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AND JOURNAL OF PSYCHOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

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## "THE SPIRITUALIST" NEWSPAPER:

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

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

VOLUME TWELVE. NUMBER TWENTY-SIX.

LONDON, FRIDAY, JUNE 28th, 1878.

## THE RELIGIOUS AND MORAL ASPECTS OF THE CONQUEST AND RETENTION OF INDIA.

EVERY few years England and two or three European nations are threatened with war because of our possession of India, therefore it may be well to inquire into the religious and moral aspects of the conquest and retention of that country, to discover whether we are at any time justified in bathing several nations in blood to sustain our present position in the East. The Church of England, being in the service of the secular powers, never interferes in the attempt to prevent bloodshed at critical times. Nonconformists act in a more religious way, but do so from doctrinal and abstract reasons, rather than from full knowledge of the merits of the case. They enforce principles under which striking is never possible, yet there are moments in human existence when unfortunately it is necessary and right to strike, and the world gains by such decisive action. Materialists, who have no religion but "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die," of course approve the holding of India, and the grasping of every kind of material advantage everywhere. Therefore the investigation of the religious aspect of a position which may result in great wars between nations, falls naturally to the lot of Spiritualists. Some military men hold that religion and morals should not interfere in such matters, that alleged "British interests" are paramount to everything else; the same plea is urged in relation to their daily work by Birmingham manufacturers of sham jewellery, and by American manufacturers of wooden nutmegs. Is the hand to rule the head? Is the body to rule the soul?

All the means exist in connection with *The Spiritualist* for investigating this question. Among its readers are many "Old Indians" at home, and "Young Indians" in Hindostan. There are also intelligent natives of India, and Russian military authorities; moreover, there is an audience of unprejudiced listeners, all united by the bond of Spiritualism.

What right had we to India, in the first place? What right have we there now? Were cruelties practised in gaining India? Are the bulk of the natives better or worse off under our rule? Would they prefer to be worse off under a native ruler? Are the native princes better or worse off under English domination? Are we improving India, whether the natives like it or not? Are we a coarse, flesh-eating people, ruling by brute force delicate, metaphysical, fine-brained Indian saints? Or are we the saints, setting the example to unlimited liars of telling the truth? Can anything better be done with India than retaining it? Is the cry of danger from Russia well founded, or a scarecrow for periodically increasing military expenditure? Do the Mohammedans in India care enough for their brethren in the faith in Turkey to even take the trouble to keep up correspondence with them?

As there are some few old Indians who wish that India no longer belonged to England, it would be well to ascertain what is the moral right to a possession which brings about constant war-panics with accompanying expenditure, and may at any time involve two or more great European nations in horrible bloodshed. What are the religious and moral principles at the root of the chronically dangerous position?

Mr. J. J. MORSE IN CARDIFF.—On Sunday and Monday evenings next, June 30 and 31, Mr. J. J. Morse will deliver trance addresses in the Town Hall, Cardiff, granted for the occasion by the Mayor. Service on Sunday at 6.30 p.m.; on Monday at 8 p.m.

THE Rev. John Tyerman, minister of the Church of England, and long one of the most active Spiritualists in Australia, has left Sydney for America on a lecturing tour, and was due in San Francisco a week ago.

## POETICAL INSPIRATION.

THE GENIUS OF ROBERT BUCHANAN.

AT the British Association at Glasgow, the Duke of Argyll, as already pointed out in these columns, eulogised men of science at the expense of men of literature, and asked—"Where are now our Miltons, our Shakespeares, our Wordsworths, and our Byrons?" Our reply in substance was that one of the functions of most men of science has been the destruction of the ideal; the substitution of mathematics and plain matter of fact for "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Another cause of the decadence of true poetry is that the writers thereof, fired by genius, cannot keep their utterances within the narrow limits of theological dogmas, the upholders of which possess vast influence, and exert it against anything which does not harmonise with their teachings. What with the crushing out of true ideals by the scientific world, and the somewhat extensive substitution of incomprehensible dogma for the living spirit by the churches, the public have become so materialised, so earthy, so money-grubbing, that the bulk of them cannot appreciate true poetical inspiration. Then, again, nearly all the means of subsistence in the United Kingdom have, by the laws which prohibit free trade in land and prevent its easy transfer like other property, been brought into the possession of a few great landowners, who roll in untold wealth, by quietly raising the rents as fast as the nation at large increases the value of their property by its industry. What leisure has the overworked populace for the contemplation of the ideal while thus surrounded by what is so grimly real? All these influences have had an effect upon the channels through which literary ideality could reach the mass of the people, for the large London publishers having found that the taste for poetry has died out on the one hand, and that reams of bad verses are sent them on the other, as a rule refuse to issue any books of poetry at all, on the plea sometimes that their doing so would be considered to be commercial insanity, degrading to their reputation in the eyes of the retail trade. Thus is real as well as imaginary poetical genius nipped in the bud, and none but books by three or four "established" poets, with already well-known names, launched upon the world. And to bring this matter directly home to the Duke of Argyll and his section of society, what has the Court done in our generation to foster poetical genius?

This problem of the causes of the decadence of poetry is a serious one, for it is painful that a whole nation is so sunk in materialism, in trespasses and sins, that its appreciation of the ideal is blighted, and that any thoughts from the higher world in relation to angels, or spirits, or flowers, or anything removed from the vulgarities and meannesses of earth, are treated with indifference and contempt.

The point of the present argument is that society is responsible for the deadly indifference to the ideal in literature, and that as soon as the Court, the Legislature, the Churches, and Science seek to cleanse themselves from the earthiness in which they are wallowing, literature will not be found to be a stumbling-block in the way of something better. As in all things else, the supply will meet the demand.

The Robert Buchanan of the present day is quite as good a poet as the Wordsworth eulogised by the Duke of Argyll, yet what has society done to recognise his merits? He is a perfect stranger to us, known to us by his writings alone; so this expression of opinion is altogether without personal bias. A few quotations from his *Legends of Inverburn* (Strahan: London) are appended, and the first of them, about "The White Lily of Weardale-Head," illustrates not only some of the powers of the poet, but that, as already stated, there may be too much freedom of Divine inspiration to be altogether pleasing to the more narrow sectarians:—

"I love the sunshine," said  
White Lily of Weardale-head.  
And underneath the greenwood tree,  
She wander'd free, she wander'd bold ;  
The merry sun smiled bright to see,  
And turn'd her yellow hair to gold :  
Then the bee, and the moth, and the butterfly  
Hunting for sweets in the wood-bowers fair,  
Rose from the blooms as she wander'd by,  
And play'd in the light of her shining hair.  
She sat her down by Weardale Well,  
And her gleaming ringlets rustled and fell,  
Clothing her round with a golden glow,  
And her shadow was light for the pool below ;  
Then the yellow adder fold in fold  
Writhed from his lair in the grass and roll'd  
With glittering scales in a curl o' the gold :  
She stroked his head with her finger light,  
And he gazed with still and glistening eye ;  
And she laught and clapt her hands of white,  
And overhead the sun went by  
Thro' the azure gulfs of a cloudless sky ;  
"All things that love the sun, love me,  
And O but the sun is sweet to see,  
And I love to look on the sun," said she.

This life of White Lily in God's sunshine was dis-  
approved by a monk, who took her to the austere Abbess of  
Lintlin Brae, who is thus described :—

The Abbess grey of Lintlin Brae  
Hated to look on the light of day ;  
She mumbled prayers, she counted beads,  
She whipt and whipt her shoulders bare,  
She slept on a bed of straw and reeds,  
And wore a serk of horse's hair.

The Monk informs the Abbess :—

"Mater sacra, it is one  
Who wanders evermore in the sun,  
A little maiden of Weardale-head,  
Whose father and mother have long been dead,  
But she loves to wander in greenwood bowers,  
Singing and plucking the forest flowers."  
The Abbess frown'd, half quick, half dead,  
"There is a sin!" the Abbess said.  
I found her singing a ditty wild,  
Her gleaming locks around her roll'd ;  
I seized her while she sang and smiled,  
And dragg'd her along by the hair of gold :  
The moth and butterfly, fluttering,  
Follow'd me on to Lintlin Brae,  
The adder leapt at my heart to sting,  
But with sandal'd heel I thrust it away ;  
And the bee dropt down ere I was 'ware  
On the hand that gript the yellow hair,  
And stang me deep, and I cursed aloud,  
And the sun went in behind a cloud !

The Monk and the Abbess imprison White Lily of  
Weardale-Head in a dark cell, with one thin ray of light  
streaming through a small hole :—

"Oh for the sunshine!" said  
White Lily of Weardale-head ;  
And in the dark she lay,  
Reaching her finger small  
To feel the little ray  
That glimmer'd down the wall.  
And while she linger'd white as snow  
She heard a fluttering faint and low ;  
And stealing thro' the looplet thin,  
The moth and butterfly crept in—  
With golden shadows as they flew  
They waver'd up and down in air,  
Then dropping slowly ere she knew,  
Fell on her eyes and rested there :  
And O she slept with balmy sighs,  
Dreaming a dream of golden day,  
The shining insects on her eyes,  
Their shadows on her cheeks, she lay ;  
And while she smiled on pleasant lands,  
On the happy sky and wood and stream,  
I, creeping in with outstretch'd hands,  
Murder'd the things that brought the dream.  
She woke and stretch'd her hands and smiled,  
Then gazed around with sunless eyes,  
Her white face gloom'd, her heart went wild,  
She sank with tears and sighs.  
"Oh for the sunshine!" said  
White Lily of Weardale-head.

Afterwards the honey-bee crept into the cell to White  
Lily, and was killed by the Monk, and lastly the pet little  
yellow snake. When the Monk opened the door of the cell  
to kill the snake, White Lily rushed out and fled through  
the abbey into the open air, pursued by the Monk :—

The sunshine made her strong and fleet,  
As on she fled by field and fold,  
Her shining locks fell to her feet  
In ring on ring of living gold ;  
But the sun went in behind a cloud,  
As I gript her by the shining locks,  
I gript them tight, I laught aloud,  
The echoes rang through woods and rocks ;  
Moaning she drooped, then up she sprang,  
The adder leapt at my heart and stang,  
And like a flash o' the light she fell  
Into the depths of Weardale Well.

The above is not the close of the story of White Lily of  
Weardale Head, but enough has been quoted to illustrate  
the true genius of a living poet.

The opening poem in the same book introduces the Inver-  
burn schoolmaster, his favourite pupil Willie Baird, and the  
dog Donald :—

Clasping his wee white hands round Donald's neck,  
"Do doggies gang to heaven?" he would ask ;  
"Would Donald gang?" and keek'd in Donald's face  
While Donald blink'd with meditative gaze,  
As if he knew full brawly what we said,  
And ponder'd o'er it, wiser far than we.

One evening Willie and the dog left the school, in a snow  
storm, to go home. The schoolmaster gives the following  
description of a storm among the mountains :—

Dreamingly and alone,  
I sat and smoked, and in the fire saw clear  
The norland mountains, white and cold with snow  
That crumbled silently, and moved, and changed,—  
When suddenly the air grew sick and dark,  
And from the distance came a hollow sound,  
A murmur like the moan of far-off seas.

I started to my feet, look'd out, and knew  
The winter wind was whistling from the clouds  
To lash the snow-clothed plain, and to myself  
I prophesied a storm before the night.  
Then with an icy pain, an eldritch gleam,  
I thought of Willie ; but I cheer'd my heart,  
"He's home, and with his mother, long ere this !"  
While thus I stood the hollow murmur grew  
Deeper, the wold grew darker, and the snow  
Rush'd downward, whirling in a shadowy mist.  
I walk'd to yonder door and open'd it.  
Whirr! the wind swung it from me with a clang,  
And in upon me with an iron-like crash  
Swoop'd in the drift. With pinch'd sharp face I gazed  
Out on the storm! Dark, dark was all! A mist,  
A blinding, whirling mist, of chilly snow,  
The falling and the driven ; for the wind  
Swept round and round in clouds upon the earth,  
And brim'd the deathly drift aloft with moans,  
Till all was swooning darkness. Far above  
A voice was shrieking, like a human cry.

