





# The Spiritualist Newspaper,

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## MISS FANCHER'S CLAIRVOYANCE.

NEARLY all the New York daily newspapers are discussing the remarkable clairvoyant powers of Miss Fancher, of Brooklyn, who for so long a time has been hovering between life and death. Some New York medical men, thoroughly ignorant of psychology, are suggesting all kinds of tests. But she has been tested for years by medical practitioners who are competent to deal with the subject, and if the relatives are unwise enough to let some of the opponents invade the sanctity of private life, and have their own way, the doctors are certain to kill her by their ignorance. Miss Fancher is an invalid subsisting almost entirely without food; she is spiritually and mesmerically sustained, the sympathy and affection of those around her having much influence in preventing the snapping of the frail thread still holding her soul and body together. Some few of her opponents are, from their utterances, evidently brutal materialists, whose personal presence and psychological influence, if substituted for that of affectionate relatives, would act like fire upon the spiritual sensitiveness of a fragile being like Miss Fancher, producing thereby all the appalling phenomena of cross mesmerism, as described in the works of standard writers on the subject. Death would be the certain result. Physicists and blacksmiths are exceedingly useful men in their own sphere, but when they would assume authority in higher realms than their own, their pretensions should be checked. What they believe or disbelieve is of no importance. Miss Fancher's family should religiously lock the doors of the house against them, and let them howl outside as long as they please; the day will be a fatal one on which they are allowed to enter the doors. A bull in a ten-acre field is a fine animal, but when he presumes to authoritatively set up as manager of a china shop, he has, with the best intentions in the world, mistaken his vocation. Miss Fancher's case has been examined and tested for years by inquirers far more competent than those who are now objecting, and if the latter are dissatisfied, there is no earthly reason why they should not be quietly left in that condition of mind. For a generation or two, men of their nature have misled and deceived the public about the reality of world-wide psychic phenomena; the public should now be told that their authority is worthless, that they are not admitted to Miss Fancher's house because of their utter ignorance, and their incapacity to deal with the phenomena of psychology. If a prize-fighter announces to the world that the moon is a cheese, the Astronomer Royal neither respects his authority, nor invites him inside Greenwich Observatory to go through gymnastic performances with instruments about which he is thoroughly ignorant. He simply lets him bluster outside as much as he pleases.

True affections and true motives among those around spiritual sensitives are necessary for the evolution of truthful and precise psychic phenomena.

## "SPIRIT DRAPERY."

BY CHARLES BLACKBURN.

My letter from Signor Rondi and Miss Cook says the *séance* this week was excellent. Mrs. and Miss Tebb and Lady Coomara tested, by taking off all Miss Cook's clothes, and carefully examining them, and when she redressed, bringing her at once and placing her in the cabinet chair; then Lillie soon appeared, with heaps of white drapery, and allowed the examiners, also Mr. Diss and Mr. Green, to go into the cabinet and feel that Miss Cook was seated in her chair. "Surely this settles the drapery subject." Lillie was observed to be taller than Miss Cook, but to prove it, Lillie called up Miss Cook from her seat, and they stood together, showing the observers that Lillie was taller, but gradually she grew shorter until she vanished, and instantly sprang up again when Miss Cook went to her chair. Lillie left purposely several yards of her muslin drapery, on being asked to do so. Much more took place which ought to be told or written you by the witnesses, but as some people are still timid, I do it for them from my last weekly report. I have omitted to say that Miss Cook suffers great exhaustion when the form Lillie stops long before the sitters, or has to endure too much light; consequently she was ill all next day. I hope the apparatus for weighing the mediums and forms is getting perfected without delay.

## MAN IMMATERIAL AND MORAL\*

BY THE REV. GEORGE BLENCOWE.

MAN is a being of intellect, emotion, and action. Intellect perceives conditions, emotion supplies power and direction, action is the result. There can be no action without emotion and intelligence. But each of these is a predicate which cannot be affirmed of matter. Neither of them has weight, figure, or dimensions. Action is the application of immaterial power to material things. Unconscious material force, which we see in the material universe, can only be the effect of emotion, and intelligence out of itself, after the same manner as the use of our hands, and the manipulation of inert matter by us.

We can conceive of the essence in which intellect, emotion, and action abide, producing matter in all its combinations and imposed conditions; because all the properties of matter are open to our intelligence, and within a wide range we can modify form and relative position, and direct and modify the primarily imposed forces, as our will—the sum of our emotions—directs. But we cannot conceive of matter producing intellect, emotion, and action, because not only are they distinct from every material quality, but they are plainly above all material qualities, and rule over them. If we consider the brain the material instrument of thought, without which we can no more think than we can see without the eye, yet it does not follow that in all cases such an instrument is necessary, because in dreams, in imagination, and memory we see without the eye. The thinking does not follow spontaneous pulsations of the brain, but the pulsations of the brain follow the will of the thinker, who in the exercise of his will is not influenced by material qualities, but immaterial, although the object in which the qualities reside may be material. Besides, the brain and the eye are not self-originated, but are the products of a high intelligence, which we who use them are not able fully to gauge, and which must therefore have been in existence before the brain, and have had entire control over its substance, or this admirable instrument of thinking could not have been formed so as to serve no other purpose in the animal economy than the maintenance of conscious life.

While in the lower animals we find intellect, emotion, and action bounded by limits more or less narrow, according to the position they occupy in the scale of life, we see, on the contrary that in man they are without limit; and further, that the tendency of human nature and conditions is to their unlimited development. All knowledge not only produces a desire for more, but by enlarging our mental horizon and giving increased quickness and penetration to our powers, increases the ability for more. So also with emotion; its natural exercise increases its spontaneity, and range, and power. And a comparison of human action now and at former times will show that the aggregate has greatly increased during the past century. Thus, the material bounds of immaterial action are pushed farther and farther back, and we have now more numerous and more promising openings for the extension of our boundaries than existed a century since. In the conditions of humanity we also see scope for unlimited improvement. By the wonderful union of our immaterial self with a material body we are brought into contact with the whole material universe, and can discover its secrets, measure its forces, observe its tendencies, and are only prevented calculating its limits by the feebleness of our instruments and the paucity of our figures. But within our present ken, no student of science supposes that he has discovered all the facts within his own line of observation, much less the immaterial qualities those facts embody. Like Newton, we are on the shore playing with the pebbles, with the unexplored ocean of truth before us.

\* A paper recently read before the Psychological Society of Great Britain.

Here, therefore, are a nature and conditions which evidently give scope for unlimited progression of intellect, emotion, and action.

In the present condition of the relations of man to the physical universe we see abundant proof of his immateriality. No axiom more uniformly applies to matter than that "*the greater contains the less.*" As to our bodies, we know its application is universal. They are confined to a minute and comparatively undiscernible spot on the earth from which they cannot move, but slowly and with great labour. But, notwithstanding this slow and laborious movement of the body, which to the universe of matter is but an atom, we have within the body an essence which can instantly move to the ends of creation, and which can embrace every part of it. And vast beyond all calculation as the universe is, and abounding in qualities in an endless diversity of combination, that inward invisible essence can behold them all, and though a new fact may be seen which multiplies many million times other facts, so far from feeling a repletion which refuses to accept more, the new acquisition has enlarged the ability of future acquisition proportionate to its own vastness, and thus demonstrates the presence of a power within us limitless as the universe. But its magnitude cannot be material, nor can it be measured by any material rule.

Our experience of life shows us that our conscious self is not the body. Continual decay and restoration is the rule of all animal life. Every part of the brain, the present instrument of thought, has been changed many times during sixty years of life; yet we can look through the sixty years and see an unbroken continuity of consciousness. We know that by means of a body which we have put off many years since, we did things which are as truly our actions as on the day they were done. Unless, therefore, the self, the true man, were something distinct and differing from the body, this could not be.

All the essential peculiarities of humanity are fixed qualities. In the earliest records of human action we see intellect and emotion as the cause of action. The same qualities and the same order of sequence. Man also has the power of accumulation and transmission in each of his own special lines. He can go on day by day adding to the knowledge he inherited, and transmit it with his own improvements to succeeding generations. So, also, he is able to express and fix his emotions in the creations of his genius in such a manner as to make them, in the measure in which they are purely and broadly natural, perpetual fountains of feeling to all who shall come after him. In like manner our action is not only the sum of all our intelligence and emotion, but also the sum of the intelligence, emotion, and action of all who have preceded us. This is true both as previous action restrains and prompts. All this implies that the essence of our nature differs from that of all other creatures, and that the distinguishing peculiarity is, that there is an integral connection between the several generations and members of humanity, which connection shows humanity to be a family or race. This fact is confirmed by the emotional judgment of all men, who feel that all other men have claims on them as men, and that they owe certain duty to them, which duty in some respects differs in kind, and in all respects, differs in degree from that which they owe to any other creatures.

It is contrary to human experience, both popular and scientific, to conceive of life without paternity. But we cannot conceive of human life proceeding from an interminable backward series of paternity, because that life exhibits the result of the highest knowledge and design both of matter and spirit. Therefore, in its origin, it can only have proceeded from one in whom that knowledge and skill were in the largest measure. And, while this follows from the consideration of any individual life, the proof is strengthened and multiplied as the series of succession and dependence lengthens, and it attains its greatest force when the whole number of men is regarded as one whole, proceeding naturally and lineally from the first man. It must be remembered that in the successive generations of men, there has been no new point of departure, but the nature all through has been as adequate to the individual and collective and relative need, as at the first. It is also with respect to this fall and final design that the prior action

of the Creator has taken place. So far as geology speaks with authority, it teaches that all the former conditions of the earth were progressive, and that in this final one, not only has a stable structure been produced, but the graves of former generations of creatures have become the storehouses of man, who builds his mansion, procures his food, conducts his commerce, and measures his wealth by the work and the wreck of former ages, all of which, but for its own brief span of life, would have been abortive but for the great mundane Ruler, who takes, improves, and uses these well-filled treasuries.

From the above uniformity of the nature and the designed adaptation of the abode—which design has run through long epochs of prior operation, we infer the unity of the author. Had there been different operators, not only would the general plan have exhibited gaps and contradictions, but the individual modes of operation would have been diverse. But we see in the earliest forms of vegetable and animal life types of the flora and the fauna of the present day, which, with distinctive but harmonious variety, have been continued in unbroken succession. Material substance also is seen in marvellous harmony. The elements into which we resolve all known matter are few and perfectly mingled; so that we can scarcely think of one which could be withdrawn and our world be complete. From chemical affinity we learn that this harmony is not merely a quiet juxtaposition of masses, but that it belongs to every individual atom, which can leave the side of his natural brother, and by ranging himself beside a stranger, build up a new structure of use and beauty. And we have recently learned that this harmony extends to the stars also, which, according to the report of the spectroscope, have some at least of the elements of our earth. We also find that these conditions of matter which we denominate light, electricity, heat, are universal, and that no material substance is beyond the limit of their operation.

We are thus led to the author of our world, of its substance, of its division, and of its order; the author also of the whole stellar universe, who has placed his marks of uniformity and harmony on all the parts, and bound them together in the unrupturable bond of gravitation; as the author also of man, whose body he has made of the same substance as the earth, and whose spirit he has endowed with the same qualities as his own. The resemblance in nature of the human spirit to the Divine, is evident from our ability to find his modes of operation, and the qualities and forces with which he has endowed his creatures; and especially as in all the decisions to which we come on the mode and order of force, we have to appeal to our own modes of operation and judgment as the ground of our assurance; nor can we conceive of any certainty as possible without such appeal. Thus, our own nature is the unit from which we ascend in all our calculation of the Divine. As to intellect, therefore, man was made in the image of God.

