly called demons passive, because they are subject to the same perturbations as we are, and on this account it is that we may place some confidence in the different observances of religions, and the various propitiatory offerings made in sacred rites. There are likewise some among this same number of gods who rejoice in victims, or ceremonies, or observances, nocturnal or diurnal, public, or performed in secret, replete with the greatest joy, or marked with extreme sadness. Thus the Egyptian deities are almost all delighted with lamentations, the Grecian in general with dances, and those of the Barbarians with the sounds produced by cymbals, tambourines, and pipes."

Also further on Apuleius goes on to say:—

"Now, according to a certain signification, the human soul, even when it is still situate in the body, is called a demon.

O say, Euryalus, do gods inspire
In minds this ardour, or does force desire
Rule as a god in its possessor's heart.

"If, then, this is the case, a longing of the soul that is of good tendency is a good demon. Hence it is that some think, as we have already observed, that the blessed are called endæmones, the demon of whom is good, that is whose mind is perfect in virtue. You may call this demon in our language, according to my mode of interpretation, by the name of Genius, whether quite correctly I am not altogether sure, but at all events, at any risk you may so call it; because this God, who is the mind of every one, though immortal, is nevertheless, after a certain manner, generated with man; so that those prayers in which we implore the Genius, and which we employ when we embrace the knees (*genua*) of those whom we supplicate, seems to me to testify this connection, and union, since they comprehend in two words, the body, and the mind, through the communion and conjunction of which we exist.

"There is also another species of demons, according to a second signification, and this is the human soul, after it has performed its duties in the present life and quitted the body: I find that this is called in the Latin language by the name of Lemur.

"Now of these Lemures, the one who undertaking the guardianship of his posterity, dwells in a house with propitious and tranquil influence, is called the familiar Lar. But those who having no fixed habitation of their own, are punished with vague wanderings, as with a kind of exile, on account of the evil deeds of their life are usually called Larvæ; thus becoming a vain terror to the good, but a source of punishment to the bad."

Then Apuleius approaching the main object of his essay, thus describes guardian angels:—

"All you, therefore, who hear this divine opinion of Plato, as explained by me, so adapt your minds to whatever may be the subject of your meditation, as men who know there is nothing concealed from those guardians either within the mind or external to it; but that the demon scrupulously takes part in these matters, sees all things, understands all things, and dwells in the most profound recesses of the mind, in the place of conscience. He of whom I speak is entirely our guardian, our individual keeper, our watcher at home, our proper regulator, a searcher into our inmost fibres, our constant observer, our unseparable witness, a reprover of our evil actions, an approver of our good ones; if he is knowingly attended to, sedulously examined, and devoutly worshipped in the way in which he was worshipped by Socrates, in justice and in innocence, he is our forewarner in uncertainty, our monitor in matters of doubt, our defender in danger, and our assistant in need. He is able also by dreams, and by tokens, and perhaps even openly, when necessity demands it, to avert from you evil, to increase your blessings, to aid you when depressed, to support you when failing, to lighten your darkness, to regulate your prosperity, and modify your adversity."

Apuleius then goes on to describe the character of Socrates as making it peculiarly easy for his guardian demon to impress him with true ideas and right feelings. He then proceeds to show that conversations with demons was not an uncommon thing in ages gone past. That we have the authority of Aristotle for the fact that the sect of the Pythagoreans expressed great surprise if any one denied that he had ever seen a demon. That men who endeavoured to cultivate their spirit were peculiarly favoured by this personal intercourse with the higher intelligencies. He shows also why the cultivation of the spirit is thus superior to all other objects of life:—

"Is a man of noble birth? You praise his parents. Is he rich? I put no trust in fortune, nor do I admire these things a bit the more. Is he strong? He will be weakened by sickness. Is he swift in the race? He will fall into old age. Is he beautiful? Wait a little he will be so no longer. But is he well instructed, and extremely learned in the pursuits of philosophy, and wise, and skilled in the knowledge of good, as much as it is possible for man to be? Now then, at last you praise the man himself. For this is neither an hereditary possession from his father, nor depending on chance, nor yet on the suffrages of the people, nor subject to bodily decay nor mutable through age."

If, Mr. Editor, you are of opinion that these passages from an ancient Spiritualist in faith, and if his enemies are true witnesses, a magician in practice, would interest the readers of *The Spiritualist*, I beg you to find room for them.

Spiritualism will make men of modern times, regard the religious ideas and ceremonies of the Greeks and Romans with greater reverence than has been for many centuries vouchsafed to them. They have been passed over as mere heathens, or pagans, in religion, from whom we can derive no benefit, however much we are indebted to the one nation for the principles of beauty, science, or philosophy, or to the other for the principles of law and order.

Spiritualism will thus furnish a fresh proof of "the solidarity of the human race," and the oneness of nature, when all men shall see that far from being a new thing, the intuition of the existence of a spiritual or ethereal world, with the inhabitants of which we are able under certain conditions to communicate, has been common to humanity, wherever and whenever it became sufficiently self-conscious to ask itself, in wonder, what it was, where it came from, and whither it was going.

W. J. B.

July 20th, 1877.

LINKS BETWEEN SPIRITUALISM, MESMERISM, AND PHRENOLOGY.

SIR,—Certain phenomena which I have witnessed in my practice as a mesmeric healer in private, or as an experimentalist upon the public platform, cannot fail to be interesting to the students of man. I do not mean students of physiology only, but of psychology as well, for without combining the two it is utterly impossible to disentangle the skein of man's complex existence, dependent on matter, erected in spirit, working out the purposes of being, as well by the failures as by the achievements of the present.

Professor Gregory notices in his *Letters* (which I am glad to see you have republished, as they form one of the best books that can be placed in the hands of inquirers into mesmerism) that it is difficult for a clairvoyant to give the name of a person or thing.

