

The Spiritualist Newspaper

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

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SPIRITUALISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

SOMETIMES, although not often, attacks upon some of the leading dogmas of Christianity are sent to us for publication. The writers should bear in mind that the better way to advance truth is to set forth the merits of their own religious ideas, rather than to make an attack upon the sincere convictions of their neighbours. All Spiritualists probably are agreed that the life of Christ is a pattern which men may imitate with advantage, but difference of opinion creeps into our ranks, when dogmas which He never taught are put forward as authoritative. Nevertheless, a man is never convinced by means of a rude onslaught upon his household gods, and it should be borne in mind that in England the most violent attacks upon Spiritualism have been made by the priests of Science, not by the priests of Christianity. *The Christian World* newspaper put before its readers, at very great length, some of the main truths of Spiritualism, and without a single word of abuse; no orthodox scientific newspaper has done the same. Some of the ministers of the Church of England have begun to put forward the merits of Spiritualism from their pulpits, and to lay more stress upon leading good lives than upon believing in eternal punishment and other incomprehensible doctrines; their churches are consequently more or less well attended by Spiritualists. Seeing that such a friendly spirit exists, no good is done by stirring up strife by unprovokedly attacking the cherished convictions of our neighbours, who in the genial atmosphere of the revelations of Spiritualism will discover some of their hardest stones of unprofitable dogma slowly melting from their grasp. The newspapers all round have now been fairly silenced in the matter of abuse of the growing power of Spiritualism, and there is every sign that during the coming season in London, Spiritualism will widen its borders with a rapidity and popularity hitherto unknown. With this prospect in the future, silence had better be kept about differences of opinion on theological doctrines.

WELL PROVED CLAIRVOYANCE.

MR. W. M. WILKINSON, of Lincoln's Inn-fields, London, has received the following letter from Mr. F. T. Parson, M.D., of New York:—

300, Gates-avenue, Brooklyn, Dec. 1, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. WILKINSON,—You will perhaps remember my conversation with you in reference to Miss Fancher, in connection with the similar case of the "Welsh fasting girl." I have mailed you a copy of the *New York Sun*, which gives the first authentic statement of this remarkable young lady. I have known her for thirteen years, and for the last seven years very intimately, and can vouch for the circumstantial truthfulness of the entire statement, and could readily supplement it with series of similar incidents coming under the observation of myself and other members of my family. She is a beautiful character, and we all value her friendship very highly. Shrinking as she does from publicity, this has been a great trial to her, as she is a lady of the finest instincts and exquisite tastes.

I thought you would like to see this: it has been my intention to write you fully some time about the case. This account will suffice admirably, as it is prepared by a family friend in answer to, and to take the place of several garbled and incorrect statements which have recently appeared.

This poor girl has been the subject of brutal comment by some doctors.—I am, yours sincerely,

F. T. PARSON.

The above letter shows that the report in *The New York Sun* is an authorised and authentic description of the details of the case, so we proceed to quote it in full:—

THE CASE OF MISS FANCHER OF BROOKLYN.

In Downing-street, Brooklyn, has lain for thirteen years Miss Mary J. Fancher, much of the time in a trance-like condition, with feeble heart pulsations, sluggish and almost imperceptible respiration, and the chill of death upon her flesh. At times she has been transformed into a cheerful, vivacious, intelligent, entertaining young woman, and then she has relapsed into speechlessness, blindness, deafness, and entire paralysis of the senses. She has developed most astonishing powers, resembling second sight or clairvoyance, reading with ease the contents of sealed letters, describing articles in hidden packages, perusing books while absolutely blind. Sometimes her powers are voluntary, at other times they are unconsciously exercised. So little nourishment has she taken that it may be said she lives without food. She is surrounded by persons of social standing and refinement, and has always been exceedingly sensitive to any public mention or knowledge of her condition. She has ever repelled any effort to couple her manifestations with those of clairvoyants, has begged to be allowed to live and die in the retirement of her home, unmolested by strangers, and accessible only to her friends. Clergymen, physicians, men of letters and of intelligence have visited her. Among many who have taken a special interest in her are the Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Duryea, pastor of the Classon Avenue Presbyterian Church; the Rev. Dr. Henry J. Van Dyck, pastor of the Clinton-street Presbyterian Church; Prof. Charles E. West, principal of the Brooklyn Heights Seminary; George W. Benson, Henry M. Parkhurst, the astronomer; James B. Smith, the well-known architect; the Rev. Mr. Moore, former pastor of the Washington Avenue (Brooklyn) Baptist Church, but now of Geneva, N.Y.; the Rev. Dr. Prime, editor of the *New York Observer*; Dr. R. Fleet Speir, of 162, Montague-street; Dr. Robert Ormiston, of 74, Hanson-place; Dr. Mitchell, of 129, Montague-street; Dr. Kissam, of 100, Joralemon-street; and Dr. Crane, of 163, Clinton-street. Of these gentlemen, Messrs. Speir, West, and Parkhurst have made voluminous memoranda of Miss Fancher's physical and mental changes and conditions. Miss Fancher herself has written at great length descriptions of her feelings and sensations.

PHYSIOLOGICAL SYMPTOMS.—THE NERVOUS SYSTEM DERANGED—SIGHT, HEARING, SPEECH, AND CONSCIOUSNESS LOST AND RESTORED—LIFE WITHOUT NOURISHMENT.

At the age of fourteen years Mary J. Fancher was sent to the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, in Montague-street, and there she remained for four years. She had not vigorous health, yet she was faithful to every duty, and was a close student. One of her instructors says that rarely has he seen a brighter or more interesting Miss. Her father had means to gratify her youthful inclinations. She obtained an excellent education, and at the age of eighteen years was ready to graduate. About that time in a horseback ride she fell, and several of her ribs were broken. From the injury she quickly recovered, only to meet with another and a more serious accident. As she was alighting from a horse-car the conductor, thinking she had stepped to the ground, rang the signal to start, and, turning from her, walked to the front of the car. Miss Fancher's dress caught on the step, and the starting of the vehicle threw her with violence to the pavement. She was dragged a long distance before her situation was perceived. Her spine was seriously injured and her body and head frightfully bruised. In a short time she went into convulsions. She was carried to the residence of her aunt, Mrs. Crosby, in Downing-street, and put into the bed, whence she has never been removed since, save for a few minutes at a time.

This was early in 1865. Very soon after the accident she underwent most astonishing physical changes. Her nervous

system was uncontrollable whenever she was in any manner excited, while she was absolutely paralysed at other times. In succession she was bereft of vision, speech, and hearing. From violent spasms she drifted into a trance-like state, from which it required the unremitting efforts of physicians and friends to arouse her. At the expiration of twenty days her faculties were all restored. For half an hour she saw, articulated, and listened. Then these three senses deserted her again, and within ten more days her fingers became clenched, her jaws locked, her limbs twisted. Spasms were thereafter more frequent and violent.

LIFE WITHOUT FOOD.

The days slipped away into weeks before she was able to keep any food on her stomach, and it was just short of two months that she was without nourishment. Then very light food was one day given her with seemingly beneficial results. She has eaten altogether since that day—nearly thirteen years ago—not so much food in the aggregate as an ordinarily healthful girl of her age would eat in forty-eight hours.

Three months and a half after the accident she went into a rigid trance for twenty-one hours, and then passed into a relaxed trance that lasted for three days. Her throat became paralysed, and she could neither swallow nor utter a sound. Her right arm doubled up back of her head and became fixed there with the rigidity of death. A year later this condition was followed by absolute rigidity of body, with the exception of the left arm and hand, which she was able to use. This latter condition lasted for nine years, in all of which time she was continually drifting into and out of trances. She continued to be blind, the pupil of the eyes being rolled upward, and the whites only visible when the lids were parted for examination. Very tightly indeed were the lids sealed, and with difficulty were they opened. She had the power of speech however, almost all of the time, although it left her at intervals.

Three years ago the rigidity of her body relaxed and sight and hearing were restored. Memory of everything that had happened in the nine years disappeared. She could not recognise friends whose acquaintance had been made in that period. Her thoughts went back to events that were happening when she sank into the nine years' stupor, and she began to talk of them as though they had occurred an hour before. In all the nine years she had been in a semi-unconscious condition, possessed, however, at times of astonishing mental vigour and of mechanical ingenuity. She refused food when offered to her, saying it made her sick. Dr. Speir and Dr. Ormiston forced food into her stomach with the pump, and, after paralysis of the throat came on, tried to feed her through a silver tube inserted in the neck. Food sickened her, however, and, eventually, all efforts to induce her to take nourishment were abandoned. At long intervals she expressed a wish for the juice of some fruit or for a bit of candy, but she rejected solid matter, and for weeks and months, according to her own assertion and that of her attendants, she swallowed nothing. Her physical condition was constantly changing. One day she was without sense except touch; the next she could hear, and taste, and talk. But her eyes did not open until the end of the nine years.

THE BODY COLD AS THOUGH IN DEATH.

At intervals during these nine years the body frequently became as cold as though in death, no warmth being detected except in the region of the heart. That organ kept up a slow, measured pulsation, except when she went into trances; then its beating was often imperceptible. Her head and shoulders retained their normal condition, but soon after each of these attacks, her legs would be drawn up and contorted, her feet contracted. At the same time, to quote the language of her physicians, "her intestines shrivelled and wasted away, leaving little more than a coating of skin over the back bone in the cavity they had occupied. They became almost entirely inoperative, and for years were completely so." She was so sensitive to heat in the nine years' period of rigidity that fire was not lighted in her room, nor was the temperature raised in any manner. In midwinter her only covering was a single sheet, and the window was kept partly open. In all these years her right arm remained bent

behind her head, and when relaxation returned at the end of that period, the member was not released from its tension, as was the rest of the body. The arm remains still in the same cramped position.

For the last three years her physical changes have been frequent and painful. She has been afflicted with many disorders and diseases, and has successively lost and regained several of the senses. That of sight, which returned with relaxation, continued until the early part of last July, and then her eyelids closed again. While she did see, however, her eyeballs were fixed and staring. From the first she has not slept, except while in a trance. Several times in the earlier years it was thought she was dead, so cold had her body become, so rigid her limbs and flesh, so motionless her lungs and heart. But vigorous rubbing with stimulating liquors, and persistent attention, brought her again to consciousness. While in the nine years of rigidity she suffered intensely from neuralgic pains. These the physicians became convinced were increased by the bad condition of her teeth, that suddenly had begun to decay. A dentist was summoned to extract them, but the jaws were so locked that it was not until chloroform was administered that her mouth could be opened. Then every tooth was removed. On recovering from the influence of the chloroform she went into the most violent of all the spasms she has had.