I closed the door, and turn'd me to the fire,  
With something on my heart—a load—a sense  
Of an impending pain. Down the broad lum  
Came melting flakes that hiss'd upon the coal ;  
Under my eyelids blew the blinding smoke,  
And for a time I sat like one bewitch'd,  
Still as a stone. The lonely room grew dark,  
The flickering fire threw phantoms on the snow  
Along the floor and on the walls around ;  
The melancholy ticking of the clock  
Was like the beating of my heart. But hush !  
Above the moaning of the wind I heard  
A sudden scraping at the door ; my heart  
Stood still and listen'd ; and with that there rose  
An awesome howl, shrill as a dying screech,  
And scrape-scape-scape, the sound beyond the door !  
I could not think—I could not breathe—a dark,  
Awful foreboding gript me like a hand,  
As opening the door I gazed straight out,  
Saw nothing, till I felt against my knees  
Something that moved and heard a moaning sound—  
Then, panting, moaning, o'er the threshold leapt  
Donald the dog, alone, and white with snow.

The story tells how Donald led the way to the spot where  
Willie Baird's lifeless body was buried in the snow, and the  
poem closes with the following passage :—

When the nights are long and cold,  
And snow is falling as it falleth now,  
And wintry winds are moaning, here I dream  
Of Willie and the unfamiliar life  
I left behind me on the norland hills !  
"Do doggies gang to heaven?" Willie asked ;  
And ah! what Solomon of modern days  
Can answer that? Yet here at nights I sit,  
Reading the Book, with Donald at my side ;  
And stooping, with the Book upon my knee,  
I sometimes gaze in Donald's patient eyes—

So sad, so human, though he cannot speak—  
And think he knows that Willie is at peace,  
Far, far away beyond the norland hills,  
Beyond the silence of the untrodden snow.

In closing with an extract from the melody of *The Green Gnome*, it may be well to mention that all the books of poems by Mr. Robert Buchanan are full of gems of the same beauty as those briefly quoted here. *The Green Gnome* melody sets forth:—

Beside a silver runnel, on a little heap of sand,  
I saw the green Gnome sitting, with his cheek upon his hand;  
Then he started up to see me, and he ran with cry and bound,  
And drew me from my palfrey white, and set me on the ground:  
O crimson, crimson, were his locks, his face was green to see,  
But he cried, "O light-hair'd lassie, you are bound to marry me!"  
He claspt me round the middle small, he kissed me on the cheek,  
He kissed me once, he kissed me twice—I could not stir or speak;  
He kissed me twice, he kissed me thrice—but when he kissed again,  
I called aloud upon the name of Him who died for men!  
Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!  
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! through the dales and dells!  
Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!  
Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

A QUAIN ACCOUNT OF A FIVE DAYS' TRANCE.

AN Edinburgh correspondent has favoured us with a curious old pamphlet, with the following title-page:—

The Trance: A poem, founded on fact, in which is related a faithful account of the awful visions revealed to Eliza Stephens, a native of Swansea, now living, who was five days and five nights in a trance: to which is added an interesting account of her subsequent sufferings by sea and land. By H. Carnes. Seventh edition. Entered at Stationers'-hall. "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy; your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions."—Joel ii. 28. Hull; Printed by John Hutchinson, 29, Silver-street. 1829. Price Eightpence.

The preface opens with the following paragraphs:—

Kind reader,—I beg leave to present to your serious attention, the perusal of this little book: it is not the flight of fancy, nor an idle tale; its contents are facts, plainly stated without exaggeration.

Eliza Stephens was the daughter of respectable parents, who resided at Swansea, in Wales. In the year 1802, she fell into a trance; and although the subject (as might be expected) excited much curiosity at the time, she felt no inclination to give it general publicity till some time after.

From the opening lines it appears that the authoress was of Welsh descent; she displays the deeply religious and somewhat unpractical character of her race; all her thoughts are tinged with gloom, poisoned by honest belief in the doctrine of total depravity, original sin, and a future everlasting hell. These dark ideas evidently governed her whole life, showing the fearful responsibility of those priestly authorities who exercise mesmeric rule over weak minds by enforcing that which they do not themselves know. Eliza Stephens thus opens her story, and it may be prosaically remarked that the Swansea shore is not "bold" until the Mumbles is reached, and, being much sheltered from the direct action of the Atlantic, the waves do not often rise "mountains high" there:—

From ancient Britons were my parents' race,  
The town of Swansea is my native place;  
There the bold shore first caught my youthful eye,  
And swelling billows rising mountains high;  
There in solitude barren wilds I trod,  
And with amazement view'd the works of God;  
There, to remind me of my future doom,  
With solemn steps I wander'd through the gloom,  
Beheld the silent dwellings of the dead.  
In contemplation lost, yet free from dread,  
Here my dear companions, young and gay,  
Once blooming as the lovely flowers in May,  
Lay low beneath my feet, the food of worms,  
Wither'd by blasts of death's all-pow'rful storms.

The manifestly faithful and sincere account of the trance is appended. The poor misguided woman begins in hopeless strain by setting forth her belief in her own absolute depravity:—

Were I obedient to the light within,  
I soon should conquer all my inbred sin;  
Though of myself I nothing good can do,  
Yet Christ could change my heart and make it new.  
Lur'd by the world and all its foolish pride,  
Soon, like a broken bow, I went aside,  
Follow'd my gay companions full of glee,  
And never thought of an eternity.  
But He who loves the souls that He has bought,  
Marks each action, 'spies out every thought,

Soon stopt me as I ran the downward road;  
Bless God, He used the rod and not the sword;  
A dreadful fever seiz'd my mortal clay,  
'Mid weeping friends in agony I lay;  
The doctors they could no assistance give,  
But told my parents that I could not live,  
That on that evening, at the tide's return,  
No longer on this earth I could sojourn.  
Now on the brink of death I trembling stood,  
Unsprinkled with my Lord's atoning blood:  
Hell then appear'd before my guilty soul,  
I felt as doom'd in agony to roll.  
Fill'd with this horrid thought, aloud I cry'd,  
"Spare me, my Lord, nor crush me for my pride!  
Spare me, my Saviour, save my wretched soul,  
Oh! let not flaming billows on me roll!"  
In this tremendous state I sank away,  
While my poor body seem'd as lifeless clay;  
My eyes were clos'd, my jaws appear'd quite lock'd,  
As round my bed my friends and neighbours flock'd;  
My parents were with deep despair oppress'd,  
And wept and sobb'd upon my clay-cold breast.  
Five days and nights my lifeless body lay,  
Bearers were chos'n to take my corpse away,  
That with the clods my ashes might be mix'd,  
Till that great day wherein each doom is fix'd;  
But he whose ways are in the mighty deep,  
Who fills all space, and guards us while we sleep,  
(By whom the meanest peasant in his cot,  
Or smallest insect cannot be forgot,)  
Was pleas'd to pity such a worm as me,  
And from death's dreary prison set me free.  
My dearest friends, whoever you may be,  
That read this book, with me you will agree,  
It was most awful, and a certain call,  
From Him who gave His life to save us all.  
Soon as my body yielded up the ghost,  
Heaven appear'd to me for ever lost;  
My trembling spirit shiver'd at the thought,  
That I my dearest Saviour had forgot;  
I found my spirit in a narrow lane,  
I groan'd, I wept, until my Saviour came;  
His stature seem'd above the middle size,  
Dark and expressive were His piercing eyes;  
Upon His cheek a blooming colour glow'd,  
His auburn ringlets on His shoulders flow'd,  
His robes were such as ancients used to wear,  
He looked, my friends, most beautifully fair;  
His countenance shone brighter than the morn,  
His eyes beam'd pity on a wretch forlorn;  
With tender smiles my Saviour look'd on me,  
I knew 'twas He that bought me on the tree;  
'Twas he, whose precious wound I open'd wide,  
The fountain slighted that flow'd from His side,  
Despis'd His grace, His tender love refus'd,  
And all His goodness to my soul abus'd.  
With looks divine He my poor soul address'd;  
His words gave comfort to my aching breast;  
"Follow," he cried, "the footsteps of your Lord,  
And in your heart observe the living word;  
Obey its dictates, it will lead you right,  
And to your soul yet prove a glorious light;  
If obedient to the heav'nly call,  
I'll guard you each moment, lest you fall;  
Then will I grant you all your heart's desire,  
And I'll surround you like a wall of fire!"  
My Saviour vanish'd; to my great surprise,  
My spirit darted through the azure skies:  
But, oh! my friends, I tremble while I tell,  
Aghast I sat upon the mouth of hell!  
Transfix'd with horror, I the gulph survey'd,  
At which my soul was dreadfully dismay'd;  
Seven-fold darkness was beneath my feet,  
On either side nought else my eye could meet;  
Wild with despair, I upward turn'd my eyes,  
And saw a lid of a tremendous size,  
Hang o'er my guilty head, ready to close,  
And sink my soul in everlasting woes;  
I strove to move, but vain was the attempt,  
Immovable I sat, waiting the event;  
At length a mighty voice like thunder came,  
Which was from God, who call'd me by my name,  
"Arise!" said He, and then He gave the power;  
Trembling I stood at that important hour.  
Again that awful voice rang in my ears,  
I knew from whom it came, great were my fears.  
He told me of my sins, as black as hell;  
I thought my soul with fiends was bound to dwell;  
I felt my crimes deserved this awful doom,  
To ask for mercy I durst not presume;  
If He had cast me in that horrid pit,  
I must have owned Him just, and would submit;  
But, praise the Lord, He then did me reclaim;  
"Return to earth," He said, "from whence you came;"  
But He was willing that my soul should see  
More of the myst'ries of eternity.

My soul descended then as quick as thought,  
 And into hell's interior I was brought;  
 There I beheld the souls of wicked men  
 Writhing in torture in that horrid den;  
 The groanings of the damned pierc'd my ears;  
 Their frightful looks and their despairing tears,  
 Made me wonder at their dreadful state;  
 Reader, repent before it is too late!  
 One, above all, excited my surprise,  
 His tongue was parch'd—he roll'd his tortur'd eyes;  
 His awful pain was great beyond degree,  
 He seemed to me in dreadful agony;  
 Surprised I look'd at this most ghastly sight,  
 Which was enough my trembling soul to fright.  
 But soon the voice of God like thunder came,  
 Which terrified the damn'd and gave them pain;  
 He said, "That soul you see tormented so,  
 In Swansea died but a few days ago!"\*  
 His name he told me, which I knew quite well,  
 But never thought to see his soul in hell;  
 He accompanied with vain and wicked men,  
 His soul was dead, he was not born again;  
 He was a man that lives as others do,  
 As far as I know, paid each man his due;  
 He loved the world and all its glittering toys,  
 Despised the Spirit and his holy joys.

My dearest friends, be you advised by me,  
 And from destruction's path this instant flee;  
 Repent and be converted, that you may  
 Behold the Lord in everlasting day.