Captain James recorded similar experiences in *The Spiritualist* a few weeks ago.

Mr. Atkinson differs, however, practically from both, never having had any difficulty in obtaining names (or tests) from his own mesmeric sensitives.

I am indebted to phrenology for the assistance it has afforded me in the investigation and practice of mesmerism, for I have found in my experience some clairvoyants who could give names, and others who could not. And, as I was the mesmeriser in all cases, the difference of power and ability in the sensitives could not have arisen from the fact that they had different mesmerists operating upon them, or I could induce at one time that which I was incapable of obtaining at another.

But, in addition to the above, I have found that subjects who were able to give names, dates and events, with accuracy at one time when under influence, were also able at all times to do so, and that those clairvoyants who were not able to give names, but who went in a roundabout fashion to describe a biscuit or a person always manifested that peculiarity.

The light that phrenology threw upon my observations was this, and so far I have found it to be an invariable rule or law:—

I found the first-mentioned sensitives had the organ of eventuality (situated in the middle of the forehead, immediately above individuality) more developed than the average. I also found in those who could not give names the aforementioned organ was either of average size or below it. What does this point to? Simply, in my opinion, that the expression of intelligence was equal to the instrument or train which was the vehicle of that expression.

The same law I find to govern test mediumship. In my investigation of Spiritualism I never found a *test* medium deficient in the organ of eventuality, but I have always found that deficiency in mediums who could not give names, dates, and events.

In this I fancy I have traced an important relationship between mesmerism and Spiritualism, but if further investigation should prove that I am not right, I am ready to be corrected. Meanwhile, I suggest, with the Countess of Caithness, to the students of Spiritualism that they should not only add mesmerism, but phrenology, to their studies of true anthropology—man, a spirit; and man—matter. They should study mind and its powers, the power of mind over mind, and of mind over matter. I hold with J. W. Jackson, "As a plastic force, and consequently as a determining element of form and power—of physical development and mental proclivity—the nervous system reigns supreme. It is its comparative absence that leaves the worm in his weakness, and its presence that raises man to his irresistible dominion. It is its imperfection that retains the negro in his hut, and its strength that exalts the Caucasian to his temple. From the reptile in his ooze to the philosopher in his study, the successive gradations of terrestrial being are measured by its development and culture. Now, of this most important part of our nature, *the brain*, in its volume, contour, and quality, is the surest index."

By studying phrenology we study the instrument of mental manifestations, whether normal or abnormal. Wonderful is the law of progress, for, like steps in a ladder, mesmerism, phrenology, and Spiritualism, succeed each other. Without the two first we fail to read the latter aright.

J. COATES.

12, Lime-street, Liverpool.

PARAFFIN MOULDS OF SPIRIT HEADS.—NO. 5.

SIR,—You see I vary the above title from what it has hitherto been—from "Spirit Faces" to "Spirit Heads;" for we have this evening (July 14th) obtained a second entire head, and this time down close to the shoulders. And such a magnificent head! as you shall soon see in the photographs. It is of that grand old Roman spirit, Glaucus, well-known to the readers of these letters, who lived in the time of St. Paul, for he has said that he had "looked upon the face of him who preached to the men of Athens." He was, it seems, a "physician," not in the medical, but rather in the more general, philosophical sense, corresponding to the French *physicien*. He has said that Paul was first a disciple (pupil) of his, and he afterwards a disciple (convert) of Paul. I once asked whether he had been a martyr. "No." But I was told that he "attended the last hours of Paul, in prison."—"But I thought that Paul died by decapitation, by the order of Nero." Such, at least, is the tradition and legend of the Catholic Church." "That is not the only error of those legends. He died in prison." I do not mean to give these as his own direct words, but as those of John King, purporting to speak for him and by his authority. John King and several other of our spirit friends always speak of him as "that great and saintly spirit, Glaucus," or by similar words of designation. We have seen him materialised a countless number of times. He it was who mesmerised me, when seriously ill, so often and so powerfully, as related in my former series of letters, with strong, vigorous manipulation; who has so often made upon us the sign of the cross, sometimes with his hand, sometimes with John King's light; who has lavished upon us the tenderest of caresses, the most solemn acts of benediction; and in regard to whom I have not recorded half I might have told.

Well, it is of this "Glaucus," who lived in Rome over eighteen hundred years ago, that we have just received the superb mould of his bust, close down to turn of the shoulders. We as yet only know the outside of the thickly-formed mould, but that is enough by which to recognise a grand old Roman. You shall see a photograph of the mould, as also one of the cast for which it is to serve. The head is a little turned aside, and inclined downward to the right. It is covered with

abundant close-curl'd hair. There were present the Count de Bullet, the Countess, M. Levoff, of St. Petersburg (our Russian friend), and myself, to say nothing of Mrs. Firman, the wife of the medium.