In emotion also we have sameness and reciprocity. The reason for creation is thus expressed in the Scriptures: "Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created." And as we see the whole of the repeated acts of creation tending to and perfected in the creation and consequent career of man, we may look for "the delights" of the Creator "among the sons of men." Man is the only creature on the earth capable of reciprocating the pleasure and of responding to the delight. We cannot infer from the infinity of the Creator the absence of delight in man, because every normal human father has the same pleasure and delight in the infantile intelligence and emotion of his child; and the abandon of that delight is perfect in proportion to the infantile condition of the child. In the ability of the infant to recognise the desire to give pleasure, and in the response, we have the first exercise of intelligence and emotion. In like manner, man, who in the maturity of his life is an infant of days before his Creator, is able to discern the love of the Father of his Spirit, and respond to it in a grateful and triumphant joy. There is not an emotion of our nature which is not in the Scripture ascribed to the great Father, and this ascription is not merely in name, but we see anger, joy, love, and all other Divine emotions producing the same fruits as do the same emotions in us. And as the intelligence which is the fountain of human emotion

is capable of continual increase, so also the emotion may grow in intensity and breadth, till it "comprehends the breadth and length, and depth and height of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, and is filled with all the fullness of God." And it is not in this direction only, where the object is infinite, that emotion overpowers and employs the whole nature. Fear often paralyses; a triumphant joy prompts to superhuman labour, while a fervent, brotherly love to man consecrates the life to his service.

The capability of spontaneous action in the Creator is seen in creation, and he has endowed us with a similar power of action springing from our apprehension and emotion, and has so constituted us that all our action must proceed from our individual determination. If from an abnormal condition of the brain thought is interrupted or distorted, and emotion and action are therefore irregular or absurd, we do not hold the immaterial self responsible for the faults of the imperfect and distorted instrument. Compelled action ceases to be ours. Under an external coercion we are as merely instruments as the pen which writes this is the instrument of the mind which conceives it. We do not say that another order of being might not be devised in which intelligence and emotion in a large measure should be possessed without the power of self-determination. But we cannot conceive these powers existing in a degree approaching to the human measure, without the power of spontaneous action, inasmuch as they stand in as true a co-relation to action as the eye does to light. We thus learn that another essential quality of the Divine nature, *agency*, is found in man also.

This leads us to the peculiar relation in which humanity stands to the Creator, which over and above that of a creature, is a relation of sonship. The body of man came from the elements of the earth, after the same operation of the Divine fiat as the lower creatures, but He Himself breathed into man's nostrils the breath of lives, and thus He became a living soul. Thus by the mode of production, He became "the father, of our spirits"—our essential selves—and this fatherhood is the foundation of His government of man. Fatherhood involves, from the father, support, training, and love, and from the child, dependence, submission, docility, and love. This, we find, to harmonise with the present condition of man. We are sustained as to the body, by the world, which our father has prepared for us, and which he upholds and supplies by his constant providence. All our knowledge—the food of our intellect—is obtained by spelling out the records of His past acts, and by observing His present modes of operation. This is the *reality of things*. Our power of fruitful action is only proportionate to the care and exactness with which we copy His own methods of working; while in those works of genius, in which we show a power of immaterial creation we succeed only as we arrange in new combinations and designs, the patterns of beauty and power which he has set us. And the wide range in which this order of training and supply operates shows that His goodness to us is a truly paternal love.

Still, further to perpetuate and maintain this relation He instituted another paternity in Adam; thus making all men his children, and therefore brethren, sons of one human and one Divine Father. These relations sustained by man to man, and by man to God, give scope for morality, which is impossible to an isolated being. From no specific precept, but from his nature, man is bound to regulate his conduct by his relations to his brethren, and to his Father. We accordingly find man, at the first under direct pupilage as a child, with special instructions from his Father as to the whole practice which was open to him. And, as a son of God, he plainly needed this, for his guidance, and, as a means of showing whether or not he would render the obedience and submission which his relation to God required. Man's sin was a renunciation of the filial relation, by a violation of the submission and obedience which, as a son, he owed to God. The filial feeling fled as he took the forbidden fruit, and could only be restored by some supernatural intervention. The sin of Adam was, therefore, as an unfilial, an unnatural act. But the act was more than unnatural, it was blameworthy. He thus violated all the obligations under which he stood to his Divine Father, by despising his instruction and command. This blameworthiness he himself felt, and,

therefore, tried to hide himself among the trees of the Garden. But this sense of blameworthiness could not have been experienced, unless such relation as have been stated really existed. Not only does similar blameworthiness belong to every violated obligation, but we are conscious of it, and in every instance of such consciousness we affirm the above relations.

This brings us face to face with another immaterial fact; the existence of a faculty in man doing the work of a judge, by declaring the true moral quality of any proposed action, and by pronouncing a sentence of condemnation when the primary judgment has been overridden. This faculty, which we call conscience, in its operation as judge, necessarily implies the existence of the Supreme Ruler, and of our conscious relation to Him. In all judgment there is, and must be, a law on which the judgment is based, and this involves the supremacy of the Lawgiver, and the obligation to submit, on the part of those on whom the judgment is passed. And as this inward authority of judgment is exercised in many cases in which there is no knowledge of an expressed law, it can only be a natural tendency, or, a law existing in the essence of the nature itself. And although its decisions are most frequently given with respect to our actions to our fellow creatures, yet as our relations to them are not of our own choosing, the final appeal in these cases is to the author of these relations. In those persons in whom the nature is fairly developed, there is in the measure of the development a distinct recognition of the original source of the authority. And the strongest proof we can have of the naturalness of the faculty is that, in those cases in which the nature is so degraded that only empirical action is possible, that it does not fail even then, but continues as long as a vestige of humanity remains. The decisions of this inward natural judge are in the line of righteousness, according to the natural rule which the Lord Jesus expressed, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Of which every human conscience perceives the force.

It thus appears that from the natural operation of conscience, we not only have proof of a Supreme Ruler, but also of a Supreme Ruler who is righteous, because all the decisions of His agent in us are in the direction of righteousness. And this conclusion cannot be misleading, because not only is it in harmony with the individual nature, but also with all the relations in which we stand to others; so that society can only exist as in its rules it embodies the decisions of the individual conscience. If, therefore, we find in the existence of every stable community a proof of the Divine, and therefore natural authority of conscience, we have equally a proof of every one of the steps by which we have arrived at this conclusion. And *à fortiori* we have proof of the immaterial or spiritual nature of man of which conscience is an essential part, not only because every operation of conscience is an immaterial operation which cannot be measured by any physical rule, but also because all the qualities and relations which it takes under its cognisance are likewise immaterial.

White House, Barnet.

BRITISH MUSEUM LECTURES.—On Saturday last Dr. Carter Blake continued this course, going through the class of birds, and pointing out in detail the application of the laws of geographical distribution shown by Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, F.Z.S. He further considered the British animals, reptiles, and fishes, with a view to show the variability of individual species. On Tuesday last he commenced with the Geological Gallery, beginning with the evidence of the fossil footprints of the Connecticut valley, which were of themselves proof of the operation of identical laws and a vastly more ancient historical period than that of the present day. The evidence of tidal flux and reflux of the sun and moon having produced the same action on the earth as at the present time was cited in detail. The lecturer then introduced his old master, the venerable English comparative anatomist, Professor Owen, C.B., F.R.S., who entered into a long disquisition on the fossil birds of New Zealand as illustrative of the law of accurate generalisation from apparently unimportant circumstances; on the structure of the skeleton of the Megatherium, as illustrative of the law of special adaptation of form to function; and on the fossil animals of Australia, as illustrative of the law that the once popular ideas of a universal deluge were irreconcilable with the facts which science had slowly and cautiously built up. Professor Owen's lecture was a masterpiece of accurate scientific oratorical teaching. Another course of lectures will be delivered after Easter, when the antiquities will be considered in detail.

## THE HEATHEN IDEA OF THE SOUL.

BY EPES SARGENT.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL, in his recent reply to Professor Virchow, gives us to understand that "the heathen notion of a soul" is that of "a Psyche which could be thrown out of the window."

Nothing could be further from the truth than this. Mr. E. B. Tylor, in his *Primitive Culture*, tells us that the conception of a personal soul or spirit among the lower races of mankind is that of "a thin, unsubstantial human image, in its nature a sort of vapour, film, or shadow."

If the word *unsubstantial* is here used in its philosophical sense, I object to it as conveying an erroneous impression.

Mr. Tylor proceeds to say, that this filmy body is regarded as "the cause of life and thought in the individual it animates; independently possessing the personal consciousness and volition of its corporeal owner, past or present; capable of leaving the body far behind, to flash swiftly from place to place; mostly impalpable and invisible, yet also manifesting physical power, and especially appearing to men waking or asleep as a phantasm separate from the body, of which it bears the likeness; able to enter into, possess, and act in the bodies of other men, of animals, and even of things."

Such is a soul, according to the lowest heathen conception.

Is this "a Psyche that can be thrown out of the window?" That the heathen notion of a soul, even as held by the lower races, did not essentially differ from Christ's own notion, is obvious to one who has been a student both of Scriptural pneumatology, and of that of modern Spiritualism. "What the Christian Scriptures and St. Paul specifically assert," says Isaac Taylor, in his *Physical Theory of Another Life*, "is not any abstruse metaphysical doctrine, but the simple physiological fact of two species of corporeity."

Even the heathen doctrine that the spirit (in the words of Tylor) is able to "act in the bodies of other men, of animals, and even of things," was notoriously entertained by Christ, as is manifest in his casting out devils, his allowing the impure spirits to influence a herd of swine, and his own exercise of spiritual power in making the unfruitful fig-tree wither.

Origen tells us that the word "incorporeal" is not to be found in Scripture, and that a *spirit*, strictly, means a body. From this, it is only a coarse misconception to infer that he regarded it as a body that "could be thrown out of the window."

Tertullian says: "The soul has the human form, the same as its body, only it is delicate, clear, and ethereal."

Were these men "heathens" in Mr. Tyndall's classification?

That spirits could be seen was the common belief among the early Christians. Many of them declared that they had seen the souls of the dying as they left the body.

Thomas Aquinas says: "The soul, which is the primary source of life, is not body, but the actuality of body; as heat, which is the source whence bodies are made hot, is not body, but a sort of actuality of body." Aquinas differed from Tertullian and the rest, but the passage we have quoted from him is quite consistent with the theory of a potential spiritual organism.

The early Greek notion of the soul was less clear and defined than that of the lower tribes, as described by Tylor. Homer's ghosts are a shadowy and unhappy set, but certainly not of a kind to be "thrown out of a window."

In ridiculing the notion of spiritual manifestations, the pseudo-scientists of the last two centuries have done much to unfit the educated mind for the supersensual phenomena now so common. The unbelievers constitute a large majority of the cultivated classes, and it may be appropriately said of them, in the words of Isaac Taylor, "No prejudice of the *vulgar* can be more unphilosophical than is that which would obstruct, for a moment, our acquiescence in the belief of a future transfusion of human nature, with its individuality, into a new and more refined corporeal structure;" and, I might add, a structure co-existent with the physical body.

Mr. Tyndall thinks it is only the "grosser minds" that image the soul as "an entity which is usually occupied, we know not how, among the molecules of the brain, but which,

on due occasion, such as the intrusion of a bullet or the blow of a club, can fly away into the regions of space."

