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THE HUMAN "DOUBLE."

THE most perplexing of all the phenomena of Spiritualism are perhaps those in which the spirits of persons still living in the body have manifested or made themselves visible at spirit circles. At one of the meetings of the Gower-street conference, this subject occupied the whole evening, and we have notes of the whole of the proceedings, so that out of the valuable information given at those meetings, a portion has been saved from the general loss. The following is the testimony given by Mrs. Emma Hardinge in her opening address at the meeting of the conference just mentioned:—

Mrs. Hardinge said that she would state some facts that had come under her own observation in connection with the subject of the "double." The Rev. S. Binning, of New York, who is now living—anybody could write to him to get the facts authenticated—was eighteen years ago, a Wesleyan Methodist; he afterwards became a Spiritualist, and joined what was then known as the "New York Circle" (consisting of about twenty individuals), which had several branch circles connected with other towns. One of these circles met one night at Troy, 160 miles from New York. There were twenty persons present. According to their rules each member had to be in the room twenty minutes before the circle began sitting, and to stop the sitting out. One Saturday evening, when both circles, so far apart, were sitting, the Rev. S. Binning was expected in Troy. He did not come at the set time, and they began to sit at eight o'clock, when a ring was heard at the door. Two of the members rose, and answered the bell; Mr. Binning entered, much to their surprise, as they had ceased to expect his coming that time. He muttered some indistinct words, and pushed past them in the hall passage, opened the door where the circle was sitting, and was beheld by eighteen of the members. He again spoke indistinctly, and quitted the room. The two who had been to the door then came in and asked for him—"Had they not seen him again at the door?" "No!" They searched the passage and the house, but he could not be found. Next day, a telegram was received from him, stating that he was seriously ill, and could not attend. He had started the telegram from New York the night before, but owing to bad weather the wires had met with an accident, and it did not reach its destination till the following morning. He stated afterwards, that at the very time he was seen his thoughts were earnestly fixed upon the circle, and he felt anxious they should get his message. In this case of the "double" it would be seen that three senses were appealed to—sight, touch, and hearing.

Another case occurred in a family of the name of Dorchenbach at Wisconsin. The aged mother of the family had bought some land, and with somewhat of the childishness of extreme old age, was in the habit of going very often to see it on a Sunday. One week she bought a new dress, and determined to first wear it when visiting her land next Sunday; but she was ill, and at the usual time of paying her visit was seized with a swoon, from which she recovered in about half-an-hour. Her son, who had fetched the doctor, then went back with him to the inn where he had left his horse. The landlord asked him who was ill, and they told him. He said, "That is quite impossible, for she passed through my back kitchen, and went out to see her land as usual." The landlady also declared she had seen her, and described her new dress, which had never yet been worn. A lad here came in from the land, and said he had seen Madame Dorchenbach there. She had been seen by three persons.

Another case occurred in Salem, Illinois. I was staying at the house of a lady friend whose last hour was approaching. She grieved at the absence of all her children; especially of one, a little cripple, and bemoaned herself bitterly. I left her at four o'clock and called again late at night, when she was better, and said—"I have seen my children, and dear little Jessie sitting on the grass in the midst of her sisters, playing with roses." She passed away for the better world. Some days afterwards we learned by letter that at the time when she saw her children, little Jessie, the cripple, who had been put out of doors to play, was heard to scream. Her sisters ran out, and found her covered with roses. She said she had seen her mother, and although there were rose bushes not

far off, they were much too far away for little Jessie to reach them and pluck them for herself. These sisters are all now living, and can corroborate the facts.

"Some five years ago I was lecturing in Dickson, Illinois, and one evening had some visitors to see me. In the middle of our conversation I felt so weary that I asked permission to leave my friends for a short time. It was twenty minutes to one o'clock. I went into my chamber and looked out upon the broad prairie, and there I saw a spirit, which did not surprise me, as I have been in the habit of seeing them from infancy. He was a sullen, strange-looking spirit, with a very woful face, sitting in a chair, appearing to look out of a window something like my own, and looked as if mimicking, in an unpleasant manner, my own actions. Then I saw him draw a knife across his throat, and nearly sever his head from his body. I gazed for nearly five minutes on the horrid spectacle, and I could see all the details, even to the complete anatomy of the visible portions of the severed head. I returned to the parlour and told my visitors what I had seen (here Mrs. Hardinge gave the names of some of those who were present at the time), and shortly afterwards I had a letter from one of them, who is a Government official, stating that the postmaster of Dickson had committed suicide four days later, but in exactly the same way in all the minute particulars as I had witnessed the act. Several other persons also wrote to me, stating that the details of my vision were perfect. There are many in this country who have proved to me most conclusively, again and again, that they have beheld me at a time when I have been distant from them, while I have been unconscious of thus manifesting myself."

SPIRIT-RAPPING IN JOHN WESLEY'S FAMILY.

IN TEN PARTS.—PART FOUR.

LETTER I.—To MR. SAMUEL WESLEY, from his MOTHER.

"January 12, 1716-17.

"DEAR SAM,—This evening we were agreeably surprised with your packet, which brought the welcome news of your being alive, after we had been in the greatest panic imaginable, almost a month, thinking either you were dead, or one of your brothers had by some misfortune been killed.

"The reason of our fears is as follows:—On the first of December our maid heard at the door of the dining-room several dismal groans, like a person in extremes, at the point of death. We gave little heed to her relation, and endeavoured to laugh her out of her fears. Some nights (two or three) after, several of the family heard a strange knocking in divers places, usually three or four knocks at a time, and then staid a little. This continued every night for a fortnight; sometimes it was in the garret, but most commonly in the nursery, or green chamber. We all heard it but your father, and I was not willing he should be informed of it, lest he should fancy it was against his own death, which, indeed, we all apprehended. But when it began to be so troublesome, both day and night, that few or none of the family durst be alone, I resolved to tell him of it, being minded he should speak to it. At first he would not believe but somebody did it to alarm us; but the night after, as soon as he was in bed, it knocked loudly nine times, just by his bedside. He rose, and went to see if he could find out what it was, but could see nothing. Afterwards he heard it as the rest.

"One night it made such a noise in the room over our heads as if several people were walking, then run up and down stairs, and was so outrageous that we thought the children would be frightened; so your father and I rose, and went down in the dark to light a candle. Just as we came to the bottom of the broad stairs, having hold of each other, on my side there seemed as if somebody had emptied a bag of money at my feet; and on his, as if all the bottles under the stairs (which were many) had been dashed in a thousand pieces. We passed through the hall into the kitchen, and got a candle, and went to see the children, whom we found asleep.

"The next night your father would get Mr. Hoole to lie at our house, and we all sat together till one or two o'clock in the morning, and heard the knocking as usual. Sometimes it would make a noise like the winding up of a jack; at other times, as that night Mr.

Hoole was with us, like a carpenter planing deals; but most commonly it knocked thrice and stopped, and then thrice again, and so many hours together. We persuaded your father to speak, and try if any voice would be heard. One night, about six o'clock, he went into the nursery in the dark, and at first heard several deep groans, then knocking. He adjured it to speak, if it had power, and tell him why it troubled his house; but no voice was heard, but it knocked thrice aloud. Then he questioned it if it were Sammy; and bid it, if it were, and could not speak, knock again; but it knocked no more that night, which made us hope it was not against your death.

"Thus it continued till the 28th of December, when it loudly knocked (as your father used to do at the gate) in the nursery, and departed. We have various conjectures what this may mean. For my own part, I fear nothing, now you are safe at London hitherto; and I hope God will still preserve you. Though sometimes I am inclined to think my brother is dead. Let me know your thoughts on it.
S. W."

LETTER II.—From MR. S. WESLEY to his FATHER.

"January 30, Saturday.

"HONOURED SIR,—My mother tells me a very strange sort of disturbances in your house. I wish I could have some more particulars from you. I would thank Mr. Hoole if he would favour me with a letter concerning it. Not that I want to be confirmed myself in the belief of it, but for any other person's satisfaction. My mother sends to me to know my thoughts of it, and I cannot think at all of any interpretation. Wit, I fancy, might find many, but wisdom none. Your dutiful and loving son,
"S. WESLEY."

LETTER III.—From MR. S. WESLEY to his MOTHER.

"DEAR MOTHER,—Those who are so wise as not to believe any supernatural occurrences, though ever so well attested, could find a hundred questions to ask about those strange noises you wrote me an account of; but for my part, I know not what question to put, which, if answered, would confirm me more in the belief of what you tell me. Two or three I have heard from others. Was there never a new maid or man in the house that might play tricks? Was there nobody above in the garrets when the walking was there? Did all the family hear it together when they were in one room, or at one time? Did it seem to all to be in the same place, at the same time? Could not cats, or rats, or dogs be the sprites? Was the whole family asleep when my father and you went down stairs? Such doubts as these being replied to, though they could not, as God Himself assures us, convince them who believe not Moses and the Prophets, yet would strengthen such as do believe. As to my particular opinion concerning the events foreboded by these noises, I cannot, I must confess, form any. I think, since it was not permitted to speak, all guesses must be vain. The end of spirits' actions is yet more hidden than that of men, and even this latter puzzles the most subtle politicians. That we may be struck so as to prepare seriously for any ill, may, it is possible, be one design of Providence. It is surely our duty and wisdom to do. Dear mother, I beg your blessing on your dutiful and affectionate son,
"S. WESLEY."