Then soon my spirit left this dark abode,  
 Glory and praise be to my pard'ning God;  
 Into a heavenly mansion I was brought,  
 The thought of which I never have forgot;  
 There stood bright saints, whose hair of purest white,  
 And flowing garments caught my ravished sight;  
 Each beauteous form, with a seraphic face,  
 Unto my view appeared in that blessed place.  
 Children I saw, as lovely as the morn,  
 While heavenly smiles each sweet face adorn;  
 No sorrow, pain, or sickness there was found,  
 Joy, peace, and love their heav'nly pleasures crown'd.  
 Our blessed Saviour, while on earth, declar'd  
 Bright mansions for our souls he had prepared.  
 If we are faithful to the light that's giv'n,  
 We'll enter through the pearly gates of heav'n,  
 And there receive bright robes of purest white,  
 And every joy that can our souls delight;  
 There, brighter than a thousand suns, we'll shine,  
 And tune our harps in glorious hymns divine;  
 We'll praise our God, who left His blest abode,  
 And came on earth to cleanse us with His blood.

My soul again resumed her rapid flight  
 From these blest mansions of supreme delight;  
 Unto the earth my spirit did return,  
 Doom'd in this clay a few years more to mourn;  
 In pastures green, surprised I did alight,  
 When soon a flood of waters caught my sight;  
 On which, with great velocity, I moved,  
 After my evil deeds had been reprov'd;  
 At length into these floods I seem'd to sink,  
 Where I was going then I could not think;  
 The swelling waves rose high above my head,  
 And, with a sigh, I ope'd my eyes in bed.

Let infidels and worldly men deride,  
 Say I am mad, and throw this voice aside;  
 Remember there's a day that's hastening on,  
 When all must stand before God's awful throne,  
 To hear these glorious words, "Ye bless'd come,"  
 Or, "Sink ye curs'd in your eternal doom?"  
 Oh! may we all think on our latter end,  
 That on that day the Lord may be our friend.

The deadly paleness that o'erspread my face,  
 Soon fled away when life again took place;  
 The mantling blush that had my cheeks adorn'd,  
 Resum'd its glow, when my slow pulse return'd;  
 My parents, who on troubl'd waves were tost,  
 All comfort seem'd for ever to have lost;  
 Their joy so great can never be declar'd,  
 When to their view their child alive appear'd;  
 My friends and neighbours from a distance came,  
 That to their wond'ring ears I might proclaim  
 What I had seen, while in the Trance I lay,  
 In hell's interior, and in heaven's bright day.

On recovering from her trance, she at once began to rail  
 at the harmless ornaments in the hair of the young women  
 round her bed:

When my young friends stood gazing round my bed,  
 And I beheld vain trifles deck their head,  
 I griev'd to see their foolishness and pride;  
 "What! do you think God will be meek'd?" I cry'd,  
 "Leave them aside, for they offend your King,  
 And to His blood your contrite spirits bring,

\* A man who died at Swansea while she was in the trance.

That when you stand before His awful throne,  
 His spotless brides He may in glory own!"

What is the philosophy of all this? It is clear that in  
 the trance her ideas were to some extent presented to her as  
 objective realities, and to what extent independent spirits  
 may have sought to teach her by sign and by symbol it is  
 impossible to say. In Spiritualism there are two classes of  
 phenomena—those in which spirit identity is proved, and  
 those in which subjective impressions are presented to the  
 sensitive as external realities.

The quoted verses form a strong contrast to the beautiful  
 story of White Lily of Weardale-Head, quoted also in this  
 number of *The Spiritualist*; the tale of White Lily teaches  
 of God as revealed in His works, and the trance poem  
 teaches of God as revealed to confiding, sincere, simple  
 people by priests. The same religious ideas are dealt with  
 in both, but from opposite points of view.

#### SPIRITS MATERIALISING IN THE OPEN AIR WITH THE MEDIUM IN SIGHT.

BY T. L. NICHOLS, M.D.

On the night of the 22nd of June, we had an out-door  
*séance* at Malvern, which was quite a new experience to me,  
 and may interest your readers. The night was clear and  
 still. We waited until half-past ten for such degree of  
 obscurity as the spirits desired, for there was a clear  
 twilight in the north-west, and star-light everywhere. We  
 could tell the time by our watches, and every object out of  
 doors was distinctly visible.

Aldwyn Tower is built on sloping ground, at the foot of the  
 steeper part of the Malvern hills. There is an irregular shaped  
 garden and lawn below the house. At its lowest corner, Willie  
 Eglinton, resting here before his voyage to Cape Town, lay upon  
 a bench. Three persons, I being one, sat in chairs fifteen  
 yards distant, while Mrs. Nichols sat in a balcony, fifteen  
 feet high, and thirty yards from the medium. The garden  
 is enclosed by high walls and thick hedges.

We sat talking together, and listening to the sounds of  
 the town below for about fifteen minutes, when there came  
 a small white cloud over the prostrate body of the medium;  
 the cloud gradually enlarged to a human form, in white  
 drapery, which advanced twelve yards, and stood beside a  
 clump of laurel. After a few minutes, long enough for us  
 all to note well its graceful figure and costume, it returned  
 to the medium and faded from our sight.

Soon after another form, well known to all of us, made its  
 appearance, wearing the gauzy drapery with which he covered  
 himself over his tight-fitting white dress, and talking to us  
 in his usual merry fashion. This was our old friend Joey.  
 He came quite close to where we three were sitting, passed  
 round behind us, took off my hat, put it on his head and  
 walked off with it; the contrast between his flowing robes  
 of purest white and my black stove-pipe on his head was  
 striking. In a few moments he brought back my hat,  
 passing round us as before, and plucked two roses, which he  
 gave to the lady and gentleman beside me.

"Now," he said, "I am going to see Mrs. Nichols, on  
 the balcony." He returned to the medium for more power,  
 and then walked first across the lawn, and then up a gravel  
 path, a distance, as he went, of about forty yards, until he  
 stood below the lady, talking with her until she begged him  
 to return to the medium, whom she feared would be exhausted.  
 He returned, the white figure faded, and the wonderful *séance*  
 ended.

It may be no more wonderful than many we have had,  
 but the effect of spirits walking about and talking with us  
 in the open air under the stars, and in the afterglow of the  
 summer twilight, was very impressive. There was no  
 cabinet—the medium simply laying all the time on the  
 bench in plain view. There was no possibility of any de-  
 ception. The whole lasted about half an hour.

Aldwyn Tower, Malvern, June 23rd, 1878.

MR. W. J. COLVILLE will deliver two inspirational orations and  
 poems in Manchester on Sunday, June 30th; that in the afternoon at  
 2.30, in Grosvenor-street Temperance Hall; and in the evening at 6.30,  
 in Hulme Town Hall, Stretford-road. Subjects to be chosen by the  
 audience, and questions replied to on both occasions.

## PRINCE WITTGENSTEIN ON UNTRUSTWORTHY MEDIAL PREDICTIONS.

Vevey, Switzerland, June 18th, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. HARRISON,—Allow me, for the sake of those who believe in spirit predictions, to tell you a story about incidents which happened to me last year, and about which I, for months past, have wished to talk to you, without, till now, finding time to do so. The narrative may perhaps be a warning to some of the too credulous persons to whom every medial message is like a gospel, and who too often accept as true what are perhaps the lies of some light spirit, or even the reflection of their own thoughts or wishes. I believe that the fulfilment of a prediction is such an exceptional thing that in general one ought to set no faith in such prophecies, but should avoid them as much as possible, lest they have undue influence upon our mind, faith, and free will.

A year and some months ago, while getting ready to join our army on the Danube, I received first one letter, and afterwards a few more from a very kind friend of mine, and a powerful medium in America, beseeching me, in very anxious words, not to go to the war, a spirit having predicted that the campaign would be fatal to me, and having ordered my correspondent to write to me the following words: "Beware of the war saddle! It will be your death, or worse still."

I confess that these reiterated warnings were not agreeable, especially when received at the moment of starting upon such a journey; but I forced myself to disbelieve them. My cousin, the Baroness Adelma Vay, to whom I had written about the matter, encouraged me in doing so, and I started.

Now it seems that this prediction became known also to some of my Theosophical friends at New York, who were indignant at it, and decided to do their utmost to make it of no avail. And especially one of the leading brethren of the society, utterly unknown to me, and residing far away from America, promised, by the force of his will, to shield me from every danger.

The fact is, that during the whole campaign I did not see one shot explode near me, and that, so far as danger was concerned, I could just as well have remained at Vevey. I was quite ashamed of myself, and sought occasion, now and then, to hear at least once the familiar roar and whistle which, in my younger years, were such usual music to me. All in vain! Whenever I was near a scene of action the enemy's fire ceased. I remember having once, during the third bloody storming of Plevna, with my friend, your Colonel Wellesley, stolen away from the Emperor's staff, in order to ride down to a battery of ours, which was exchanging a tremendous fire with the redoubt of Grivitsa. As soon as we, after abandoning our horses further back in the brushwood, arrived at the battery, the Turkish fire ceased as by enchantment, to begin again only when we left it half an hour later, although our guns kept on blazing away at them without interruption. I also tried twice to see some of the bombarding of Giurgiewo, where all the windows were broken, doors torn out, roofs broken down at the railway station by the daily firing from Rastchuk. I stopped there once a whole night, and another time half a day, always in the hope of seeing something. As long as I was there the scene was as quiet as in times of peace, and the firing recommenced as soon as I had left the place. Some days after my last visit to Giurgiewo, Colonel Wellesley passed it, and had part of his luggage destroyed by a shell, which, breaking through the roof into the gallery, tore to pieces two soldiers who were standing near.

I cannot believe all this to have been the sole result of chance. It was too regular, too positive to be explained thus. It is, I am sure of it, magic, the more so as the person who protected me thus efficaciously is one of the most powerful masters of the occult science professed by the Theosophists.

I can relate, by way of contrast, the following fact, which happened during the war on the Danube in 1854 at the siege of Silistria: A very distinguished Engineer General of ours, who led our approaches, was a faithful Spiritualist, but believed every word which he wrote down by the help of

a psychograph as a genuine revelation from superior spirits. Now these spirits had predicted to him that he would return from the war unhurt, and covered with fame and glory. The result of this was that he exposed himself openly, madly, to the enemy's fire, till at last a shot tore off his leg, and he died some weeks later. This is the faith we ought to have in predictions, and I hope my narrative may be welcome to you, as a warning for many.—Truly yours,

E. WITTGENSTEIN.

## CONTAGIOUS HEALTH.

AMERICA has a Mr. Bradlaugh in the shape of a Colonel Ingersoll, a clever, hard materialist, with plenty of capacity to pull down, and little to build up. Spiritualism he of course dislikes. He says: "Let the ghosts go. We will worship them no more. Let them cover their eyeless sockets with their fleshless hands, and fade for ever from the imaginations of men." This is scarcely a flattering description of an immortal revisitant of earth, but it makes a well rounded and impressive sentence, which is a great point in popular oratory.

A letter in *The Banner of Light* of June 8th, 1878, says: "It is currently reported of Colonel Ingersoll, the eloquent iconoclast of modern superstitions, that when defiantly asked by a clergyman with whom he was holding a discussion, 'Will you be good enough to put your finger upon one single law of nature which your puny wisdom could improve?' the orator turned upon his questioner with this prompt reply: 'With all the pleasure in life; I would make health catching instead of disease.'"

This conceited sentence suggests a new view of mesmerism, for the great extent to which diseases may be cured by that power shows that health may fairly be described as "catching" in some cases, as disease is under particular conditions. Man is placed between good and evil, light and darkness, health and disease, and has to a large extent a power of selection. The philosophy of Colonel Ingersoll is analogous to suggesting that he would have light everywhere, and no darkness, although the beauties and the value of the one become perceptible only through the existence of the other. Were we able to take a broader view of the economy of nature, possibly disease would be seen to have its uses, and it should furthermore be remembered that what is injurious to one section of creation is beneficial to another. The carbonic anhydride which is death to man feeds vegetation, and the worms which live upon the lifeless human frame, would totally disagree with Colonel Ingersoll in his idea of improving the particular law of nature he selected for criticism. Much depends upon the breadth of view, and upon the point of view, in attempts to solve such problems.