Now, it is not true that the common "heathen notion" of a soul is that of an entity occupied "among the molecules of the brain." As well might it be said that our notion of a violinist is that of one who is occupied among the molecules of his violin. What the heathen believes is, that the spirit of man is in the whole and every part of his outward body, is the purer substance of it, both in its organs of motion and of sense, and everywhere else; that, in short, the spirit is the man himself, and that the outward body only serves it just as what is instrumental serves a moving living force. And this would seem to have been the notion of St. Paul and the early Christians.

It is a notion in strict harmony with all the facts of the most advanced positive science. There is nothing in chemistry, mechanics, or physics generally that can authoritatively stamp as unscientific the hypothesis of a supersensual organism, developed *pari passu* with the physical, and acting between it and the life constantly inflowing from the Central Source of all things. Neither observation nor science has any evidence to offer against this idea.

Mr. Tyndall says: "The mechanical philosopher, *as such*, will never place a state of consciousness and a group of molecules in the relation of mover and moved. Observation proves them to interact; but, in passing from the one to the other, we meet a blank which the logic of deduction is unable to fill."

The logic of facts, as observed and admitted by the advanced psychology of our day, fills that blank, however, and justifies that conception of "grosser minds," which regards the thinking faculty of man as inhering in an abiding entity and substance.

Strange, is it not, that the "heathens," even of the lower tribes, should have an idea of the soul more consistent with facts than that entertained by one of the most eminent physicists of Christendom! It recalls what Christ said of the "babes and simpletons."

Mr. Tyndall is far from being a materialist; he is an agnostic. He says: "It is, I believe, admitted by those who hold the automaton theory that consciousness is *produced* by the motion of the molecules of the brain; and this production of consciousness by molecular motion is to me quite as unrepresentable to the mental vision as the production of molecular motion by consciousness. If I reject one result, I must reject both. I, however, reject neither, and thus stand in the presence of two incomprehensibles, instead of one incomprehensible." And for this neutrality he seems anxious to claim credit from the theologians.

He further says: "Does water think or feel when it runs into frost-ferns upon a window-pane? If not, why should the molecular motion of the brain be yoked to this mysterious companion—consciousness...? We can form no picture of the process whereby consciousness emerges, either as a necessary link, or as an accidental by-product of this series of actions. The reverse process of the production of motion by consciousness is equally unrepresentable to the mind."

Demonstrable facts must rule, however, and not our notions of what they ought to be. Consciousness, acting through the will, or, in some way unknown, can cause motion to be produced in matter, independently of all processes admitted by physical science; and this is among the familiar facts accessible now to any patient investigator.

As the alternative of what Mr. Tyndall stigmatises as that "heathen notion" belief in a Psyche "which can be thrown out of the window," he offers, in contrast to this conception of "grosser minds," the following concession to theology: "If you consent to make your soul a *poetic rendering of a phenomenon* which refuses the yoke of ordinary physical laws, I, for one, would not object to this exercise of ideality."

And he affects to plume himself on his magnanimity in conceding thus much, for he adds: "I say it strongly, but with good temper, that the theologian, or the defender of theology, who hacks and scourges me for putting the question in this light is guilty of black ingratitude."

I cannot but admire the serenity with which Mr. Tyndall here intimates the charge of "black ingratitude" against the theologians.

In place of an entity, a substance, the only conceivable ground for the inherence of the immortal principle in man, the only assurance that there is no gap between the dissolution of the visible body and continuous life in an invisible body, Mr. Tyndall offers the theologians "a poetical rendering of a phenomenon"—the phenomenon, namely, of the connection between molecular motions and states of consciousness!

A poetical rendering of it! A rendering which must reject, as the chimera of "grosser minds," the notion that there is anything real, substantial, and abiding in man; anything independent of the ever-shifting molecules which go to make up his physical body; anything which may be the continent, the sanctuary of a spiritual principle, to the existence of which ten thousand psychical facts of transcendent significance have ever pointed and still point!

A poetical rendering of a phenomenon! And his toleration of such a rendering is the claim which Mr. Tyndall presents for the gratitude of the theologians! Instead of bread, he gives them—not even a stone—but a sarcasm or conceit, the equivalent of which is *nothing at all*.

And why not a *scientific* rather than a poetical rendering? "Because it is impossible," Mr. Tyndall will reply. Fortunately his incredulity is not the exact measure of nature's possibilities. Since intelligent effects are produced without any visible or known means—since supersensual knowledge and powers are plainly manifested—we have reason for supposing that there is a supra-physical or spiritual agency producing the manifestations.

The one thing that Mr. Tyndall lacks, therefore, in order to give value and direction to his speculations about the soul, is a knowledge of existing, accessible facts—experimental knowledge.

Any "poetical rendering" which would regard the power that thinks in man unsubstantial as a bursting bubble, and becoming at death an unorganised, uncircumscribed nothing, is no better than the creed of the modern Sadducee, who rejects immortality as the dream of egoism. If Mr. Tyndall can see no other alternative, it is not because he is instructed, but because he is ignorant. If there is anything confirmed by the phenomena of Spiritualism it is the thoroughly Christian doctrine of the power of spirit over matter, as manifested by Christ when He entered the room with closed doors; and again when He disappeared from the view of His disciples, those men of "grosser minds," who were fatuous enough to believe the phenomena when they saw them.

And yet Mr. Tyndall has stigmatised these beliefs by a dishonouring and unclean phrase. I will not recall it, since I doubt not he has ere this regretted its coarseness and injustice. But I would call his attention to the following pregnant remarks by Isaac Taylor, who wrote them more than ten years before modern Spiritualism emerged into notice. "Nothing is more dangerous than to indulge notions which tend to make us think our tastes and principles more refined and elevated than those of the Creator and Ruler of the universe. Something of this infatuation very commonly besets ardent and abstracted minds."

Mr. Tyndall, I do not doubt, is anxious to hold the scales impartially between the materialists and those who have some sort of a belief in a future life. But he rules out, as a gross conception, the belief of the early Christian, the heathen, and the Spiritualist, in a spiritual body. Thus, he narrows down almost to annihilation the grounds for any rational belief at all in individual immortality. It is only an acquaintance with the phenomena of Spiritualism that can help him out of his agnosticism; but from these he turns with impatience and resentment.

Boston, January, 1879.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—The date of the concert and theatrical entertainment to be given in aid of the funds of the National Association of Spiritualists at 38, Great Russell-street, London, has been changed from Wednesday, 29th, to Tuesday, 28th inst. Programmes will be in readiness in the course of a few days. As the ladies and gentlemen are kindly giving their services for the purpose of aiding the funds of the Association, and as the entertainment promises to be a remarkably lively one, it is to be hoped that an active demand for tickets will be at once commenced. Mrs. Edwin Ellis is taking the lead in the management of the preparations.

THE BRITISH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

MEETING OF THE COUNCIL.

LAST Tuesday night, at the ordinary monthly meeting of the Council of the British National Association of Spiritualists, Mr. Alexander Calder, president, occupied the chair. The other members present were Mr. Morell Theobald, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Fitz-Gerald, Mrs. Edwin Ellis, Mr. Cornelius Pearson, Mr. M. J. Walhouse, Mrs. Lowe, Miss Houghton, Mr. Reimers, and Mr. W. H. Harrison.

The minutes of the last meeting having been read and confirmed, two new members were elected. There were twenty-one resignations, the prevailing reason given being "bad times." Miss Kislingbury said they were all among the annual subscribers of the smaller amounts.

Mr. Oxley resigned because the Association was *not* composed of Spiritualists, and M. Constant, of Smyrna, because the Association *was* composed of Spiritualists, whereas he thought the phenomena to be all biology. Two other well-known members were among those who resigned, namely, Dr. Carter Blake and Mr. Algernon Joy.

The following resolution was then unanimously passed, on the motion of Mrs. Lowe, seconded by Mr. Harrison:—

"That, in accepting Dr. Blake's resignation, the best thanks of the Council be given to him for his very valuable services to the Association in cataloguing the Library, and in the work of the *Séance* and Experimental Research Committees."

Mr. Morell Theobald proposed, Miss Houghton seconded, and it was passed unanimously—

"That Mr. Algernon Joy be requested to accept honorary membership."

After the reading of various letters on miscellaneous subjects, several presentations were announced, namely—

"*Experiences in Spiritualism with Mr. D. D. Home*," by Viscount Adare; presented by Mr. W. Wilkinson. "*The Doctrine of a Future Life*," by W. R. Alger; from Mr. J. S. Crisp. "*The Army List*," from Captain Jamos. "*Appariel Electro-Magnétiques*," written and presented by M. Edard; and two copies of an *Opera*, composed and given by Mr. F. Tindall. A vote of thanks was passed to the donors.

Miss Kislingbury announced that many of the members had raised their subscriptions, so that there was an increase in the income of the Association for 1879.

Mr. Morell Theobald read the report of the Finance Committee, which set forth that there was a balance in hand of £69 7s. 11d. at the end of last year, and that about £70 had been paid in since. It recommended payments to the extent of £85 2s. 7d.

Mr. Dawson Rogers having read the report of the *Soirée* Committee, the President read the following letter from Miss Kislingbury:—

38, Great Russell-street, W.C., January 11th, 1879.

DEAR MR. CALDER,—It is with great regret that I find myself, on various grounds, unable to carry out the agreement I had made to remain as Secretary of the Association.

I must, therefore, beg you to give notice of my resignation at the next Council meeting, and to ask the Council to release me as soon as arrangements can be made which will be considered most conducive to the welfare of the Association.

I will also ask you to convey to the Council my deep sense of gratitude for the kindness and support I have never failed to receive from its members in carrying out the work, and my great regret at our unavoidable separation.—Believe me, most faithfully yours,

EMILY KISLINGBURY, Sec.

To the President of the British National Association of Spiritualists.

Mrs. Edwin Ellis having stated that Miss Kislingbury irrevocably wished to be released from her duties as soon as possible, moved that her resignation be accepted with "very great regret." This was seconded by Mrs. Lowe, and carried unanimously.

Mr. Dawson Rogers moved, Mr. Morell Theobald seconded, and it was carried unanimously, that—

"A committee be appointed to consider the question of the future secretaryship, and the general house arrangements, and to bring up their recommendations to the next meeting of the Council for consideration, such recommendations having been previously sent to all members of Council—the committee to have power to make the necessary *ad interim* arrangements."

Mr. Dawson Rogers moved, and Mr. Theobald seconded, that the General Purposes Committee be appointed to act as the said committee, with the addition of Mrs. Desmond Fitz-Gerald, Miss Withall, and Miss Theobald.

Mr. Theobald moved, and Miss Houghton seconded, that Mr. Rogers be added to the committee.

These arrangements were carried unanimously.

Mr. Desmond Fitz-Gerald then gave the following notice of motion relating to the Rev. Thomas Colley:—

"If Mr. Colley do not attend the next Council meeting, or, before the period of that meeting, withdraw or take steps to substantiate his offensive insinuations and implied charges against the 'authorities' of this Association, I shall move that he be requested to withdraw from this Council."

SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.—Mr. Alfred E. Giles, of Hyde Park, Massachusetts, writes:—"You may have already learned that Mr. Wm. J. Colville has been favourably received, and given great satisfaction to full audiences in Berlin. Since he closed his engagement at Parker Memorial Hall, where he lectured on Sunday afternoons during November, he has opened on his own account Sunday morning lectures at Paine Hall. I have heard many expressions of admiration and not one of disappointment, for his lectures are prompt and lucid answers to questions suggested by his discourses. Mrs. Richmond draws full assemblies at Parker Memorial Hall on Sunday afternoons, and will be there till March. Dr. H. F. Gardiner, who for fifteen or more years has been pre-eminent in initiating and sustaining Spiritual meetings in Boston and vicinity, died last Friday morning. Miss Lizzie Doten most faithfully and assiduously ministered to him during his long, weary illness."

## PSYCHOGRAPHY.\*

Oct. 10.—Purchased two book-slates, placed a grain of pencil in each, fastened them in front tightly. Went at three o'clock with a friend to Dr. Slade; in a short time (the slates never having been opened or leaving our sight) writing was heard inside, and on opening saw—"We will try"—unimportant, but appertaining to a question. Two school slates were placed one on the other, a pencil grain between them, held by Slade on my shoulder; writing commenced and continued whilst being removed to the table, and still continued there when his hand was on them, ceasing when lifted from them, continued when replaced.

The power once obtained afterwards operated instantly, so that writing might commence before it was at the edge of the table. Those who go with an unfair, ungenerous spirit, are disappointed. My object was to ascertain its truth or falsehood; many desire only to uphold their own preconceived opinion. The power is more delicate and sensitive than that of reading or composing, yet few can read or compose whilst surrounded by eager, watchful, antagonistic people. I do not believe Slade is a trickster.

R. J. CREASY.

Melbourne, Australia, 1878.

I can testify to the entire credibility and *bonâ fides* of Mr. Creasy.

Bath, Dec. 16th, 1878.

J. SCOTT.

## SUTTA NIPATA.

ENGLISH society is deeply indebted to Mr. Trübner for the standard works he has published from time to time, giving unprejudiced information about the religions and philosophies of Eastern nations. But for his action in this respect, the nature of the highest religious instincts of a considerable section of the human race would have been a sealed book to the general reader. We have just received from him the *Sutta Nipâta*, consisting of the discourses of Gotama Buddha, translated from the Pali by Sir Coomâra Swâmy, of Ceylon. These discourses were first recorded rather more than 500 years before the birth of Christ, so are of great antiquity; they are still much esteemed by Southern Buddhists, who sometimes take from them the texts of their sermons in the monasteries. The following curious passages are quoted from the work, showing that that stately animal, the rhinoceros, was treated by Gotama Buddha with more respect than a keeper in the Zoological Gardens would suppose to have been his due:—

Let a hero abandoning the ways of the world (and) also flinging off the bonds of the household, like a Kovidâra-tree, which has cast off its leaves, walk alone like a rhinoceros.

If a wise man secures a wise friend (who will act) in concert with him, being firmly established in good principles, he will live happily with him, overcoming all afflictions.

If a wise man secures not a wise friend (who will act) in concert with him, being firmly established in good principles, let him, like a king who has abandoned the country conquered by him, walk alone like a rhinoceros.

Certainly we praise the acquisition of friendship; (but) good friends should be admitted into (one's) company; not obtaining such friends, let one, subsisting on pure food, walk alone like a rhinoceros.

Noticing (how even) two glittering armlets of gold (though) well made by a goldsmith strike against each other, let one walk alone like a rhinoceros.

Thus, being with a second beside myself, I must either speak too much or be angry with him; observing this danger, for the future, let a man walk alone like a rhinoceros.

Desires are indeed various, sweet (and) pleasing to the mind; they churn the mind in different ways; observing

the distress (resulting) from desires, let one walk alone like a rhinoceros.

This (body is) a calamity, an excrescence, a danger, a disease, a dart (of sorrow), a fear to me; observing this danger (resulting) from desires, let one walk alone like a rhinoceros.

(There are) cold, heat, hunger, thirst, wind, sun, gadflies, snakes; having overcome all these various things, let a man walk alone like a rhinoceros.

As the huge-bodied, white-spotted, noble elephant wanders in the forest, whithersoever he will, deserting his herd (so also) let one walk alone like a rhinoceros.

The (attaining of even) temporary Samâdhi (meditation) by any one who is attached to society, is impossible; such is the teaching of the kinsman of the sun; let one, having heard this, walk alone like a rhinoceros.

Thus overcoming those things which injure faith, having attained firmness (of mind, and) reached the right path, I have indeed arrived at (complete) knowledge and have nothing left to be known. Let one walk alone like a rhinoceros.

Divested of greediness, deceit, longings, not disparaging others unjustly, in the whole world; released from evil affections and ignorance; desireless, let one walk alone like a rhinoceros.

Let one cast away a sinful friend who looks to do wicked things (or) is established in wicked actions: let the same person associate not with one fond (of pleasure, and) procrastinating in doing good things. Let him walk alone like a rhinoceros.

Let him serve a friend who is very learned, versed in morals, great (and) possessed of a quick understanding; having known the (real) meaning (of things), let him remove his doubts and walk alone like a rhinoceros.

Indifferent to amusements, lust (and) the pleasures of the world, not beautifying oneself, despising ornaments, and speaking the truth, let one walk alone like a rhinoceros.

Having abandoned the different kinds of desire (founded on) child, wife, father, mother, wealth, corn, relations, let one walk alone like a rhinoceros.

Let a wise man, having discovered that such is attachment, that there is in it but little happiness, that it is but insipid, that there is more affliction in it (than comfort), that it is a fish-hook, walk alone like a rhinoceros.

Having cast off the bonds, like a fish which breaks the net in the water, like a fire that returns not to the spot already burnt up, let one walk alone like a rhinoceros.

With his eyes looking downwards, not moving quickly, with his senses guarded, his mind restrained, not burdened with lust, not burning with desire, let one walk alone like a rhinoceros.

Having abandoned the ways of the householder, clothed in yellow robes, like a Pârichchhatta-tree, which is densely covered with leaves, having given up laymanship, let one walk alone like a rhinoceros.

Not being greedy of savoury things, not being unsteady, nor maintained by others, begging from house to house without any distinction, not having a mind attached to this or that family, let one walk alone like a rhinoceros.

Having cast off the five Nivarâmas (evil tendencies) of the mind, having cleared away all the obscurities of the mind, having extinguished the folly of friendship, not allied to anything, let one walk alone like a rhinoceros.

Having thrown behind him pleasure and pain, and first (doing away with) good and bad intentions, having (then) secured the middle state, which is pacific and pure, let one walk alone like a rhinoceros.

THE new work by "M. A. (Oxon)" on *Spirit Identity* will be published at *The Spiritualist* branch office about three weeks hence.

NEXT Monday evening Mr. W. H. Harrison will read a paper before the British National Association of Spiritualists, 38, Great Russell-street, London, on "Apparitions and Hauntings." To commence at eight o'clock.

WHEN jugglers who have a living to get visit provincial towns, and assert that the phenomena of Spiritualism are not real, the blue "spiritual leaflets" should be circulated at their lectures, telling the readers how to obtain manifestations in their own homes, with no Spiritualist or stranger to the family present. Thus the public may be protected from deception.

\* A Memorandum read before the Psychological Society of Great Britain.



FAREWELL TO EARTH.

THE following spirit poetry purports to be Poe's final farewell to Earth. It was given in the City of New York, through the trance mediumship of Miss Lizzie Doten, on Monday evening, Nov. 2, 1863, and published in *Poems from the Inner Life* (Colby and Rich, Boston, U.S.):—

I.

Farewell! Farewell!  
Like the music of a bell  
Floating downward to the dell—  
Downward from some Alpine height  
While the sunset-embers bright,  
Fade upon the hearth of night;  
So my spirit, voiceless—breathless—  
Indestructible and deathless,  
From the heights of Life Elysian gives to Earth my parting song;  
Downward through the star-lit spaces,  
Unto Earth's most lowly places,  
Like the sun-born strains of Memnon, let the music float along,  
With a wild and wayward rhythm, with a movement deep and strong.  
"Come up higher!" cry the angels.—This must be my parting song.

Earth! O Earth! thou art my Mother.  
Mortal man! thou art my Brother.

We have shared a mutual sorrow, we have known a common birth;  
Yet with all my soul's endeavour,  
I will sunder, and forever,

Every tie of human passion that can bind my soul to Earth—  
Every slavish tie that binds me to the things of little worth.  
"Come up higher!" cry the angels: "come! and bid farewell to Earth."

I would bear a love Platonic to the souls in earthly life;  
I would give a sign Masonic to the heroes in the strife;  
I have been their fellow-craftsman, bound apprentice to that Art,  
Whereby Life, that cunning draughtsman, builds his temple in the heart.  
But with Earth no longer mated, I have passed the First Degree;  
I have been initiated to the second mystery.

O, its high and holy meaning not one soul shall fail to see!  
Now, with loftiest aspirations, onward through the worlds I march,  
Through the countless constellations, upwards to the Royal Arch.  
"Come up higher!" cry the angels: "come up to the Royal Arch."

II.

Farewell! Farewell!  
Like the tolling of a bell,  
Sounding forth some funeral knell—  
Tolling with a sad refrain,  
Not for those who rest from pain,  
But for those who still remain;  
So sweet pathos would I borrow  
From the loving lips of Sorrow,

Weaving in a plaintive minor with the cadence of my song,  
For the souls that lonely languish,  
For the hearts that break with anguish,

For the weak ones and the tempted, who must sin and suffer long;  
For the hosts of living martyrs, groaning 'neath some ancient wrong;  
For the cowards and the cravens, who in guilt alone are strong.

But from all Earth's woe and sadness,  
All its folly and its madness,

I would never strive to save you, or avert the evil blow;  
Even if I would, I could not,  
Even if I could, I would not,

Turn the course of Time's great river, in its grand, majestic flow;  
Grapple with those mighty causes whose results I may not know:  
All Life's sorrows end in blessing, as the future yet shall show.

From Life's overflowing beaker I have drained the bitter draught,  
Changing to a maddening ichor in my being as I quaffed,  
I have felt the hot blood rushing o'er its red and tortuous path,  
Like the molten lava, gushing in its wild, volcanic wrath;  
Like a bubbling, boiling Geyser, in the regions of the pole;  
Like a Scylla or Charybdis, threatening to engulf my soul.  
O, for all such fire-wrought natures let my rhythmic numbers toll!  
Vulnerable, like Achilles, only in one fatal part,  
I was wounded, by Life's arrows, in the head, but not the heart.  
"Come up higher!" cried the angels;—and I hastened to depart.

III.

Farewell! farewell!  
Like a merry marriage-bell,  
Pealing with a tuneful swell,

Telling, in a joyful strain,  
With a whispered, sweet refrain,  
Of the hearts no longer twain;  
So no longer cursed and fated,  
Fondly loved and truly mated,  
I can pour my inspirations, free as Orpheus, through my strain.  
Gifted with a sense of seeing  
Far beyond my earthly being,  
I can feel I have not suffered, loved, and hoped, and feared in vain;  
Every earthly sin and sorrow I can only count as gain:  
I can chant a grand "Te Deum" o'er the record of my pain.

Ye who grope in darkness blindly,  
Ye who seek a refuge kindly,  
Ye upon whose hearts the ravens—ghostly ravens—perch and prey,  
Listen! for the bells are ringing,  
Tuneful as the angels singing,

Ring in the glorious morning of your spirit's marriage-day,  
When the soul, no longer fettered to the feeble form of clay,  
To a high, harmonious union, soars, elate with hope away.