Jan. 19, 1716-7, Saturday,
Dean's-yard, Westminster."

"I expect a particular account from every one."

LETTER IV.—From MRS. WESLEY to her son SAMUEL.

"Jan. 25 or 27, 1716-7.

"DEAR SAM,—Though I am not one of those that will believe nothing supernatural, but am rather inclined to think there would be frequent intercourse between good spirits and us, did not our deep lapse into sensuality prevent it; yet I was a great while ere I could credit anything of what the children and servants reported concerning the noises they heard in several parts of our house. Nay, after I heard them myself, I was willing to persuade myself and them that it was only rats or weasels that disturbed us; and having been formerly troubled with rats, which were frightened away by sounding a horn, I caused a horn to be procured, and made them blow it all over the house. But from that night they began to blow, the noises were more loud and distinct, both day and night, than before; and that night we rose and went down I was entirely convinced

that it was beyond the power of any human creature to make such strange and various noises.

"As to your questions, I will answer them particularly: but withal, I desire my answers may satisfy none but yourself; for I would not have the matter imparted to any. We had both man and maid new this last Martinmas, yet I do not believe either of them occasioned the disturbance, both for the reason above-mentioned, and because they were more affrighted than anybody else. Besides, we have often heard the noises when they were in the room by us; and the maid particularly was in such a panic that she was almost incapable of all business, nor durst ever go from one room to another, or stay by herself a minute, after it began to be dark.

"The man, Robert Brown, whom you well know, was most visited by it, lying in the garret, and has been often frightened down barefoot, and almost naked, not daring to stay alone to put on his clothes; nor do I think, if he had power, he would be guilty of such villainy. When the walking was heard in the garret, Robert was in bed in the next room, in a sleep so sound, that he never heard your father and me walk up and down, though we walked not softly I am sure. All the family has heard it together, in the same room, at the same time, particularly at family prayers. It always seemed to all present in the same place at the same time; though often before any could say, It is here, it would remove to another place.

All the family, as well as Robin, were asleep when your father and I went down stairs, nor did they wake in the nursery when we held the candle close by them; only we observed that Hetty trembled exceedingly in her sleep, as she always did, before the noise awaked her. It commonly was nearer her than the rest, which she took notice of; and was much frightened, because she thought it had a particular spite at her. I could multiply particular instances, but I forbear. I believe your father will write to you about it shortly. Whatever may be the design of Providence in permitting these things, I cannot say. Secret things belong to God. But I entirely agree with you, that it is our wisdom and duty to prepare seriously for all events.

"S. WESLEY."

A LECTURE BY MRS. HARDINGE.

THE following is a slightly abbreviated report of a lecture delivered by Mrs. Emma Hardinge, a few Sundays ago, in the Music Hall, Boston, United States, and published in the *Banner of Light* of the first of this month:—

"Entering upon a fresh scene of inquiry to-day, we advance one step further, and question, Who am I? A single identity amid the vast masses of humanity, who on every side of me present structures as grand, microcosms as complete, powers as mighty as mine; in the midst of a multitude all fashioned with equal wisdom, beneficence and care—Who am I? Whether I place myself on the lowest round of the ladder amid the outcasts of the city streets, or picture myself achieving the highest conditions of human greatness, still there are minds—many higher, some lower than my own. Let me once more turn my thoughts inward, and through my own special identity strive to solve the question: Who am I? I will remove myself in imagination from amid the surrounding masses, and stand alone in the wilderness, far from the throng of my fellow-men, with none to rival me in power or beauty, save the blooming flowers, the sighing wind, and the waving grass, living isolated and unmatched. Here will I question of myself, Who am I? As a mere external being I stand possessed of all the powers which constitute the grandeur of humanity; but I stand alone beneath the cold blast of winter, or the scorching heat of summer, with no one to construct me a shelter, none to fashion my garments; my feeble hand unaided cannot execute these duties. I have neither the architect's skill, nor the weaver's craft. I can neither build nor clothe me in the fabrics which the hands of so many artisans must help to complete. My unaided power cannot accumulate the implements of use, nor get together all those condiments for which the whole civilized globe is taxed to spread the table of luxury. I cannot reproduce the forms of beauty which the painter imprints upon the canvas, nor hew out the marble into the living glory of the sculptor's art. I stand a poor solitary unit, and what am I alone? As the snows of winter silver my head, and I bend beneath the infirmities of age, where are the kind hands of youth and strength to uphold my fading powers? Where the loving lips that shall whisper consolation in mine ears? Where the friendly eyes that shall look on me with assurances of undying love, when I tread the silent valley that leads me to the unknown land of souls? Living alone, dying alone, Who am I? I must be one amongst my kind—and hence I must hie me back to the multitudes who absorb me—and amongst them endeavour to find my identity and my place, though it should be one of the least that make up the sum of humanity.

"Now I return, and now once more resume my inquiries. I place myself on the lowest round of the ladder of civilized existence. I behold myself plodding

through the city streets, where all I behold speaks of plenty, wealth, ay, even luxury and splendour—a beggar, homeless, friendless, alone; I gaze with wistful face into the eyes of every passer-by, seeking one to whom I may appeal for bread. Hungry and fainting, I ask of some wealthy stranger, but he spurns me from him, and rudely denies me the poor pittance which I seek. Who am I, that I ask alms of him? Who is he that he should thus deny me? He is God's steward, entrusted with wealth and plenty, but only to be dispensed again to necessitous fellow-men like me. He is God's vicegerent, commissioned to feed His poor. I have tempted him, and he falls. I have demanded of him the store with which God trusted him, and he has failed in his commission. For this act my mark is set on him; his lack of charity to me is a failure in his duty—a sign on him which shall remain forever. Unknown by name yet in eternal destiny I am known to him as some one forever. We may never meet again; I may look upon his face no more, but forever and forever he carries the stamp of my individuality through the temptation, to good or evil, which I became to him.

"I pass on, and another gives me the alms which he has denied. We, too, part, perhaps forever, but the deed of kindness wrought on me can never die. On that man's fate my need has written mercy, and charity, and through my agency there has a record gone up to heaven for him, and I have been the means. Though we may never more stand face to face on earth, yet in the great day of account, when God numbers up His jewels, that stranger's deed wrought out through me, the beggar, shall be remembered. I am something then to him. And to both these strangers I am a part of destiny.

"I pass on still further. There are curious eyes gazing upon me; there are inquiring lips, demanding of me my history; they give me neither alms nor scorn, but they listen to my story, and in the organization of city life they cite me as an example—the pauper, and to them the representative of pauperism; they leave me to devise some schemes for remedying the condition of the poor, so that in all the reforms suggested by my condition, how much of consequence I have become to my kind!

"I am no more the mere waif on the ocean of life. Society changes, and people think of and care for me. Though I know not my identity, yet I am one of those who form the sub-stratum of society. Beneath their feet my tears are falling; they tread upon my woes, and shape their pathways in my griefs. I am a motor in life's noblest schemes of reformation, and when the world shall be made wiser, and society more equal, my name shall be found recorded in the series of causation. Pauper as I am, when night's shadows fall around my way, I, like more favoured beings, seek some place of rest, and, no matter where I sleep or lay me down, beneath the tattered banner of my wretchedness and rags there cluster round me some who love or own me. Perhaps it is a father, mother, or relative; perhaps some poor companion, but some one there is who knows and cares for me, to help me; and beneath the ragged vest burns human love as tender as fills the heart which throbs beneath the silken robe.

"No! in my houseless wanderings I am not alone. There are loving eyes that looked upon my own in unconscious infancy; there are kind voices still to bid me welcome, though it be but to the shelter of the wayside; there is ever some one to love me, and for me to love. I am something to my kind, and millions such as I exist; millions, that walk the city streets—some to love, and some to hate—but all to make some mark upon the eternal page of human destiny.

"I pass on. I am now the toiling operative; there are thousands of rough coats, and blistered hands, and breaking backs and hearts like mine. Who knows me among the masses, as I carry my hod, or wield my hammer, and toil from early dawn to sinking sun? Who cares for me? I am weary now, and seek my humble home, and as I go, I look upon the various buildings of the splendid city, the bridges, dykes, roads, and canals which my hands, or the hands of such as I, have helped to form. Who am I? Why, I and mine are the thews and sinews, nerves and muscles of the world, and through our veins rushes the tide of power, which brings the result of perfected civilization. They do not write my name on the shining roll of fame, or emblazon it on monuments of bronze or stone; but the world is rife with me, and temples of worship, galleries of art, lycums of science and works of use, are monumental tributes to my deeds and the deeds of such as I. We are all and each identities in the midst of masses; we can each say to the world, This I have done for you—what have you done for me?