We did not know which of the two we should have this evening, whether "Alexandrine" or "Glaucus." It had been promised that it should be the former, if possible, because her brother was anxious to leave; but it was agreed that it should be whichever of the two could be best materialised, and that then the other should come next. M. Levoff at first seated himself so as to receive the mould in his hands, *i.e.*, opposite to the cold-water vessel, but the Count was directed to take that place. Presently, at the middle opening of the curtain, appeared before us John King, with his arms outstretched, finely illuminated, and visible down to about the knees, and then, immediately after his disappearance, our well-known Glaucus, gray, beardless, and mature rather than aged, well illumined by John King's light, which he held in his hand, and with which he made the sign of the cross. He showed only some six or eight inches below the neck. John asked us to excuse his keeping up his light, as the atmosphere was not favourable, and he did not wish to divert any of the power from the materialisation. We told him to do as he deemed best; we had already seen the actual dipping often enough. We then soon heard the dipping, first into the paraffin, and then into the cold water; the same being repeated some five or six times (in the course of which I, in direct contact with the paraffin vessel, again got a pretty liberal splashing, to the damage of my clothes). We also heard John King executing what had been arranged for beforehand, namely, the pouring more and more paraffin over the mould (from a tin cup) to thicken and strengthen it. At last he told the Count that he might now receive it in his hands, and to hold it firmly. This time it was so hot, by reason of the hot paraffin poured on and over it, that the Count could scarcely bear it, and made exclamations accordingly. Precisely the same experience then ensued as related in my last letter; the same *pull* for a second or two; the same resistance equivalent to a counter-pull by the Count; the same sudden escape of the contents; with the same result of the empty mould remaining in the Count's hands, to be then let down by him into the cold water vessel—in which, by the way, by reason of the large size of the mould, he had to manage and turn it about a little to find admission for it. The Count said that it was quite heavy, with the head in it, but not so much so as would have been a plaster cast had such been the basis on which the mould had been deposited. The empty mould weighs about 4 lbs. (as estimated by the feeling), so thick has it been made. It will be necessary to replace the abstracted quantity of paraffin, and the quantity lost by the splashing, in order to keep up the requisite depth of it in the "barrel," as John King calls it. The number of these heads promised us, including the two already secured, is now not less than eleven. I regret that I cannot be here to witness them all, but hope and presume I shall receive that of my mother before I leave.

In my last I mentioned that in the intervals between the dippings John King brought out the mould and showed it to us (the materialised head being in it, as he afterwards said), at these successive stages of its formation. The same took place this time, but with a difference. He brought it out and showed it well, but only once, at the close, after the last dipping, but before the mould was detached from the enclosed head, or rather before the enclosed head was withdrawn or dematerialised out of the mould. Exclamations of astonishment and delight arose from all of us as we for the first time beheld that superb object held up in John King's hands.

When you receive the photographs of the mould, of which there will be three, one being of the interior as seen through the neck, pray observe one circumstance. All round the lower part or rim of it (except at the very extremities of the shoulders), that lower rim bends or half-curves upward and inward. At those two shoulder extremities, where it was evidently held up by John King's hands in showing it to us, while still soft, the stuff curls upward and *outward*. The latter effect resulting from his supporting its weight with his hands at those two opposite points, is intelligible enough. But why should it have thus bent or half-curved inward and upward along the whole circuit of its edge? And when you peer into it, and pass your finger along it inside, you do not find that rim or edge to present a continuous neat and smooth surface, whether square-cut or rounded, but it is rough, ragged, jagged, so to speak. Was the materialised breast a mere *shell*, not much more than skin-deep, with no interior "matter" from breast to back, being all that was needed for the object in view? And did the paraffin then deposit and encrust itself on that narrow rim or edge, and a little above it on the inside, as well as over the whole outside? And was the materialisation of that lower outskirts neglected, left incomplete? If we should plunge in this way the upper part of a dead body, or of a marble or plaster one, and then get them out of the mould by cutting it out in the former case, or boring and pulverising and picking and scooping in the latter (and both these operations are conceivable), it is evident that the mould, so far as the depth to which the dipping should have been made, would be continuously flat and fitted to the surface on which it had been formed by deposition. Is there anything in the process of stiffening by cooling which should impress upon the edge a tendency to warp or curve upward and inward? And explain, otherwise than as I have interrogatively supposed, this curious circumstance of the inward and upward curving of the rough and jagged edge, except at the two points at which the upward curving is outward, not inward, those being the two extreme points at which it was held, while the stuff was still soft, by the two hands of John King when he showed it to us? And, by the way, I may mention that when he did so he turned it about a little, so as to show it to us in different aspects; front view, and then this side and then that—accompanied by our exclamations, not only of admiration, and of thanks to him and to Glaucus, but of gratitude to God for what we had been thus permitted to witness. And remember that before he began Glaucus had seemed to invoke the divine blessing on the operation about to take place, by making a large sign of the cross

with great solemnity, with John King's light, which he held in his hand—thus, as it were, striking the keynote of the whole proceeding. This may not prevent some of our Jesuit and semi-Jesuit friends from regarding the whole thing as of Satan, Satanic; that being their theory of the whole matter. But we know better. And they will know better, sooner or later, as Archbishop Hughes soon learned in the next life.

One little incident, so characteristic of John King. Before we began I had been talking in French with M. Levoff, relating to him a long-past incident with John King, in which he and I had differed, and had had one of our occasional little friendly scimmages, which always wind up all the more affectionately (*amantium in æ*). It referred to an occasion last summer when, after splendid materialisations of six or eight spirits, I had proposed to the Count to search the cabinet and the medium, before reawakening him; not from any doubt or distrust on my part, but for the sole and friendly object of being able to record the fact for the fuller satisfaction of yourself and your readers. John had not rightly understood my meaning and motive, and got very angry at me, regarding it as a "mean and dastardly suggestion" which he was "amazed to hear from me." I had got a little angry back, but explanation had soon set the row all right. I had told him that he "apologised like a true gentleman." He had disavowed having "apologised," while I had received it as such in effect. This was the incident I had related to M. Levoff, while waiting for the arrival of the Count and Countess. As soon as the *séances* began, John said that I had been talking about him to "M. Wolf" (as he calls M. Levoff), and wanted to know what I had said, and what I had said about apologies. (He had caught the French word *apologie*.) I had to tell him, very summarily. He again disclaimed having "apologised." I gave him the soft answer that turneth aside wrath, and said that, anyhow, I apologised to him. Well, while the dipping was going on, and after I had been splashed with the hot paraffin, I felt a little dash of cold water upon me, on face and breast, and John said; "Dear old friend John, I thought I'd pay you off a little. It was only a little baptism. And it was holy water; Glaucus' head had been in it." "Yes, indeed, John, that made it true holy water, indeed, and I am glad to receive its baptism." Immediately I felt his two hands on my head, patting it and pressing it tenderly on both sides. This while the dipping was going on, in the brief interval between two dippings. I mention this little incident as very characteristic of the good and sweet and affectionate nature of John King, with a touch of humour.