Where the iris arch of Beauty bridges o'er celestial skies,  
Where the golden line of Duty, like a living pathway lies,  
Where the gonfalons of Glory float upon the fragrant air,  
Ye who read Life's lengthening story, find a Royal Chapter there.  
Ye shall see how men and nations o'er the ways of life advance;  
Ye shall watch the constellations in their mazy, mystic dance;  
And the Central Sun shall greet you—greet you with a golden glance.  
O, for souls in Life Eternal let the bells in gladness ring!  
Bind the wreath of orange blossoms, and the wedding garment bring.  
"Come up higher!" cry the angels.—Let the bells in gladness ring.

IV.

Farewell! Farewell!  
Like the chiming of the bells,  
Which a tale of triumph tells;  
As the news in tuneful notes,  
Leaping from the brazen throats,  
On the startled ether floats—  
So in freedom, great and glorious,  
Over flesh and sense victorious,

Does the Spirit leap the barrier which across its pathway lies!  
Greater far than Royal Cæsar,  
Fearless as the Northern Æsir,

Drawn by Love's celestial magnet, winged with faith and hope it flies.  
Upward o'er the starry pathway, leading onward through the skies,  
To the land of Light and Beauty, where no bud of promise dies.

There, through all the vast Empyrean,  
Wafted, as on gales Hesperian,  
Comes the stirring cry of "Progress!" telling of the yet to be.  
Tuneful as a seraph's lyre,  
"Come up higher! Come up higher!"

Cry the hosts of holy angels; "learn the heavenly Masonry:  
Life is one eternal progress: enter, then, the Third Degree;—  
Ye who long for light and wisdom seek the Inner Mystery!"

Thus, O Sons of Earth, I leave you!—leave you for that higher  
light;

And my charge is now, Receive you all my parting words aright:  
Human passion, mad ambition, bound me to this lower Earth,  
Even in my changed condition—even in my higher birth.  
But, by earnest, firm endeavour, I have gained a height sublime;  
And I ne'er again—no, never!—shall be bound to Space or Time;  
I have conquered! and for ever! Let the bells in triumph chime!  
"Come up higher!" cry the angels: "come up to the Royal Arch!  
Come and join the Past Grand Masters, in the Soul's progressive  
march,  
O, thou neophyte of Wisdom! Come up to the Royal Arch!"

Sons of Earth! where'er ye dwell,  
Break Temptation's magic spell!  
Truth is Heaven, and Falsehood, Hell!  
Lawless Lust a demon fell!  
Sons of Earth! where'er ye dwell,—  
In this Heaven, or in this Hell,—  
When ye hear the solemn swell  
Of Creation's mighty bell  
Sounding forth Time's funeral knell,  
Ye shall meet me where I dwell;—  
Until then—FAREWELL! FAREWELL!

## 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. Preference is given to letters which are not anonymous.]

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE SITTERS UPON MANIFESTATIONS.

SIR,—In a letter lately received from Mr. Simmons, in which he speaks of the so-called exposures of mediums, he makes some remarks and some statements which I feel to be of weight, because of his long-continued and intimate association with Slade, and his natural shrewdness in observing such facts and indications as have come in his way. After expressing his satisfaction in reading Mr. Leymon's letter in the *Banner*, strongly endorsing the Holmeses, who for so long were denounced in all the American papers as basely fraudulent, he says: "The more I reflect on my experience with mediums, the stronger my convictions are that they seldom, if ever, attempt the practice of fraud consciously, even when appearances would seem to admit of no other theory. My sympathies are strongly on the side of Williams and Rita in their present trouble, believing that it all comes from the influences controlling at the time of the alleged exposure. It may be perhaps, in the end, a lesson to those who have frequently referred sneeringly to such events occurring in this country, charging us with being incompetent investigators, and assuming the medium to have been a deceiver. A philosophical solution of the case is of much more importance to them, and more probable now than it would be had the same charges been made against mediums in this country. I am convinced that we are apt to hold mediums responsible when the fault is entirely our own. I think it is an established fact that a passive condition on the part of the sitter is eminently essential; and let us recognise this—that it by no means follows that I am passive, however quiet I may keep, while I am filled with suspicious scepticism, which will crop out in spite of me. During the first years that I was with Slade, it was not unusual to find that I had involuntarily psychologised him, so that he would repeat my movements without, apparently, being aware of it. Sometimes he would do this when lying asleep on the couch. Other persons have affected him in the same way, so that when they left the room he would rise from his chair when they did, and follow them to the door, unable to resist. One or two upward passes released him. With such an organisation, surrounded by persons of strong psychological powers, fully persuaded of the medium's dishonesty, and having adopted a theory by which they are assured they shall be able to detect the fraud, their success in seeing the sensitive and unconscious medium act precisely as they had anticipated is not to be wondered at. The result is that, what if rightly understood would have been an interesting experiment, is given to the world as proof positive of fraud. Spiritualists, I am sorry to say, are too often guilty of this offence. They may not be able to banish scepticism, but should be careful how they condemn, when a fuller understanding of the case would place the whole matter in a very different light. The more sensitive the medium, the more susceptible he is to all outside influences, and, in like proportion, the difficulty of drawing the line of responsibility increases. But thanks to the invisibles, who labour on, men will learn that only favourable conditions, and a better understanding of the laws which govern these things, are required to enable them to demonstrate the honesty of their mediums! Many have been denounced as fraudulent, and, in some cases, even been led to plead guilty by the strong influences brought to bear upon them, who have denied the allegation when differently surrounded, and have shown themselves ready and eager to submit to full and fair investigation—such investigation almost always resulting in their full and complete vindication."

For myself, I can only say that I endorse fully all that I have here quoted, and that my own observation has led me to believe that conscious fraud on the part of our noted mediums, instead of being the rule, as many would have us believe, is decidedly exceptional, and even a rare exception.

LOUISA ANDREWS.

## THE TWO BRAINS.

SIR,—Mr. C. C. Massey wishes "some physiologist to say whether in the lifting of great weights by mesmeric sensitives more power is exercised than had been stored up in the muscles. If so, the origin of the force must be sought elsewhere."

Through my discovery of phreno-mesmerism I fully demonstrated that the lower brain is related to the brain in respect to all its physical conditions, and the upper brain to the mind, or conscious, intelligence, &c.; and I found that it was the lateral portions of the cerebellum, or lower and lesser brain, that related to the muscles; and it may interest Spiritualists to know that when Miss Hardinge, after one of her inspirational addresses, was asked the difference in the functions of the two brains, she gave the reply as above stated. Professor Barrett, without having heard of my experiments, has accidentally, or independently confirmed the general truth of phreno-mesmerism as we have read, and he tells me that some French experimentalists have lately verified my discovery in respect to the functions of the cerebellum. Particularly, as bearing relation to the muscles, there has always been considered to be two souls; even Bacon refers to it. The lower, or animal soul, and the soul, or mind proper. It is certain that if I trip and save myself before being conscious of what has occurred, there must be an unconscious, muscular, conservative, and guiding influence to an end; and it is the same with pain from an injury, since you shrink from the cause before you are sensible of the pain or of the action in consequence; and this is so even in deep sleep. The power is, therefore, ever on the watch, as it were—blind instinct, or "unconscious cerebration," or "sub-consciousness." In all our actions and manipulations we have a clear sense of power, which we estimate, and direct, and control through the instrumentality of the muscular system, and this power can issue from its source without the intervention of the muscles, as in table-moving; but what the medium is, or whether it is the same which perhaps underlies

light, heat, and gravitation, we cannot yet say. In pushing a table there must be a medium, however short the distance, because it is proved that bodies do not absolutely touch, so that in the ordinary and extraordinary action the principle is the same, the difference being merely in distance and degree. The sub-consciousness may, as we have stated, accompany the force, and show evidence of intelligence. With mesmerised subjects, by touching the side of the cerebellum behind the ear you may, in susceptible persons, produce great muscular force, but not by pressing on any other part of either brain. Even with a child in ordinary sleep you may often cause it to move, to throw its arms about, and to sit up, by pressing on the part named; or your mesmerised patient may become perfectly rigid, or hold out the arm with a heavy weight attached, for an hour, without experiencing inconvenience, or afterwards feeling the least fatigued.

In my *Letters to Miss Martineau* will be found a full account of my experiments and their results; and I may be allowed to say that the Professor of Philosophy in Holland, Dr. Pierson, in the last July number of the *Gids* (Guide), refers to those letters. In his long article on "Harriet Martineau" he says, "The noble and brave woman in Mr. Atkinson's letters, to the shame of many men, has helped to spread the only fruitful scientific method, and has applied it to the science of man and mind." And, again, "The mind proper is simply the conscious phenomenon, which is no power at all, but the sense of what is the power, being wholly and purely perception. This doctrine, not heard of in Holland a couple of years ago, was promulgated by Mr. Atkinson so early as 1851."

Notwithstanding the mechanical theories of the age, and the opposition or indifference of the high priests of science, we must accept clairvoyance, and intuition, and instinct, and concede some magical or spiritual formative principle, for atomic attractions, repulsions, and polarities will not account for a complicated correlative interdependent animal nature; and as we find that knowledge flows to brain or soul without the intervention of the organs of the senses, so likewise force may pass from the body without the instrumentality of the muscles, however useful and essential the muscles and senses may be in the practical conduct of life. Of course it would take a volume to detail and illustrate what I have here but hinted at, but I should add that of course if the agent be a spirit, it would act on the medium's brain as the mesmeriser does.

HENRY G. ATKINSON, F.G.S.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, France.

## SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA IN GERMANY.

SIR,—When Miss Kislingbury, a fortnight ago, so bravely opened the mental tournament about Spiritualism and religion—not for the sake of strife, nor love, nor glory, but for the sake of truth only—I felt greatly inclined to rush into the arena too, and lay in a lance for the same cause. But having since read the correspondence of January 3rd, headed by the admirable article entitled "The Religious Aspects of Spiritualism," by Madame Isabel de Steiger, followed by a series of letters, full of deep thought and valuable material for the solution of the all-important question, contributed by various, and partly by well-known, writers, I have changed my mind. I put down my lance, pay homage to Madame de Steiger, bow profoundly to Mrs. Nichols, and gently to the rest. I do not want to fight where such valiant champions are already in the field who need no support, and are able to stand their own ground. I gladly withdraw, therefore, at present from the arena of the highest and loftiest thoughts to the arena of proved facts, which, though uncommon to the world, yet form the sole firm basis of its religious thoughts.

With your kind permission, then, I will continue my long-interrupted report of facts observed by me and other witnesses, at a series of sittings in my own rooms and those of strangers, with a young private and unpaid "psychic," or medium, of good family.

In my report of the 19th and 31st July last, I gave merely a general outline of the phenomena which occurred in his presence between the 5th and 31st of that month, or within less than one month from the day we commenced our experiments, showing an extraordinary rapidity of the development. The phenomena have since increased so much in power and variety that, being aware you could not allow me sufficient space for a detailed report of all I have witnessed, I hardly know where to begin, and what to pick out of the rich array of facts to present to your readers.