"Let me enter my humble dwelling. Everywhere I see the good and use another's hands have wrought; the planks beneath my feet have been felled from primeval woods, and sawed and laid down for my use; the hands of toil erected the walls around me; around me are the images of well-known faces which the sun-god majesty of the heavens have traced for me—faces of loved ones, drawn by the magic finger of the sunbeam; the jet of flame which lights my humble home is a mighty gospel, written by God Himself; He laid the

foundations of the coal in the ancient forests, and, as they fell, He packed them closely, during the process of ages, upon the floor of the heated earth, banked them up with mountains, and, in time, came man, to drag this wealth of treasure into light, and through veins and arteries beneath the city's streets it circulates, until it gleams with equal splendour as a jet of flame, in the abode of the artisan and the prince alike; the table is spread for me with the products of another's toil; the fragrant tea that now invigorates my frame, was gathered in far-distant lands; the spices, from islands of the sea, are here; bread, from ears of wheat, prepared by toil and labour; roots and fruits, gathered by many hands for me. The poor rough cloth that covers my board, is woven by the same machinery that spins the fabric for the richest lady. All of man's toil I share in. I cannot number up the million hands that have been busy for my comfort. I cannot tell the gospel of eternal use mapped out around me; for in all the perfections of the age in vast machinery, and all that is useful in civilization, I partake with all mankind. My toil, too, blesses some who are dependent on me—an aged sire, or tender wife or child—for I am not alone, poor toiling operative though I be; this world is my world, and its heart-affections are as truly mine as thine, oh sovereign of my nation.

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"And now I must pass away, and whether beggar, artisan or king, poet, player, merchant or musician, I must die. To-day I am—to-morrow I shall be forgotten. Not so. Whatever has been my use will never die. Whatever place I have filled will send down its uses through all time. The works of my hands will still live on, or prompt men to imitation or improvement. Still, who am I? Granted that I may leave the world made better than I found it; granted that its wheels roll smoother for my labours, what is that to me? And when I am gone and my labours left behind, where am I gone? and what of the soul that enabled me to become the minister of use? When my foot no more treads the earth, when I *am not*, what for me? And here it is that my speculation fails, and the dark cloud of mystery settles down upon my future. Only as the hand of the spirit opens it; only as I shall *know* that I shall live beyond the uses of the passing hour; only as I can realize that I may carry fruit with me to another life, will the uses of this be found. Beggar though I have been, crushed down beneath the load of poverty, when I pass out to the vast unknown, what shall I carry with me? I know that the prince carries not with him the value of his shroud. What my place or mission may have been among men, earth alone can answer. But earth has ended for me, when the heart ceases to beat, the light is gone from the eye, and the curtain is dropped forever! Oh raise it, lift it, souls of the mighty dead! rend it asunder, oh spirits of the immortals! leave me not in the dark mystery of material existence only! Religion answers me with the faint voices of the long ago which have come so far through the arches of time that their echoes are lost; and when I ask of the fathers for light, they answer me with strange, vague words. Sometimes they tell me I shall go to the Great Spirit, far off in some dim, mysterious land; sometimes, that I shall sleep the sleep that knows no waking till some distant day of wrath and doom; sometimes they answer me with the cold external voice of science, and point to the fires extinguished, the material form fading into decay with no higher result than memory of its perished loveliness; sometimes they whisper of a life to come, but never tell me that my uses shall follow me—that the life I have lived on earth I shall carry with me to that land beyond.

"But behold the gates are opened to me, and there I see stored up in the spirit-world all that I did on earth, and there I can trace the results of every deed I've done; there I may discover the resignation of the beggar, the tears and sighs of the poor. I see them woven into those crowns of glory and robes of transfigured beauty. I behold all treasured up; the works of the operative, the struggles of the player, the ideas of poet, sculptor and artist—all preserved.

"All that we have done is there; I know that after I have fulfilled my mission I still shall be the man I was on earth, for I shall carry all my manhood with me. It only remains for me to return to my spirit and question whether I have made the most of its endowments, and put to its best uses the life which has been entrusted to me. Have I borne as best I might the cross of the beggar? Have I done my duty as the toiling labourer? Have I, as the poor player, acted well my part? Have I striven for goodness? Have I sought to help some other more feeble than myself? Have I, as the merchant, faithfully discharged God's commission entrusted to me? Have I been the soldier of the Lord in whatever place He has commissioned me to fight? Who am I? It matters not what round of the ladder my feet may tread—the lowest or the highest; the beggar is of as much worth as the king, the poet as the mightiest one who gives him patronage. Wherever the foot of man may tread, wherever he can toil, there is his mission marked out in the woof of existence. It is enough that around me lies my duty and my use; it is enough that I have seen that within

the vast confines of the eternal world those uses are never lost. If I have played well the part—however small or large—which He has given me, I shall surely reap my harvest in eternity; and not only so, but I shall continue the uses commenced on earth, and rise to others of which earth is but the corner stone. Since bright spirits have opened up the view of the land beyond, I have learned that nothing on earth is lost in the heavens eternal—for pain and toil and grief there is compensation, glory for the thorns of martyrdom, and a crown for every cross. I will return to my life of effort, and never more may the voice of questioning murmur pass my lips. I live for ever; I shall be an immortal spirit; and though here none may know like my Heavenly Father who I am, in the thought that I live for ever all my destiny here and hereafter is accomplished.”

Reports of Meetings.

[When reports of the speeches of spirits are printed in this Journal, non-Spiritualists should understand that spirits out of the body are wise or foolish, truthful or untruthful, just the same as spirits in the body. Moreover, they are but individuals, so do not know everything. The statements of a spirit are but the assertions of an individual; but by comparing the statements of many spirits, it may in time be possible to discover in what points they agree, and to sift out the unreliable communications. Many spirits are thus in different states of life, it does not follow that contradictory messages are therefore untruthful. Spirits are of different religions, consequently their teachings do not altogether agree; there is no more uniformity in the next world than in this one. It is the business of this journal to report facts, so we are in no way responsible for the religions, scientific, or any other teachings given by individual spirits.]

SEANCES AT THE SPIRITUAL LIBRARY.

CRUSHED TO DEATH—THE CONSEQUENCES OF CRIME—REMORSE IN THE SPIRIT WORLD—RESTITUTION AND REPENTANCE—THE EQUILIBRIUM OF THE MENTAL FACULTIES—PROPER NAMES IN TRANCE-MEDIUMSHIP.

ON Friday evening, December 31st, the ordinary weekly seance was held at 15, Southampton-row, High Holborn. Twenty-two ladies and gentlemen were present.

Master SELWOOD, a physical medium, being in attendance, a few of those present were formed into a circle for physical manifestations. After the lapse of considerable time, genuine raps and table motions were obtained, but under conditions in no way satisfactory to strangers. Manifestly it is necessary that the medium should be well developed beforehand, that the time of a large company may not be wasted in witnessing weak manifestations.

Mr. J. J. MORSE, medium, then passed into the trance state, and the first spirit influence acting upon him made him cry bitterly. The spirit gave the name of Ellen Jones; she said that she had been crushed to death at Bristol, and that her father was a carrier living at Weston-Super-Mare. Her control of the medium only lasted for about two minutes, and she said—“My friends cry and grieve a great deal about me. So many think about me. Can this be death? I wish father were here. Oh, do for pity's sake tell father that Ellen's not dead. Do tell him.”

She was promised that her message should be delivered, and she left the medium; the intense grief displayed during this short communication, made the scene a painful one.

A hard heavy look then came over the face of the medium, and the next spirit said:—It very often strikes the minds of the listeners at these meetings, and the readers of the accounts of what transpires at these meetings, something like this—“What fools those spirits must be to come back and tell people all about their past lives; if I had done a dirty action and found that I was obliged to wipe out the smudge, I would do it in silence and try to do my best to put the wrong right, but I would not go to preach about my wrong-doing.” Let such people enjoy that frame of mind as long as they can, and that will not be long; it is a state of mind that will not last for ever. They will become wiser, and do the same thing themselves, and lay themselves open to the same charge. It is not with any desire to show ourselves in brighter colours individually to you that we come. We don't come to tell you these little histories to make ourselves appear as saints in your eyes. The motive we have is a deeper one; it is to give you a practical lesson, so that you shall see for yourselves, reflected in the mirror of your minds, the consequences of your acts whether they be good or bad. It is to show you the certainty of the curse coming home to roost, of the dove returning with the olive branch of love in its mouth, that we come back to tell you these histories. With that short preface, I'll now give you mine, and you'll say as the scroll unfolds itself, that it is a somewhat strange one. The society of the world you move in knew nought of the story. When I was ushered into the physical life, and as I grew up to be a child, a temper sullen and morose manifested itself; underneath this sullenness was a fierce vindictive nature—the nature of the cat that glides stealthily along the ground, fair to look at, yet when the prey is within its grasp the eyes dilate, the claws come forth, and the spring is made. I was feared and hated in my childhood's day. I was strong physically; few could match me in physical sports, and as my physical nature was well-known, all were very careful that they did not offend me. I rose to no height in earthly life, but I became acquainted with a young girl who in every way was unfitted to share a life with me. She saw this, and after a little time we parted—she with fair promises and kindly wishes to myself. But every kind wish was but a burning stone to my nature, and I swore a deadly vengeance, not for disappointed love, but for disappointed calculations, for I always prided myself that I could see so far ahead, and my pride was wounded. Some of you know what it is to have the pride touched to the quick. No opportunity presented itself for vengeance for a long time. She met with another, and according to the laws of your land became his wife. He was called away from home, and was expected to be absent for three days, and here the opportunity came that I had been watching for for several years then. “Vengeance” is an easy word to say, but how painstaking are we in our endeavours to accomplish a thing of that description. I knew her brother, and you may be sure that I had no love for him. He called to visit his sister while her husband was away, and while I was drinking I had witnessed the call and the departure. While I was drinking it was easy to improve upon the hint, and to set a story afloat in our community, and these things slide glibly from the tongue. He returned. His wife was all smiles and happiness. But here and there he heard a rumour; bit by bit his confidence was usurped. He dared not accuse her, for he had no proof, but little by little he took to drink, and when once a man does that, he goes down the hill very rapidly. With all his drunkenness he still hid from his wife the real