The reason of the long interval of time since the first complete head obtained (June 26th) and that of this evening (July 14th) is this: John at first put off for a week the renewal of the "great effort." Then followed a long course of experimentation by the Count with paraffin, stearine, and wax, separately and in various combinations, with a view to getting a substance which would hold stiff and firm in the moulds, without yielding and falling out of shape under the heat of the season. At last he reached the conclusion that nothing satisfactory could be done with the old paraffin, which was of poor quality, and it was discarded altogether (150 lbs. of it), as fit only for candles for Mrs. Firman's little household. A fresh supply of better was ordered, this time of *amorphous* paraffin, which melts at sixty deg. Cent., while the other, which crystallises, melts at forty-three deg. There was great delay in getting this, in spite of promises, from the chemical works at St. Denis. We then had it two days all in readiness, but the bad condition of the atmosphere hindered the attempt; John each time adjourning it with expressions of great regret for our disappointment. He directed an evening *séance*, at which he would make the effort anyhow, though the weather was still far from good. He did it with Glaucus instead of Alexandrine, because the latter was not quite up to the mark, in the conditions of ability, while the former had been "a good while preparing for it." How splendid the result has been, you know. There is a very small admixture of wax (two per cent.) with the paraffin—*pure, amorphous paraffin*, let it be remembered by those who, I take it for granted, will work to reproduce this beautiful operation for themselves, in America as well as in England. The temperature of the liquid was about seventy deg. (158 deg. Fahr).

In reference to the photograph your Association has received of the first head obtained of—*Angela*, I will call that spirit, for the convenience of a name (nor could I adopt a more suitable one), I beg you to observe that, beautiful as is the cast of which you have those photographs, it is not quite perfect. The mould evidently yielded a little, falling in a little, pinching a little part of the bridge of the nose, and sharpening that feature a little. The next one, taken with the better material, will be the definitive one, and will be, no doubt, more complete as to shoulders and bust, for she has promised to show on it the cross given her by the Count, as she often shows it when she appears in form.

I will mention a pretty and interesting point about this head of *Angela*. You know we had before, of her, two face moulds, the one to the middle of the cheeks, the other to behind the ears. They all present, of course, the same lovely face, but in the last one (the entire head) the lips are a little more parted than in the former two, so that when closely looked at in profile we can see the square edge of the delicate little teeth behind the upper lip, which is not the case in the former. I believe in the next she intends (according to the Count's desire) to dip with her eyes closed, instead of open, as hitherto. She has said that she had wished to look "like a statue." And the heat of nearly the boiling point of water (194 deg.), did not incommode her open eyes.

In the above account of the formation of the mould of Glaucus, I may add that that innocent and good little Mrs. Firman, who is clairvoyant when in the abnormal sleep, who then often in a low voice tells the Count (seated next to her) what she is seeing, though she generally remembers nothing of it when reawakened by being demesmerised, told him how she saw the whole process that was going on, though we knew it only by the frequent sound of the dippings, and then in a few minutes by the result. She was, as is often the case, half asleep.

If any readers should be absurd enough to imagine that Firman might have carried that large snow-white mould of Glaucus ready-made into the cabinet (striking us all blind so that we could not see it), and then produced it afterwards as having been then and there made (and I know no limits to the capacity of some of our adversaries in powers of absurdity), allow me to mention to them that we found at the close that the liquid paraffin had descended about a couple of inches of level in the barrel, representing the quantity consumed. Did Firman drink it? "Possibly," some of them are capable of answering. Then he must have a vast capacity both of swallow and of stowage for hot drinks of waxy grease at 154 deg. Fahrenheit.

July 17.—The mould of the head of Alexandrine given last evening was a failure, or rather first a success and then a failure. It was beautiful and perfect, apparently, as shown to us after completion, but before the withdrawal or dematerialisation of the head out of it. But afterwards, somehow or other, it got distorted, and so disfigured and spoiled. You shall see a photograph of it. The mould itself, disfigured as it is, will go to Russia with its owner, the brother of Alexandrine, M. Levoff, a distinguished and complete gentleman of St. Petersburg. We have our various theories and speculations as to how this came about in the interval between the time when we saw it *perfect* (before the head was withdrawn out of it), and soon after found it (the empty mould) floating in the water *spoiled*. I have no time to state them now, with the developments they would need to make them intelligible. John King writes that he does not know how this result was produced. He only knows that the mould was all right when he deposited it in M. Levoff's hands. Another one is to be made for him very soon, or next Thursday evening, if possible. Meanwhile John King tells him to keep this as a "curiosity." And a curiosity indeed it is, as a "proof palpable" and visible. You can see fully all the inside of it, features, curls of hair, &c., all in unbroken continuity, and all that inside has necessarily passed out of the neck. I am not sure that it is not better thus. A perfect mould would have been cast in plaster or alabaster, and then necessarily destroyed in getting it off. This spoiled one remains as an empty shell mould, while a better one will be given from which to take the cast in alabaster. If the spirits would give us two twin perfect ones, the one to cast from and the other to keep, it would be better; but the next best is to have just what we now have, viz., a distorted one to keep (distorted, yet perhaps all be better as a piece of proof), while a better one is promised for the purposes of the plasterer.