Before entering into details, I think I had better again give a brief general outline of the principal phenomena. I have already mentioned the obtaining of the ring-test, and the bringing of flowers by spirit agency into a room with closed doors and windows. To these have been added others, of which I mention the following as the most remarkable:—

Spirit voices, in a low whisper, heard and conversed with freely for hours, whilst the medium was wide awake and alone with me. Medium and spirit voice speaking at the same time, the former loud, and the latter in a whisper. Spirit voice heard and conversed with in the presence of strangers, whose names and addresses I enclose you. Loud spirit voice, first issuing from the mouth of the medium whilst he was falling into a trance. Afterwards, when the medium was fast asleep, loud spirit voice quite distant, and independent of the vocal organs of the medium, talking freely to us, and answering our questions promptly. Beautiful spirit lights produced by the talking spirit at our request. Two quite different spirit voices, heard and conversed with at a distance from the entranced medium by a party of ladies and gentlemen in the house of a baroness. A powerful spirit voice addressing a young countess, and severely reproaching her for her doubts as to the other world, the existence of spirits and spirit-communication with mortals, and for her doubting his words and those of his servant (the other spirit).

This happened on the 26th of November last, in the house and presence of the mother and sister of the countess, besides that of some

friends of the family, consisting of a count (an old Spiritualist), a marquis, a marchioness, and a Prussian lieutenant of the Hussars, besides the medium and myself.

This phenomenon took us all by surprise, because after the remarkable phenomena we had already witnessed that night, we did not expect anything more so new and powerful. The spirit claimed to come from a higher sphere than the one who was with him. What surprised us most was his powerful voice. It might justly be called a "stentorian" voice, such as could not possibly be produced or imitated by any person known to us.

The medium lay all the while stretched out upon a divan fast asleep, surrounded by us on three sides, and watched by the lieutenant and the marquis at his head, and the venerable count at his feet, whilst the spirit voice spoke at a distance of about eight or nine feet from his head, and apparently from a height of about seven or eight feet above the floor, in a corner of the room, where there was no kind of exit. An estimate with which all parties present agreed was that neither the medium, nor any one else in the party, could produce such an imperial voice, which made our first laugh change into wonder and trembling.

The scene was indeed the most exciting and extraordinary I ever have witnessed. None of the observers will ever forget the impression. The spirit told us that he had come to prove to us that Spiritualism was a truth, and that he attended that night for a special purpose, which we should perceive later. He said that it had taken twelve weeks of time and trouble to come out with his voice as on that evening with our medium. He further asserted that he stood there before us fully materialised, clad like ourselves and other human beings, and to prove it, he stamped his foot several times so heavily on the floor, that the floor and furniture shook and vibrated. He said he could show himself to us, but having already taken much power from the medium, he would not draw more out of him that night for the purpose. At our request, he gave us a brief description of the conditions of the sphere to which he belongs, and of the spheres below him. He lectured us like a parson about the advisability of preparing for our future life, and informed us that he had once taken the spirit of the medium through the lower spheres up to his own, and taught him about it, when the medium was in a similar trance. The spirit, after severely lecturing the young countess for her obstinate scepticism (sending her out of the room once, and calling her in again afterwards), ordered us to break up the *séance*, and not to wake the medium suddenly, but to allow him time.

On the night that the above extraordinary phenomena were witnessed, the medium and I had come to the party by invitation, with the sole purpose on our side of showing them a newly-discovered phenomenon, of no little importance with regard to its practical use for convincing sceptics of all shades of the fact that a medium is neither a cheat, nor a person with altogether ordinary gifts. I wanted to show that the medium possessed the power of stopping a wound-up and playing musical box, in full light, and without touching it, simply by command. This fact the medium proved repeatedly at the beginning of the *séance*, to the astonishment of the audience. The musical box stopped and went on, played slowly and quickly, and repeated or changed the tune, according to his word of command and the desire expressed by the witnesses and transformed into commands by the medium, in full light, and without his touching the instrument. Some, fancying there might be a secret spring or similar hidden mechanical contrivance connected with the musical box, tried to produce the same effect, but all in vain. The box being my own, I have often tried it myself, but it was of no use. Both the medium and I did not want to sit after the successful demonstration of this phenomenon with the musical box in the light, and we only yielded at last to the entreaty of our noble hostess and her guests. Our unexpected reward was the powerful production of spirit voices and lights, the most important features of which I have just described.

My time being more limited than my material, I am obliged to send you the continuation and conclusion of my report in my next letter.

G. WIESE.

Wiesbaden, January 10th, 1879.

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF SPIRITUALISM.

SIR,—I have no wish to enter the present controversy further than to endorse the thoughtful and reverent letters of Mrs. Nichols, Miss Kislunbury, and others, who desire to see the movement incline to a noble ideal respect of all that is "worthy of good repute" in connection with the old historic churches. Surely the devotional Christian Positivism of Dr. Maurice Davies and the sweet religiousness of thought and feeling which marks the movement in France and Germany, are to be preferred to its "Bradlaughism" tendency in certain parts of England, or its vulgar "free love," church-hating developments in portions of American society. Unfortunately those devout and influential pioneers *litterateurs*, who once gave the movement its religious and refined *status*, are now silent observers. Why should we burn Bibles, destroy cathedrals, or ignore God?

J. T. MARKLEY.

3, Park-terrace, Horsham.

SIR,—Miss Kislunbury appears to me to mistake the true mission of Spiritualism. Spiritualism is not, and never can be, a religion; each will view it to suit his own particular belief. I conceive the true mission of Spiritualism is to afford us the *proof palpable* of the continued existence of the spirit after the dissolution of the body, and to teach us how to make the best use of our earth-lives. Life is not a probation, but a school for the development and education of the spirit. Creeds are of little consequence, but the spirit can never attain its full development within the walls of a convent or in a monk's cell.

Those who perform their lifework faithfully, who live an unselfish,

temperate life, who keep their thoughts pure, and their minds free from envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, may meet their end, come when it may, with a serene mind.

W. C. P.

London, January 3rd, 1879.

SIR,—Already the call in your journal of December 13th for a series of Sunday morning services for Spiritualists has been answered by some valuable suggestions, which, whether for use within or without the churches, are of intrinsic value; for, as one of your leaders truly says, the churches are less inimical to Spiritualism than the scientific world; and they have many points in common with the Spiritualists.

First and foremost, as regards the question, "Whom shall we worship?" your article of December 27th justly answers, "Worship God." This is the first and grand requirement for all Spiritualists; and I think many owe their first true impulse to worship God from the heart to Spiritualism; indeed, I believe the worship of God to be the commonest attribute of the Spiritualist everywhere; and it brings its reward in helping to make men honest and true and trustful of Providence. And what is more likely to make men of cheerful countenance than this? Dr. Crowell has shown how few Spiritualists go mad in comparison with other religionists; and this is, in a great measure, I believe, because their religion is full of eternal hope—it is the doctrine of eternal punishment that drives man mad. The Spiritualist has found what has been called, not unhappily, if somewhat satirically, a happy hunting-ground. And here I am reminded that this cheerfulness is just what the Pope is asking at this very time of his converts; he wishes them, he says, to be cheerful as he is cheerful. It appears that his Holiness is quite shocked at the asceticism of some of his new converts among the English, if the journals of the day are authentic.

Perhaps the next question we should ask ourselves is, How shall we worship God? In considering this point I think our first duty is to meditate upon our relative position towards God: that we are His offspring. For one thing is certain,—that we have our origin through and from Him alone. And here an admirable article in your journal of Dec. 13th, on *Physical and Spiritual Growth*, may put us in the right way, for it argues, most justly, from analogy, that as in physical, so in spiritual affairs, "Life without growth is an anomaly." So then, since an earthly parent looks upon his child as a weak creature, who certainly will grow gradually stronger if he does not die; so we may safely, I think, predicate the same of our spiritual state, and offer up our frequent prayer to the Almighty to make us continually to increase in godly knowledge, and to grow more and more in wisdom and truth, until we come to "perfection," which few, if any, can attain on this side of life. But we have been lately reminded that "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life; and few there be that find it." But what is the alternative to the above discouraging position of humanity, taken alone? Simply and solely, "destruction;" for "Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat." The fate of the many is here the same as that of those on whom the Tower of Siloam fell, and who perished. This perishing, or destruction, is also the language of the Psalms. King David tells us, in the 49th Psalm, with the voice of one crying in the wilderness, that the wise man, as well as the fools and brutish, and even men held in honour, perish, like the beasts; while his own soul was redeemed from the power of the grave. I need hardly add, that David was said not to have reached "heaven" himself, a thousand years after his death.

Now this doctrine of destruction has its bright side for some persons. For some—

To say we end  
The heart ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, is a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished.

And yet this doctrine of destruction, notwithstanding the acknowledged supreme authority of its promulgator is, in the churches, a consummation that not one of them, diverse as they are in other respects, will admit for a single moment. And if Spiritualism has shown anything, it has shown that we do not perish at death or immediately after, or even soon after, but on the contrary, that death is life, so far as Spiritualism knows. And what does destruction imply? It implies the loss of individuality, which often is so laden with sorrows; and, moreover, it proclaims this loss of individuality as coincident with death which must come upon us, after a period of trouble, which, however poignant, is necessarily but short as time goes. But this loss of individuality is all that can be alleged of the doctrine of absorption, which is said only to take place after purgatorial processes of ages. To be done with at once, after our experience here, would, as I said, to many, seem a delight, if not too good to be true. But the fact is this view of our feelings seems altogether incompatible with the opinion that there is a moral supervision over man; that evil bears its own punishment sooner or later; and that as a man sows so shall he reap. Besides spirits tell us that sin is always found out; and this is one of the inestimable uses of Spiritualism, that it confirms what is logical and just in all religions. The absorption then of the spirit after it has gone through all kinds of agonies, mental and bodily for ages, while joined to a soul, is another method for the disposal of the human race, which men are taught to believe by other men. I will pass over other methods of disposal of the human race after death, which have been at times more or less handled in your able and useful journal, and will only mention two or three of them. The most popular alternative is, as we all know, what Mr. Howitt used to call, "beloved eternal punishment," that is beloved of the churches—the blessed whips; and it is still held to by the churches of Rome and England with the tenacity of drowning men.

Then, again, there is the doctrine, also from high authority, of paying the uttermost farthing—the very last mite—with the few and many stripes; and I need scarcely remark that even many stripes must have an end. But, with all discrepancies, one thing stands pre-eminent which is this: The key-note of a great teacher, the frequent climax of

his most impressive sayings is this notable apothegm: "Many are called, but few chosen." Nevertheless, a good many honest people, or not, as the case may be, of no particular merit, think nothing more natural than that they, personally, should be at death among this small band, this happy lot, this glorious but contracted category; and generally speaking of death as bringing a finality of status for themselves and others, gravely demand of their supposed less fortunate neighbours where they will go to when they die? The sharp boy and girl who have always held a first place in their classes, and have been always accustomed to be commended by their teachers for their natural quickness, are very apt to fall into this train of thought as regards themselves in after life; these are the last people to suppose that ever they should be left out in the cold, or perhaps I should have said the heat; while there is another set of persons of a very different calibre, who, feeling how utterly unworthy they really are, cast all responsibility from their own shoulders, and expect to join the small but favoured band at death through merits altogether and entirely not their own.

And now the important question comes. Does this limited ground for humanity's hope, taught so lovingly by so many from disjointed fragments of a vast fabric, and so earnestly persisted in more than ever at the present moment, in some quarters, since its authenticity has been somewhat questioned during the last thirty years, and since eternal hope has been looming in the offing; does, I say, this well-grounded declaration, that only few are chosen at death, imply that hope for the future is *then* entirely lost, that all chance of improvement ceases at death, as is so widely taught, because, as I heard the other day, "God says so"? Or does the term "Many are called and few chosen," allude not to man's final state, but to the state in which, perhaps, the large majority of men die, an imperfect state—a state, indeed, quite unfit for the pure and holy joy of God's choice, of what is called "heaven," but a state from which they may emerge after death by growth; a state from whence we certainly believe they will emerge in due time, after "paying the last farthing," and amidst weeping and gnashing of teeth, perchance, receiving the few or many moral stripes they may richly deserve? If this be the true interpretation of "many being called but few chosen," there are, I think, few Spiritualists who would dispute it.