POWERS OF SECOND SIGHT—SEALED LETTERS DECIPHERED—DISTANT FRIENDS SEEN AND THEIR SURROUNDINGS DESCRIBED—WORKS OF ART FASHIONED BY A BLIND GIRL.

No sooner had Miss Fancher emerged from her first trance, soon after the accident, than she astonished her relatives by an extraordinary description of what she had seen while in that condition. It was unmistakable second sight. As the trances continued, the manifestations increased. She watched and related in detail the movements of the family's friends in different parts of the city, and ultimately narrated what was happening to those who were many miles away. She read letters that were enclosed in envelopes and kept in the pockets of those about her. She recognised persons who rang the door bell, while they were still outside the house, and of course not visible to her. She read books whose covers were closed, and newspapers that were folded. Every day brought some new and astonishing development of this power. Yet with all this was the most sensitive repugnance toward letting her condition become known to the general public through the newspapers, or toward being a subject of talk or gossip by strangers. Her friends were always welcome to her bedside, but it was long before a stranger was admitted, and yet longer before she could be persuaded to show her powers to any but the most intimate friends. This sensitiveness continues even to the closing of the thirteenth year of her illness. She will not consent that her friends shall give any information concerning her that is intended for publicity. And they have so far acceded to her desires that, although repeatedly sought for, it is not until very recently that any details of her curious existence have been obtained. She numbers among her frequent visitors clergymen, physicians, scholars, and men of science, many of whose names are mentioned in this article, and all of whom are seriously interested in her marvellous condition. She lies in a modest, yet comfortable home, surrounded by the fashionable avenues of that part of Brooklyn known as the Hill. Her intelligent and ladylike bearing, the unquestionable position of those with whom she is surrounded, her unmistakable truthfulness, the abhorrence with which she regards publicity, and the absence of any motive for enriching herself or her friends by the use of her gifts, seem to those who have studied her case to preclude the possibility of intentional deception or imposition.

HER APPEARANCE WHILE IN TRANCE.

It is in the condition of trance that Miss Fancher makes her most astonishing revelations. At these times she suddenly starts as though charged from an electric battery, and instantly becomes rigid in every joint and muscle. Her face takes on sometimes a most painful expression, at others one of positive pleasure; yet, oftener, it is as the face of one who is dead. To those unaccustomed to seeing her, the conviction that she is indeed dead is irresistible. A death-like pallor creeps over the already pale face. Not the slightest

movement is perceptible in any of her muscles. She ceases to breathe. Her body becomes cold. Her heart gives out no pulsations that are easily detected, although her physicians have not convinced themselves that it does not beat. The initiatory start oftentimes raises her up into a half-sitting, half-reclining position, in which she remains as immovable as though she were of marble. Every one who has seen her in this condition speaks of the beauty and pathos of the scene—the ashen complexion; the brown, fine waving hair streaming towards her shoulders, yet not reaching them; the faultless features, neither wrinkled nor drawn nor wasted, and yet not rounded and ruddy as in her school-girl days; one hand and graceful arm transfixed in its position at the instant of attack, perhaps pointing upward, perhaps extended to receive a visitor's salutation, perhaps folded over her breast; the other arm bent behind her head as though she were resting upon it; the eyes closed.

She remains thus sometimes for half an hour, sometimes for half a minute. She has remained so for twenty-four hours. After she recovers, the breathing for a few seconds is very laboured, and she is exhausted, the muscles relax to their former condition, and she settles back upon her pillow with a very marked expression of either acute sorrow or great pleasure upon her face, for her experiences in the trance give her one or the other of these sensations.

The trances are the only rest she obtains. She never sleeps. Day and night are alike to her. She can distinguish persons, forms, and colours with as much accuracy at midnight as at midday, although it is established beyond question that she has not the sight of her natural eyes, nor has she had such normal sight save in the interval mentioned since the beginning of the attack.

THE EFFECT OF EXCITEMENT.

Any undue excitement throws her into a trance—a thunder clap, the firing of a cannon, the unexpected intrusion of a stranger into her room, worry over an absent member of the household; and the trances are repeated with rapidity until her mind is again in repose. Oftentimes, when worried over the absence of some loved one, she has said, "I must search for her," and has gone into the trance. On emerging therefrom, if asked whether her search was successful, she answers promptly, if in the affirmative: "Yes; I saw her in — street; she will soon be home," and very soon in walks the wanderer. Sometimes she is not successful in several attempts, but she ceases not until satisfied. At other times her vision wanders. It has gone to a summer seat on the Hudson, where were several of her friends, and she has afterwards been able to describe minutely the houses, the barns, the meadows and fences, the water in front of and the woodland in the rear of the dwelling, and with a fidelity that is instantly recognised by those familiar with the region. When scientific men and physicians have produced some extraordinarily difficult tests she has been obliged to wait until the trance condition came upon her; for it does not seem always to be voluntary. But if it is a simple question of reading an ordinary sealed letter, or announcing the arrival of a person at the street door, she easily solves the difficulty without recourse to the trance. As she rests continually upon her right side, her face is averted from the entrance to the room. Yet she oftentimes knows who enters although unable to turn her head, and is quick to discern any peculiarity or change of dress. If a gentleman friend puts on a white necktie in early spring, after having worn a black one, she is quite likely to cry out, her face averted: "Good afternoon, Mr. —. Where did you get your necktie?" It has been deemed necessary to darken her room, and the shades are tightly drawn; yet the darkness does not affect her vision. She is ever busy in the darkness, reading, or at needle or waxwork, or casting up the accounts of the family, for she keeps a record of every expenditure. She writes letters with astonishing rapidity, in a neat legible hand, although it is certain she cannot see with normal sight, and, mindful of the interest that her condition may excite among scientific men, she has kept a complete record of her feelings, her sensations while in a trance and out of it, her religious beliefs as strengthened or shaken by the revelations of her peculiar state, and of everything that she thinks will interest

her friends. This record she guards with care. She is willing that it may be given to the public after her death, but not until then.

Her fondness for dogs and cats, birds and squirrels, has amounted almost to a passion, yet, strangely enough, her pets do not live long. Whether she draws the life from them has been an interesting study for some of the men of intelligence who have visited her.

Persons who have entered the room have found her apparently doing nothing, and have asked her why she was idle. "Oh, I am reading such and such a book."

"Well, where is it?"

"Under the bedclothes, here," and she produces it and talks of its contents.

BLIND, YET ABLE TO DISCRIMINATE COLOURS.

While Miss Fancher's eyes were absolutely sightless, the eyelids being closed, and the eyeballs fixed as though in death, she was able with facility and without seeming effort to make marvels of fancy work. For her gentlemen friends she embroidered suspenders, and worked slippers and watch-pockets, and for companions of her girlhood she made needlework of all kinds, pincushions, and wax flowers. Every stitch was in proper place, every shade of coloured thread and worsted was correctly drawn. Her handiwork was as near perfection as could be. Some of it was sent to fairs, where, its maker being unknown, it was pronounced superior to all others of its kind exhibited. Sometimes she worked from paper patterns purchased at a fancy store, sometimes from other fancy work, but oftener she originated her designs. It was impossible to deceive her in the quality or shade of the materials with which she worked, her rare power of so-called second sight enabling her to detect any flaw with greater accuracy than did the natural vision of her friends. Once, when a peculiarly delicate effect in a piece of worsted work called for an especial shade, it was necessary to ask a gentleman friend to procure it for her in New York city. Miss Fancher evinced considerable anxiety lest an error should be made in the selection, and gave more minute directions concerning its purchase than was her practice. In due time her friend returned with the parcel. "You've brought the wrong shade, I am sorry to say," was the greeting she gave him before he had so much as spoken to her, and while the worsted was yet in his pocket.

"It's just according to sample, Miss Mollie. The salesman was very particular to compare them."

"Yes, he may have thought so, but it's a shade too light, and it will not do."

The worsted was produced, and the pattern from which the work was to be made was put by its side. Those in the room could not detect a difference. The sick girl insisted that it was too light. "Take it back, please, when you are passing, and the expert will convince you that I am right," she said. Back went the gentleman with the worsted.

"You gave me the wrong shade," said he to the clerk.

That young man examined and denied.

"Call your expert," said the ambassador; and the expert came.

"It is a lighter shade than the sample," was the expert's decision; and he quickly produced the proper one.

"This is just right," was Miss Fancher's greeting, as the second parcel was handed to her unopened.

MARVELS IN WAX-WORK.

Yet more astonishing are her effects in wax-work. Without having taken a lesson, and without knowledge of botany, and, too, without pattern, she fashions in wax beautiful designs—windows filled with flowers, and vines, and butterflies, bouquets, crosses, and anchors. Once asked how she was able to do all this, she answered, "Oh, I see the leaves, and then make others like them."

All this wax-work making, and embroidery, and needlework on canvas is made while one hand is rigidly held back of her head. With this hand she holds her work, and plies the needle with the other. Even though she had the sight of her eyes, it must be impossible for her to see the work in the position in which she is compelled to hold it. She works or reads by night, no light whatever being in the room, with the same facility as by day, and not for an instant hesitates to select the proper shade and size of worsted from the score of

colours and sizes that are within her reach. She works monograms of her own fancy into the silk handkerchiefs of her gentlemen friends, and puts butterflies, and leaves, and birds upon them with rare taste and skill. One of the most beautiful of her wax-work productions, an exquisite and delicate bower of roses and creepers, adorns the parlour of Professor West's Brooklyn Heights Seminary, 126, Montague-street. She has neglected none of her friends: all have some little gem of her own fashioning.

WATCHING HER DISTANT FRIENDS.

The faculty that the young lady's friends have most frequently noticed in her, is that of following some of her acquaintances—those who are dearest to her as a rule—from place to place. Hundreds of times she has done this with scarcely an error as to place or occurrence. For example, one afternoon she suddenly said, "I see — (mentioning the gentleman's name) in his office. (The office was in New York.) He is closing his desk. (After five minutes' pause.) He is walking down Fulton-street. (Another pause.) Now he is getting into a Fulton-avenue car. With him is a tall gentleman with black eyes, black hair, and moustache—they are talking and the car has started. Now they are passing the City Hall. There, the tall gentleman has got out of the car at St. Felix-street and — is coming on alone. He, too, has got out of the car and is coming this way—I guess he is coming here. Yes, he is; here he comes around the corner; look out and you will see him," and looking from the window the gentleman referred to was indeed seen approaching at a rapid pace, and was soon in the room.