cause of his discontent, till from drinking he came to quarrelling about the slightest thing, then to cursing, and from cursing to blows, and from ill-usage and starvation (for he was carried to the poorhouse), he slowly drove her to her grave. He rapidly carried himself after her, for no mortal frame could bear the usage he threw upon his. All this gave me a fiendish joy I could scarcely conceive. It was I who plied him with liquor; it was I who excited to frenzy while appearing to calm him; it was I who did it all. But he passed on. The children—there were two—became beggars, and were charged to the parish. One night, by some strange means, my walk led me to their old house, and I felt a strange uncomfortable feeling; I don't know why, but his wife's face seemed to be before me, and I felt that I was a murderer. I had no creature to whom I could confide my sorrow, because all feared and hated me. Then I sank deeper into the curse of drunkenness, until at last I became a wretched outcast myself. I had never married. What employment I had was taken from me because of my dissolute habits, till no one would give me a kind word or a crust of bread. I wandered through the country. I was a monster, the lowest of the low; I was glad to herd with thieves and murderers for the sake of getting a meal; but everybody seemed to give it under protest; it seemed indeed as if the mark of Cain had been set upon my brow. Ten years I led that life. Let our orthodox friends talk of hell and of flames mountains high, and of caverns of boiling brimstone, they could not picture one line of the agonies I suffered. I was but mortal, and had to bow to the inevitable laws of nature. The change came to me. It was an easy sleep, for I was but a shadow, and had not tasted food for three days. The bright sun was shining, and the hay-field was my bed. I arose; staggering I became faint; it was a field by the wayside close to the town. I sank, and passed on. When I recovered she was before me, bright to look upon, but sad to gaze on long, for though she was bright when I first saw her, a deep sadness came over her face. He was there, but not with her. He looked fierce and revengeful. I had lost my old vindictive feelings, and was afraid; I crouched down, and shut him out of sight. And she spoke, and this is what she said—“Go. Undo what you have done. Then shall you find peace, but not till then.” I looked up and she was gone, not a sight of her could I see. But there was he, fierce and vindictive, ready to tear me to pieces, and I fled from him, aye, fled like a cur. I felt myself drawn, I did not know where, but I followed my inclination to go, and I stood before a house on your planet, and sitting by the fireside saw an aged couple bowed down with grief and sorrow, and saying in their hearts bitter things about the poor thing's husband. A voice said to me, “See what you have done.” Then the attraction ceased, and I was off again. This time it was the children, in a poor house, alone, though with many, their little hearts sighing for their mother and the father who had ill-used them so. One sank on her knees, and offered up a prayer for “mother” and “dear father.” I could not stay long, and felt forsaken worse than ever. I felt that I was not fit to speak to the meanest among men or spirits. The curtain lifted, and continued to lift, until at last the picture before my mental eye was so fearful, so awful, that I prayed to be crushed from existence. I traced the lie through the minds of hundreds; each turn of the lie had done its work, and a voice said—“That is thy work. There is much for thee to undo. No rest till you have made right that which you have made wrong.” Many years of your time rolled on before I righted one consequence of my original lie. Time and time rolled on, and the unweaving of the web I once tangled is drawing near its completion. Those who suffered so much have passed on to spirit life, and are far higher in their development than I am, and sometimes indeed I scarcely dare to hope to be equal with them. They visit me, but it is the visit of the angel to the penitent man. Such, friends, is my history. It is a sad one, but I begin to see glimpses now of the causes which produce the effects I have described. Much was caused by lack of knowledge in the world of time. They knew not how to instruct children. There was too little attention paid to the true principles of right and wrong; everyone had a standard for himself. I was gross and undeveloped physically, and no means were provided to refine the grossness of my disposition, and so I entailed upon myself the consequences which I have had to bear. Truly does the proverb say “Curses, like chickens, come home to roost.” My name was Arthur Samuel Walker, and all I have told you took place many of your years ago—more than a hundred. The scene of my life was Blackheath Vale, and I passed away on the outskirts of the city of Bath.

TIEN SIEN TIE, the guardian spirit of the medium, then came as usual, and said: Good evening, my friends. The whole of the faculties of the human mind are given for the beneficial use of mankind, and when you have discovered the use of each faculty, and have applied it to its proper use, benefit results to yourselves and to those connected with you. But if one portion of the mind be unduly taxed, a derangement of the organs of expression takes place, and insanity results. There are many mad persons that the world of yours passes by, and takes no heed of. There are many who so use their physical nature that all spiritual perception is ignored. The base of the brain is entirely devoted to the action of the individual's life; the lower faculties are unduly used, and the result is a man or woman gross and physical in desires and acts, with no perception of spiritual truths, incapable of understanding spiritual existences or spiritual teaching, incapable of appreciating the mental labours of others. With them the most sublime mental efforts pass as commonplace and dull. But give them a class of food suitable to their minds; they appreciate it. The mind, in fact, is diseased, and the brain is thrown from its balance; the man passes through the world, but not as mad. The same result is produced by the excessive use of any one of the faculties of the mind. Excessive use of the mental or spiritual faculties of the mind will throw the triangle of the brain from its balance, but each in its proper place assists the other. The physical portion takes note of a thing, the mental faculties analyse it, and the spiritual perceptions show the principle, or the real attributes, of the thing perceived. When the faculties are properly used the mind is “circular,” by which I mean “harmonious,” and principles as well as attributes are arrived at. Where we find excessive predominance of one portion of the mind, we should try to remove it, first by taking away the attraction, and then by introducing a corresponding attraction to the higher portion of the brain; if it be done harmoniously equilibrium will be restored. Then raise the top of the triangle, and a better spirit will be sent to the other life, better acts will flow from the brother or sister, and better consequences will return to both. It is simple, but it is true. The greater the truth, and the grander the principle, the more simple is the action. All great things are simple, like the causes of all things in this portion of space inhabited by

worlds and spheres; those who have a knowledge of the causes know them to be simple as the simple fact I have given you this evening. I cannot at present show you the sustaining causes of this system of universes, for you are not yet prepared for it, and it would occupy too much time now. The causes of existence and of the sustaining power of existence in your worlds and spheres as described by your modern seer,* are capable of being analysed, in fact they have been analysed and found to be sound. One day you shall know the results of our researches; till then we must crave your patience. Time with you is measured by periods, and with us by events; your time is unknown to us. Another division of your time will soon be numbered with eternity. Truth such as I have told you, you have. Commence the new division with new efforts to get the truth from all mediums, and when you get the truth by careful investigation, hide it not, but give to thy brother lest he faint by the wayside for want of spiritual water. By patience you may develop your physical manifestations. It will require patience, but I will see that too much of your evening is not occupied by your patience. You have the means, and it rests with you whether they shall be used; you are each and every one to act as a free agent; there is no compulsion. Farewell, peace be with you.

ON Friday evening, January 7th, at the ordinary weekly seance, much of the time of those present was again wasted, in witnessing a few feeble physical manifestations, and in receiving some inaccurate communications, through the mediumship of Master Selwood. He will be a capital medium in time, but the mistake on the part of the management of taking up the time of a large company in witnessing the unsatisfactory results of partly-developed mediumship, will assuredly lead to the breaking up of the weekly meetings, if the plan be persisted in.

Next came some communications through Mr. J. J. Morse, but the control was very weak. In answer to questions, his guardian spirit said that there is great difficulty in getting proper names through the brain and mouth of a trance medium. In the case of Mr. Morse probably one in three of the names and addresses are given with absolute freedom from error, but nearly all of them are sufficiently accurate to serve for the identification of the communicating spirit. He closed by controlling Mr. Morse as a writing medium, and by this method stated that he had been requested to say that the name Mary Willett given at a former seance, should have been Harriet Tillot, and that the name of the doctor who attended her was “Fulcher.” He said that when the names given through his medium are not accurate, they will be found to much resemble the real ones in sound.

Mr. J. M. Peebles, who was present, said that there are three ways of controlling mediums, namely, “mechanically, psychologically, and inspirationally;” the control of Mr. Morse seemed to be a mixture of the psychological and the inspirational, in which case it is difficult to give proper names.†

BIBLE SPIRITUALISM.