LAST Friday's *Daily Telegraph* contains a heartrending leading article on unlimited cruelty to animals, which if reprinted by the vegetarians would form the most effective pamphlet they ever issued in relation to their doctrines.

"FEAR came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake: Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice."—*Job*.

CHRISTIANS AMONG SAVAGES.—The following paragraph is from *Social Notes*:—"Day by day the columns of English newspapers are polluted with the records of fresh slaughter in South Africa. Last year the horrors around Plevna and in Armenia sickened us; the year before we turned with a shudder from annals that Turkish cruelty had written in characters of blood. Are our hands so much cleaner than the hands of the Russian? Can we not on occasion display a savagery as deliberate as that of the Turk? We have deprived the Kaffir of his land, and now we complete the injury by taking away his life. Could Sultan or Czar do more? And we set about the work with such a pleasant sense of safety to ourselves; fit out our troops with Gatling guns and the most approved species of breechloader, and send them forth against a horde of half-naked savages armed with rusty muskets of which they scarcely understand the use. Naturally, the savages fall like partridges. 'Thirty killed here—a hundred there;' such has become the stereotyped announcement of every South African dispatch. 'No lives were lost on our side.' It is only when the British forces blunder into something resembling an ambushade that the Kaffirs can succeed in doing damage. On most occasions they are slain as helplessly as sheep. We kill till outraged Nature cries out against us. The other day 400 Kaffir wives and mothers, to whom, no less than to Englishwomen, God had given souls and affections, threw themselves between our troops and those near and dear ones that English bullets were laying low."

## A RECENT SEANCE IN LONDON WITH HENRY SLADE.

ON Sunday, June 16th last, a private *séance* with Dr. Slade took place at the residence of Miss Ottley, 41, Denbigh-street, Belgravia, London. The witnesses present were Miss Ottley, Miss Emmet, Miss Slade, Captain Inglefield, the Chevalier Habicht, Mr. G. Ottley, and Mr. W. H. Harrison.

Some of the usual phenomena connected with Dr. Slade's mediumship occurred. Dr. Slade and all the observers were seated round a small Louis Quinze heavy ormolu and rose-wood table, size 34½ inches by 34½ inches, with a large moderator lamp burning with full-sized flame on the top of the table. While the hands of Dr. Slade and of the other sitters were in full view on the top of the table, and Dr. Slade's legs seen to be motionless by those nearest to him, Mr. Ottley held a piece of wood under the table. He at once felt it to be grasped by a living hand, which pulled vigorously at the wood, and finally took it from him, although he pulled against the force for a few moments. The card table belonged to Miss Ottley; it had no cloth on it. Dr. Slade was attired merely in evening dress.

At one part of the sitting a living hand was seen by some of the sitters, who chanced to be looking in the direction of it, to make a momentary appearance from under the edge of the table, while both Dr. Slade's hands were in sight.

The partial darkness beneath tables, while all lights are above, is one of the conditions favouring the formation of temporarily materialised spirit hands.

At one part of the *séance* Miss Emmet asked if she could be raised in the air in her chair. Dr. Slade, who sat by her side, placed one hand on the back of her chair, and within a minute after her request had been made, she rose and fell, steadily and vertically, chair and all, about six inches. No muscular exertion on the part of Dr. Slade was visible, and his arm, horizontally stretched out, while he was seated, was not in a position to give him good leverage. Miss Emmet was the only one who could see his feet at the time, and she writes—"Dr. Slade placed his feet under his chair while I was being lifted, or rather raised in the air. I particularly remarked the position of his feet, being anxious to tell my friends that no tricks were possible. . . . The *séance*, though a short one, was most satisfactory."

Mr. Ottley writes:—"I certainly made a strenuous effort to retain the wood. . . . Though a short one, it was, in my opinion, a most satisfactory *séance*."

## MY WORK IN CONTINENTAL EUROPE.

BY HENRY SLADE.

I LEFT London with Mr. Simmons and Mr. J. Enmore Jones, of Norwood, at midnight, in January or February, 1877, and we reached Dover as the day was breaking. I was sick and ill as the result of the persecution I had received at the hands of a few exceptional persons in London, so that I felt that I did not care whether I lived or died. At the present time I am suffering from nervous prostration, the result of that persecution, but I am getting better. Mr. Simmons and myself crossed to Calais, and went by rail to Boulogne. There I was attended for a week by a skilful physician, until I was able to bear a journey to The Hague.

At The Hague we were rejoined by Miss Slade and Miss Simmons, and I met many sympathising friends. We took rooms, and gave many *séances* there for six months; the results were to the general satisfaction of those who attended, as attested by the reports in the newspapers. The particulars of the trial in London were well known to most of the sitters beforehand, but their published reports show that they did not see what the English prosecutors said they themselves saw. The best society at The Hague came to the *séances*, introduced by Lieut. A. de Bourbon and Mr. Riko.

Thence we went to Brussels for a month or two. The same prejudice, in consequence of the London trial, awaited me, but the reports in the newspapers show that the said prejudices were removed from the minds of those who investigated, although the alleged particulars against me had previously been published in their own journals. I publicly challenged the press and scientific men to attend and witness the manifestations; some accepted the invitation, and some did not, but those who did were satisfied as to the genuineness of the phenomena.

I was then invited by Mr. R. V. Neergaard, of Fuglsang to spend two or three weeks at his mansion in Denmark. He invited his friends, including several clergymen and some scientific professors from Copenhagen and elsewhere, to investigate the phenomena. Some became convinced; not so the professors, who said that it "looked like" sleight of hand. Mr. Neergaard writes that I did great good in Denmark; that I converted many, and he urges me to return. While in Denmark I visited a well-known old and haunted castle, and the following particulars as to what took place there are extracted from a letter written by my niece, Miss Agnes Slade, which letter was published in *The Banner of Light*:—

"Every one was interested in Spiritualism, the subject being comparatively new in that country [Denmark]. But two of the most devoted truth-seekers were clergymen, who would never miss an opportunity of attending a *séance*, and also of bringing their families to witness the manifestations. One day, at dinner, it was remarked that there was a haunted castle in the neighbourhood, belonging to Count Raven. Dr. Slade said he should very much like to pass a night there. Permission being asked (the Count was not a Spiritualist) and granted, two or three gentlemen went there one evening and slept in the haunted room. The results obtained were wonderful. Heavy stampings were heard all through the night, stones were thrown in, and various other noisy manifestations occurred. The household were so much interested that they begged Dr. Slade to pass another night there, and to bring the young ladies and Mr. Simmons. It was not without some fear and trembling that Miss Simmons and I agreed to this arrangement; but our desire to see the castle, which was very ancient, overruled all other objections. Accordingly one evening we set out, by moonlight, and after an hour's drive arrived at the place where disembodied spirits held sway. After passing a pleasant evening we repaired to our room, which, to our comfort, was far away from the haunted one. I almost immediately fell asleep, and slept until the middle of the night, when I was awakened by Miss Simmons, who even the watchful guard of two candles could not lull to slumber. I joined her, and the morning dawned without any further disturbances. She then told me that in the night she had heard what appeared to be the rustling of a silk dress. She had looked round the room, but could see nothing. She listened attentively, thinking it might have been the wind, but found it was a totally different sound. When we were all assembled in the drawing-room, the gentlemen told their experiences. There were four gentlemen in the room besides Dr. Slade, and almost as soon as the lights were out heavy stampings were heard, then sounds as of heavy bodies falling, which on examination proved to be large stones. This continued for some time, when suddenly Dr. Slade perceived standing at the foot of the bed a grey-haired man holding a large key in his hand, and pointing with it in the direction of a room in the house which has been sealed up for many years, and no one of the present generation knows what it contains. Immediately after he disappeared keys began to be showered in; large keys and small were falling all over the room. After a few minutes this ceased, but I believe the stampings and loud noises continued the night through. Also, I forgot to say, the gentlemen in their room heard the same sound as of a dress rustling."

I was at Copenhagen afterwards, and gave several successful *séances* to the citizens, who expressed themselves satisfied and pleased. There is a society of Spiritualists in Copenhagen, established, I think, some years.

Next we went to Berlin, where I lived for some months at the Hotel Kronprinz. I began by fully converting the landlord, using his own slates and tables in his own house. He invited the chief of the police and many of the prominent citizens of Berlin to see the manifestations; they were well satisfied, and said that the treatment I received in London was a disgrace to the English nation. Samuel Bellachini, Court Conjuror to the Emperor of Germany, had a week's experience with me free of charge; I gave him from two to three *séances* a day, and one of them at his own house. After his full and complete investigation, he went to a public notary and made oath that the phenomena were genuine and not trickery. His affidavit has already been published in *The Spiritualist*. Thus his testimony does not

altogether harmonise with that sworn in London by Mr. Maskelyne, witness for Professor E. Ray Lankester, Fellow of the Royal Society. Mr. Maskelyne never saw one of my manifestations, and never entered my rooms.

The priests tried to get me turned away from Berlin, but I was not ordered to leave abruptly, as reported in the newspapers. In fact, after leaving I returned there again some months later, and remained for a few weeks, which fact those London daily newspapers which had printed the exaggerated statement did not make known. Mr. Liebing, President of the Berlin Society of Spiritualists, and Mr. Bresa, landlord of the Kronprinz Hotel, are the most active Spiritualists in Berlin, and many people connected with the Court are investigating. I was kindly treated in Berlin.

Thence I visited Leipzig, at the invitation of Baron von Hoffmann. At Leipzig I had the pleasure of meeting Professor Zöllner and other University professors. We had *séances* in Professor Zöllner's rooms. He does not wish me to publish what took place, as he intends to do so himself; he says that the manifestations were very satisfactory, and beyond all his expectations.

Afterwards I went to Dresden and Vienna. My *séances* were attended by many members of the Court, one of whom printed a pamphlet describing some astounding manifestations which occurred in his own house. The excitement in Vienna was great, and attracted the attention of the priests and the police. The latter ordered me away because I had no papers or passport with me; I had left them in Berlin. They asked me my business. I said, "I am demonstrating the existence of an unseen power, governed by intelligence, which should be of interest to the scientific world and men of intellect." They replied that they did not understand this. I replied, "I do not think you can unless you investigate, so I invite you to come and see the phenomena." This they refused to do.

I returned to Berlin, and went thence to St. Petersburg. There I gave *séances* to the Grand Duke Constantine, the Hon. A. Aksakof, Professor Boutlerof, and many of the nobility, all of whom treated me with the greatest kindness. I had more sympathy there than in any place visited by me since I left New York, and shall always remember the kindness of the Russians with gratitude. They dealt with me honestly, so far as I know; for in Russia the people are reticent. The newspapers spoke of Spiritualism in a straightforward way, and every disbeliever I met behaved honourably. In the upper circles of Russia I found the most intellectual Spiritualists I ever met, and they said nothing against "paid mediums" being too honest to take benefits drawing upon the health, strength, and time of an individual, without giving him fair value for the same. I left St. Petersburg with regret, and just before doing so received a munificent but anonymous present, consisting of a box containing eight pieces of jewellery, all richly studded with diamonds.

I then paid a second visit to Brussels, Liège, and The Hague; everywhere a lively interest was displayed about Spiritualism.

I am now in London, meeting many of my old friends.

London, June 17th, 1878.

REMARKABLE EXPERIMENTS IN THE PRESENCE OF HENRY SLADE.