"Whom did you ride up with?" was asked by one of the persons to whom Miss Fancher had been describing the ride.

"Mr. —."

"Describe him."

"Tall, black hair, moustache, and eyes; he left me at St. Felix-street—why?"

"Mollie has been watching you for three-quarters of an hour or so, and has been telling us about this tall man. You had better be careful how you carry yourself," was the reply.

HER SIGHT NOT OMNIPRESENT.

It may be of interest to those who would seek searching inquiry into the girl's powers of sight-seeing to know that she cannot follow two persons who take different directions. This was proved unintentionally by an incident a few months only, after the remarkable power was first developed, and one that was at that time considered the most astonishing of her performances. An intimate lady friend was convinced that Miss Fancher's powers were identical with those possessed by clairvoyants, so she wished to consult a clairvoyant that she might compare the two. Miss Fancher had, from the first, disclaimed any connection with so-called clairvoyants. To be classed with them or to be suspected of employing their methods, so far as she knew what their methods were, gave her mental pain. Her sensitiveness upon the subject made her unhappy. Seeming to divine that her powers would certainly be called by some clairvoyance, she took especial occasion to beg that no clairvoyant, or spiritualist, or second-sight seer be permitted to see her. She wished to have nothing to do with them. This feeling, therefore, led this intimate friend to make no mention of her desire to consult a clairvoyant, knowing that it would pain Miss Fancher to know of the visit. Before starting, the lady called upon the girl, and, after a half-hour's stay, started to go. At the same time a gentleman friend present arose to go. "See if you can follow me where I go," he said, as he left the room with the lady. The gentleman went to New York and the lady to a clairvoyant's house, where, having tested the clairvoyant's powers to her satisfaction, she drifted off into a general talk in which Miss Fancher's case was mentioned, and at length departed. Thoroughly interested, the lady decided to go again to see her. She found the girl sobbing as though heart-broken.

"What is the matter, dear?" the visitor asked, soothingly.

"You have been to see a clairvoyant about me, and it makes me feel, oh, so badly," was the reply; and Miss Fancher proceeded to narrate in exact detail through what streets the lady had walked, and at what number she had rung the bell and been admitted. The details were absolutely correct. It was an incident that had interested the girl more than any other as yet coming within her notice since her changed con-

dition, and is regarded by many as proof that things that most directly concern her are things which her powers of sight-seeing most clearly define. The next time that the gentleman friend called, he asked: "Did you follow me the other day, as I asked you to?" to which she answered: "Yes, until your car reached Cumberland-street; then I saw that Mrs. — (mentioning her lady friend's name) was doing something that very much interested and pained me, and I could not go with you any further, but had to go with her." She seems to have been enabled to follow both in their separate paths for a short distance, although they took different routes after a few steps together; but after her mind became fixed upon the lady's movements, in which seemingly greater mental effort was used, whether required or not, her gentleman friend was lost to view.

The two stories of Miss Fancher's powers of sight-seeing that her friends tell of with the greatest interest are of the return of her uncle Isaac from California, and the welcome home, some time afterward, of her lost pet dog. Her uncle, Mr. Isaac Crosby, went to California before the accident to Miss Fancher, and while she was a comparatively little girl. He was strong, healthy, and robust, with a full face and a big chest. While in California he contracted consumption, and nine years after his arrival there, returned to Brooklyn, and first of all sought Mrs. Crosby, with whom Miss Fancher lives. Prof. West, her old instructor, and Mrs. Crosby, sat in her room when the door bell was rung. Mrs. Crosby started to answer the summons, and as she stepped from the room Miss Fancher exclaimed in astonished tones, "Why, its Uncle Ike!"

"Who is Uncle Ike?" asked Prof. West.

"Uncle Ike! Why, he went to California before I went to your school. How he has changed—how sick he looks." And Miss Fancher entertained the Professor with a description of the uncle's departure for the land of gold, how he then appeared, and his contrasted physiognomy on his return. Meantime Mrs. Crosby had opened the door, and not recognising her brother, asked the visitor's business. Mr. Crosby had indeed so changed that it required some little talk to convince the sister of his identity. After a half hour she returned upstairs and saluted Miss Fancher with "Who do you think is down in the parlour?" and Miss Fancher very promptly answered, "Uncle Ike, of course, and he is very sick." The girl had instantly recognised him, while, of course, it was impossible for her to see him.

Miss Fancher's pet dog had contrived to find a warmer place in her heart than had her other pets. He rarely left her, and he was much of a companion in her long hours of wakefulness. But one day the dog disappeared from the house and was seen again no more for some time. Miss Fancher mourned for him, but she insisted that he would soon return again, and she seemed to be constantly looking for him. It was about two o'clock one rainy, tempestuous morning that she aroused Mrs. Crosby. "Get up, get up," she cried, "the dog is coming home. I see him way down the avenue. He is coming this way and he will soon be here." Mrs. Crosby did not hurry, and Miss Fancher broke out once more, "Here he comes nearer. Go down and let him in; he'll be here by the time you get into the door; there he is across the street—now he's on the steps." Mrs. Crosby went down and there was the lost dog, wet, gaunt, hungry, but happy to get home. He was taken to Miss Fancher, and in the silent hours preceding the break of day she fed him with the best the house afforded.

A gentleman who had been a frequent visitor entered her room one afternoon, and, laughingly tossing a wallet in the air, said, "Tell me how much change is in there and I will give it you."

"Sixty-seven cents," was the girl's reply.

The gentleman, who did not himself know how much money the wallet contained, counted its contents. Miss Fancher's declaration had been correct.

Her powers of vision seem to have no limit. She has not only seen and described the appearance and actions of friends in other cities, but has been able to picture the doings of very near acquaintances who, for a time, lived in the Bermuda Islands.

THE MIND FREED FROM THE BONDAGE OF THE BODY.

"I have known of Mollie Fancher for several years," said the Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, pastor of the Classon Avenue

Presbyterian Church. "I have seen her, and I have bestowed some study and considerable thought upon her. After I had become convinced that she really did the strange things that were told of her, I mentioned her in some of my discourses. Mr. George W. Benson, who is well known here in Brooklyn as the Chairman of our Committee of One Hundred that under took to purify city politics, and who is this week out of town, saw her day after day for years, and was absolutely amazed at her powers. I had known of her some time before I went to see her, and in passing the house I had once or twice stopped to speak with her aunt when she happened to be at the door. The afternoon I called upon Miss Fancher I was with Mr. Benson. He entered the room in advance of me and motioned me to silence. After he had conversed with her a few sentences, he said: 'Mollie, who is this?'

"She answered, 'I don't see anybody except you.'

"'Look sharp,' was the rejoinder; and then the girl made a movement as though in mental effort, and after a moment answered, 'I see him now; it's Dr. Duryea.'

"'Did you ever see him before?'

"'Yes, down at the gate, talking to aunt.'

"'How long ago?'

"'About three weeks—the day aunt went down to call the dog.'

"'Now how can you prove to Dr. Duryea that you saw him there?'

"'He wore a rubber coat.'

"Then," added Dr. Duryea, "I remembered that it rained, and as I had to go to the church and then to a funeral that afternoon, I had slipped on my rubber coat. I remembered it more particularly for the reason that it was the last time I ever wore the coat. I gave it to the driver as I entered the coach, after the funeral, and he hung it up to dry by a stove in the livery stable on his return, and it was burned up. It was on my way from the church to the funeral that I stopped, for a moment only, to talk to Mollie's aunt. Mollie's Spitz dog was out on the step barking at boys that were teasing it, and the aunt had gone out to take it in. The girl described us perfectly."

"Being convinced then that Miss Fancher practises no deception, how are her powers to be explained?'"

"It is impossible to satisfactorily account for them. That she has most astonishing powers of seeing friends in different parts of the country and city, and of doing other almost incomprehensible things, I have not a doubt. The child cannot deceive; she is beyond that; she does not wish to practise imposition. But her physical changes have in some manner released her mind from the imprisonment of the body, and she does with it what other mortals cannot do with theirs. Here she is deprived first of hearing, then of sight, then of speech, her throat paralysed—sealed up so that nothing could be passed through it—in such a state that you might as well expect her to swallow a ramrod as a piece of bread; her abdominal organs in the same condition. The mind or spirit was absolutely confined. May it not with a mighty effort have burst away, and, once partly freed from the confines of the physical body, have been governed by other and higher laws than those that control it while under the bondage of the body? That men's minds are largely subject to their physical condition is well understood. Occasionally, as in this instance, under peculiar conditions, we find this power, which we call second-sight or clairvoyance. What it is we have not yet ascertained, for the reason, possibly, that so few of the cases have been scientifically investigated; no critical comparisons of one case with another have been made to discover the analogies. I think such instances should have the most widespread publicity of descriptions of their mental and physical phenomena. The more we know of them the sooner we shall solve their mysteries."

"Miss Fancher sees the images of those who have gone before her to the spirit world?'"

"Miss Fancher unquestionably thinks that she sees them, and communes with them. Yet this is not so incomprehensible as some of her other acts. She has known their faces upon earth. With increased mental powers naturally comes increased imagination. I can readily understand how little increase of imagining it would require for you or for me to think in our dreams or out of them, for that matter, that we are talking with those who are dead. Men imagine they are sick while they are well, and imagine they are well while they

are sick—imagine almost every conceivable thing; nevertheless, they always have had something from which to work. Miss Fancher may think she is in heaven, yet she had read enough in her Bible to give her a basis for making a picture of heaven in her mind. While I do not say that she has not seen so-called spiritual sights, I can see an explanation of why she thinks she has seen them. It is her power of sight of things upon earth that are concealed from the sight of others that puzzles me. Tests are made of the powers in which she has absolutely no foundation from which to work. How does she arrange and decipher the contents of a letter that has been cut into pieces and sealed within an envelope—a letter the contents of which those who gave it to her had not the slightest notion. Let's settle that before we get into the merits of what it is possible may be produced by a heightened imagination; it's the more astonishing performance."

"Miss Fancher's case is known to many in the neighbourhood, is it not?'"

"It is; I very often mention it, and I teach its lesson. I like to see such peculiar manifestations of the mind and the body made public. They teach the difference of existence between the spirit and the flesh, and the superiority of the one over the other. I have followed her closely, and always with no more deep wonderment at her peculiar manifestations than admiration of the sweet, contented cheerfulness of her disposition, the purity and simplicity of her life, and her steadfast hope."