IN the last number of the *Spiritual Magazine* is a long article on Spiritualism and the Bible, from which we make the following extract:—

“Our American brethren direct us also to the East, for a proof of the mere modern and mythic character of Christianity—that only religion in the world which possesses a clear and connected historic basis, unequivocal, positive, and predominant over all myth and fable, running from the creation until now. Mr. Peebles, in his *Seers of the Ages*, tells us that ‘the historic Jesus is copied from the Krishna of India, and that the close and almost perfect parallels between the Krishna of the *Bhagavat Gita* and the Christ of the Gospels is sufficient evidence that one was borrowed from the other, or that they were both copies from some older myth.’

“Now certainly no man well acquainted with the ancient theology of the Hindoos could for a moment doubt which of these relations was borrowed from the other, if there were such a borrowing. In the one case we have in the Bible a plain, clear, uninterrupted history from the very earliest era of history down to the time of Christ, in which the founder of Christianity is most unequivocally and luminously heralded and graphically described, His person, His career and His doctrine. This is done, not by one prophet, but by a score, all living in succession; and, therefore, incapable of together concocting such a story. These prophets prove their mission to be genuine by simultaneously prophesying the fates of all the nations surrounding them, and some of those nations then the most powerful in the world. Profane history has most absolutely shown the truth of these predictions; and that truth is every day in our own time being re-confirmed by the discoveries on the sites of those nations. Egypt, Nineveh, Babylon and Syria, have all yielded up to the researches of travellers and archaeologists the most amazing proofs of these prophetic announcements of from two to four thousand years ago. The Assyrian relics of art in the British Museum, the bricks and manuscripts of Babylon, the latter now in preparation for publication; the discoveries of the giant cities of Bashan, still existing, these and the condition of a thousand objects in Palestine, place the Hebrew history on such a basis of demonstrated truth as no other history of the ancient world possesses.

“Turn from this solid and sunlit plane of history, stretching without a break from the very dawn of history, to the literature of India—and we plunge at once into a region of darkness illuminated only by partial light, into a chaos of myths and legends. There is no such thing as a clear matter-of-fact, continued history of national events, philosophy, or religion. We gather our scattered incidents from different, quite distinct, and often most contradictory books, and all mingled with the wildest and most absurd fables. We have nothing to assure us of the dates of many of the half fact half saga statements, but such as we can draw from the antiquity of the language in which they occur. Some of the greatest authorities, such as Max Müller, tell us that probably these mystical, rather than historic productions, may be as old as the Hebrew history.

“Let us suppose them to be so old; nay, let us suppose some of them to be as old as the early days of the human race, ere the different tribes had dispersed themselves into different and distant regions, what then? We come merely to that primal period in which the human race possessed, most probably in common, the divine revelations of those leading truths which should become the ultimate springs of universal civilization and religion. Those truths have maintained them-

* Who is he? Andrew Jackson Davis?—Ed.

† We will make inquiries into the accuracy of the names given through Mr. Morse's mediumship. The views of Mr. Peebles, as to the methods of giving proper names through trance mediumship, are given more in detail in another column.—Ed.

selves on a sound and palpable and unbroken highway of history, through the Hebrew, and through no other race whatever. In all others, Egyptian, Indian, Chinese, they have become swamped and swallowed up in the vast volumes of heathen darkness and sensualized fable.

"These gentlemen lay much stress on the assertion that some of the Indian resemblances to Christian facts are much prior to the Christian era. Suppose this to be actually so, the fact remains that the predictions of Christ, and of the incidents of His earth life, also stood fixed thousands of years in the Hebrew Scriptures before He Himself came; and it is much more likely that in the intercourse known to have existed between the eastern nations for thousands of years before Christianity, the Hindoos and others should have received, through their learned men, knowledge of these wonderful predictions, than that the Hebrews should have gleaned them from theirs so mixed with fantastic fable. The whole history of the Jews, so proud of their superior knowledge, so exclusive in their character, is wholly opposed to the idea of such a borrowing, and in the whole Hebrew history there is no trace of any such infusion from the far East. In fact the ancient and complete body of Jewish revelation had no need of it. It is far more likely that the fleets of Solomon conveyed copies of the Hebrew writings to India, which would be amazingly curious to the learned men of the Orient. Again, the Ten Tribes, when carried away eastward, and absorbed in the Eastern nations, no doubt carried with them their prophetic and prophetic knowledge; and traces of these Ten Tribes are asserted to remain among the Afghans, and even in peoples more eastern.

"It is further admitted by oriental scholars that the modern doctrines and rites of both Buddhism and Brahminism are very different from the ancient ones; and it is far more legitimate for us to suppose that St. Thomas, in his mission to India, immediately after the death of Christ, carried widely through India the new ideas and faith which led to these modifications. His Church, discovered in India in our time, and described in the *Christian Researches in Asia* of the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, London, 1841, must through this long period have disseminated amongst the learned Hindoos many Christian facts and ideas. Besides, who can doubt that the spirit of God's wisdom and love, which is Christ, has in all ages and nations been stirring and moving in the minds and hearts of all mankind, and more or less revealing Himself there, according to the assurance of St. Paul that God had never left Himself, even amongst the heathen, without a witness?

I observe that our friend, Mr. Peebles, in his *Seers of the Ages*, rests too much on the *Anacalypsis* of Godfrey Higgins, a work in which there is the most constant straining to draw Christianity from the fragmentary passages of Hindoo mythology rather than from the full and positive records of the Jews themselves. Mr. Peebles and the Americans of that school do injustice to their own intellectual acumen in relying on the interested patchwork of Higgins to produce a caricature of Christ rather than on the authentic annals of Christ's own people. Besides, who on reading, himself, the story of Krishna in the *Bhagavat Gita*, a philosophic poem, or in the *Vishnu Purano*, can recognise the pretended identity of that god with Christ? He is but one of the ten Avatāras of Vishnu, and so far from being the gentle, loving, wise, self-sacrificing being which Christ was, he is in his youth an imp of mischief and practical tricks amongst the cowboys and shepherdesses of Vrindāvāna. Is it in playing pranks with Indra—in mocking his elders—in lifting a mountain into the air, with all its cowherds and cattle—in slaying a demon—in building a town with his own hands—in marrying sixteen thousand wives, and having a hundred and eighty thousand sons; or in being killed himself by a hunter, that we recognise the likeness to Christ? These attempts, in truth, are as absurd as they are unhistorical. For what is the fact? Whatever may be the date or the character of the myths of India, Christ is no mythical, but an absolute and altogether historical personage. His history stands in plainest terms in the book which is as much the history of the Jews as the history of England is of the English. It is not the fable of a fabled people. That people exists amongst us and the other modern nations to-day; it exists in fulfilment of the same age-long chain of prophecies which foretold and attested Christ; on every page of that history, from its first to its last, stands the declarations of the coming of Christ, and when He did come it was in no obscure or mythical age, but in a comparatively modern period, amid the blaze of Greek and Roman civilization, which attest, in fullest evidence, His life, death, and eternal doctrines.

"To attempt to reduce to a level with pagan writers or with eastern mythical deities, this Divine Man, with whom all the prior ages are filled by anticipation, and all the subsequent ones by the light and life and civilisation springing from His Gospel, is a perversion of intellect, only to be accounted for by the influence of those lying spirits, who were announced as the dark deceivers of these latter times."

THERE is a probability that the Gover-street conferences will begin again very shortly.

ATMOSPHERICAL INFLUENCES ON MANIFESTATIONS.—At the meeting of Mrs. C. Berry's circle, on Thursday, December 30th, the spirits said that the weather was very bad indeed for physical manifestations; it was scarcely possible for it to be worse. The sky was overcast with thin cloud, and a thaw had set in, with a light wind from the south-west. The dry-bulb thermometer on the 28th, stood at 25 degrees; on the 29th, at 31 degrees; and on the 30th, at 37 degrees. The barometer on the same three days stood at 29.95, 30.22, and 30.00 inches respectively.

THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—On Tuesday evening, January 4th, at the ordinary fortnightly meeting of the Anthropological Society, at 4, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, Dr. R. S. Charnock, F.S.A. presided. A paper by Mr. L. O. Pike, M.A., was read in the absence of its author, by Dr. Carter Blake, upon "The Psychological Elements of Religion." The writer said that in his paper he intended to exclude all revelations from God from consideration, but to include all the other numerous religions, from fetishism upwards. He would not attempt to draw a line between religion and superstition, because every man puts down his own as the true religion, and all others as superstitions. He said that every people who have handed down a literature have handed down a creed, and that these creeds all agree with one another, in that some angry being has to be propitiated, and that the God or gods are represented as having the passions and feelings of men; the higher the race of men, the higher is the ideal standard which they call God. All the ancient religions therefore, agree by acting largely upon the fears of those who follow them. The Rev. Dunbar Heath, Mr. Dibley, Mr. W. Dendy, Mr. Charlesworth, Mr. Macrae Moir, Mr. Moncure D. Conway, and Dr. Carter Blake took part in the discussion.

General News.