One of your correspondents alludes to a night that cometh when no man can work. But that, surely, cannot annul the doctrine of paying the last farthing, which is expressly spoken of our future state, and which must, surely, be paid by work. It is an obscure phrase, and may be put in the same category with such words, hard to be understood, as, "I pray not for the world;" or, "Who gave Himself a ransom for all;" and, if it suited the purpose of the churches, it would be ignored and treated as contemptuously by them all as is the doctrine of destruction, and as the doctrine of paying the last mite is treated by the majority of them. Nor can any, I think, who have read, for instance, the excellent and instructive paper of the Comte de Bullet, in your number of Jan. 10th, suppose that the words, "no man can work," are applicable in any way to the work that is going on so perseveringly through Mr. Firman's mediumship, and so successfully, by spirits who were once men in the flesh, and who have told us over and over again that they are working out their salvation.

Well, it has been alleged, perhaps with truth, by another of your correspondents, that Spiritualists have no common creed which any one could propose with the least chance of acceptance by all. And I may ask, since we find discrepancy on all sides, What system, what religion has?

When there is an appearance of discrepancy in authority, we are naturally inclined to turn to those views expressed by authority which are at once, according to our opinions, the most logical and analogical also; and surely the principle of *growth* is in conformity with both. But this growth is just what Spiritualism has been teaching us all along, under a generally accepted term among Spiritualists, which is called progress.

SCRUTATOR.

SIR,—I hope I am not expected to reply to all the questions Mr. Stainton Moses has propounded in his letter of last week. For, firstly, I feel myself quite incompetent to the task; secondly, I suppose that even a whole number of *The Spiritualist* would not contain the pages that would have to be written.

I will try, however, to answer question No. 5, which is especially addressed to me.

The word *immortality* has, in my conception, two distinct meanings. It may be used in the sense of mere survival, without regard to fitness, or in the sense which would appear to be attached in the New Testament to the words "eternal life," and "kingdom of heaven," or "kingdom of God." This is surely always spoken of as something to be won by "him that overcometh."

When a young man of exemplary life came to Christ to ask what he should do to inherit eternal life, our Lord replied that he must make still further sacrifices, and we are told that he went away sorrowing. Christ then remarked, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God." (Mark x. 23).

St. Paul says that "the gift of God is eternal life" (Rom. vi. 23). And is not the very key-note of St. Paul's teaching the recognition of a continual warfare between the flesh and the spirit, the daily death unto sin, and new life unto righteousness? And who among ourselves does not know the strife between duty and inclination, and the self-abasement consequent on yielding to the latter, to the exclusion of the former?

All this is so obvious that I cannot but think that Mr. Moses is laying some trap to catch one less learned and less wary than himself.

Every M.A. of Oxford will of course know that there are not wanting writers who have endeavoured to prove from Scripture and the early Fathers that the soul is naturally mortal, and that immortality is the gift of the Holy Spirit. Even so humble a scholar as myself has heard something of the great Dodwell controversy on this matter, and one who

has the advantage over me in the knowledge of Latin and Greek authors must bear to be accused of the "pride that apes humility" when he asks me for authorities.

But even among those who accept no Scriptural authority, there are some who recognise in certain intuitional stirrings and impulses a presumptive proof of the eternal life of the spirit; also that there are men and women to whom such impulses are unknown.

It was not my wish to introduce a theological discussion, and I thought that I had said, as I certainly *now* have said, my last word on the subject. But since I have been forced to speak, I should like to say, in reply to Dr. Wyld, that though it may be given to some to know the "secret of the Logos," yet that the majority of persons require to receive their teaching through human means, and that if this is to be regarded "with horror," then we must shut up all our schools and churches, even our lecture-rooms, in case some of the taught should subjugate themselves too entirely to the authority of their teachers. Alas, in these anarchical times we need not fear an excess of obedience or submission to discipline, even to the most undoubtedly heaven-sent authority. Rather we may fear drifting into the condition of Charles Kingsley's Doasyoulikes, who gradually returned to the condition of their ancestors, the apes.

EMILY KISLINGBURY.

Jan. 13th, 1879.

SIR,—I may be permitted to add a few words (I hope the last) on a controversy which has already spilt over the sides of the original vessel in which it was contained.

The Rev. S. Moses, in his last forcible and pithy letter, has recalled combatants to the need of defining terms, and has asked whether "if we were to define what we mean by Spiritualism, would not a good deal of fog lift?" I am so thoroughly in accordance with him on this point, that I think we should wait until some definition is offered, which would stand a chance of being accepted by a majority, without excluding from its principles any definite minority of thinkers. Mr. Stainton Moses recognises the "absolute divergence" between his thoughts and mine. Though I think the divergence is really less than he conceives, I am pleased we both agree that it is only divergence, and that the *radii* which represent our thoughts certainly originate in the same centre of truth, and possibly terminate in the same circle. We see things in different ways, but are alike pursuing the same method of investigation. The old scholastic rules of Adrian Heereboord (*Proxiis Logica*, annexed to the *Synopses Logicae*, 12mo. London: 1676) applies to us both; and they say that the opponent should do just what neither of us at present can do. For Heereboord says (l. c. p. 296) that it is required of the opponent "ut sententia respondentis directæ contradicat; quod ut fiat oportet ante omnia diligenter thesin respondentis considerare, et accurate despiciere, quomodo ei antithesis directæ opponi possit."

With Mr. Enmore Jones I am in accord on many points, especially on that of avoiding all sectional religious surmisings.

From Dr. Wyld's views I cannot recognise my divergence, but rather my polarity. There is evidently no common ground of faith or belief between us. I, of course, do not claim that the "secret of the Logos" has been especially revealed to me, and am curious to learn the source whence such (to me, occult) information can be derived. As for the supposition that those Spiritualists, and others who have joined the Catholic Church, or who are in it, should be regarded with "horror," as if we were "elusive wild beasts," the world has now passed this intolerant epoch. All religious polemic is rarely convincing to an adversary who argues on faith and morals from a point diametrically the reverse of one's own. The alleged "subjugation to a priesthood" by those Spiritualists, who like Mrs. Nichols, and others prefer to worship the God in whom they believe in the manner of their ancestors, bears a very different appearance inside and outside of the Catholic Church; and I heartily commend some passages in *Billuart* (tom. ii. p. 110), and in the introduction to Fefslers' *True and False Infalibility*, to all candid friends and foes. "The Church," says Pallevicini, "as far as may be, has ever abstained from imposing upon the minds of men that commandment, the most arduous of the Christian law, viz., to believe obscure matters without doubting" (quotation from *Ryder's Idealism on Theology*, p. 25.) The vagueness with which the opinions held by members of the Catholic Church (Spiritualists or not) are often conceived by outside persons, has led in too many cases to an assumption that those who have worked out the problems of immortality with scholarship (and something more) are inferior to the mere text-chipper. I must, however, confess my entire ignorance of the time and place, when the Roman Church "took upon itself—for a consideration—to organise a belief for" Mr. Ellis; while my reading of a few Hebrew records is so far in accordance with the opinion of Captain Burton, whose "very objectionable" (*sic*) paper reflected some of the thoughts of the Jewish psalmist (Ps. 113): "*Non mortui laudasunt te, Domine; neque omnes qui descendunt in infernum.*"

C. CARTER BLAKE.

HEALING MEDIUMSHIP.

SIR,—I hope you will allow me a small space in your valuable paper to express my gratitude to the healing medium, Mrs. Annie Loomis. From my childhood I have suffered from a weakness of the spine, causing me to lose control of the nerves of my face, and producing an impediment of speech that was most distressing to me. I was induced to call on Mrs. Loomis by a friend, who assured me that her cures had been most astonishing, and that she could certainly cure me. I doubted that any power could be found to relieve me of my distress, and had been doctored for years in vain. I have been under this lady's treatment for a month, and my progress has been miraculous. I can now talk with perfect freedom, and the nerves of my face are under absolute control; my spine has been renewed, and I am better than I have been for eighteen years. I regard Mrs. Loomis's power as something beyond explanation, and I am grateful to her more than I can express in words.

W. A. ALDous.

Loughborough-road, S.W.

TO LAUNCELOT.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

YES, Launcelot, I forgive you! Let it pass!  
 You have no line by which to gauge my pain;  
 My tears to yours are molten lead to dew;  
 My grief a torrent to light summer rain,  
 Which the first sunbeam changes to a smile.  
 So I forgive you all that bitter wrong—  
 My fruitless prayers; my barren, scorching tears;  
 My days and nights of sullen, blank despair—  
 But not because their memory has passed—  
*I never shall forget!*

For, look you here, my friend,  
 Whose friendship bid so fair a thing to be,  
 When first it dawned upon my life's eclipse;  
 We were set wide apart in the world's fair  
 Till Fate unkindly jostled us.

Was I the one  
 To court the curse you cast upon my soul?  
*Who* was it sent me missives, day by day,  
 Teeming with tenderness, that made my heart  
 Blossom anew with hope?—*who* spared no pains  
 To meet me, and would sit, hour by hour,  
 Speaking the silent language of the eye,  
 In longing, lingering looks that stirred my blood,  
 To answer them, and when, with doubting lips  
 That scarce could credit their own happiness  
 I made low-voiced and tremulous reply,  
*Whose* song burst forth in passionate burning strains  
 Whose every cord is graven on my heart  
 In notes of fire?

Yet, oh, my Launcelot,  
 Think not I blame for this—it was no wrong;  
 Ah! no! it was a dear delicious dream  
 That lulled us both to sleep beneath its spell;  
 The wrong was yet to come.

Startled, we woke,  
 Perceived our danger, and resolved to love  
 As we had loved, no more!

Can you forget  
 That hour, when circled by each other's arms,  
 And mingling prayers with kisses, tears, and smiles,  
 We knelt within the shadow of the fane,  
 And rendered up to Heaven, Heaven's right?  
 I left that sanctuary, calm and at peace.  
 False peace! delusive calm that promised faith,  
 And rest, and friendship in the place of love!  
 Friendship! how sweet a name it seemed to me!  
 Who would have laid my poor existence down  
 Sooner than wrong you by a word or look.  
 I had high thoughts of cheering you through life,  
 Of giving counsel, solace, aid, relief.  
 Doubling your pleasures, halving all your woes,  
 And walking hand in hand with you to Heaven.  
 Alas! how quickly on the hard, cold rock  
 Of Prudence was my fond hope made a wreck.  
 For soon perplexities and doubts beset  
 The course of e'en our friendship, and you feared  
 (Yes, Launcelot, start not at the word) you feared  
 To keep your promise, and like him of old,  
 The weak disciple who denied his Lord,  
 You turned a traitor to the cause of love,  
 And silently disowned it.

On your path  
 The sunlight beat too fiercely, and you wore  
 A spotless shield, and dreaded lest my touch,  
 Which would have clung to you through good and ill,  
 Should tarnish it, and loosen slander's tongue  
 Upon your footsteps' track.