SEVERE TESTS OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

Mr. Henry M. Parkhurst, of 173, Gates-avenue, Brooklyn, who is favourably known among scientific men as an astronomer and a student, became interested in Miss Fancher's case early in its development. He has closely watched the changes in her condition, and has kept a complete record of them. He has spent hours at her bedside, and, wishing to satisfy himself from a scientific basis, has made many tests of her powers, and has reached many interesting conclusions. Mr. Parkhurst was at first inclined to suspect that Miss Fancher's power of second sight was derived from an ability to read minds. It was noticed that she rarely extended her vision beyond her friends, or some one who in some way was interested in her. "She reads their thoughts," said Mr. Parkhurst to himself. To prove or disprove this theory he made two tests. If I take to her a sealed letter, the contents of which neither myself nor any of her friends has any knowledge, and she is unable to decipher it, my theory will be strengthened, mused he. From the waste basket of a New York gentleman he fished an unimportant business letter without reading it, tore it into ribbons, and tore the ribbons into squares. He shook the pieces well together, put them into an envelope, and sealed it. This he subsequently handed to Miss Fancher. The blind girl took the envelope in her hand, passed her hand over it several times, called for paper and pencil, and wrote the letter verbatim. The seal of the envelope had not been broken. Mr. Parkhurst himself opened it, pasted the contents together, and compared the two. Miss Fancher's was a literal copy of the original.

Nevertheless, Mr. Parkhurst wished to make a severer test. He called two friends to assist him. In his house was hunted up an ancient report of a mining company that was yellow with many years of keeping. Turning at random to a page, the other gentleman standing too far away to be able to read the text, Mr. Parkhurst cut out a fragment of the leaf containing tabulated figures, and, beneath the tables, explanations of them. He averted his face as much as was possible, that he might not know even to what the text or the figures referred. Then he folded the fragment in his fingers, and with the scissors cut it into a score of pieces. Some of the bits fell upon the floor, and were allowed to remain there untouched. The others were put in an envelope by Mr. Parkhurst, and the envelope was sealed. Then Mr. Parkhurst handed the envelope to one of the gentlemen, who put it within a second envelope and sealed it, affixing a waxen wafer. In turn it was given to the third of the party, and he enclosed it in a third envelope in the same manner. Then the gentleman went to Miss Fancher's room and asked her to give them the contents of the envelope. She took it from them, passed her thumb rapidly over it several times, and then began to write. "It is nonsense," said she. "Figures in which there are blank places; words that are incomplete; sentences

in which words are missing." But the girl wrote on. Some of her sentences skipped three or four words, and began with the last five letters of a word that had ten letters. The tables of figures that she made contained blank places, but she wrote it out, and taking it with them the gentlemen went back to Mr. Parkhurst's. The original fragment from the pamphlet was pasted together, the parts that had fallen to the floor and had not been put into the envelope being designated with an ink mark. The comparison revealed that Miss Fancher had made a faithful copy of the contents of the envelope, even to writing the parts of incomplete words that had been cut in two by the scissors, the other letters of the word having fallen to the floor. Sentences, too, had been rendered intelligible by the same process; but they were written just as they appeared after mutilation.

Fix it as he might, Miss Fancher was always able to decipher Mr. Parkhurst's tests, and the result of those in this particular direction seemed convincing that mind reading was not necessarily the secret of her second sight-seeing. That she does read minds has been established, however, by a different line of experiments. Whatever her aunt, Mrs. Crosby, knows, Miss Fancher very soon has in her possession, and it seems to matter very little what is the nature of the information.

Mr. Parkhurst was asked to reveal the result of many other tests that it is known he has made. His reply, in substance, was, "My relations with Miss Fancher and with her relatives have been of the most confidential nature. She has insisted that no information shall be given for publication, and I cannot violate her wish. The time will come when it will all be published—after her death, possibly. You know in general of the wonderful things she does; why seek details?"

"Your tests have convinced you that there is no imposition?"

"I am more than satisfied that Mollie Fancher never attempted deception. What she does is in the greatest simplicity, and never with desire that others than her few intimate friends may know of it. She is exceedingly sensitive to publicity. I should be most happy to inform the world of what I have known, and the conclusions I have reached concerning her, but without her consent I cannot do so. But I do say that she has not a thought of imposing upon or deceiving anybody."

(To be continued.)

ONE much to be regretted effect of the proposed strict economy of the National Association of Spiritualists during 1879, will be, that the engagement of Miss Burke as assistant secretary will terminate at the end of the present month. Miss Burke's unusual poetical ability is well known, and she is highly popular with the members. Will nobody take steps to prevent the change?

SUNDAY SERVICES AT NOTTING-HILL.—Mr. W. H. Lambelle writes:—"The series of meetings recently organised in Ladbroke Hall is being pursued with vigour. The discourses on the Origin of Religious Ceremonies have, for the present, been postponed, in order that such subjects as will explain more fully the teachings and philosophy of Spiritualism may be dealt with. The neighbourhood is, comparatively speaking, new to the entire subject, hence the advisability of the change. Last Sunday evening the subject of address was An Inquiry into the Essential Qualities of Spirit; and next Sunday evening will be devoted to the discussion of the theme, Man Naturally and Necessarily a Spiritual Being. The morning services, commencing at 11.30, consist of short addresses and questions at the close. Friends are cordially invited to support these meetings with their presence, and to introduce them to the notice of their acquaintances.—Ladbroke Hall, Ladbroke-grove-road, Notting-hill Station, W."

THE SOUTHAMPTON PHILOSOPHICAL AND MUSICAL SOCIETY.—The ninth lecture in connection with this society was delivered in the Kell Memorial Schools on Thursday evening, by Mr. Fahrig, of Southampton, the subject being "Spiritualism." There was a large audience. The chair was taken by the Rev. D. Amos. Mr. Fahrig said he held it to be a fact that this life of ours on earth, which was *prima facie* so material, was yet essentially spiritual, that it was purely probationary, an earthly curriculum, and that ethereal beings who watched our career sympathised with our condition, and, in a thousand ways, ministered to and for our benefit. And yet—though this opinion was shared by a vast majority of mankind—it was regarded as "a thing incredible" that spiritual beings had power to manifest their presence in a manner that must for ever remove all doubts of their existence. That was just the point in dispute, and the affirmative of which he was there to prove. The lecturer then dwelt on the distinct phases of spiritualistic belief, and asked his audience to turn away from the wicked impostures practised in its name, and to realise with him its grand proof of the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. Some discussion followed, and the proceedings terminated in the usual manner.—*Southampton Times*.

"SPIRIT DRAPERY."

BY C. C. MASSEY.

I do not frequently trouble you with records of phenomena occurring under my own observation. I have found that, scientifically, sufficient and unexceptionable evidence of these things is extremely rare and difficult to obtain. To obtain it is one of the greatest of satisfactions. It renews one's faith and imparts reality to speculations that far transcend the immediate significance of the facts. The following account of the appotation of drapery to a cabinet during a *séance*, and its sequel, not only have a special interest just now, but present, for those who can confide in the accuracy of my statements, as good a piece of evidence as can be had consistently with reliance on human testimony.

The circle consisted of four intimate friends, including myself, one of them being a powerful but not a professional medium, whose only interest in assisting us was friendship, and the direction of a "control" that we should sit for this particular experiment. I am not at liberty to give his or her name, and for this reason I think it better also not to publish the names of the other two, or our place of meeting, which was not on the premises of the medium. I enclose these particulars, however, in confidence for your own satisfaction. At our first *séance* for this purpose, the change of clothing and substitution of coloured garments provided by one of us were believed to be absolutely complete. The name of the person performing this operation would be a guarantee to all acquaintances of the good faith and thoroughness with which it would be accomplished. We entered what I will call the cabinet before the medium, and satisfied ourselves that its bare walls and floor (over which we threw a rug) enclosed nothing available for deceit by man, woman, or spirit. After the medium had gone in, we reduced the light, which remained sufficient for observation, and took our seats about four or five feet from and in front of the "cabinet." We soon heard the voice of the spirit, the "control," or the entranced medium, whichever any one may like to suppose. Shortly afterwards a long, gauzy, white fabric was waved before us, flung over us, and we were allowed to feel it. A figure appeared to us, spoke to us, and touched us. I asked if the drapery had been materialised or bought, and was answered (with a directness too unusual)—"Brought, of course." We were importunate to know "whence;" but our strange visitor apparently thought that the traditional reticence of the "materialised spirit" had been sufficiently departed from in the information already vouchsafed, and we could obtain no satisfaction on this head. We asked that the drapery might be left with us, and it was thrown out at once. We lit up, woke the medium, and examined our prize, which turned out to be three yards of common muslin, apparently cut from a piece.

Our purpose seemed accomplished of experimentally demonstrating a fact of great importance to mediums inculpated upon no better evidence than the seizure of such mundane fabrics. Accordingly I prepared the above account, and had submitted it to my colleagues in the investigation before forwarding it to you, when a slight exception was taken, or appeared to me to be taken, *by the medium*, to the perfect sufficiency of the test. I at once communicated the doubt to the others, and though they (one of them a gentleman of great scientific attainments, and of experience moreover in these investigations) agreed in treating it as extravagant, it was resolved to repeat the experiment with due provision against the suggested fallacy before reporting it to you. Accordingly, we sat again the other day, and this time the precautions taken were absolutely exhaustive; and it is not too much to say that unless one of us, a person of the highest honour and character (the medium, of course, cheerfully recognising the scientific propriety of being treated exactly on the footing of a suspected impostor), was wilfully deceiving us, the medium entered the cabinet, which was again examined, without the possibility of having any objectionable material concealed on the person. Yet the same phenomenon recurred, with this difference. After exhibiting a great length of the white, gauzy fabric, we were directed to take it, examine it, and then to bring the medium out to sit with us at the table for a few minutes. We did so, the

material differing from that formerly brought, in that it was of the substance called grenadine instead of muslin, but of about the same length as the other. After a short interval, medium and drapery were replaced in the cabinet, and then we agreed to ask that the drapery, instead of being left as before, should be taken away by the spirit power, and the medium subjected to another thorough examination. The "dainty Ariel," who was serving us so well, at once complied; we brought out the medium, and the grenadine was gone. The medium was searched, and the change of clothes, the *entire* change, was effected without the former having been out of sight of all of us for a single moment. And we watched this individual, whom in our hearts we knew to be superior to any suspicion of wretched trickery as either of ourselves, with as much and as incessant vigilance (every gesture and movement being observed) as though the very reverse were the case. No trace of the drapery was to be found.

The last act remains to be described.