SPIRITUALISM is gaining ground in Australia. The *Melbourne Daily Telegraph* of Oct. 12th last, reports that Mr. Naylor delivered a lecture on the subject at the Mechanics' Institute, Melbourne, and that he asserted the King of Bavaria, the Emperor Napoleon, and Queen Victoria, to be Spiritualists.

SPEAKING IN UNKNOWN TONGUES.—It will be remembered how, several years ago, considerable excitement was caused in London, by the psychological phenomena of the speaking in unknown tongues, breaking out in one of the religious sects. The well-known mediumship of Mr. R. Cogman, 22, New-road, Whitechapel-road, E., has recently undergone a change, and he is sometimes made to talk vigorously in some language which neither he, nor anybody else who has heard it, can understand. This apparently useless phase of mediumship, is not pleasant to Mr. Cogman himself, who says that the words seem to roll up from his stomach, and they hurt his throat as they come up. It is manifestly a language, and not gibberish, which he is made to speak, and one linguist has expressed an opinion that it is probably a Polynesian language, as nearly if not all the words end in vowels. If the language can be identified, it will be capital proof that spiritual communications are sometimes very foreign to the mind of the medium, but in the meantime this form of mediumship is unpleasant enough to Mr. Cogman, and void of instruction to the hearers.

TABLE SIGNALS AND THE ALPHABET.—A few weeks ago we pointed out the saving in time that might be effected, when receiving messages by means of raps or tilts, if the alphabet were written in the following way, and a particular method of signalling adopted:—

1	E	A	T	I	O
2	S	N	H	R	D
3	L	U	C	M	F
4	W	Y	G	P	B
5	V	K	Q	J	X
6	Z				

A friend at Norwich has written to say that he places this alphabet on the table, and asks the spirits to tilt first the number of the horizontal line in which the letter is placed, then to make a pause, and afterwards to tilt the number of the letter itself according to the position it occupies in the line. Thus the calling over of the alphabet by anybody present is rendered unnecessary. At some American circles the spirits have been taught to signal by means of the Morse alphabet, as follows:—

A	— — — — —	N	— — — — —
B	— — — — —	O	— — — — —
C	— — — — —	P	— — — — —
D	— — — — —	Q	— — — — —
E	— — — — —	R	— — — — —
F	— — — — —	S	— — — — —
G	— — — — —	T	— — — — —
H	— — — — —	U	— — — — —
I	— — — — —	V	— — — — —
J	— — — — —	W	— — — — —
K	— — — — —	X	— — — — —
L	— — — — —	Y	— — — — —
M	— — — — —	Z	— — — — —

The above alphabet consists of long and short dashes. A short dash means a little tilt of the table, and a long dash a great tilt; a pause of longer duration must be made to separate the letters. This system is troublesome and requires patience to learn, but afterwards messages can be signalled with great rapidity by its aid.

THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.—The *Spiritual Magazine* is now ten years old, and is justly very elated by the fact. The editor says in the last number: "The work goes bravely and steadily on; without hurry and without pause. It is true we have had our difficulties and discouragements; no work worth engaging in was ever without them; but Time, which tries all things, has but deepened our convictions, and strengthened our resolves to persevere in the work in which we are engaged, and shown how impregnable are the foundations of our faith, and taught us more fully how great the need of its corrective lessons, and how wide, and ever widening an horizon it opens out before us. Our work is, and has ever been purely a labour of love, and therefore one whose rewards, though unsought, have been the most satisfying and ample, far higher in kind than any of an external sort could possibly be. Our contributors, too, one and all, have had and have sought no compensation other than arises from the satisfaction of bearing testimony to the truth. We thank them on our own behalf and on that of our readers for their disinterested and efficient co-operation."

PROPER NAMES AND TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP.—Last Friday, Mr. J. M. Peebles, medium, and Consul at Trebizond to the Government of the United States, was present at the public *séance* at 15, Southampton-row, Holborn, when the subject of the difficulty of forcing proper names through trance media came up. He then said that he has noticed that there are three ways of controlling trance mediums—"mechanically, psychologically, and inspirationally." We have since asked him to define the ideas conveyed to his own mind by these three terms, since his large experience of spiritual phenomena in America, makes his testimony valuable. He says that sometimes the spirits have complete control of the body of the medium, moving fingers, arms, legs, muscles, and mouth with the greatest ease, without exercising much action, if any, upon the brain. This he calls mechanical control, and by it the spirits, he says, can bring out proper names with the greatest ease and accuracy. By psychological control, he means that wherein the medium speaks according to the will of the person or spirit controlling him. He (Mr. Peebles) has asked the spirits to leave a medium, and let him control the medium himself by his will-power, and he has done so successfully, but found that he must put his thoughts very clearly into words, to make the medium speak them. There is liability to error, in giving proper names by this method. By "inspirational" mediumship he means mediumship wherein great ideas lie dormant in the mind of the medium, and a high spirit or band of spirits, direct a stream of the spiritual forces upon the brain of the medium, and raise his intellect to a high and abnormal state of activity; acting in fact somewhat as a blast of pure oxygen gas would act upon a dull coal fire. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to get out proper names with accuracy by this kind of mediumship. He thinks the mediumship of Mr. J. J. Morse to be a mixture of the psychological and the inspirational. The control of the physical frame of Mr. Morse is imperfect, for when he is made to write, the lines run into each other, he has difficulty in folding the paper when he tries to do so, and he has difficulty in carrying it to, and in seeing the person he wants to give it to.

"THE REALITY OF A SPIRIT WORLD DEMONSTRATED."—Under this title, Mr. R. F. Rippon, who has visited our town under the auspices of the Ryde Dialectical Society, delivered two lectures on Spiritualism, in the Town Hall, on Thursday and Friday last. He pointed out that the subject had of late years attracted a good deal of attention, in both the old and new worlds; and that it had of late years been much written, spoken, and he believed, even preached about! The doctrine had made numerous disciples, and as some of its adherents were composed of men whose minds were of the highest calibre and who occupied good social positions—as it was not confined to the low and the ignorant (although that, in his opinion, would not be a proof that the reverse was the case), it was evident that there was some truth in Spiritualism and that it was worth investigation. He defined Spiritualism as embracing all spiritual or miraculous phenomena, both of ancient and modern days, and above all, what he considered as its highest manifestation, as the power of addressing ourselves to Jehovah and holding close communion with Him. He gave many interesting details of his experiences as a Spiritualist; and played several impromptu pieces, which, he said, were direct inspirations from the spirit world. He added that at times he could see the spirits of eminent composers standing by his side whilst he was playing, and that sometimes his hand was raised from the piano, whilst the keys were pressed by supernatural agency. His playing was of the most wonderful description we have ever heard, and at the same time there was an inexpressible weirdness in the sounds which emanated from the instrument. Some of the audience declared that they could hear the tones of a human voice issuing from the pianoforte. He also exhibited some beautifully correct drawings and paintings of insects and other natural objects, which he had made, he said, by spiritual agency. He was not, naturally, he declared, endued with any talent for drawing, and it was only after a drawing medium had laid his hand on his that he acquired the wonderful power he now possesses. Of the paintings exhibited by Mr. Rippon, it would be impossible for a naturalist to speak too highly. His flowers stand out upon the background in all the transparent delicacy, richness of colouring, and charm of actual life. His insects are, if possible, even still more wondrously perfect. Surely art never more successfully invaded the confines of nature than in the enchanting portraits of Mr. Rippon's. Those who have had the privilege of knowing this remarkably gifted man will join us in the wish that he may have a safe and successful return from the sunny lands of Arabia; and that he may be spared many years of life to depict with his marvellous fidelity those glorious objects which he so loves, and which now allure him from the studio and home to the wild regions of Algeria.—*Isle of Wight Times*.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Mr. F. N. Broderick, of Ryde, in the course of a letter to the editor of the *Isle of Wight Times*, about the preceding paragraph, said:—"So far as I have been able to learn, all those persons who were present on the first of Mr. Rippon's entertainments noticed the remarkable semblance to a human voice referred to in your report. The illusion was so perfect that I turned involuntarily to the gentleman sitting next to me, convinced that he was violating good taste by joining in the air, but I found that he was silently absorbed in the performance. During Mr. Rippon's rendering of 'Home, sweet Home,' the rich cadence of what seemed unmistakably a human voice was particularly noticeable even above the full power of the bass notes. From subsequent observation, I was convinced that the sound emanated from the pianoforte, but the nature of the magical manipulation which produced it can best be solved by those who are familiar with that superb instrument. To satisfy some persons who wished to have an authoritative opinion on the real value of Mr. Rippon's music, I wrote to a lady who was present on the second evening, and whose musical education and great experience I judged well qualified her to form a scientific estimate of the performances. As the lady is in no way associated with the spiritualistic movement, it may fairly be presumed that her critique will on that account be free from bias in Mr. Rippon's favour. Subjoined is her courteous reply; I must, however, ask you to omit name and address.—'Sir,—I have much pleasure in giving you my opinion on the subject named in your letter. Mr. Rippon's style of playing is perfectly artistic, combining great facility of execution with excellent expression, which latter quality was particularly noticeable in his treatment of 'Ah, che la morte.' In fact, with the exception of a few instances of too great a preponderance of bass, his whole performance was not only faultless, but exceedingly beautiful."