BY ADELBERTH DE BOURBON, FIRST LIEUTENANT OF THE DUTCH GUARD TO H.M. THE KING OF THE NETHERLANDS.

DR. SLADE has been kind enough to pay us a visit here for a few days only. Since I have known Slade I have had with him some fifty *séances* which, generally speaking, were as many successes. But I will now confine myself to the description of one experiment I had with him the day before yesterday, and which to any real scientific man is of the most stupendous importance, inasmuch as it proves that the spirits can completely overcome magnetic force. I will try to be as brief as possible.

Some time before Slade came to see us, I heard from a friend that M. Aksakof, of St. Petersburg, had tried an experiment with compasses—viz., two compasses were placed at a small distance from each other, and the spirits asked to turn the one while the other remained stationary. I told

Slade that if I could get this I would send a communication about it to *The Spiritualist*. He naturally told me that he could promise nothing, but that we might "try." So, on the 9th of June, 1878, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Dr. Slade, Mr. V. S— (I don't know if my friend V. S— will allow me to publish his name; he is a lawyer), and I sat together in a room with two windows, the sun shining brightly. Mr. V. S— and I had brought with us *our own* compasses, one of them larger than the other. After some preliminary manifestations, which I will not describe now, Slade asked if we could get the desired manifestation. The answer (written on a slate) was, "We will try." I must now refer you to the accompanying diagrams (Figs. 1 and 2), by which you will see the positions of the sitters and some

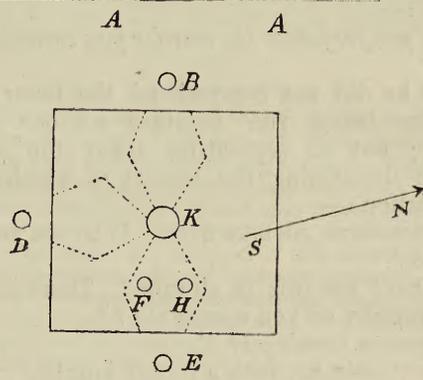


FIG. 1.

A A Windows.  
 B Henry Slade.  
 D Mr. V. S—  
 E Lieut. A. de Bourbon.  
 K Position of the joined hands.  
 Size of table 40 inches by 40 inches. Temperature about 70 deg. Fahrenheit. Wind west. Sun shining brightly.

F H Compasses.  
 S, south; N, north.  
 Dotted lines: Positions of the arms of the sitters.

other details. At my friend's request the needle in F oscillated several times, as if *somebody* (spirit) made the effort to turn it. When the F needle was again at rest, the needle in H turned round, while F remained stationary. At *our*

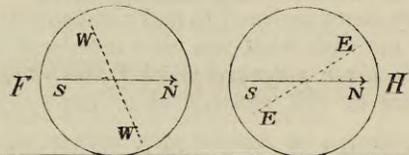


FIG. 2.

request the needles of the compasses F and H turned round swiftly in the way indicated by the dotted lines W W and E E. The distance between the centres of the two compasses was about three inches, English measure. Both were enclosed between my two arms, as in diagram No. 1, our hands being joined together at K.

The Hague, Holland, June 11th, 1878.

Since the foregoing was in type, Lieutenant Bourbon has added, in a private note:—

I was so struck with this unexpected result, which was such positive evidence of an exterior intelligence acting upon the compasses which I had between my arms at not more than three-quarters of a foot from my eyes, that I directly wrote the facts to you. I wish you could have seen the swinging motion of the needles whenever one of them at my request, or that of my friend M. von S—, was attempting to turn round. It was most wonderful. My friend and I are perfectly sure that no imposture of whatever kind could have taken place. When Slade once took his hands from ours, and wanted to make the needles turn by holding his hands over the compasses, they did not move a point. It was only at our request they moved.

In reply to questions put by us, we have received the following information from Lieutenant de Bourbon, by telegraph:—

The compasses were glass covered. The needles turned in the pictured opposite directions simultaneously. The table at the time was steady upon its four legs.

The Hague, 23rd June, 1878.

## AN EARLY ENGLISH SEANCE.

PROFESSOR J. R. BUCHANAN has published the following in *The Banner of Light* (Boston, U.S.):—

One of the most remarkable *séances* held by Mrs. Hayden, at London, was one with a tall, dark-complexioned gentleman, of haughty bearing, who presented himself under the fictitious name of "Cosmopolite," and who was greatly astonished at the correctness of the answers he received, but attributed their correctness to thought-reading, as the answers included nothing beyond his own knowledge.

"Then ask some question, the answer to which is not in your own mind," was said to him.

He again passed his pencil over the alphabet, when the following startling question was propounded to him by the invisibles:—

"Have you forgotten the murder you committed in the West Indies?"

At first he did not comprehend the tenor of the words, the letters being run together without regard to the sentences; but on separating them the above was the result, on discovering the import of which he said, with great agitation:—

"There is some mistake here. Who are you?"

"Agatha!"

"My God! but this is strange! There is some mistake. Of what murder do you accuse me?"

"The young Creole girl!"

"Pshaw," said he, with a forced laugh. "Ah! my good madam, there is some wag here who wishes to impose his jokes upon me."

The only response to this question was one loud rap, which is understood as a negative.

"If I murdered you, as you insist, will you tell me for what?"

"To prevent exposure!" was the prompt reply. The hand of the questioner became tremulous, and his face ashy pale. There was a smothered hell within his bosom, which he was vainly striving to quench. Assuming a careless and indifferent tone, he continued his interrogatories.

"Since you seem inclined to make out so plausible a story, will you tell me with what you were murdered?"

"The little silver poignard which I gave you as a keepsake, and which you at this moment near concealed upon your person!"

The thunderbolt had fallen, and the terrible blow was more than the guilty man could bear; and, while trembling with fear and excitement, he confessed to the truth of the revelation, and implored Mrs. Hayden, for the sake of his family, not to mention the facts in connection with his name, which promise she gave and kept.

This communication made a deep impression upon Mr. —, who seemed to become a changed man, and afterward said to Mrs. Hayden, "I have nothing more to live for, and shall be happy to go hence whenever the summons shall come."

This man displayed to Mrs. Hayden the poignard, which he still carried, and his display of feeling was overwhelming. It is to be observed, however, that the messages from the spirit-world in such cases are not vindictive—they do not aim at the exposure and punishment of the murderer, but at his reformation.

*Chambers's Journal* of the same year gives the following statement:—"I revisited Mrs. Hayden several times, and witnessed many similar 'manifestations.' On one occasion a young man was present who obtained intelligence of the death of a brother long lost in distant lands; also the secret of a murder, which he suspected to have taken place in his family. The spirit was asked if he should take measures to bring the guilty party to justice, but this was discommended; the spirits, we were informed, are generally tender towards the reputations and interests of living persons."

ONE of the most important subjects to which all Spiritualists might now turn attention, especially after the consideration of the speculative questions which have been prominent of late, is that of spirit identity. In a small minority of spirit messages, the identity of the communicant has been well proved. All examples should be fully authenticated with full names, addresses, and minute details, or their historical value will be lowered.

## Poetry.

## A CONTRAST.

## ANIMAL LIFE.

We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do,  
We have the ships, we have the men, we have the money too;  
We've licked the Bear before, we'll lick the Bear again, &c. &c.

## STRUGGLE OF SPIRITUAL WITH ANIMAL LIFE; OR, COMMENTS OF THE SPIRIT ON THE PHENOMENA.

With glee we'll dance the bloody dance,  
With glee we'll sing the bloody song,  
And thus the cause of Love advance,  
And in the God of Love be strong.

We swear—On Thee, O Lord! we call  
On Thee, who saidst, "Swear not at all"—  
That we will fight with might and main,  
Though Thou hast said, "Strike not again."

We'll make our Earth a Hell below,  
And swear its heat is Heav'n's own glow;  
With devils we will fraternise,  
And deem them angels in disguise.

Oh! nerve our arms, direct our aim!  
And we will praise Thy holy name.  
Praise God! from whom all blessings flow,  
For all the myriads sent below.

## THE SPIRIT'S STATEMENT.

Thus people madly break Thy holy laws,  
And ask Thy aid for crimes, they call Thy cause;  
And white-robed priests and choristers again  
Intone complacently the loud "Amen!"  
Rehearse the prayer, and the "Te Deum" sing  
Before the fight, and when the fight they win.  
Thus Satan sits enthroned in Thy name,  
The white-robed honours of Thy courts to claim.  
High Heaven travestied, and Thy name blasphemed  
By men who bless that name as Thy redeemed!  
What hope for Good, thus piously profaned?  
What hope for Truth, with falsehood thus engrained?  
But, hark! I hear a voice to love still true:  
"Father, forgive! they know not what they do!"  
That voice, O Father, Thou hast made Thine own;  
That voice now speaks from the Eternal Throne!  
Yes! There is Hope! O Holy Heart of Life  
We trust Thy goodness through the fiercest strife.

Rochdale.

## 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.]

## SPECULATIONS.

SIR,—After the long discussion on Theosophy which has taken place in the pages of *The Spiritualist* during the past six months, it is somewhat disappointing to find that the result is almost *nil*. While the ideas of both Spiritualists and Theosophists have been well expounded by those most capable on both sides, the breach, instead of being narrowed, has increased. There is one portion of the subject which I think deserves attention, a consideration of which may possibly do something towards making the position of both divisions plainer. I refer to the communicating intelligence. Spiritualists affirm that they *know* that the *spirits* of the departed have manifested and proved their identity in thousands of cases; Theosophists assert that *spirits*, except in very rare instances, *cannot* manifest. Can either prove their statements? I think not. Let us, then, see which is the most probable. On the Spiritualists' side it may be said that the intelligence communicating asserts that it is a spirit; but this may be regarded as an outgrowth of the popular fallacy that man is simply body and spirit, which gave birth to the idea that all apparitions and supernatural intelligences are, or must emanate from spirits. Spiritualists, although they now regard man as a trinity—body, soul, and spirit—have no definite ideas of the purposes of each. Theosophists teach that inside the physical body of man, and permeating it is an "astral" body, or soul, and that these two are overshadowed (illuminated and spiritualised) by a third—the Divine immortal spirit. At death the "astral" man (or double, or soul) still possesses the individuality of the man, but, being merely sublimated matter, may become separated from his divine part—the spirit. The attractions of spirit, when free from the physical body, must be towards spirit (must be attracted to its Maker); hence Theosophists contend that a spirit, being a portion of God, cannot, except under the highest conditions, manifest. The trinity of man may be said to be agreed upon by both Spiritualist and Theosophist. The point now is, what portion of this trinity does manifest after what is termed death? The physical body, it is agreed, rots. If it is also admitted that the spirit comes from God, belongs to God, and is a portion of God, it follows that the attractions of spirit, which we must regard as our most pure and holy part, must be to spirit. Regarded in this light, one can well conceive the extreme difficulty, if not the impossibility, of a spirit manifesting at an ordinary *séance*, and the bare possibility of its manifesting to a circle composed of persons with pure and holy bodies, thoughts, and aspirations. It therefore appears to me that the intelligence, as a rule, may emanate from that portion of man termed the soul, or "double." Colonel Olcott ascribes the greater part of the phenomena to elementaries, and the souls of mediums *in* the flesh; why cannot they be produced by the souls of mediums and others *out* of the flesh? That the medium's double, elementaries, &c., may sometimes produce the phenomena is not

doubted; but in the thousands of cases in which the identity of the intelligence has been fully established, there can be no doubt that it must emanate from a something possessing the individuality of the person deceased. If we regard the spirit as Divine, I do not think it is possible, under ordinary circumstances, for it to communicate. I therefore suggest that the intelligence, when the identity is proved, is the soul. Perhaps some of your readers who have given greater attention to these matters than I have will give their opinion upon this point.