I left with the medium, who had never quitted the room since the conclusion of the *séance*, except with our friend deputed to the search, and only on that occasion. On our way it occurred to us that, as the spirits were in such a good humour, we might possibly recover the missing fabric by us two sitting for it forthwith at the medium's residence. A cab soon took us there. I made a hasty but sufficient search of the apartment, looking especially on the floor under and round the table at which we sat. The lamp had been extinguished, but it was far too cold to sacrifice the excellent fire, which we could only imperfectly screen, so there was a tolerable light. At once on sitting, I took both the medium's hands in mine. A shower of raps came on the table. "You know what we want—will you bring it?" Rap, rap, rap. A few moments' silence, then more raps. "Have you brought it?" "Yes." We sprung up, looked on the floor, and found—nothing. The medium was provoked. Only a few days ago a most mischievous prank, occasioning much inconvenience, had been played, and it seemed likely that we were being made fools of. However, at my instance we sat again—my precautionary search on the floor immediately preceding my again taking the medium's hands. Again came the exulting raps. "Has it come?" "Yes." "Is it on the floor?" "Yes." Search again, and there, not quite under the table, and two or three feet from the medium, was spread the grenadine, to all sight, touch, and measurement, the identical piece we had last seen on the floor of the cabinet in — Street; I carried it off for identification by my colleagues, who recognise it, and fully confirm the accuracy of so much of the foregoing account as relates to what occurred before the medium and I left them.

Temple, December 14, 1878.

The Spiritualist will go to press much earlier than usual next week.

EARLY in January Mr. J. W. Fletcher will begin delivering a Sunday series of trance addresses at the Cavendish Rooms, in connection with Spiritualism.

MR. E. W. WALLIS will attend at the rooms of the Dalston Association, 53, Sigdon-road, Hackney-downs, on Monday evening next, 23rd inst., at 8 o'clock, and a discourse on a Spiritualistic subject to be selected by the audience will be delivered. Questions will be invited at the close.

SPIRITUALISM IN DALSTON.—The ordinary monthly meeting of the Council of the Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism was held at 53, Sigdon-road, Dalston, London, E., on Thursday evening, 12th instant, under the presidency of Mrs. J. Corner. Correspondence of general interest was read from Mr. W. Eglinton, Mr. James Mather, Mr. E. W. Wallis, Mr. E. Harrison Green, and Mr. James Burns. Resignations of membership were accepted, with regret, from Mr. and Mrs. James Regan, Mr. J. T. Dales, Mrs. M. Hollingsworth, Mr. T. E. Larking, Dr. Alfred R. Benson, and Mrs. T. Blyton. The honorary treasurer submitted the cash accounts, which were passed. The hon. secretary read correspondence with Mr. C. E. Williams, the consideration of which was deferred *sine die*. Consequent on the Christmas holidays, it was resolved to postpone the visit of Miss Mancell from December 26th to Thursday evening, 2nd January next, and the rooms of the Association were ordered to be closed on the former date. The hon. secretary was instructed to prepare a draft of a proposed annual report for consideration at the next meeting of the Council. Messrs. R. Pearce and G. R. Tapp were appointed to audit the accounts of the Association for the year 1878, and the eighth annual general meeting was ordered to be summoned for Thursday evening, January 30th next, at 8 o'clock. The Council then adjourned.

"THE INTELLIGENT OPERATOR AT THE OTHER END OF THE LINE."*

BY W. STANTON-MOSES, M.A.

THE phrase that heads this paper was originally used by Mr. Crookes. I employ it as stating the position whence I start on an inquiry into the evidence for spirit identity.

I do not stay to discuss whether I have a soul. I will assume so much.

Nor do I enter into all the theories that have been propounded: such as these—that psychic force is accountable for all; that the devil is at the bottom of everything; that sub-human spirits act exclusively or generally; that the liberated spirit of the psychic is the sole or principal agent.

I simply adduce evidence to show that in certain provable cases the intelligent operator is probably what he pretends to be.

The reasons for doubting his claim may be shortly stated thus:—

1. The free use of great names where plain nonsense or pretentious platitudes are the only outcome.
2. The extreme difficulty of getting any precise facts clearly stated.
3. The contradictions and absurdities that pervade many messages.

[These points having been fully discussed, and the evidence on the other side, derived from private circles properly conditioned, having been put, the argument continued.]

Admitting, however, to the full the weight of these considerations, I claim with much confidence that the identity of some of those of our kind who have lived on earth, and who now live in a state disembodied, is proven to demonstration. I will state some cases that are within my own knowledge. But before I do so I must beg the indulgence of those who hear me if I do not in all cases state names and give full particulars. I pledge myself to the exact accuracy of every statement I make, and I will gladly satisfy any one who desires it respecting any case, if I can reasonably do so; but I am holden from the publication of names, addresses, and dates in some cases by the knowledge that friends of the departed are still surviving, and that I must respect their feelings. I have no right to invade the sacred privacy of the memory of their dead even in such a cause as that of the demonstration of perpetuated life after death.

It is now four years since my mind was so greatly vexed on this question that I determined to satisfy myself, or to abandon any further attempt at intercourse with the world of spirit. I had not had any evidence of personal identity on which I could build any argument. No doubt I had had some, which has since had its full weight in my mind; but the mass of my communications had been of an impersonal nature, with spirits who preferred to rest their claims to my attention on the matter and tendency of their communications rather than on the authority of any name, however great that authority might be. They had passed out of the sphere of individuality, and chafed at being recalled to it. I, on the contrary, pined for something definite, some evidence that would satisfy me that I was dealing with the spirits of my kind. The angelic was "too high for me. I could not attain to it."

For a long time I failed in getting the evidence I wanted. My state of mind was too positive, and I was forced, moreover, to take some pains before I could attain what I desired. Bit by bit, here a little and there a little, by steps which I do not detail here, that evidence came, and as my mind opened to receive it, some six months were spent in persistent daily efforts to bring home to me proof of the perpetuated existence of human spirits, and of their power to communicate with me and give evidence of their unimpaired individuality, and of the unbroken continuity of their existence. Some of those who so came I had known during their life on earth, and was able not only to verify their statements, but also to note the little traits of manner, peculiarities of diction, or characteristics of mind which I remembered in them whilst in the body.† Most were unknown to me, and came, always at the command of the Spirit who governed the whole course of spirit action in my case, to give their evidence and go

* Notes of an address delivered last Monday night at the rooms of the British National Association of Spiritualists. The full text will be shortly published in a little volume entitled *Spirit Identity*.

† Vide "Some Phases of Mediumship," *Spiritualist*, August 31, 1877.

their way when the work was done. Of these some came from the most unlikely sources, and gave me and my friends no little trouble to verify their statements. Some came at the time of death. At that time, it would seem, the spirit finds it easy to manifest its presence; and the facts that it can give are readily capable of verification. Some had been long dead, as men count time, and came back in a dazed and awkward fashion to revisit the scenes of their former lives. But all impressed me with a deep sense of earnestness and reality; and all, without one lonely exception, told the truth about themselves, so far as I could verify their story. There were many facts that I could verify; a few that, from their nature, I could not; but none suggested in any way a desire to deceive. I cross-examined them in every conceivable way, and with a pertinacity that left nothing untried to elicit facts. Many of my queries were unanswered, for I asked many that I could hardly hope to get replies to. But I failed to shake their story, or, by the most cunning *suggestio falsi*, to lead them into misstatement.

I refer for evidence of this to my records, kept with scrupulous regularity day by day, and corroborated by independent records kept by another member of the circle in which these facts were communicated, and I find that from New Year's Eve to January 11, 1874, during which time I was staying at Shanklin, Isle of Wight, the guest of Dr. Speer, we had a continuous chain of testimony at our daily sittings, all bearing on the question of the identity of the communicating spirits. The evidence was given in various ways, principally through raps on the table, sometimes by direct writing, and sometimes by clairvoyance or clairaudience. In a few cases corroborative evidence was drawn from all these sources.

During those twelve days, eleven different cases of identity were made out by facts and dates. Three of them were entirely unconnected with any of the persons present. Of one of them none of us had ever heard in any way. Yet his name, the place of his residence, and the very name of his house, his birth-date, and the day of his death, were given with perfect accuracy. One was connected with Dr. Speer, five with Mrs. Speer, and two were friends of my own.

Of these last one was a near relative, whom I clearly remembered as a child; and I, being at the time of the communication perfectly free from any abnormal influence, such as occasionally entranced me while these phenomena are in process, cross-questioned the alleged relative at great length. The answers were given through the means of raps different from any to which we had before been accustomed. (This, by the way, is a noteworthy fact. Every spirit has its own rap or method of attracting notice, and these are as recognizable as the accents of the voice, and as various.)

I inquired of her minute facts and dates, her birthday, the day of her death, her children's names, and, indeed, such questions on small details as I could think of. I then asked if she remembered me as a child. She did. I then detailed two imaginary incidents, just such as might occur in a boy's life, and was stopped at once. She did not remember anything of that kind, nor could I by any means get her to waver or admit that I might be right. I had frequently been told that spirits would assent to anything, and my pious fraud had as much for its object the demonstration of the fallacy of this assertion as of the identity of the spirit. I certainly rose from the table convinced that I had been talking to a spirit who desired to tell the truth, and who was extremely careful to be exact and precise in what she said. I verified her statements afterwards, and found them correct.

During this same period came three near relatives of Mrs. Speer's, and gave full evidence of their identity. One of them had before manifested in another way through a public medium, showing his face and a peculiarly delicate hand, which was a characteristic of him in earth life. Another had attempted to show himself at the same time, but had failed to obtain recognition. He had followed me, and manifested his presence at a circle at Mrs. Gregory's, where no one knew him; and I only found out the fact of his having done so by the merest accident. I was looking over a book in which records of her *séances* were kept, and I found a note of his having announced his name, with a

remark that he had taken the opportunity of drawing my attention to his having shown his presence on the occasion before referred to. I was entranced, and the circumstance had not been mentioned to me, or I had forgotten it. Here, again, for the third time he made his effort and succeeded. Apparently content, he has passed from our ken, and we have seen him no more.

In *The Spiritualist* of August 31st, reference is made to the appearance of an old lady who had but just been freed from the body, and who, as she said, had been enabled by prayer and loving sympathy to raise her husband, long prisoned in the sphere of earth, to a higher state. When she departed, he was permitted to accompany her, and the two were reunited. That husband manifested his presence during this same period of eleven days. He came with the strangest and most uncomfortable sound; sometimes like a whirring in the air, sometimes like a harsh grating on the table, each equally suggestive of unrest. The atmosphere around the spirit was similarly indicative of unhappiness, and he earnestly asked for prayer. He had been a grasping man; gold had been his god, and he had lived on to find himself bound by golden fetters to the earth where his treasure was. I have no words to describe the sensation of cold discomfort that his presence brought. Yet he had not been what the world calls an evil-liver, nor neglectful of his duties. On the contrary, in his hard mechanical way he had been punctual and exact in their discharge, but his spirit had been starved, and he awaited the time when the simple, loving spirit, who on earth had been his companion, should rejoin him and infuse some spiritual life and vigour into his cold and cheerless existence. I think none who witnessed the painful reality of his manifestation would entertain any doubt as to his identity.