THE SPIRIT WORLD.—Mrs. De Morgan recently furnished *Daybreak* with the following interesting spirit message: "The subject of the locality of the spirit land is, in truth, beyond the power of the finite mind to comprehend. As I have told you many times, your earthly atmosphere teems with the spirits who are in sympathy with the lower order of development or spirit-life found there. But on your earth, in the body also, are many pure and aspiring spirits who are in closer communion with the far and higher regions than any of the undeveloped disembodied spirits who readily communicate their ignorance through their earthly mediums. The casting aside of the earthly frame does not exalt the spirit that is not exalted by its aspirations and longings to attain the higher God-spheres; spheres and localities beyond the ken of mankind. Think not that any can solve the deep and high mysteries of the higher spirit-spheres, for only they who have attained thereto can form a conception of what they are, the spiritual sphere being not only localised, but a state far more than a locality." "I would teach you that the teachings of the spirits are really true. Your earth in its objectiveness is the type of this sphere. You take from us, not we from you. All the varied descriptions must truly be in accordance with the medium's own power of perception and reception, but to each medium comes the spirit most suited to his powers, and all is true in the description of our home. It is very real. We need, spiritually, in our early spirit-life, the same things that we long for on earth in a higher and fuller degree. Life is purer and truer, but it is as real, objectively and subjectively, as on your earth. We have all the adjuncts here, but as we advance they become purer and more ethereal." "When we speak of curtains, we mean, literally, a light division between the parts of the room in the same way as you use such on earth. But we have such, as all else, in the most ethereal and beautiful material, formed from the essence of the flowers around. This is a very favourite material, to use your earthly words, with us. Our dresses are formed of it; and as they float in the ether, they give out sweetness and harmony in accordance with all around. It is truly impossible so to impress our earthly medium as to give you an idea of the fullness of the beauty of our home; but nothing can too fully assure you of the reality and substantiality of it."—*Given through F. J. T.*

CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

1. Advertisements of Public Companies, Half-a-guinea per sixth of a column, or every portion of sixth of a column.
 2. General Advertisements, Five Shillings per twelfth of a column, or portion of twelfth of a column.
- Note.—Advertisements at the foregoing rates will be "displayed" so as to occupy the full space paid for, but advertisements at the following rates will be in closely set type.
3. General Advertisements, Half-a-crown per first five lines or portion of five lines, and Fourpence for every line in addition.
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- Ten words are allowed to the line, and six figures or initial letters count as one word.
- When five or more insertions of the same advertisement are paid for, twenty per cent. reduction will be made in the above rates.
- The power is reserved of refusing to insert any advertisement.
- Advertisements and remittances should be sent to the Publisher, Mr. E. W. ALLEN, Ave Maria-lane, St. Paul's Church-yard, London, E.C., or to Mr. J. BURNS, 15, Southampton-row, High Holborn, London, W.C.

To Correspondents.

All letters should be brief and to the point, as the amount of space available for correspondence is at present small. Communications intended for the Editor should be by letter only, addressed to the care of the Publisher, Mr. E. W. ALLEN, Ave Maria-lane, St. Paul's Church-yard, London, E.C. Until the Spiritual movement in England, together with this journal, have both grown considerably, time cannot be spared for personal interviews on subjects connected with the literary work of THE SPIRITUALIST, but all letters will meet with careful consideration.

THE SPIRITUALIST is a periodical intended to give great freedom of expression to all the different shades of opinion to be found among Spiritualists. There will therefore be very little uniformity in the ideas promulgated in this journal, more especially in the correspondence columns. Under these circumstances every reader will find occasionally something in THE SPIRITUALIST which he or she does not like, but the right of reply remains. This freedom of thought given to others, the Editor claims for himself, and those who do not like the contents of leading articles, can write against them in the correspondence columns. This plan is thought better than that of reducing the contents of the journal to a pale weak mediocrity, by inserting only those contributions which please everybody. The preceding remarks are not intended to imply that those who have crotchets which they cannot get printed anywhere else, can find an outlet for them here, for none but those letters which are considered worth publication will be inserted.

Notices of Public Meetings in connection with Spiritualism should be sent to the office several days in advance.

To Non-Spiritualists.

A large amount of information is printed on the last two pages of this journal, clearly demonstrating that the facts of Spiritualism, highly improbable as they appear to be, are real, and deserve serious investigation by all thoughtful people. In other columns of every number of THE SPIRITUALIST will also be found plenty of additional evidence to the same effect.

To Subscribers.

The first twelve numbers of THE SPIRITUALIST will be forwarded regularly by penny post to subscribers, who remit four shillings in payment, to Mr. E. W. ALLEN, Publisher, Ave Maria-lane, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

The Spiritualist.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1870.

NOTICE.

THE SPIRITUALIST will from and after this date be published monthly instead of fortnightly. It will be issued on the 15th day of every month, and the next number will come out on Tuesday, the 15th of February.

For a new paper THE SPIRITUALIST has been very favourably received, and it finds its way regularly to all parts of the three kingdoms. But the advertising public know comparatively little about Spiritualism, regarding it as a delusion or something worse, hence a journal on this subject stands on a worse commercial footing than ordinary newspapers do with the same circulation. Experience shows that it is unreasonable to continue this as a fortnightly journal at present, but THE SPIRITUALIST is progressing steadily, and we hope to again supply news at short intervals at no very distant date. Much mutual friendliness has sprung up between this journal and some of its leading supporters, and, as will be seen in a short article in an-

other column, the systematic recording of facts in these pages has begun to bear practical fruit, by the elucidation of some general principles incidental to trance-mediumship. With the *Spiritual Magazine* and the other periodicals issued at the beginning of each month, and this journal published in the middle of every month, there will still be a fortnightly supply of news in connection with this noble movement.

THE ACTION OF LIGHT UPON SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

THERE are certain spiritual manifestations which can be obtained only in darkness, such, for instance, as the ordinary spirit voices; and subdued light is a favourable condition for nearly all the phenomena, trance-speaking included. What is this "light" which exercises so much influence upon the manifestations? According to modern philosophers it is the wave-motion of an infinitely elastic fluid known as the "interstellar ether," which fills all space, stretches from star to star, and bathes the vibrating atoms of all solid bodies. The vibrating atoms of luminous bodies throw the ether into waves, and these waves beat against the retina of the human eye, just as the waves of the ocean break upon the sea-shore. But the eye is so far an imperfect instrument that it is insensitive to the shortest of the ether waves, and cannot see them, neither can it see the longest waves. The longest waves emanating from the sun, which warm our backs and melt the mountain snows, are nearly all invisible to the eye. The invisible waves contain about eight times more heat than the visible waves. A few days ago, Professor Tyndall at the Royal Institution filtered away the visible waves from the electric light, by means of a glass vessel filled with a solution of iodine in bisulphide of carbon; the invisible waves passed freely through this opaque liquid, and were made to set fire to paper at a distance of several yards from the electric lamp. The red waves are the longest which can be seen by the eye, and the violet and blue waves are the shortest; in fact, the sensation of colour is due simply to variations in wavelength.

The spirits who speak at Mrs. Mary Marshall's *séances*, on being questioned upon the subject said that there was so much motion in light that it "burnt up the atmospheres they used to produce the voices." By "atmospheres" they perhaps meant the emanations from the medium. Accordingly some experiments were once tried, by giving them a cool light, containing very much less wave motion than ordinary white light. It was produced by passing the rays from a paraffin flame, first through a glass trough filled with a solution of alum, and, secondly, through another glass trough filled with a solution of ammonio-sulphate of copper. A cold blue light, of feeble intensity, was thus employed to illuminate the room. It was a failure so far as seeing the tubes was concerned, as the voices could only be produced in those parts of the room where the darkness was too deep for the eyes of the witnesses to penetrate. There are other ways by which the difficulty may perhaps be overcome, and further experiments will be made.

Mr. Mumler is as busy as ever producing spirit photographs, and defying all the photographers in New York to detect imposture. As Judge Edmonds and Mr. Livermore, the banker, pronounce Mr. Mumler to have produced accurate portraits of their departed friends, we presume them to be right in considering it a case of genuine mediumship. Assuming the pictures to be genuine spirit photographs, the question arises—How do the spirits produce them? Short waves of ether, too short to be visible to the eye, act upon photographic films, it being therefore possible for photographs to be taken very slowly indeed, in a peculiar kind of pitch darkness, which the philosopher knows how to produce. The editor of the *British Journal of Photography* once suggested that perhaps the bodies of spirits can be materialised sufficiently to reflect these short invisible waves, by which means a photograph could be taken. But the fact is that in Mr. Mumler's pictures, the spirit forms produce more photographic action on the plates than the human forms in the same space of time, which could not be the case if the spirit bodies set up an action upon the sensitive film by means of the extra-violet rays, since these rays act very feebly. In short, the way in which these pictures are produced, is as great a mystery as ever.