I could relate various interesting incidents, which have occurred of late, at our ordinary *séances*. I have already told how my mother (well visible), had stretched forth her hand and taken away my *carte de visite* photograph, before my eyes, from the table on which I had laid it just in front of me. She has since taken away, to keep it company, that of another person, scarcely, if it at all, less dear to her. John King has also taken off, receiving it visibly in his hand, that of the Count, attached to a long blue ribbon, for hanging it round his neck. He had asked for it, and several times asked when he was going to get it. He has since shown it several times suspended from his neck. Alexandrine having expressed a wish for some *souvenir* gift from her brother, he proposed to her his photograph in a locket with a chain, which highly pleased her. He accordingly brought three photographs for her to choose from. She selected one, and returned the other two. The chosen one was handed to the Count to be put into a locket, the other two handed back to M. Levoff. That gentleman having offered one of his to John King, and the offer having been gladly welcomed (that of the Count is the one he wears), I said that I had not ventured to intrude mine upon him, but that it was of course at his disposal if he kept such things, and cared to have it. "Try me," was all his answer. Alexandrine has several times shown beautifully to her brother, and touched his forehead with hers, once clearly and brightly side by side with John King. She carried off, with soft and tender little fingers, from the table where he had laid it, and when the Count was holding it, the Russian image and chain above mentioned, &c., &c., &c. I do not dwell on these minor matters, interesting as many have been, because neither have you space nor I time, and because the matter now specially in hand is that indicated by the heading to this letter.

22nd July.—I have told you how the preceding moulds of "Alexandrine" turned out failures, owing to the yielding or sinking in of the paraffin. Possibly in regard to the last one (head and bust), there may have been some other cause. We are somewhat divided in opinion about it, and John King says that he does not know how it came about, but that it left his hands in good condition. We found it afterwards badly and sadly distorted. But such as it is it has gone to St. Petersburg, carefully packed, to remain as a proof palpable of the fact of a head having necessarily been once inside of it, and of having got out through the neck orifice. That failure is scarcely to be regretted, since it leads to the permanent preservation of a mould which, if it had been perfect, would have been destroyed in taking a plaster cast from it. I will not dwell further upon it. Another one was given the evening before last; this time successful. Your reading-room will receive by this post (from M. Levoff, Alexandrine's brother), two photographs of it, one of them horizontal, face downwards, with neck orifice towards the spectator, who looks through it into the hollow of the head. In the photograph that hollow inside shows all black; in the white mould itself all the converse hollows and curves formed by the hair and features are clearly seen. But you will observe on the left side of the bust a curious thing—a very curious thing in reference to all speculation on the process, the *modus operandi* of dematerialisation, about which I beg leave to refer back to my letter in your number of 13th inst. On the right side of the bust the skin surface is all smooth and natural, as might be expected. But on the other (the left), it is all rough, confused, wavy, ridgy, and in two or three places showing traces of a sort of eddying action. It reminded me somewhat of photographic views of some parts of the disk of the moon. If the materialised form had at that part, at the moment of getting withdrawn or dematerialised away

from the mould, stuck or adhered more or less to the soft hot paraffin deposited on it, and had not come off in clean smooth continuity of surface, and if there had been some sort of billowy, tossing, eddying, unaccountable fluent or semi-fluent action in it, or pulling up the soft hot paraffin surface before getting detached from it, I could imagine how it might have left just such an impress as we do find on that side of the mould, and as you will see partly exhibited in the photograph. The stuff being so white and translucent does not cast such shadows as to show this well in the photograph. Still you will see something of it, especially with the aid of a magnifying glass. The mould goes with its owner, M. Levoff, to St. Petersburg to-morrow, filled with alabaster, for safety in the carriage, and destined to be cut or torn off after arrival, leaving the cast, from which other casts may be hereafter reproduced. In the course of some weeks I hope casts of it will return to you as well as to us. And when you see it, remember that John King (before the *séance* was over, but after the head had been withdrawn from the mould), said that the weather being bad, they had only been able to dematerialise imperfectly on one side. This imperfectly dematerialised part would seem to have stuck more or less to the paraffin, and left on the interior of the mould this visible and palpable record of that operation! When we came to study and discuss it this morning, the first idea was to rectify that side of the bust in the casting by smoothing down the surface of the alabaster or plaster, so as to make it correspond with the other side for the sake of harmony and beauty in the bust. But we all soon united in the conclusion that it should be left in the cast exactly as it is, as one of the small (but none the less important) facts tending to build up inductively some philosophy of this strange thing,—I do not say the materialisation, but at least its converse *dematerialisation*.

Another curious small fact (if there is such a thing as a small fact in these matters) was this. In the broad cold-water basin the Count found floating two quite large pieces of the paraffin (as large as big slates, nay, even longer), the upper sides of which were all in strangely confused folds, or wavings, or roughnesses of surface. To get them out of the way of the floating empty mould, he took them out of the basin and laid them on the floor. John King said, "*Don't put them on the floor.*" Presuming that that meant that the pure white stuff would get dirty there, the Count picked them up and unreflectingly threw them back into the vessel of hot melted paraffin, where they soon melted away. John told him that these were left by imperfect dematerialisation. How, I do not pretend to say. Where they left by drapery on which paraffin had got deposited? or by parts of the bust below those which were perfectly dematerialised? Who knows? The Count regretted to have thus destroyed them, and if that phenomenon ever reappears to us, we will carefully preserve them, and perpetuate such mysterious broken-off pieces in plaster or alabaster.