He had first been attracted to me from my having visited his grave. There was some link between him and his body's resting-place. I do not understand how or why, but the fact has been demonstrated in my experience repeatedly, until I have come to accept the fact, without understanding the reason for it, that the presence of a medium near the grave or place of death will frequently attract an earth-bound spirit, and even recall one that is not tied to this lower sphere. This was the case with the man who met his death through being crushed by a steam-roller, recorded in *The Spiritualist* of March 27th, 1874. This was the case when Dr. Speer and I, then on an excursion in the North of Ireland, visited an old disused burial-ground at Garrison. There were some curious Runic crosses, and I wanted sketches of them. We remained a considerable time, and were greatly shocked at the skulls and bones that we found lying about in all directions. The result of that visit was such a disturbance in my bedroom, which was only separated by a thin partition from Dr. Speer's, that I know he entertains a lively remembrance of the visit to that graveyard. He has described the sounds as utterly destructive of sleep. He tried all expedients to still them, but in vain; and was greatly aggravated to find me sleeping peaceably through all the uncanny din that my unconscious mediumship was enabling these spirits to produce.

Another case occurred during these eleven days which testified again to the connection between the spirit and the resting-place of its body. In the course of a walk I had visited a beautiful churchyard, and had wandered through it. In the evening came a spirit, an old friend of Mr. Speer's, who communicated with much apparent joy, and gave particulars, clear and complete, of her identity, though (as I see from my record written immediately after) I was carefully occupying my mind by reciting some passages of Virgil while the messages were given through the table. I may say, in passing, that this is a frequent habit of mine. I try by every expedient, even by mechanically going through the multiplication table, to remove the disturbing element of my own mental action.

The last case I will notice in this period was that of a person of whom no one present had ever heard. The spirit was one lately departed. He had been brought, for purposes of evidence, by the spirit who controlled the circle. He gave minute facts and dates as to his life, and went his way. We had some considerable difficulty in verifying the facts, but finally succeeded in doing so by writing direct to

his surviving relatives. This ease has since been exactly paralleled in at least twelve other instances, respecting each of which I am certain that information was given which was entirely foreign to my mind, or to that of any person present. The case of Abraham Florentine, published in *The Spiritualist*, March 19, 1875, may be mentioned in this connection; as also that of Charlotte Buckworth, published in *The Spiritualist*, January 21, 1876.

I pass to a ease in which a spirit, who first manifested her presence on 4th September, 1872, has remained in permanent communication with us ever since, and has established herself as a guardian of one of Dr. Speer's children. I note this ease, because we have the advantage of prolonged intercourse to aid us in forming an opinion as to identity, and because the spirit has not only given unequivocal proof of her characteristic individuality, but has evidenced her presence in various ways. This also is a ease which goes to prove that conscious life once given is indestructible, and that the spirit which has once animated a human body, however brief its tenure, lives on with unimpaired identity.*

The spirit in question announced herself by raps, giving messages in French. She said she was a sister of Dr. Speer's, and had passed away at Tours, an infant of seven months old. I had never heard her mentioned; her brother had forgotten her existence, for she was born and died before his birth. From the time of her first appearance she has remained attached to the circle, and her clear, joyous, little rap is a never-failing evidence of her presence. It never varies, and we all know it at once. She gave her date of birth, and also her four names in full. One was a name that Dr. Speer did not believe that she possessed, but the statement was verified on application to a relative who knew. Her quick impulsive taps, and the rapid way in which her messages are given, are extremely characteristic of most of the family to which she belonged. She has many times given direct writing, and is as much one of the family as the child whose guardian she has constituted herself.

She has twice manifested her presence on the photographic plate. One of these easings was attested by direct writing, and both will be found clearly detailed in the course of my Researches—chapter on "Spirit Photography"—published in *Human Nature*, vol. 8, p. 395.

[Other facts of a similar nature were quoted, and the address concluded thus.]

These facts, which I could multiply greatly, I propound as establishing two conclusions—most of my friends would say more than two; but I desire to proceed with care. They point—

1. To the broad fact that intelligence is perpetuated after bodily death. In other words, they point to a securely laid foundation (it is nothing more) for the revealed doctrine of the immortality of the human spirit.

2. To the conclusion that the human spirit, after its separation from the body which has clothed it on earth, loses none of its individuality. In other words, they lead to the hope that we may live after we have departed this life, and that we shall know and be known to our friends.

These two doctrines, which are integral parts of Christian revelation—personal immortality and personal recognition—seem to me to be receiving practical illustration and demonstration from the teachings of Spiritualism. The desire to live is strong in the heart of man, and the desire to live in the continued exercise of the affections, which have made the sunshine of his earthly existence, is hardly less potent and universal. Those who, in these modern days of scepticism, tell us that man has no soul, and no future before him, will tell us that a universal impulse has been transferred to the pages of revelation, and that man, having fabricated his God and his heaven, has amused himself with hopes that are the product of his own brain. We who think otherwise, who believe that the spirit is the man, and who offer some reason for adhering to a venerable belief, which, in our opinion, no modern assaults have damaged, are not likely to undervalue the testimony which is being day by day brought home to us on these points. They are to us the foundation of our religious belief so as it affects ourselves. They do not, and cannot stand alone, for once recognised, they carry in their train the whole code of personal religion.

* See some striking evidence on this point in *Heaven Opened*, by F. J. T. (Harrison, 38, Great Russell-street.)

Am I to live on after my body is dead? Then it concerns me to know where. It depends greatly on myself. My salvation must be of my own working out, the imperceptible yet perpetual product of the acts and habits of my daily life.

Are my friends not lost but gone before? Yes, and if I desire to join them and associate with the pure and good who have won my love and admiration here, I must live as in their presence, and energise to lead the life that has elevated and ennobled them. I must live as in the very sight of God, a life of self-abnegation, and self-discipline, as one who subdues the flesh to the spirit, and subjugates the temporal to the eternal.

In short, the whole fabric of religion, so far as it affects man, excluding for the moment the worship due to the Supreme, receives its sanction and stimulus from these doctrines which are becoming integral parts of the daily life of so many amongst us. In days when a fading faith has relaxed its hold on human life, when religion, as a binding power, is losing much of its vitalising influence, and becoming less and less a factor in the formation of the national character, we are being, by the mercy of that God whose response is never wanting to the aspirations of his creatures, brought face to face with the reality of our true spiritual existence.

There are many of us who are fain to cry, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief," not because of the prescription of a time-honoured creed; nor because of the faith which our fathers have handed on to us, sadly battered and shattered by many a blow from destructive criticism; still less because of the dogmas of any ecclesiastical corporation; but because we have seen with our eyes, and have proven by severe methods of logic that DEAD MEN LIVE: and because we can argue from their perpetuated life to our own: because we can hope and believe that we shall one day join the great company that has preceded us; and because we have learned from some of them lessons reasonable, comprehensible, and coherent of life and discipline, which following, we may fit ourselves for the progressive life to come.

It is this that constitutes for me the moral beauty of Spiritualism. Apart from its religious aspects, viewed as mere psychology, I should always regard it with deep interest, but it would possess for me none of the far-reaching significance that it now has. Its phenomena impress me with ever-increasing wonder, though I am not always grateful for the bewilderment they cause me, nor thankful for the prominence assigned them by some well-meaning but injudicious friends, who mistake the husk for the kernel. The buffoonery that too often passes current for Spiritualism; the fraud and folly that besmirch it; the unclean things that get mixed up with it; the vagaries of the unbalanced minds that are inevitably attracted to a new and fascinating subject: these I deplore, but contemplate without dismay. They are ephemeral, and will live their little life and die. Born of human ignorance, nurtured by human folly, they will yield to advancing knowledge and increased sense of responsibility, when the true moral significance of the subject is recognised among us.

And when they are dead, or when men can look through their foggy atmosphere to the light beyond, it will be seen that the moral grandeur of this much-abused Spiritualism rests on the firm foundation of knowledge of perpetuated human life, whence flow naturally those deductions of our own disembodied future, those regulations for our own embodied life which I have before indicated. Nay, more! These cardinal principles will be found to be the underlying principles of a revelation which I must still believe to be Divine, though it has been so sorely misinterpreted by man, so grievously adulterated with human glosses and misconceptions.

I shall be content if, by anything I have now said, I lead any one to think out for himself what in his own life depends on the ascertained presence of that "Intelligent operator at the other end of the line."

Mr. J. T. RHODES, of 26, Albert-street, Edinburgh, writes that Mr. Alexander Duguid, of Kirkcaldy, will give a trance *séance* in Edinburgh on Friday next, December 27th.

Papers for the Times says that changes in the mere mechanism of society are of no avail without corresponding changes in the social units; that the well-being of society depends considerably more on the well-doing of individuals than on the particular form of government which may prevail; and that the chief essentials of individual well-doing are strict self-discipline and culture.

Poetry.

SWEET ADVENT BELLS.

Stanzas for Music.

BY J. T. MARKLEY.

WAVE on! wild winds of night,
The mellow voice of those sweet advent bells,
Sustain their music thro' the woods and dells
Amid eve's frosty light!

Catch up the wintry strain,
And cease your melancholy sigh, ye pines!
Let forests have one note, in their confines,
And laugh with hope again!

O! holy lisp of sound!
From hoary towers which buried centuries knew:
New melodies send forth, or now pursue
A gladness more profound.

Inspire the isles,—and wake
White passion's frenzy in God's children now:
Give rapture to the heart, and make men vow
They will not Christ forsake!

Prepare the noble soul
For greater joy upon that grander morn,
When Judah's later king and lord was born
The nations to control.

From mountain convents ring,
From awful heights pour down the quick'ning plea;
Break into urgent hallow'd harmony,—
New consolation bring.

Combine with evening gales
To preach the yearly parable, and spread
The hope on which the earlier spirits fed
When on earth's cheerless trails.

The olden story tell
With broader music, sweeten'd to the time:
Blend birthday notes with voices from each clime,
And with deep progress,—swell!

Then will each soften'd peal,
Charm stony hearts to duty's higher deeds:
The soul enlarge the love, on which it feeds,
And truth, men's anguish heal.