A. E. MIDDLETON.

Retford, June 17th, 1878.

NANA SAHIB'S SPIRIT AT NAPLES.

SIR,—The mistake about the name of the well, which ought to have been "Cawnpore" instead of "Lucknow," as pointed out in a number of *The Spiritualist* by your correspondent, "One who was Sent to the Rescue," must not be attributed either to Nana or to the unconscious medium, but to me.

It happened thus:—The shorthand writer, not catching the name "Cawnpore" uttered by Mrs. Bej, left a blank in its place, and, on my dictating the translation, I, through ignorance, filled the gap with Lucknow instead of Cawnpore.

Other blunders, alas! were committed in that report, I do not know whether by the negligence of my amanuensis or by the printer, and by which I am made to appear a ridiculous French scholar, and an incorrect writer of the names of two English ladies present at the *séance*.

My only consolation is in the consideration that martyrs have suffered things worse than these.

G. DAMIANI.

Naplos.

WHY AM I A SPIRITUALIST?

SIR,—1. Because I find the teachings of good spirits correspond to the principles of the gospel teaching of Jesus Christ, viz., the love of truth and good for their own sake.

2. Because, by enabling us to have affectionate communion with our loved friends who have passed away before us, we become, through their knowledge and experience, enlightened, comforted, and willingly prepared to follow and join them.

3. Because these friends lay before us a more extended and complete account of the nature of the after life, both of the good and evil disposed spirits, than we obtain from the Scriptures.

T.

June 18th, 1878.

SCIENTIFIC WORK IN SPIRITUALISM.

SIR,—Permit me, through your columns, to express my thanks for having been permitted, since my arrival in England, to attend the fortnightly meetings of the British National Association of Spiritualists. By means of the papers there read, and the discussions attendant thereon, I have had entirely uprooted certain very imperfectly formed notions of the work done by Spiritualists as a body, and some very clearly defined knowledge has been implanted in their place. I find—and I must confess with surprise—that the National Association is composed of men of deep thought, who are doing real hard, thorough, scientific work, uncompromisingly searching out and eliminating from their creed everything that will not bear the fierce fires of the refiner's furnace, and effectually placing their records in such a position as to defy all the powers of opposition to discredit them. The work upon *Psychography*, lately written by "M.A. (Oxon.)," is a further record of labours of the same inflexible type—a book which must convince anyone, not actually blind through prejudice, that no efforts have been spared to bring to bear upon the phenomena recorded all the tests which science can devise.

JOHN STORER COBB.

London, June 22nd, 1878.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA IN SCOTLAND.

SIR,—Miss Fairlamb, the medium, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, is at present on a visit to Scotland, as much for rest and recreation as anything else, but she affords opportunities to investigators while she is here by giving a few *séances*. Some of them have taken place in Glasgow, and some in Edinburgh, and they gave general satisfaction. At three which were given in Edinburgh, at the house of Mr. C— (whose name and address I enclose), the manifestations were quite in accord with, and as powerful as, those reported in *The Spiritualist*, about twelve months ago, as occurring at Newcastle-on-Tyne. They took place on successive evenings, viz., the 18th, 19th, and 20th inst. The number of ladies and gentlemen present averaged eighteen, including several local Spiritualists and three clergymen.

The first *séance* took place *not* under test conditions; the small form of Cissy made its appearance, also the masculine form of "Geordie," which latter form did not come out of the cabinet.

The second evening was somewhat a repetition of the former, but more powerful; the articulation of "Geordie" was distinctly audible; another noticeable feature was his showing his bare legs and feet at intervals, more or less perfectly. Another manifestation of power was afforded to the criticism of the company by the manner in which Miss Fairlamb was securely corded by Geordie with a long stout cord of five yards or more in length, which had been handed in to the cabinet a little while before the termination of the *séance*, and which it took three or four gentlemen ten minutes or more to unfasten in the light; one of the medium's hands was secured to her breast, and the other to her side, both in such a position that she herself could not have used her own hands in the tying up. A bouquet of flowers, which was handed to Cissy by Mrs. C— when out of the cabinet, was taken within, and was not found afterwards.

A similar thing took place the following evening, when another lady

handed a small bouquet of forget-me-nots to another figure; but on this, the third evening, the medium had been put under strict test conditions by one of the gentlemen, who fastened each wrist with tape to the arms of the chair, and sewed the ends to the medium's dress. He likewise did the same at the bend of the arm, and again at the shoulder; he passed a tape round the waist to the back of the chair, also with other tapes secured the lower portion of the dress; all the joints were sewn, and each tape stitched to the dress. The result was that several forms showed themselves at the opening of the cabinet (which consisted of curtains hanging in the corner of the room). The form of Minnie was not so largely developed as is often the case; she appeared on this occasion about four feet in height, very slender, with uplifted arms, and remained visible about two minutes. At the conclusion of the *séance* the tapes were all found intact; they were cut from the chair, thus leaving them hanging as sewn on the dress. This last *séance* lasted three hours.

A very important thing at the previous evening's *séance* was that the curtains of the cabinet were opened wide from within, revealing the form of the medium seated in the chair, with a white-draped form standing beside, all seen plainly by most of the company.

J. T. RHODES.

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

SIR,—The following may be considered proofs of the identity of spirits in the medial writing of the late Mr. G. B. Pritchard:—

"In the year 1858 a new handwriting appeared; the signature was that of a gentleman he had once met twenty-four years previously, but of whom he had no recollection; he had only shortly before the message was given been spoken of by a friend Mr. Pritchard had recently become acquainted with. He inquired of this friend if she happened to have any of his writing. An old letter was produced, and the signature was exactly the same; the name and the hand-writing were both uncommon. Subsequently a communication was written to this lady, giving advice pertinent to peculiar circumstances under which she was perplexed how to act; it was followed, and had respect to a future event which occurred. Some time afterwards a writing was signed 'Cromwell;' to test this Mr. Pritchard obtained an inspection of a *fac simile* of the death-warrant of Charles I. Cromwell's signature was larger, and of a different character; he therefore disbelieved the authenticity of the communications. His hand was moved to write again, telling him to inquire again, and he would meet with some of his writing. Mr. Pritchard thought this most improbable; however, he inquired at Jennings's, in Cheapside, if they had any *fac simile* of Cromwell's hand-writing, and the reply was, 'We have just received a few lines that were written by him on the field of battle.' This writing was precisely the same as that of the communications. They continued at frequent intervals."

F. C. P.

Upper Norwood, Marsh 18th, 1878.

SIR,—I went some time ago with my children to see Mr. Fletcher, the trance medium. I had some peculiar things when Kardec put in an appearance, and tried to convince me that the spiritual sympathy or affinity between my daughter and myself was due to a close relation in a prior existence; he did not give particulars.

After this the medium went through the horrors of a suicide committed by a nephew of mine in the Prussian army, who jumped off a mountain of great height. This was a very striking incident, and it affected the medium greatly; the name of the deceased was given at once, and the reason which led him to commit the rash act.

The details were, I think, of too private a nature to be published in full.

J. N. TIEDEMAN MARTHEZE.

Brighton.

SIR,—I think the following testimony to the genuineness of Mr. Foster's mediumship may be interesting. It was taken by me *verbatim* from the lips of a friend, a clergyman of the Church of England, who objects to give his name:—

"When in Amorica I called upon Mr. Foster, the Spiritualist, in New York. I went to ask him certain scientific questions. He gave me some very clever replies, but he wished me to write them down, in order that he might place the paper on his forehead, between his eyes. He requested me to write to six dead relatives. Upon my replying that I had only five, he said, 'Is there not a mistake?' I replied, 'No.' Upon which I did write to them, and received some wonderful answers. On the following day, whilst he was talking to an actress who had come to ask him how she would succeed in her part, he turned suddenly round to me, whilst I was sitting in a distant part of the room, and said, with anger: 'Sir, you told me a falsehood yesterday. You said you had only five dead relatives; you have six. You have a brother, named Henry, who died at Eton, near Windsor, at the age of four, of water on the brain. He is standing by your side, and wishes to speak to you.'"

"All this was quite true, and I had entirely forgotten it.

(Signed) P. J. B.  
CHARLOTTE FITZGERALD.

19, Cambridge-street, Hyde-park, London, W.

SIR,—If Spiritualism be true can no one be found who would collect and publish well authenticated facts of spirit identity, haunted houses, and spectres? If in some instances there is a disinclination to publish names, yet if the facts were authenticated by well-known people (as Mr. Coleman did some time since for the truth of an anonymous but interesting book upon Spiritualism), and a narrative given of the questions asked and the replies given to prove spirit identity, inquirers would be encouraged to persevere. Such a work is the great want of the day. Inquirers seek proofs of immortality.

A SPIRITUALIST.

Edinburgh.

[M.A. (Oxon) and Mr. Harrison have each been collecting materials for such a work for a long time, and it is to be hoped that a book on the subject will be forthcoming before long.—Ed.]

## WEIGHING MEDIUMS AND OTHERS DURING MANIFESTATIONS.

SIR,—It has been a general belief that a portion of force is taken from sitters at a *séance*, as well as from the medium. Is this the case, and is this force, then, represented by weight? The late experiments with Mr. Williams, when seated in a suspended cabinet connected with a weighing machine, seem rather to imply the contrary, from the fact of the very great reduction in Mr. Williams' own weight, whether in presence of a circle of several, or only of one or two, and they, perhaps, not mediumistic. In order to test this question, it would be necessary to have weighing machines and indicators for the sitters as well as for the medium; each chair, for instance, might, during a *séance*, rest on a weighing machine with self-registering apparatus. SCRUTATOR.

## AN ALLEGED MISTRANSLATION.

SIR,—You are always so willing to present to your readers the shadows as well as the lights of Spiritualism, that I was not surprised to see in your last issue a Jesuit's opinion on the subject. That he should regard it as a *res evidentiter mala* is not at all to be wondered at; but I must confess to a feeling of astonishment when I found him saying that it is *not* a sin to inquire of tables and things of that kind. I turned from the translation to the original, and then the mystery was explained. It was the story of Balaam over again, with the part of the prophet a little altered, for the Jesuit was introduced to give us his blessing, and behold, he had altogether cursed us. As I have not seen the context, I feel some hesitation in giving an opinion, but the sentence as it stands—*neque fas est tabulas interrogare*—can only mean that it is a sin to inquire of tables, and the use of the word *fas* implies the moral guilt attaching to the practice. I merely wish to correct a mistake and not to find fault with Father Gury, for if I were to write a book for students of theology, I certainly should not recommend them *interrogare tabulas*. F. W. PERCIVAL.

15, Conduit-street, W., June 17th.

SIR,—About the apparent mistranslation of last week. The theological work quoted is arranged in a series of affirmative and negative propositions, put antithetically; the one quoted from page 133 of Gury being more clearly explicable by reference to page 131, and other preceding pages. Of course no one would accept the definition of *fas* as ought but an equivalent of *jus*. A desire not to overburden the pages of *The Spiritualist* with a very long quotation led to the brevity which has apparently confused some readers.

## THE TRANSLATOR.

In response to the suggestion of Mr. C. C. Massey of *The Temple* that one hundred copies of *Psychography* be distributed by a committee among men of note, provided that number is subscribed for by Spiritualists for the purpose, names and amounts have so far been entered as to cover the cost of fifty.

THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS.—The *Dublin University Magazine* some time ago published a likeness and outline of the life of the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A., in whose church of St. James's, Westmoreland-street, Marylebone, so many Spiritualists may be found at every Sunday morning service. The magazine says:—"Hugh Reginald Haweis was born at Egham, on the 3rd of April, 1838, and is the eldest son of the Rev. J. O. W. Haweis, present rector of Slaugham, Sussex. His mother, Mary Davies, was the daughter of a retired civilian in the India Company's service. His grandfather, the late Dr. Thomas Haweis, rector of Aldwinkle, was one of the founders of the London Missionary Society, a trustee of Lady Huntingdon, and an eminent light of the Evangelical party at the commencement of this century. Our subject was an eccentric child, with a sharp touch of wit, a keen critical faculty, and a precocious power of observation; fond of every kind of athletic exercise, but by no means enamoured of the school-room. On leaving Egham, at a very early age, he lived for several years at Crown-lane, Lower Norwood, usually coming to Spanish-place, Manchester-square, to visit his grandfather, at Christmas. While in town he was taken by his godmother, at the age of seven or eight, to Portman Chapel, where he still remembers being much struck with the Rev. Mr. Reeves's explanation of the Atonement, which consisted in satisfying divine justice by punishing the innocent for the guilty. He has often wondered since how any one above the age of seven or eight could be contented with such an explanation. But whilst living to preach a very different doctrine within a stone's throw of Mr. Reeves's chapel, he has always expressed the highest regard for that excellent clergyman's personal character and pulpit abilities." Further on the record sets forth:—"In 1859 Haweis took his B.A. degree. It was then decided by his father that he should travel, and he started alone for Italy. After visiting Milan and the lakes, he fell in with Mr. Montague Chambers and Major Byng Hall at Genoa, and in 1860 steamed for Naples, then in the full ferment of Garibaldi's successful revolution. He witnessed the glowing entry of the enthusiastic Liberator into Naples, experienced not a few exciting and dangerous adventures in that city, then fired with the hot flame of revolution; and left it finally in company with his brother, an officer in Her Majesty's navy, to be present at the siege of Capua. The journey, performed on foot, was attended with no small risk of life itself, and many times along the white dusty roads they could hear the bullets of the sharpshooters whistling about their ears. Arrived at the scene of action, he managed, by outwitting the sentries, to pass into the heart of Garibaldi's camp. "All about," he described, "in the plain beneath the hill on which we stood lay the poor Garibaldians, ill-clothed, ill-fed, with no tents at all, exposed to the scorching sun by day, and often lying in absolute swamps at night, under a pelting rain. Passing on to watch the heavy guns at work against the white walls of Capua, a shell burst at our feet, reminding us that we were within range. As I left my post a Garibaldian sat down carelessly on the rock on which I had been standing, when a shell took him in the middle and blew him to pieces."

## KNOWLEDGE OF PHYSICS NOT THE HIGHEST ORDER OF INTELLECTUALITY.

"THE gentlemen of the crucible and the retort must bring it home to themselves that mere chemistry may enable a man to be an apothecary, but that it does not make him a philosopher. Certain kindred spirits among the naturalists, too, should understand that a man may be a consummate zoologist, have the sixty sorts of apes strung together in perfect order, yet, knowing nothing besides, except a few scraps of his Catechism, be on the whole an ignorant man, merely one of the vulgar. This, however, is a common case at the present day. People set themselves up as teachers of mankind. They have studied chemistry, or physics, or mineralogy, or zoology, or physiology, but have studied nothing in the world besides. They put alongside this the only other knowledge they possess—the little of the Catechism that has stuck to them since their school days. If the two pieces will not fit well together, they immediately set themselves to scoff at religion, and by and by sink down into insipid, shallow materialism. That there was once such a man as Plato or Aristotle, or Locke or Kant, they have perhaps heard at school; but then these men did not handle a crucible, nor did they ever stuff an ape; it is not, therefore, worth while becoming better acquainted with them. So the results of two thousand years' intellectual labour are flung out of the window, and from their own abundant mental resources, with their Catechism in one hand, and their crucible, retort, and list of monkeys in the other, they set themselves to preach philosophy to the public. They deserve to be told roundly that they are ignorant, that their discourse cannot be listened to till they are better instructed. In fact, all those silly, childish Realists who come forward to dogmatise about the soul, God, the origin of the world, atomism, and so forth, just as if the *Criticism of Pure Reason* had been written in the moon and no copy of it had ever reached the earth, belong to the uneducated vulgar. Let them to the servants' hall, and there make show of their wisdom."—*Schopenhauer. Ueber den Willen in der Natur.* Preface to second edition.

MRS. MARGARET KANE (Maggie Fox) is in Holland.

THE *Chicago Inter-Ocean* asked Col. Bundy, editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, whether he had ever been at a fraud-proof *séance* for form manifestations. He was obliged to say, "No," which shows how much time has been wasted over inconclusive *séances* of this class in his district, and how favourable the conditions have been there for the performance of sham manifestations by persons not mediums.

MEDIUMS for test manifestations in daylight have been scarce in London since the days of Mrs. Mary Marshall. If any American medium could get the same kind of manifestations under the same conditions, and if he or she arrived here before the beginning of next winter, we think that exceedingly remunerative engagements would be the result. Good test mediums, who scarcely ever fail, do well in London. A never-failing test slate-writing medium would be much valued. Just now there is a strong unsupplied demand for daylight manifestations of nearly all kinds.

A SEANCE WITH MR. WILLIAMS.—Last Monday night, in the course of a dark *séance* with Mr. Williams, at 61, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, the spirit "Peter" materialised and showed his face and shoulders two or three times by means of a flashing light, over the centre of the table, and sometimes over that part of the table farthest from Mr. Williams. The sitters on either side of the medium testified that he was in his chair, and that they were holding his hands at the time. The same manifestation has often been witnessed in private houses when Mr. Williams has attended alone, as a medium. In the course of the evening the musical instruments flew about the room as usual.

PSYCHICAL LAWS INVARIABLE.—A neat little monthly sheet of Spiritualistic news, entitled *The Spiritual Reporter*, is published at 85, Mottram-road, Hyde, Manchester. In its first number Mr. John Lamont says:—"Spiritualism urges the necessity to develop our nature in its threefold capacity, viz., physical, mental, and spiritual, thus teaching the divine order by which man grows out of darkness into light; that he is now a spiritual being, amenable to spiritual laws, and capable of realising that the kingdom of heaven is attainable before the material body is thrown off; and that the condition of life in the next world is based upon our conduct in this. Disobey the spiritual law of life, and it is as unrelenting as disobedience to the laws that govern the physical system. Spiritual fire will punish just as severely as physical fire, and it behoves all men to studiously regard and understand the various laws by which they are surrounded."

SPIRITUALISTIC CONCERT AND TESTIMONIAL.—The committee to Mr. Eglinton's testimonial write that—The concert and presentation will take place at the Beethoven Rooms, 27, Harley-street, W., on Tuesday next, July 2nd, 1878. Programme:—Part I.—Pianoforte solo, "Faust" (Sydney Smith), Miss Holyoake; song, "The way through the wood" (Madame Dolby), Miss Leslie-Young; recit., "I feel the Deity within" (Judas); air, "Arm, arm, ye brave," Mr. Alfred Moore; song, "Page's Song" (Arditi), Signora Ida Corani; recitation, "A Friendly Horse" (James M. Bailey), Mr. Frank Dietz; song, "Nobil Donna" (Meyerbeer), Signora Elena Corani; song, "My Queen" (Blumenthal), Mr. Ernest A. Tietkens; songs, A "In a distant land" (Taubert), B "Lullaby" (Brahms), Signora Ida Corani. Part II., presentation to Mr. Willie Eglinton:—Quartet, "Poet and Peasant," Miss Holyoake, Herren Prutz, Greiffenhagen, and Mr. Wright; song, "Why" (Cowen), Mr. Ernest A. Tietkens; song, "I dreamt that I dwelt" (Balfe), Signora Elena Corani; song, "The Village Blacksmith" (Weiss), Mr. Alfred Moore; recitation, "Luke" (Bret Harte), Mr. Frank Dietz; song, "Waiting" (Millard), Miss Leslie-Young.

THE OLD, OLD PROBLEMS.

BY ALICE GORDON.

THESE lines (written two years ago) were a first attempt at expressing in verse the difficulties which perplexed my mind before I became a Spiritualist. I know there are many in the present day who fully sympathise in the sentiments, and I can only wish that they also may learn the truth of Spiritualism.

My Faith is shipwrecked on the sea of doubt,  
Anchor of hope my soul is now without;  
Storm-worn and weary, in the dark I stray,  
No guiding star to light me on my way.  
Surrounded by the mystery of Life,  
Awe-struck and spell-bound by its dreary strife,  
I ask, Why here? Whence came we? Whither go?  
No answer comes; I feel we cannot know.  
In Revelation's pages some can see  
A scheme, to which, they think, they hold the key;  
Goodness and truth are clearly there, I own,  
But mixed with fables to which man is prone.  
At first he worships lifeless stock and stone,  
Then Sun and Moon his trembling homage own;  
He hears th' Almighty's voice when thunder roars,  
Or calls a book His Word, and it adores.  
No more for me doth Revelation shine;  
All good may be inspired, all truth divine;  
But in this book I see no special Hand,  
E'en tho' the best it be that man has planned.  
I seek in Nature's never-failing laws  
To gain some knowledgo of the Great First Cause;  
Much beauty there, but why, midst all I see,  
Must sorrow, suffering, for ever be?  
Creation's wonder fills the mind with awe—  
I feel it must be perfect, without flaw;  
And, yet, all living creatures groan and bend  
Beneath the struggles on which life depend.  
The brute, no more than man, can live at ease;  
His lot the kindly heart with sorrow sees;  
And, surely, this refutes the common phrase,  
That man, for sin, doth suffer all his days.  
Was, then, all living kind for his sin curst?  
All suffer equally, he not the worst;  
Would he with brutes exchange? consent to lose  
The mind which makes him on Creation muse?  
With it he reads the heavens above;  
Learns how the planets in their orbits move;  
And, searching in the depths of this our earth,  
Would count the ages since it first took birth;  
With it, prys into nature's secret stores,  
Learns what the sea contains, the earth what ores;  
Lives in the past, and dreams of future bliss  
In other worlds more beautiful than this.  
But all this knowledgo gained, he's only shown  
How little man can know; and must bemoan  
That, search in nature howe'er far he will,  
Himself, his God, are wrapped in mystery still.  
As bends the branch much laden with sweet fruit,  
In seeming reverence to its parent root;  
So humbly bows the head with knowledgo filled,  
Seeking, in awe, the power which all things willed.  
And so, to reconcile to his own mind  
That power at once omnipotent and kind,  
He makes himself the author of his fall,  
To leave his God, perfection, spite of all.  
But short must be the sight which does not see  
That contradiction here must surely be.  
Omnipotence makes man god-like in all,  
Then sends a devil to contrive his fall.  
Our judgment fails us when we try to scan  
God's dealings with his own weak creature man;  
We scarce can say where good and ill begin,  
Why this is virtue, that the worst of sin.  
What sins have we to answer? Not our birth;  
Unsought our life or sojourn on this earth;  
No choice was given to take, or to refuse,  
That boon which some regret and some misuse.  
Born with some vices, with some good desires—  
Inheritance bequeathed us by our sires;  
Some blessed with education, some denied  
All knowledgo save the worst with sin allied.  
Are we responsible if 'tis our fate  
Never to learn at all, or learn too late,  
That good and evil are for us to choose,  
And at our peril we the good refuse?  
Some think we have an instinct pointing true,  
Teaching the good to love, the bad to shew;  
But look where'er I will, I see no trace  
Of such an instinct in the human race.  
Just as a stream, here rippling past sweet flowers,  
Down yonder in its vortex all devours;  
So once, a virtue lauded to the skies,  
Becomes, one cycle thence, a vice unwise.  
Must we, then, own the truth beyond our ken,  
Nor strive to prove the ways of God to men;  
But trust that He who made us with the rest,  
Has not condemned us to be most unblest?  
Oft comes the thought, can this life be our all,  
Which few enjoy, in which e'en pleasure pall;  
And why are higher aspirations given,  
If suffering mortals are to know no heaven?  
Is it an instinct makes us dread to think  
That all is o'er when Lethe's cup we drink?  
Or Nature's life-preserving law alone,  
Excites the wish to thus prolong our own?  
Ah! who can tell? The dead return no more,

To warn, or comfort, those so loved before;  
Our fate it is to struggle on in gloom,  
Without e'en glimpses of our future doom.  
On narrow mountain pass, as 'twere we stand,  
Blinded by drifting snow, no guide at hand;  
Dreading to move, lest precipice be near;  
Yet, moving not, we die of cold and fear.  
Still, let us not despair, but bravely use  
The little light we have, and virtue choose;  
For happier far this life with wisdom ruled,  
By loving deeds and self-denial schooled.  
Thus may we worthy be to meet our end,  
Leaving, at least, a name the good commend;  
Convinced that He who holds all worlds in space  
Has ordered wisely for the human race.