The dipping night before last was much slower, more deliberate and protracted than before. There were seven dippings into the paraffin, to say nothing of the cold-water dippings, and a good deal of subsequent copious pouring of paraffin by John King upon the outside of the mould besides, to thicken and strengthen it. There was no splashing this time. A little of this pouring has trickled in drops into the inside on the smooth and perfect right side of the bust. The hair is gathered up behind, as in the bust of "Angela." And the long curl hanging down on the right side in the first two face-moulds of Alexandrine, from the head to the shoulder, has disappeared. The antique image medal and chain, which were sharply marked in the preceding spoiled mould, do not appear in this, though on the day before expressly asked for and taken, with a view to being worn on this occasion. There was no power it seems this time to be wasted on unimportant accessories. The great object was to get a good head and bust mould, as there had been before nothing but failures. John did not even show his light, except at the close to show the completed mould, as has been related of the former occasions. This antique medal was returned to its owner by the spirit, who had only borrowed it for the occasion, but the gold chain to which it was attached was retained by her (by his request) to serve for another medallion containing his photograph, which he gave her, and which she took from his hand. I was compulsorily absent on this occasion, and have given this account of it from the reports of the Count and M. Levoff, and our combined examination and discussions over the mould the next morning.

Both on this and the previous occasion John King, knowing that we were going to take the mould straight to a photographer's, told us to take the medium (Firman) too, and let his hand rest alongside of the mould. He said he wanted to "*try something*"—*what* he did not say. We conjecture that it may have been an experiment of his in spirit-photography, and we had some fancy and hope that we might possibly see the shadowy form of Alexandrine or himself come out on to negative. But nothing of the kind took place. Perhaps further perseverance might develop it, which would startle a little one of the fashionable photographers of the Boulevards.

We thus have now three good busts, besides the face-moulds first obtained, namely, those of "Angela," "Glaucus," and "Alexandrine." Eight more have been promised, besides another more perfect one of "Angela," in whose present one (of which you have photographs) there exists a slight defect, resulting from the casting.

M. Levoff is a wealthy and distinguished gentleman of Moscow. He has just organised at St. Petersburg a hospital of 250 beds. His sister, Alexandrine, died about 30 years ago. John King took a cordial leave of him, with a vigorous hand-shaking.

He left early this morning, *via* Berlin, very happy to carry with him his beautiful sister's bust, and he is due at St. Petersburg in about 72 hours. His sister wrote that she would accompany him on his journey, and endeavour to make her presence sensible to him in the train, and that therefore she would not be with us again till Wednesday.

Apropos of such travelling, I may mention that about a week ago John King, not being present at the usual hour of our *séance*, and we having waited some time, Alexandrine wrote (through her brother's hand) that

he was "*in America with some very good people;*" but that "*she would go for him.*" In a few minutes they were both back. I wish I could get back to California so quick, and so cheaply.

J. L. O'SULLIVAN.

2, Rue Solferino, Paris.

SEANCES IN MALVERN.

SIR,—The first materialisation *séance* that I ever attended was held in Malvern, with Willie Eglinton as medium. A cabinet was improvised by hanging two shawls before a window recess. Behind these Willie sat in an arm-chair. We had the light of one candle, shaded a little by Dr. Nichols' hand. Our number was seven, including the medium—Dr. Nichols, Mrs. Nichols, and four of our students, the eldest of whom was fifty-three, and the youngest twenty-five. All seemed to possess the true requisites for honest and careful inquiry. Our relation to each other was especially harmonic.

The first person who appeared was an infant, apparently about two years old. The curtains formed from the shawls were apart, and the child stood in front of Willie, and very near him. This form soon disappeared, and another came and walked firmly before the curtains, which were now closed. This was a young Indian girl, who seemed about thirteen years old; she is called "Daisy," and is as well-known to Willie Eglinton and his friends as Joey and Ernest. I said, "I wish she would come to me." I was sitting on a sofa, a little removed from the wall. She came to the back of the sofa, and stood there, a profusion of white drapery falling around her. She took my hand and audibly kissed it; the hand was warm and soft; she said in a low, but distinct voice, "I love you. I love the hand that gives."

Her face was broad, and her features were those of the Red Indian of my country, many of whom I have seen. The drapery had a hard feeling, though it was in appearance diaphanous muslin; I felt it as distinctly as possible. When Daisy disappeared, we were requested to extinguish the light. We did so, and soon we saw the head of a man, lighted up by a lamp, held under the chin; we saw nothing of the form, except the head, and a rather long, grey beard. The head came close to my face, and the dark eyes looked steadily into mine. I was awed, and distressed by a sight so strange, and I begged the person to go away from me. The head went to a lady on the other side of the room, and kissed her forehead; she said it belonged to her husband, who had been four years deceased. After this we were again allowed our candle; it lighted the room pretty well. Presently the head appeared again on a solid-seeming form. The man was clothed in close-fitting white trousers and jacket, with no drapery; he went to a centre table and moved it forward, as if to show that he could do so, and he remained standing with his hands upon it. His wife sat on one side of the room, and I on the other. He again came to me and looked into my eyes, with his face very near to mine; his eyes seemed to pierce me. I begged him to go away. He went over to his wife at my request, and again kissed her. After some minutes he went to the cabinet, put aside the curtains, entered, and we saw him no more.

A day or two after this *séance* I was in Willie's room, when I heard raps about on the furniture. I put my hand on a small table near Willie, on which he laid his hand. The raps called for the alphabet, and I was told that Dr. J. B. Ferguson wished to hold a *séance* with Willie and me, when he would materialise. In his earth-life he was our very dear and intimate friend. We arranged a *séance* as before, with two shawls for a cabinet opening as curtains.