Pure nightfall chimes! ring on!
Assuage the harsher cry of creeds, and hate:
Ring in the joyous morn we contemplate,
Bid gloom and doubt be gone.

3, Park-terrace, Horsham.

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.]

DR. MONCK.

SIR,—I have observed from time to time inquiries made in *The Spiritualist* as to Dr. Monck's state of health and present residence, and I therefore think that a few lines giving the required information may be acceptable to many of your correspondents and readers.

Dr. Monck has been staying with us here ever since he accompanied us from London last April. We had great hopes that perfect quiet in such a healthy and beautiful country as this is in summer, combined with the total abandonment of all *séances* or other exercise of his extraordinary medial powers, would have restored him to his usual good health. This, however, I regret very much, has not been the case, and I fear that the abnormal strain upon his vital powers, and the consequent exhaustion caused last winter in London by the unparalleled materialisations which then occurred through him in our private circle, as well as in other houses, has caused irreparable injury to his health. These wonderful materialisations were observed on different occasions by at least forty competent witnesses, many being sceptics, and including princes, professors, clergymen, medical men, &c.

It would appear that such materialisations as these—when the grand and stately form of the Oriental Mahedi was evolved gradually from the magnetic or psychic cloud issuing from Dr. Monck's left side, and remained, just as a living man, in intimate association with our circle for half an hour or more, without any cabinet, in sufficient gaslight, in the salon of my house, with Dr. Monck in the same room, awake and in his normal condition—involved too great a loss of vitality to take place, even for a few times, without serious injury, much less to be persevered in. When I call to mind all that occurred with the Mahedi during these *séances*, together with the unique fact, which neither before nor since has ever occurred, so far as I am aware, viz., that of another materialisation (of the spirit Alice) being formed in a similar way out of the mysterious flesh-forming cloud-mist issuing from the Mahedi's side, there being thus two abnormal living beings with us, at the same time, in our own salon, along with Dr. Monck in his normal state, I cease to wonder at his health having been so seriously injured.

This new and until then unheard-of strain upon life, combined with Dr. Monck's previous sufferings, mental and bodily, under an unjust and infamous sentence of imprisonment, brought about by the malice of low enemies—some of them under the mask of Spiritualism and friendship—and made possible by the crass ignorance of English juries and magistrates upon any scientific inquiry such as this, and also—alas!—by the equal ignorance of most of our English judges, upon all subjects except the absurd technicalities of English law, has been too much for our

friend's health, and has made him one of the numerous victims offered up by the ignorant and wicked of all ages upon the altar of truth.

For the last few weeks Dr. Monck's health became worse, one lung, I fear, being seriously diseased; he is expectorating blood, and we were wishing it were possible for him to go to a warmer climate than that of Switzerland for the winter. As if by some providential interposition, Dr. Monck just then received the kindest invitation from Professor Damiani to go to Naples, and spend the winter there as his guest. He accordingly left this on the 13th November, and we have had a telegram from him announcing his safe arrival in Naples, after a long journey of eight days, made necessary by his ill-health.

I need scarcely add, after what I have already said about Dr. Monck's state of health, that ever since he has been with us, his medial powers have been entirely suspended, and that our invitation being given entirely out of respect for his character and personal friendship for himself, with a view to the restoration of his health, we have conscientiously abstained from even attempting a *séance*.

During the summer Dr. Monck received many applications from persons of influence and station to go to them for the purpose of holding *séances*, but it was impossible for him to accede to their wishes; among others he received pressing invitations to meet Professor Zöllner, and other German savants, and from the editor of an important French newspaper, and only yesterday, I received a letter from Mons. Leymarie, of Paris, wishing me to arrange with Dr. Monck to go there for a series of *séances*; but that too, although very desirable if his health had permitted, is altogether impossible. In short, he has had to decline invitations from all parts of the world; from all which it appears that a genuine medium's popularity is powerfully enhanced by persecution.

I may also add that I have read numerous letters inviting him to become the non-professional guest of friends of position—such as Prince George of Solms—with a view to rest and restoration of health.

Mrs. Cranstoun and I have now had the benefit of nine months intimate acquaintance with Dr. Monck in our own house as a member of our family, and this, I believe, affords the best opportunity of forming an accurate opinion of character. With such means of judging I can only say that the more we have seen of Dr. Monck, and the more we have observed and gauged his qualities of mind and heart, the more we admire him and the higher we esteem him. In our opinion he is one of those natures so rare in all ages, but especially in the present selfish materialistic one—a nature distinguished by utter unselfishness, and animated by an innate desire to give up everything for any cause which he believes to be true, and likely to benefit humanity.

We have parted from him temporarily with great regret, and with the hope that he will again visit us in the spring with restored health, so that he may be permitted to exercise his extraordinary powers in a yet higher degree in London and elsewhere for the benefit of the world.

A. J. CRANSTOUN.

Lucerne, Switzerland, November 21st, 1878.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

SIR,—It is not out of place to call to mind, at the present juncture, the fact that form materialisations, as well as almost every other species of spiritual manifestation, as I propose to show, preceded by some years through the experiments of the great mesmerisers of France, the more general wide-world efflux of Spiritualism emanating from America, and which last has now been astounding, frightening, scandalising, and comforting humanity, in the four corners of the earth, during the last thirty years or more. It is not, then, to spontaneous spirit visitation at Hydesville, but to mesmerism and induced somnambulism in France, that we are first indebted, during the present century, for this fresh spiritual air-vent of psychological phenomena, including in its category materialisation. Not so, but to that subtle physiological influence, with its answering spiritual intelligence, concerning which Mr. Serjeant Cox, in his last sessional address on the *Claims of Psychology*, most truly said that "if any person can examine these phenomena without having his faith in materialism shaken, he must be prepossessed indeed—a veritable victim of a predominant idea." So then the sin, if any, of originating this profoundly significant, but, alas! sometimes tricky, attribute of Spiritualism, manifested by materialisations during the present century, must be laid to the door of the mesmerisers in France, not to the efflux from America, proof of which I am about to give. But it is well, in the present day, to have this additional evidence of the fact that materialisations do positively occur, if mesmerists are to be credited, because, as Mr. Serjeant Cox so justly also affirms, "A fact cannot be combated by an argument."

Not the least curious and interesting, yet most natural, result as regards the experiences of these great French mesmerists, is the wonderment which seized them on discovering, during their manifestations, their own wondrous powers, and these extraordinary faculties of their subjects, as well as their secrecy and hesitation in imparting to each other even their discoveries, till impelled by the gravity of the situation one stealthily communicates to another his mighty secrets, only to find from him also a faltering acknowledgment of the same or like experiences.

We are greatly indebted in this case, as we are in so many others, to the research of Mr. Howitt. In the *Spiritual Magazine* of July, 1868, Mr. Howitt tells us that, on the 24th June, 1831, M. Billot, the mesmerist, wrote to his brother in the art, M. Deleuze, expostulating with him for his reserve concerning "the marvellous things of which he had been a witness during the thirty or forty years of his mesmeric experience." To this Mr. Deleuze replied, on the 9th of July, 1831, "that he had designedly avoided the statement of marvellous facts."

Billot then went on much further with his cautious correspondent.

"The time," said M. Billot, "is come when I ought to have no further concealment from you. I repeat that I have seen and known all that it is permitted for man to see and know. I have been witness of an ecstasy, not such as Dr. Bertrand imagines, but I have seen mesmeric clairvoyants with stigmata. I have seen obsessions and possessions, which have been dissipated by a single word. I have seen many other things which others have seen also, but which the spirit of this age has not permitted them to reveal. I am an *esprit-fort*, and that which the priests have not been able to do now for many years, mesmerism has accomplished. The truths of religion have been demonstrated by it."

He then proceeds to relate some of these revelations, which very much resemble the teachings of the ancient philosophers, mingled with those of Christianity—doctrines which prepared the way for the inculcations of Spiritualism. Superior intelligences, he says, presented themselves, presided at *séances*, and manifested themselves by the delicious odours which they diffused around them. The ambrosia of the mythologists, the odours of sanctity of the Church were discovered to be realities. Evil and unclean spirits also presented themselves; but the clairvoyants immediately recognised them.—(July 23, 1831). These and other statements, M. Billot says, which he extracted from the journals of the *séances*, could never have seen the light of day, had he not deemed it for the interest of the great science to confide them to the bosom of prudent and discreet friendship; and on the 9th September he announces that he is about to proceed to more substantial proofs of the apparition of spirits, such as, he says, it will be impossible to deny or diminish; for *these spirits were tangible; you both saw and touched them*. Perhaps, he adds, M. Deleuze may think these things a little too marvellous for belief; but his doubts will no longer be pardonable when he may touch them himself, and touch them again. What, he says—on September 30th—must convince the most sceptical, there is neither illusion nor vision, he and his co-secretaries have seen and felt, and he calls God to witness the truth of it.

To the above M. Deleuze replied that, "Personally he had not seen facts equal to those cited by M. Billot. Nevertheless, persons worthy of all confidence have made like reports to him."

Thus we see that, some time before full materialisations occurred in England, Mr. Howitt had brought to light these marvels as having occurred in France in 1831, and before that. Whole materialisations, I repeat, or, at any rate, more than hands and arms; for we are told that "*these spirits were tangible—you both saw and touched them*." That is, these *spirits*. But although whole materialisations had not occurred in England when Mr. Howitt wrote the above, form materialisations had been, nevertheless, before that time *promised* by the spirit John King. I turn back to the *Spiritual Magazine* of January 1868, and cull the following from Mr. Benjamin Coleman's very valuable notes of *Passing Events*, in which he says, "John King has said that he will give us a surprise some day soon. 'We expect to be able,' he said, 'to show ourselves and talk to you.' 'What prevents you doing so now?' I have asked. 'We have not found the exact conditions, but we shall; I am always trying.'"

It was about this time that the writer of this heard the same promise while at a *séance* with the Marshalls, but he thought it so improbable that he did not put it down in his notes of the *séance*. Those notes are lost, and the date cannot be given. SCRUTATOR.

THE BODY AND SOUL.

SIR,—It may interest some of your readers, who like to find agreement between the ancient Scriptures and the new thoughts and revelations of the present age, that in the Hebrew text of Gen. ix. 4, 5, the same thought is to be found as expressed by Jacob Boehme, quoted in your issue of the 6th by A. J. Penney, viz., that "the soul, together with its blood and water, is in the outward blood and water;" for, literally translated, we find—"Assuredly thickness (flesh) in soul and blood and not cross consuming, and assuredly atha-blood you to soul cross you vaporous mist first-flowing power all living, vapour first extended and flowing power '*Adm*.'"