DUBIOUS MATERIALISATION PHENOMENA.

CONSTANTLY within the last few weeks incidents have occurred proving the harm done to Spiritualism in private circles at the West End of London, by the invitation of inquirers to cabinet materialisation *séances* not held under test conditions. At dark *séances*, while the hands of the mediums are held by disbelievers, materialised spirit hands do all kinds of wonderful things all over the room, to the satisfaction of everybody. Those hands, when seen, are nearly always the duplicates of the hands of the medium, but whiter, paler, and cooler on their first formation; gradually they acquire more warmth and vital energy from his hands, till they become more perfect duplicates. When the same mediums are, perhaps, but a few minutes later placed in cabinets, the same duplication goes on, and of faces as well as of hands; but when there are no test conditions, inquirers cannot be expected to believe that faces and hands like those of the medium are not his own, especially when he could just as easily present them as not. The medium ought either to be in full view, or taped and sealed in a cabinet by the inquirer whenever these *séances* are used for proselytising purposes. This course is so frequently not taken, that nine out of ten honest inquirers have been driven away from Spiritualism, believing the *séances* to be imposture; but some accidental circumstance, not due to intelligent forethought, has here and there given evidence to the tenth inquirer that what he saw was genuine. These cabinet *séances*, when not held under test conditions, are worse than no *séances* at all; they drive away nearly all honest inquirers who see them. Although with accredited mediums we believe the phenomena to be nearly always genuine, yet they are worse than worthless when presented to disbelievers without evidence of honesty, and have recently proved to be most injurious to the movement. Unless a medium is noted for regular test materialisation *séances*, no inquirer should be invited to see his materialisation phenomena.

LIBERTY sustains the same relation to mind that space does to matter.—*Ingersoll.*

Mrs. SCATTERGOOD is now residing at 146, Pleasant-street, Fall River, Mass., America.

MR. AND MRS. BLISS, who recently practised much swindling and imposture at *séances* in America, are now giving genuine test manifestations. They are strong mediums, but destitute of morality.

A YANKEE STORY.—The latest story of the American Spiritualists is as follows:—A sceptical fellow obtained admission to a *séance* the other day whereat Daniel Webster habitually materialised, walking from a cabinet across the room and looking as he had looked in life, but making no sound of footstep. This base-minded man tossed a number of tacks on the floor, and as they had very large heads they, of course, fell point upwards. The consequence was that when Dan came out of the cabinet and began to walk across the room he suddenly paused, and lifting one foot applied his hand to the sole thereof. Upon taking another step he suddenly drew up again, and in a low voice ejaculated, "Ugh!" Shortly after this he lost his balance and sat down on the floor, immediately became very profane, and retreated into the cabinet greatly disgusted with matter.—*The Echo.*

WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.—The pickpockets, it is said, have taken to attend fashionable weddings, and have reaped large harvests from their participation in the nuptial service; but this, after all, is only a revival of a very old practice. George Barrington was a regular churchgoer, orthodox in his support of the Establishment, and seldom condescending to patronise Dissenting chapels, and he usually came away from church richer than he went. During the Great Exhibition of 1851 a surprising amount of plunder was netted by a rogue who had the impudence to dress himself up as a Bishop in walking costume, silk apron, M.B. waistcoat, shovel-hat, gaiters, and all; and thus disguised he assiduously frequented the building in Hyde-park, easing the pockets of all and sundry of their contents. The detectives took him for a "Colonial," and never suspected him.—*Daily Telegraph.*

## DR. FRANZ HOFFMAN ON SPIRITUALISM.

THE *Sunday Herald* of Denison, Texas, recently printed a translation of a letter sent by Dr. Franz Hoffman, Professor of Natural Philosophy at Wurzburg University, Germany, and Hon. Mem. of the British National Association of Spiritualists, to Messrs. Burhans and Kuehn, of Denison. In the course of the letter Dr. Hoffman says:—

The force manifesting itself in so-called mediums, if producing ideas, can but be a spiritual one. Either the ideas written down by the medium emanate unconsciously from his inner self, or from other spiritual beings. A fusion of both may take place with either of the factors predominating. By far the majority of cases point as their cause to spiritual beings beyond this world, and mostly to departed ones from earth-life. *It were in vain to seek the cause of transmission of ideas in something devoid of ideas, or a mere (blind) natural force.* Whoever seeks for such may find a something, but never the thing sought for. . . . A large number of medial writings at least can only proceed from departed spirits, and prove, consequently, the continuation of man beyond this life; although the continuation, the immortality, can and has been proven philosophically, for instance by Bender, Heinrich, Ritter, Herman, and Ulrich, as also—in different modes, however—by Von Leibnitz, Kant, Schelling, Meisner, and Fichte. The facts of so-called materialisations are entirely undeniable, and, to some extent, I deem even spirit-photography certain. For a wider search in this sphere, should you feel inclined to investigate, I can recommend the periodical, *Psychological Studies*, by Aksakof, edited by Wittig, Leipzig, and published by Oswald Mutze.

This periodical is in its fifth annual course. You will find in almost every monthly number one of my articles, as also in a Spiritualistic-materialistic periodical published previously by Meisner and Mutze (two annual editions), in which you will meet with the best and most important information about Bender's philosophical point of view, and also extracts from the fourth volume of his work, in which he anticipates Spiritualism and spirit manifestations. Of German philosophers, aside from myself (Max Perty is more a naturalist), I. H. Fichte, the ingenious son of the great I. G. Fichte (at present in the eighty-second year of his life), has in the third edition of his *Anthropology* declared himself openly for Spiritualism.

Shortly after this, Perty's work appeared. The matter enters into a new stage in Germany through the genial astro-physicist Zöllner, of Leipzig, who recently in the first volume of his *Discussions of Physical Science*, published at Leipzig by Starkman in 1878, records a successful experiment accomplished through him with the American medium Slade. This fact is very remarkable and will create quite a sensation. The February number of *Psychological Studies* contains an introductory essay on the matter.

Without the theory of spirit influence the apparitions cannot possibly be explained. That a strict investigator, a highly-gifted naturalist, should declare himself publicly for Spiritualism cannot be but of importance. Several Americans honour me with communications, for instance, Sargent, Bloede, Sylvan (Tiedeman), &c.

The eminent Russian privy councillor, Alexander Aksakof (not to be confounded with the pantheist of the same name), has published at Leipzig a library of Spiritualism in fourteen volumes, in the German language, among which can be found works by the Americans, Davis, Hare, Edmonds, Owens, and also by the Englishman, Wallace. For information for beginners two books of Wallace are most serviceable. Still more elementary is a book by Rechenberg, *The Mystery of the Day* (Leipzig: Spaner, 1853). Worthy of notice, especially, in consequence of undeniable facts, is the book by Philip Timm, *Intimations of Some Important Points of Modern American Spiritualism and Harmonical Philosophy*. New York, printed at New York Press, No. 7, Frankfort-street, 1873.

The fact that I have published the works of Franz Bender, the great philosopher (as Thomson calls him), in sixteen volumes, with introductions, notes, biography, and correspondence (1850-1860), may be known to you. Up to the present, five volumes of my philosophical works (1868-1878, *Erlangen Deichert*) have appeared. The remaining half shall follow, if sufficient public interest is manifested.

## CRYSTALLOMANCY.

BY KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, IX<sup>o</sup>.

I PERCEIVE in our friend the Reverend W. Stainton-Moses's able summary of the work of the session, a brief reference to the paper on Crystallomancy, which I had the honour to read before the British National Association of Spiritualists on the 25th March last. There are two errors in his notice that I am sure you will allow me to correct. The first is the presumption that the mirror spirits are the sub-humans of the Occultists. Nothing can be further from the fact, in so far as we trust the statements made by them—statements I have never had reason to doubt, they having been confirmed by numberless additional and unexpected circumstances. They are what they profess to be, spirits once on this or other earth, or spirits having superior intelligent being, but never embodied anywhere. I called it a new and peculiar world, because it has its own code of laws, its own system of metaphysics, its own views of the cosmical universe, and its own theological interpretation of the inter-relations between God and man, God and His spirits and angels. Many of these views by no means coincided with those I had been led by education to entertain, nor do I hold them now; they would startle Protestant and Roman Catholic alike, if given to the world. But the universe, being infinite in expansion, allows space, or rather states in which all opinions may be held. The myriad stellar regions are so placed, physically and spiritually, that their inhabitants behold the Author of All, each from a different standpoint; and, from the nature of things, each with a certain amount of imperfection. Hence no statement, however greatly supported, possesses more than a relative degree of authority. It is nevertheless possible, by the comparison of results, to arrive at some degree of approximation to general truth.

The second error is of very minor importance. Mr. Stainton-Moses says that my experience in the wide range of Spiritualism proper has not been such as to enable me to grasp its significance. I might point out that in my paper I only professed to treat of mirrors, and crystals, and water-vessels. I do not know, but I think that an experience extending from 1851 to 1878, during which time I have seen almost every form of Spiritualism known to exist, and some forms not known to Spiritualists at large, should have enabled me to do so.

I may be very dense, but I ultimately came to prefer the system of mirror and crystal work to any other, because by its means it was possible to explain the rest. Of forms I have not seen, I cannot judge. As to grasping the significance of Spiritualism, there are more ways than one of doing this. I take it, however, in its most serious sense, and I say sincerely and solemnly, either elect to treat its revelations, however given, with the same simplicity of mind you devote to your earthly form of faith, or decline to have anything to do with it. There is no occasion to stigmatise any phase presented; and all will then go well. I recommend no one to study any form of spiritual intercourse, unless prepared to accept the weighty responsibility which ensues when proselytes are sought, or the faith of others is attempted to be influenced.

Rather than one mind should be rendered unsettled and therefore unhappy, it would be better that the whole of this series of investigations should cease and determine. The ridicule which has been heaped upon it by the unthinking is of no moment at all; but there are many persons who get to a certain point at which they are frightened, and hence they cannot proceed. These people forget that above and beyond every phenomena, however terrifying in itself, is the Almighty Power, Wisdom, and Love of the Father of all angels and spirits, from whom alone we may hope to learn how "to grasp its significance."

Hounslow, June 22, 1878.

MRS. LOUISA ANDREWS, of Springfield, Massachusetts, has arrived in Brighton.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MOST of our correspondents put their names and addresses to their communications for publication, and such letters take precedence. Readers often wish to make inquiries of those who do not do so, but are cut off from communication with them by their anonymity. The public interests of Spiritualism require that all statements of fact shall be as fully authenticated as possible.

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