I had said, after the first *séance*, that I wished to see the medium and one of the forms together. It was daytime, and we excluded the light, so that the room was pretty dark; we could see forms distinctly, but not features. Soon a tall man appeared. One of the ladies who sat beside me said she thought it was her husband, who was three inches over six feet in height in his lifetime. She had never seen materialisations, and the dim light made her uncertain of the identity, though the form was like. On the expression of her doubt the form crossed the room to a front window; he raised the curtain, and let the light of day fall full upon him; the wife recognised him perfectly, and we were all entirely satisfied. After thus showing himself, and bowing gracefully several times, he stood in front of us, and slowly dematerialised, till there remained about twelve inches above his feet; this seemed to snap out at once, and all was gone.

We were now allowed light enough to see the forms well. There was a heavy, centre table, and easy chair before the sofa on which I sat, between two ladies. My friend, Dr. Ferguson, now appeared, in exactly his own form and manner—a tall, broad-chested man, very erect and quick, and forcible in movement. He took up a large musical box, wound it up, and laid it down heavily; he then moved the very heavy table away from before the sofa, and drew a heavy arm-chair up in front of me. He sat down in it, so near that he almost touched me. Every movement was in his own, old manner. He has been in the spiritual world six years. He took my hand, but I felt sure he could not speak. He was the dear friend of our daughter, who passed away nearly twelve years since, when he was in this country with the Davenport Brothers and Mr. Fay.

I said, "Dr. Ferguson, is Willie here?" (our daughter's name was Wilhelmina, but we always called her Willie). He rose, and went towards the cabinet, rapped three times, and disappeared. Our daughter came forward from the place where he disappeared, a slight girl clothed in white, her golden hair flowing over her shoulders. She crossed the room, came close to me, and knelt before me; she took my hand, and audibly kissed it. She remained a little time kneeling, then rose, and went towards the cabinet and disappeared.

Joey now came, and took a musical box and wound it up; he made it go, and stop, at the word of command. He talked volubly; he put the musical box in my lap, and kissed the top of my head; he passed from one to another, with cheerful words for all. After a time the power became less, from the swinging open of the curtains of the

improvised cabinet. Joey said, "I want a pin." He looked about the room, and found a box of pins on the mantle-shelf; he took a pin, remarking that he might not have power to pin the shawls together; he, however, succeeded, still holding the box of pins in his hand.

"I must put this box back again," he said; "a place for everything, and everything in its place. I like to see things tidy." He crossed the room, and laid the pin-box on the mantle-shelf. He then disappeared, and the sonorous voice of Ernest was heard saying, "Mrs. Nicholls, you said you would like to see a form, and our medium at the same time."

"I did say so," I replied, "but I have seen enough not to need such a test."

"But we wish to give it," said Ernest.

After a brief interval the medium came from behind the curtains, and stood before us, with a slight girl form beside him, that we were told was the young Indian girl Daisy.

This was the last manifestation of the evening, except the full voice of Ernest, saying, "Good-bye and God bless you," to each one of us.

MARY S. G. NICHOLLS.

Aldwyn Tower, Malvern.

THE ROSICRUCIAN HYMN.

SIR,—Permit me to correct an imbroglia in the closing lines of the first stanza of the Rosicrucian Hymn, printed in your last number. Used originally at mystic celebrations, it was thought that perhaps it might be adapted for singing at *séances*. The lines referred to should run thus:—

"The Patriarch sitting his tent before
With long beard hoar,
That waved in the gale
Which o'er lands still wet with the Flood did sail."

An image anticipating Gray's picture of the denouncing Bard, whose beard

"Streamed like a meteor in the troubled air."

THE ADAPTER.

HOW MUCH TRUTH IS THERE IN ASTROLOGY?

To the Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette."

SIR,—Those of your readers who, either from curiosity or from love of antiquarian research, take an interest in the earliest human science, will be grateful to you if you allow me to direct their attention to the very remarkable position which will be assumed by the planets on the 13th of August next. As an astronomical phenomenon it is one of extreme rarity; never, perhaps, exactly witnessed before. According to astrological interpretation, the menace of evil is overwhelming. Saturn and Mars, both retrograde, are in close conjunction, within the same degree of longitude, in 18 deg. Pisces. Venus is in exact opposition to these planets, in 17 Virgo, in conjunction, within the orb of 5 deg., with Mercury. The sun is in conjunction with, or, as it is termed, combust of, Uranus. Jupiter, also retrograde, is in square to the two opposed conjunctions. It would be impossible for an astrologer to invent a more portentous combination.

I do not wish, under any false colour, to insinuate in your columns anything which I am not prepared to support in favour of or against judicial astrology. Induced, in the first instance, by the respect which every scholar must feel for that truly great man, Claudius Ptolemy, I have given enough attention to the rules of the art during the last twelve years to justify me in expressing an opinion. I consider the pursuit to be, in the first place, unprofitable, and in the second mischievous, as tending to exert an extraordinary fascination on the mind, and to produce a kind of feverish excitement. But on the other hand I am bound to bear witness that my own experience of the study has been much the same as that which the priests assured Astyages, according to Xenophon, was their experience of oracular prediction. I have never set up a figure without finding an apt reference to the subject proposed. Sometimes the indication thus obtained proved trivial, sometimes important; but there was always something that looked like an intelligent reply, whether in jest or in earnest. I do not argue about it; I only state facts. My feeling as to the unwholesome character of the pursuit has been so strong that for years I have not looked into an ephemeris. It was only a reference in some daily paper to an approaching conjunction that led me to look for the facts I have now stated, as I had before known of some remarkable coincidences occurring as to the aspects of Mars and Saturn, the two great malefics, as they are called. Perhaps it will be as well to add that I have never, to my knowledge, spoken to an astrologer, but have derived all my knowledge of the study from books and from actual work. Of course an astrologer would connect the menacing aspect of the planetary heavens with the war now raging in the East. Not having sunk my books "deeper than ever yet did plummet sound," I did erect a figure last night to see if any curious astrological indication would transpire on the subject. What I found deserves attention from those who are higher adepts than myself. Not having any precise reason for fixing an hour, I took noon on the day when the ephemeris shows the closest conjunction to occur. The sun then, of course, is in mid-heaven, and is combust, as I have said, with the evil planet Uranus, whose particular function is held to be to indicate unexpected and surprising mischief. The two chief malefics, Mars and Saturn, in close conjunction, and both retrograde, indicate a maximum aggravation of the power of evil. Venus, one of the benefics, is in her triplicity; but as she is in exact opposition to the malefics, there is not much good indication to be derived from the fact. She is in semi-sextile to the moon, which is, I think, the only feature in the figure that is not bad. The greater benefic, Jupiter, is in his own house, but retrograde. His square to both the conjunctions is an evil aspect, and although it is held that any exact aspect of Jupiter, even the square, may be favourable, the