It was as though  
 We buffeted the angry waves of life  
 Together. Far above our heads there drove  
 The dark tempestuous clouds, and all around,  
 As far as eye could reach, the rocking sea  
 Threatened to engulf us 'neath its crested foam,  
 When suddenly upon the treacherous tide  
 Floated a raft—a little ark of peace—  
 A place of safety, but with room for *one*.  
 Launcelot! you reached, and grasped, and boarded it,  
 And left me struggling with the waves alone.  
 I saw you ride triumphant to the shore,  
 On your bright hair the sunshine, and your lip  
 Wreathed with a smile, derisive of my fear.  
 I stretched my arms towards you as I cried—  
 "Launcelot! my Launcelot! leave me not to die.  
 Come back, if but to give one last embrace,  
 Turn your face towards me for one cheering smile,  
 Throw me a word of comfort on the blast."  
 But still the tempest raged, and on you rode  
 Lightly and gallantly above the waves,  
 Whilst I sunk deeper with each fruitless aim  
 To save myself—to follow you—or die!

Would God that I *had* died—that you had placed  
 Your cruel lips to mine, and sucked away  
 My breath; or laid your cold heart to my own  
 And stilled its beating; or had grasped my throat  
 And strangled me; it had been kinder far  
 Than thus to throw me back upon myself—  
 My prayers unanswered—my deep love denied,  
 Or mocked, as though it were an idle thing  
 That ne'er had been, or being, worth the cost.  
 Bereft—forsaken—astrayed—I sunk back  
 A senseless atom on the foaming sea,  
 And only waked to know that I was mad.  
 Aye! you may smile who never felt a grief,  
 To equal half I spent on your untruth.  
 But, God forgive me, if I were not mad;  
 And at times am so still.

For is it sane  
 To doubt the faith of Heaven because frail man  
 Has failed us?

Yet is this the bitter wrong  
 You wrought me, Launcelot!

I had once above  
 A Father Who cared for me. He is gone!  
 His voice is silent, even as your own.  
 No longer now can prayer relieve my pain,  
 Barren and stagnant, it comes back to me,  
 To make my guilt the greater, and I pray  
 And hope no more! I only know  
 That such things were, and ceased with you to be.  
 Oh! Launcelot, in your hour of success,  
 When all was joy around you, and the world  
 Looked on and said, "Well done!" was there no cry  
 To break the stillness of your summer dream?  
 No sound of failing voice above the surge  
 Of tempest? No sad vision of pale hands  
 Beating the air in anguish? nor with dawn  
 A dead heart floating on the morning tide?  
 Aye! dead for ever—cast upon the shore  
 Of life! a pulseless, nerveless thing  
 Without the power of action!

Never more  
 To bound with joy, or weep at other's woes  
 To love as it loved you, or hardest thought  
 Of all, remember that God holds a Heaven  
 In store!

This is what you have done for me!  
 How often in those days when love was ours,  
 You held me closely in your arms, as though  
 To shield me from the future, while your voice  
 Prophetically sad, would murmur low  
 "My own! My own! *where is all this to end?*"  
 Now can I answer you! Here is the end,  
 O lover! Here th' exchange you made with me!  
 A life laid waste—its brightness quenched and dead,  
 Its faith extinguished, and its hope left cold.  
 God! when I think what one kind word from you,  
 Bestowed on me ere grief turned to despair,  
 Might not have done!

Had you but cast one look  
 Of tender pity for my needless pain,  
 Or sent one line to say you grieved with me,  
 Or never should forget I had been yours,  
 I might have risen from the place I fell,  
 Wounded and bruised, indeed, but still with hope  
 And courage for the future. But you knew  
 My yearning for the sign of love, and yet  
 You passed by on the other side, and left  
 Me (may you never know *how much*) alone!—  
 And yet I pardon you! Yes; from my heart,  
 The heart you broke, my Launcelot, I forgive,  
 For I have learned your character to read  
 With eyes made clearer by my loss, and see  
 You wounded me as children wound in sport,  
 The butterfly they handle and destroy—  
 You never *really* loved me.

This is truth,  
 From which my tears have washed all gloss away  
 Until it stands out boldly and distinct  
 Upon the cold, dead wall of my belief;  
 Else, had you cared for me with half the tide  
 Of passionate feeling I poured over you,  
 Could you—as to this very hour you do—  
 Speak lightly of that miserable time,  
 And smile at memories by chance evoked?  
 Or had my kisses stung as yours stung me;  
 Or my caresses held so strange a charm,  
 Would you, whilst in my presence, give away  
 To others the same looks, same words,  
 Same sweet embraces, as were once my own?  
 So far, then, I acquit! You have no heart!  
 And children have no plumage; so they brush  
 The bloom from off the hapless insect's wing,  
 And leave it maimed and useless evermore.  
 As you have left my bruised and bleeding soul,  
 Yet I forgive; can you forgive yourself?  
 I think I hear you answer, "You are strong.  
 You know that this must be. Bury the past,

Which was a phantasy, and take the good  
The present offers you."

No, Launcelot! no!  
You gave me gold, you took it back again;  
I will not murmur, but retain your dross  
For such as have not touched a purer ore.  
Oh! I am strong to bear! I am not dead.  
See how I live, and move, and breathe, and work,  
And sleep, and take my ease, and say my prayers;  
Yet am I not the woman that I was!  
Oh, Launcelot! if you ever had one grain  
Of love for the poor creature that you held  
Next to your heart, weep for her! She is gone,  
And, in her stead, a reckless, hardened thing  
Who knows not God, discredits all her kind,  
Believes not in a Heaven, and fears no Hell.  
Yet there must be such places since you pray;  
I see you often kneeling, with calm eyes  
Cast upward, and your palms together clasped,  
And all your thoughts engrossed by things above;  
Whilst I—I hide my face upon my hands,  
And groan within myself to feel the power  
Of prayer and thanksgiving and gratitude  
All vanished, with the knowledge that your vows  
Were but a snare to lure me to my doom!  
Oh, if there be a Future for us both,  
Pray for me, dearest (dearest still to me—  
Dearest for ever!). Pray, too, for yourself,  
Lest, when we meet before God's throne above,  
And His stern voice commands me to depart  
From out His sight for evermore, I should  
Cast back and look on you—one mingled look  
Of love, reproach, and utter blank despair  
As may transform your Heaven to a Hell—  
As deep, as dark, and endless as my own.

#### MR. LAMBELLE AT LADBROKE HALL.

WE have received the following letter:—

(To the Editor of "The Spiritualist.")

SIR,—I see in your last under the above heading a long statement relative to an address delivered at Ladbroke Hall. The former communication on the same subject and by the same person I had thought would have been replied to by an independent party; but business, I am told, prevented him actualising his intentions, and so, I suppose, because the last was allowed to go unchallenged, your correspondent fancies he may go on again and add insult to injury.

A very small portion of your readers being present on the occasion referred to, very few of them are in a position to judge in the charge preferred against me; and as evidence is requisite on both sides before judgment can be given, I beg to be allowed to make a few remarks to that end. To those who have no other means of ascertaining the true facts of the case but from the report furnished by Mr. Stock, and which appeared in your journal, there can only be one conclusion, and that the one indicated by Mr. Stock; but a judgment which proceeds from *ex parte* statements only would not be accepted by any moderately informed mind. If the report be a faithful record of my unconscious utterances, then there would be ground for entertaining the charge; but if, on the other hand, the same report can be proved a hollow, trumped-up fabrication of falsehoods, the whole affair recoils upon the would-be despoiler. Many of my friends have asked me to reply and refute the report; but my plan has hitherto been to maintain an even course, indifferent to the opinions of anyone, and in this spirit I allowed the correctness of the report to go unchallenged. I am not backing those whose opinions are, in every sense, equally valuable with those of Mr. Stock, and those friends assure me, and are willing to prove, that the report was both unfair and misrepresenting; the testimony of those would hold good in any court of law equally with that of Mr. Stock or any other person, even though he have a handle to his name. And I claim as much right to say that Mr. Stock has cooked a report to suit his own ends, as he has to impute dishonesty of motive to me.

Now that the subject has been brought before the public tribunal, and my character placed at stake, let me ask your readers to consider the following points before robbing me of my unsullied reputation:—

(a) The report was furnished by Mr. Stock himself, therefore subject to the colouring of his own mind, and is essentially one-sided.

(b) The report was written from "very rough notes taken on a blank page of a hymn-book," and admittedly "a good deal altered."

(c) The report was inaccurate, and contained not even the leading thoughts of the address in question, but is, in reality, the reflex action of the mind of the would-be critic.

(d) That though points of resemblance *might* be found, they in no wise prove that the whole is an "audacious plagiarism," or else the same might be said of authors in innumerable instances.

If, then, the report can be proven to be an invention, as many can testify, and as the whole charge rests upon its veracity, it seems unnecessary to occupy further your time and space with a refutation of a most flagrant lie, to cry down an exceedingly dishonourable act, or to resent the cruel, heartless, and uncharitable conduct of one whose education and social position should have been sufficient safeguard against such mean, contemptible acts. It is too bad to have one's character taken away by persons who have nothing else to do than defame every one they meet; but the worst is there is no inducement to practise deception.

Fancy living on bread and water, and sacrificing everything which the world holds dear, and then falsify a conscience under such conditions by unprincipled conduct. For what? To make known what to me is eternal truth and a blessing incalculable. Had Spiritualism proved an *El Dorado*, gain might have been imputed to me; but, thank God, I am clear of that, as the only return I received for my five Sundays at Ladbroke Hall was a paltry 2s. 4d. A hearty lot to make one play the fool, damn a conscience, and destroy peace of mind by placing one in continual fear. I had thought the days of persecution and narrowmindedness were consigned to the limbo of the past; but recent experiences make me feel that it is as rife now as ever, and has only assumed fresh forms.

I am sorry to ask you to give me so much space to defend my position, but the importance of the case, the gravity of the charge, and the consequences at issue have forced me to this length. My name, character, and reputation remain to the present unsullied by any dishonourable actions, and I cannot suffer my honour to be ruthlessly taken away by one who fails to comprehend the subject and practical bearings of mediumship. The assertions made can be sustained, and, if so, I think your readers will concede that the treatment to which I have been subjected is cruel, and deserving of pity rather than censure.

It seems most strange that if a person expresses new thoughts and ideas he should be ridiculed and despised for his pains; yet if he gives utterance to thoughts already known, and attempts to elucidate and apply certain conclusions previously known, that he should be denounced as an arrant impostor. There is no escape from the perverted inclinations of some minds, and Mr. Stock seems to be one of those irascible, discontented beings.

It is useless for me to protest my innocence of the crime imputed to me to such unreasonable prejudiced minds, but I do hope that the more serious portion of your readers will pause before denouncing me, or allowing the unbecoming language of this "man of letters" to influence their minds. I ask them to judge fairly, and if a doubt exists, which it will be patent there does, that I may have the benefit of the doubt. To God and my own conscience I am clear, and if mortals fail to accept the truthfulness of my statement, I know that there are those who give me every assurance of my innocence and of the sincerity of my motives.

I leave the issue careless of the result, and pray that strength may be given to bear the rod of persecution as others have done before me.

W. H. LAMBELLE.

130, Marylebone-road, N.W.

[Both sides having now had their say, this correspondence must close. The charge made in the above letter against Mr. St. George Stock—a most honourable and upright man—of having told a "flagrant lie" is, of course, without a shadow of foundation, and will have no weight with anybody. We should not have printed the letter containing the accusation, but that Mr. Lambelle naturally claims the right of reply over a matter of the most vital importance to his character.—Ed. *Spiritualist*.]

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By the late WM. GREGORY, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry at Edinburgh University. Dedicated by the Author by Permission to His Grace the Duke of Argyll.

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