When we dig deep into the mine we find the hidden treasure, and there is a mine of wealth to be found alone in the one word "*Adm*," translated "*Man*" in many passages of our English version; by which translation a veil has been cast over the hidden truth, for the word man is used to denote sex, whereas in '*Adm*' (who was brought forth out of "*Hudmh*," most erroneously translated "ground") there is no sex, as it denotes the dual substance of *Ad*, vapour, and *Dm*, blood, the water and blood of the *Nephesh*, or soul. Though it is male in relation to its mother *Admh*, the "H" in Hebrew as a termination indicating the feminine gender.

Captain Burton will pardon me for saying he is mistaken as to the writer of Genesis not recognising the soul, and being content with the *Ruach*, for though pre-eminence is given to the *Ruach*, as presiding over all evolution, Gen. i. 1, it is most distinctly written in Gen. i. 20, "And projected upwards goddesses, swarms, and multitudinous swarms soul (*Nephesh*) living." And in Genesis ii. 7, "And was *Adm* to soul living." Six times the *Nephesh* is mentioned in the two first chapters of Genesis, in connection with the bringing forth of all the living, the *Adm* included. Whilst the *Ruach* is not again mentioned until Gen. vi. 3, where it is written, "And projected upwards, Jehovah not understanding *Ruach* in *Adm* to understand, in error became thick" (flesh). So in that day the Spirit is withheld.

It is also a mistake to say that the writer of Genesis did not recognise *Atma*, for she is most distinctly referred to in conjunction with the evolution of the greater and lesser light. And *Athma* is set in the expansion to give light to the earth; and in the 27th verse we find goddesses bringing forth "*Atha* (the *Adm*) in his image; in images goddesses brought forth *Atha* his male, and female brought forth *Athma*."

Whilst the teaching of theologians tends to exalt the spirit above the body, and that of materialists to exalt the body above the spirit, even to the denial of spirit, Spiritualists—who have the evidences of their senses,

which assure them both of spirit and body, thus confirming the Scriptures which contain the thoughts of men from long past ages—must not fight about "ideas," but must ever seek earnestly to preserve united in one that which others are indifferent about severing. Mind and body, on spirit and soul, having once been united, let not man put them asunder, either in thought or deed. "I am that I am" is our parent; and as the child partakes of all the nature of the parent, though it may manifest that nature in different proportions, so making new qualities, though the fundamental essences are the same, so is it one, and is but an extension of the illimitable "I am." Jesus came to manifest illimitable life in flesh when He proclaimed Himself to be an evidence of the future state or resurrection, to which all the Jews were looking, and still are looking. Men rose up and slew Him to disprove His claims to immortality in flesh; but the day for the new development having dawned seven hundred years before He was born, the grave could not hold Him, and he reappeared in flesh and bones, saying "handle me and see." And when man will believe in the divinity of His being, which Jesus taught, and not cling so fondly to the humanity, he will know *himself* to be the Son of the same substance with the Father, full of power and truth, possessor of eternal life.—Yours for truth and in truth. E. T. MATHESON.

16, South-street, Grosvenor-square.

SIR,—Mr. H. G. Atkinson says, in *The Spiritualist* of December 13th, commenting on the psychology of that wondrous play of *Macbeth*, "Further on we have the ghost of Banquo, only seen by *Macbeth*—quite another kind of ghost from that of Hamlet's father." I would remind Mr. Atkinson that, if the ghost was seen by Hamlet, and also by the soldiers, on the platform, before the Castle of Elsinore, as a materialised ghost, quite another kind of ghost to that of Banquo, yet in the scene of the Queen's Closet, the ghost of Hamlet's father came to the clairaudient and clairvoyant medium Hamlet, as the ghost of Banquo came to the medium and seer, *Macbeth*, and was only seen by Hamlet:—

Queen.—Alas, how is't with you
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up and stands on end. O, gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Hamlet.—On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable. Do not look on me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Queen.—To whom do you speak this?

Hamlet.—Do you see nothing there?

Queen.—Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Hamlet.—Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen.—No, nothing but ourselves.

Hamlet.—Why, look you there! Look, how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he lived!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

Queen.—This is the very coinage of your brain;

This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

The ghost was clad in armour, "in complete steel," with a due sense of the proprieties, when it showed itself to the soldiers; but when seen by Hamlet, in the Queen's chamber, it came in attire suited for the occasion.

It may be that seers see as spirits see, and what is objective to them is called subjective by those who can only see on the material plane, and therefore cannot, perhaps, realise second sight, for spirits surely see each other! Just as the unmitigated blessing of physical seeing can only be properly understood by him who has the practical use of it, and cannot be even idealised by the blind man; so, perhaps, the only persons who can at all realise that mitigated blessing here, the gift of clairvoyance, are the seers themselves. Clairvoyance is, I believe, not necessarily either "a false creation" or "a coinage of the brain." I do not think Shakespeare thought so. W. R. TOMLINSON.

PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

SIR,—Does not the pleasant paper in last week's number of *The Spiritualist*, under this head, allow too little distinction, perhaps, between life and death? Why is there any visible corporeity at all if its relations (soul and spirit) can persist equally whole without it? Is not the dynamic tension maintained by the attraction of the sensorium throughout its organs? What becomes of the reactionary force when this attraction ceases? How can the circulatory tension be persistently maintained unless, indeed, there has been previously established within and by some interruption of present relations, a superior and independent interaction, a new tissue of relations ready to take place of the perishable ultimate whence they are prone to depart? Such a re-establishment or rehabilitation of life, such a new sensorium tabernacle or principal one sense—as Aristotle calls it—was clearly and constantly imputed by the philosophers and religious teachers of past times to regenerate souls. And for such as have, or are supposed to have, attained to a spiritual foothold of this kind within the pale of this existence—by voluntary self-effacement, and through a faithful process of co-ordination to the Divine law thereby revealed—spiritual growth may be consistently predicated; even after the mortal house of this tabernacle is dissolved, there would be the prerequisite building, a living symbol already prepared to work and draw by a free relation and eternal hope on from glory to glory, as the Apostle shows.

The term regeneration, however, with many others appertaining to it, has a very modified acceptance in these days, since there remains so little, if any, experience adequate to the original claim.

AN OLD INQUIRER.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

SIR,—On Saturday, the 7th inst., I attended the semi-public *séance* at Mr. Williams's, and when sitting at a considerable distance from him, under the usual stringent conditions of all hands joined, John King showed his face close over me, then led my hand to his beard, and allowed me to give a hearty pull to it. The resistance felt like that of a beard of natural growth.

C. REIMERS.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC PICTURES.

SIR,—The pictures described by Mr. William White in your issue of Dec. 6th are now on view on the walls of our reading-room, of which they form a most attractive feature. It would be well if the combined efforts of the friends of Spiritualism were successful to keep them there.

In addition to the £5 each subscribed by Mr. Blackburn and Mr. Tebb to the fund for purchasing the pictures, and presenting them to the Association, I have received the promise of £5 from our president, Mr. A. Calder.

E. KISLINGBURY,

Secretary British National Association of Spiritualists.

38, Great Russell-street, London, Dec. 17, 1878.

SPIRITUAL TRIADS.

Strange that when the world is rife
With gnawing care and troublous strife,
We should so strongly cling to life!

When in this changeful scene below,
Nought from day to day we know
Certainly, but pain and woe.

Though we live in doubt and dread,
Hope has never wholly fled:
Silk still mingles with our thread.

Golden Love is ever nigh—
Beauty dwells in woman's eye,
And, too often, perfidy.

When affliction's torrents roll,
And doubts into the heart have stole,
Doth not Friendship soothe the soul?

In the hour of woe and fear,
With Destruction frowning near,
Friends, when needed, disappear.

God in childhood best we read,
Guileless thought and sinless deed;
Growing older, we recede.

Only on that holier state,
When World is weak and Nature great,
True affection can await.

When in youth two spirits blend,
What the golden chain can rend—
Find its boundary or end?

Childhood's transitory pain,
Brings to love a greater gain—
Drawing close that golden chain.

By the world's bad breeding nurst
To a manhood stained and curst,
Defiling what was bright at first.

The sick soul toiling thro' the scene,
Like stars beholds love that has been—
Never reached, yet ever seen.

For ambition, power, and gold,
Multiplied a thousandfold,
Heart-contentment cannot hold.

Rule we city, palace, fane—
Stretch our power o'er land and main—
Where the profit, what the gain?

Strange, then, since the world is rife
With gnawing cares and troublous strife,
We should so strongly cling to life!

Why is Death to fancy shown
With the withered skull and bone
Of a ghastly skeleton?

Know ye not, O blind and dull,
How exceeding beautiful
Death the spirit is to lull?

And that only *that* Repose—
Mail of proof 'gainst cares and woes—
Change or sorrow never knows!

Age's lapse and tempest's stress
Ne'er with wrinkle could impress
That eternal Loveliness.

And as Day is but a pale,
Weak, and motley-coloured veil,
That, like a thin cloud's fleeting sail,

But seeks to hide from mortal sight
The depths so purely clear and bright,
Of the all-mother, ancient Night,
So Life is but the shroud of Death;
As the wise man of old time saith,
True life begins when ends the breath.

If we with birth did not begin,
Perchance we may again rest in
The perfect state without a sin.

Ethereal imprints long uprolled,
Of wondrous worlds and lives of old,
A bright page sometimes half unfold;

Else why this hate of earthly jars,
Longings to burst these mortal bars
And pierce the void beyond the stars?

And when at sunset we behold
The clouds of crimson barred with gold
Across the western gateway rolled,

Why seem we, as like kings they rise
So splendour-crowned, to recognise
Forms once familiar to our eyes?

Like dim memories half forgot,
Of some long-deserted spot,
We knew in youth when sin was not.

By quitting earth's encumbering dirt,
If we can reach with soul unhurt
Our ancient dwellings glory-girt.

If through the grave we can attain
The steadfast Light without a stain—
How great in dying is our gain!

Cease we then to look upon
Death with horror—breast is none
Softer than hers for labour done.

Ye whose life is girt about
With anguish, terror, gloomy doubt,
And the cares that watch without—

Know how happy 'tis to die;
Come! as frightened children fly
On their mother's breast to lie!

W.

BRITISH MUSEUM LECTURES.—Dr. Carter Blake, Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy at Westminster Hospital, will deliver three lectures in the Zoological and Antiquities Departments of the British Museum (by permission of the authorities) on Tuesday, Jan. 7th, Saturday, Jan. 11th, and Tuesday, Jan. 14th, between the hours of eleven and one.

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