curious part of the case is that there is no advantage shown to either of the contending parties by this planet.

The seventh degree of Scorpio is ascending. Mars, therefore, is lord of the ascendant; and, as we have seen, very evilly disposed. Turkey in Europe and Asia is astrologically said to be ruled by Virgo; Russia by Aquarius. But in questions regarding the seventh house, to which war is allotted, and which are confessedly the most difficult in astrology, the lord of the ascendant denotes the querent, and also the attacking party, and the descendant the opposite. This rule would make Mars signify Russia, and Venus Turkey; but the evil prognostics are so fairly balanced that it is impossible to assign a decisive advantage to either. The aspects of Mercury and the Moon to Venus, however, may indicate advantage in the way of travel or of communication, which would be consistent with the cutting off the communications of the enemy, as by the rupture of the Danube bridge, or by a strategic movement. On the other hand, the evil position of Mars in the fourth house is such as to lead one to anticipate trouble to the assailants of fortifications, ditches, or strongholds. Perhaps you will not feel disposed to give me space to go into further detail, and I will therefore save the time which it would consume. I hope I have said enough to show that there is a very curious sort of fitness between the indications of the planets, according to astrological rules, and the prospective state of things in the East. If we find obstinate and sanguinary battles to ensue next month, with no remarkable advantages to either party, although the balance of evil is against the invader, call me

"PROSPERO."

July 13th.

AN APPARITION.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR,—I, with many others here, was very gratified to read your excellent article on the case of Frances Isabella Stallard. Public opinion in this town is most decidedly in favour of the recommendation to mercy made by the jury, and petitions with that object for presentation to the Home Secretary are being extensively signed throughout the island. Although, from the evidence, there seems no doubt that she was the immediate cause of the child's death, still her state of mind at the time, and for some time previously, rendered her totally unaccountable for her actions on that day. In a conversation I had with her master on the subject this morning he informed me that there was always, more or less, a strangeness in her manner, and that on the night when she said her child appeared to her at the window he found two large squares of glass broken in the kitchen—the place where she slept—she having broken them to get to her child once more. This, with many other strange actions of a similar kind, surely goes to prove that she was not responsible for the terrible crime charged against her, and that to hang her under these circumstances would be, as you so justly describe it, nothing less than "judicial murder." The execution of this miserable girl of twenty is fixed for the 23rd inst., next Monday week; and when we call to mind the case of Miss Edmonds, of Brighton, and compare it with that of Frances Isabella Stallard, one cannot think for a moment that the clemency shown to the former will not be extended to the latter.

T. CAVANAGH, late Inspector of Police,
Great Scotland Yard, London.

Ventnor, Isle of Wight, July 12th.

THE *West of England Free Press* has inserted a letter by Mrs. Boucher containing Dr. Slade's offer to Professor Lankester, and Dr. Crowell's refutation of Dr. Forbes Winslow's alleged statistics.

BRIGHTON.—On Sunday next, the 29th inst., at Christ Church, New-road (Rev. T. R. Dobson's), the morning service will be conducted by Mr. Alex. Calder, and the evening service by Mr. David H. Wilson, M.A., LL.M.

SPIRITUALISM IN CALIFORNIA.—Mr. T. P. Hinde, late of Darlington, writes to us from Los Angeles, June 30th:—"Spiritualism in this country is carried on in a common-place style—no sensation, no excitement, no outward demonstration, little publicity; in fact, a casual observer would hardly discover its existence until he was in the very midst of its converts."

MR. GLEDSTANES, in a letter from Merignac, Gironde, says that he has recovered from the effects of the accident, and is nearly in his ordinary state of health. He does not wish any more bulletins in *The Spiritualist*, for, he states, "I have had to answer letters from inquiring friends, and one telegram came in the middle of the night, asking whether I was dead or alive."

THE second edition of Professor Gregory's work on *Animal Magnetism* is now out, and is of high quality as regards printing and binding; it is also the best work on mesmerism ever written in the English language; and, considering the style in which it is now issued, is, we believe, the cheapest book which has as yet been published in this country in connection with Spiritualism.

THE clergyman of a secluded country church was accustomed, between the forenoon and afternoon sermons, to give out a somewhat lengthy psalm to be sung while he retired to the vestry to enjoy a smoke. On one occasion, when the congregation had finished what had been given out, the minister calmly opened the vestry door, and, looking gravely at the precentor, said, in a not over audible tone—"Tammas, sing ither aucht lines, man; she's gaun fine the noo."

MRS. HUME-ROTHERY has published some strong and authoritative medical evidence about the alleged uselessness of vaccination. There is equally strong evidence on the opposite side, and much larger in quantity, possibly because it may be the side of popular ignorance. Medical authority is worthless when popularity is in question, as proved by the *Lancet* and some other medical journals having abused the physical facts and phenomena of Spiritualism, which the readers of these pages know to be real and true.