Many modern philosophers think that in the vibrating atom and the ether-wave, they have reached the boundaries of creation, just as the Jews and their prophets believed that the earth was a flat plain, with a crystal vault confining the waters above the firmament, and that the sun and moon were small lights hung up for the benefit of the flat plain and the chosen people. That organised beings like spirits can be moving in the interstellar ether, complicates the theories of modern philosophers as much as the discovery of the rotation of the earth upset the astronomical notions of the Jews and their successors. In all directions in creation there is probably nothing but infinity, but man sets up temporary boundaries of his own here and there, as fixed points on which to rest for a time his aching mind.

A FEATURE OF TRANCE-MEDIUMSHIP.

IN the philosophical examination of any new and perplexing phenomena, the only safe plan is to have no preconceived ideas at all, to note accurately all the facts, and then examine the collected facts in search of principles. This plan has been followed in this journal, and now we have one golden little bit of clear knowledge revealed in the mass of evidence.

On Thursday, December 9th, Mr. Avery, a well-known American Spiritualist, now resident in London, made a speech at the St. John's Association of Spiritualists, in Clerkenwell, and said that when his little daughter first came back to speak to him through a New York medium, the spirit and the medium both felt the pains of the sickness which afflicted the daughter on her death-bed. We called attention at the time to the circumstance that Mrs. John Olive, trance medium, of 1, Gibson-place, Warrington-crescent, W., also feels the pains of those spirits who had not easy beds of "death;" in fact, if memory does not err, we think that on one occasion spots came temporarily out on her face, after a spirit had been speaking through her who died of small pox. Next, on the 17th December, Mr. Clegg, of York, who suffered from rheumatism in earth life, gave Mr. Morse, the medium, some bad symptoms of the complaint at a public *séance* at 15, Southampton-row. Lastly, in this number of THE SPIRITUALIST is a narrative showing how the spirit of William Young, on the 8th November last, caused Mrs. Conant, the medium, of Boston, U.S., to feel his death pains. Or rather, the spirits feel the pains while in the mediums, and the latter feel them temporarily when they wake up after the manifestations are over.

All these various instances, collected from widely separated sources, have unexpectedly come together among the facts in these pages, so that it is now pretty clearly established that one feature running through the whole range of trance-mediumship, is the fact that the media very commonly feel symptoms of the death pains of the communicating spirits. Also, that the spirits feel these pains while *en rapport* with each medium, so are not themselves quite in their normal state whilst delivering their messages.

Daylight also is beginning to shine upon another feature of trance-mediumship, namely, the difficulty of getting proper names accurately through the mediums, and before long it is hoped that sufficient evidence will be collected to disrobe this branch of the subject of all its present mystery.

There are those who do not like the publication of the details of *séances*, on the ground that non-Spiritualists will learn much of the difficulties of the subject, and how great are the cobwebs of ignorance at present enshrouding the nature of spiritual manifestations. The systematic search after truth is not to be fettered by any sensitiveness to the sayings and doings of uninformed outsiders, nor by deference to public opinion, which in the present state of national education is worth little, and is often manufactured by keen heads for the purpose of duping the populace.

"JOHN KING."

BY THE EDITOR.

AT different times some of the periodicals devoted to Spiritualism, have expressed doubts as to the genuine character of the voices obtained through the mediumship of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall. A very intelligent Spiritualist one evening attended a dark *séance* at 13, Bristol-gardens, Paddington, W., and afterwards printed in *Daybreak* a statement to the effect that the voice purporting to belong to the spirit "John King," was Mr. Marshall's voice, which statement, as I shall now prove, was not true. Also, there are three or four Spiritualists, who often relate in the most circumstantial way, how they detected Mr. and Mrs. Marshall "doing the voices," but who have not published their detection of the imposture, therefore have made themselves accomplices if imposture it be, by sitting down quietly with the belief that scores of people are constantly being duped, who would not be duped did the detectives put in print what they assert in private.

Soon after I first witnessed Spiritual manifestations,

about two years ago, I was taken to see the phenomena which occur under the mediumship of Mrs. Mary Marshall, who then resided at 13, Bristol-gardens, but now at 2, Bennett-street, St. James's. Tables and chairs moved about in daylight, and sometimes rose from the ground, whilst at the dark *séances* voices were heard, and luminous manifestations seen; all these things purported to come from spirits. I therefore resolved to be a constant visitor at the *séances*, and to stick at the work till I either discovered the assertions to be true, or detected the imposture with sufficient accuracy and certainty to expose it in the presence of witnesses, and to be able to publish the facts with complete sectional drawings of the apparatus used.

The voice calling itself "John King" is backed by an intelligence apparently entirely different in kind from that of Mr. or Mrs. Marshall. However, I privately assumed that Mr. Marshall did the voice, and by attending a few *séances* found that it was a common thing for Mr. Marshall and John King to speak at the same time, so I was obliged to throw over that theory. Next I assumed that Mrs. Marshall did it, till one evening I sat next her; she was on my right hand side, I had hold of her hand and arm, and John King came and talked into my left ear, Mrs. Marshall being perfectly motionless all the time, so over went the other theory. Next, I assumed that a confederate, among the visitors to the circle did John King's voice, so had a *séance* with Mr. and Mrs. Marshall alone; John was there, and talked for an hour. Lastly, I assumed that a concealed confederate did the voice, so attended two *séances* where Mrs. Marshall was present among strangers to her, in a strange house, and again John King was as lively as ever. Finally, on Thursday evening, December 30th, 1869, John King came and talked to eleven persons at Mrs. C. Berry's circle, in the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, the medium being Mrs. Perrin.

I only certify to the genuine character of such of the manifestations as I have tested, and no more, but trust that these facts will clear away some of the doubts incautiously thrown over Mrs. Mary Marshall's mediumship by *Daybreak* and the *Spiritual Magazine*.

THE CURE OF M. LEON FAVRE.—The *Revue Spiritualiste* of September last contains an account written by M. Leon Favre, Consul-General of France, narrating how he was cured of a complaint of 42 years standing, by a spirit. He says:—"I was in 1826 at Livorno. I was there poisoned by eating of a large sort of lobster, probably cooked in a copper vessel in bad condition. I was saved by medical energy, but the poison left the most terrible effects on my stomach; the most singular symptoms seized me. I had a gastric complaint which lasted seven years, and which was succeeded by nervous maladies, strange lethargies, and morbid effects which defied every scientific remedy. The crises were marked by the most frightful circumstances. Sometimes my eyes were convulsed, the pallor of death, overspread my features which were distorted by the most painful contractions; my cheeks instantly sunk, all my limbs became rigid; my body was stretched out like a corpse, I often fell with my head against the wall, and I lay in this state of catalepsy. Sometimes the attack seemed to come down on me like a bird of prey; my intestines, stomach and chest seemed wrenched and twisted violently. The paroxysm lasted for an hour at most, but it left a fearful havoc in the system. Frequently it produced aberrations of vision which caused me to see every object triple, always followed by a prostration and temporary exhaustion of all my forces." He then narrates how in the course of years this cruel malady increased in virulence, and the attacks succeeded each other at shorter intervals. Medical skill failed to remove the disease. At last a spirit, acting through the mediumship of a young schoolmistress of the name of Catarina, prescribed for M. Leon Favre. The spirit "declared his name to be Giacomo Giaferro; that he was born at Venice in 1418, and died in 1510, at the age of 92, at Verona, where he practised medicine. Generally, medical healers proceed on the system of the somnambules. They inspect the patient and prescribe their remedies without the subject being required to give any explanation. Giaferro acted like a living doctor. The patient gave the history of his complaints without omitting the smallest detail. Giaferro listened scrupulously to the present diagnosis, but he rarely foresaw that which might unexpectedly arise. I assembled often with me three or four physicians to act as a check upon him. I have heard them dispute with him, make fresh consultation of the patient according to his indications, find that they were wrong, and that he (Giaferro), the invisible, was right! His appreciations were marked by an exactness remarkable, and nearly always I have seen the doctors adopt his opinion in the treatment of the case. It was under the direction of this invisible doctor, at first watched by my friend Cogevina, that I placed myself, as I have said, on the 5th of March, 1868. Reversing the method of Mansdorf, he placed the silver on my stomach, and the zinc under the soles of my feet, commencing by an application of ten minutes, which augmented every day by as much additional time, arrived finally at nine hours. During three months, examining me every week, oftener twice than once, at first with the concurrence of Dr. Cogevina, then by himself alone, he alternated the poles, placing on the stomach sometimes the positive, sometimes the negative, varying the duration of the applications, suspending them occasionally for some days, and taking as the principal basis of his internal treatment bismuth, calcined magnesia, and the codeine of Berthé. At the end of three months he declared that I was cured of my cramps, and that they could never return. He continued, however, till December, the use of the apparatus, increasing progressively the intervals between the applications. He ended by suspending them altogether. In fact, I was well. Cured by an invisible hand after having suffered 42 years, and having exhausted all known medical remedies! It is impossible to retrace here the minute cares, the extreme tenderness, the expression of love which accompanied this prolonged treatment. The soul of this man seemed to follow me everywhere, to watch over me, and, let the sceptics smile, to knit up with my own a holy and fraternal relation which my gratitude has sealed for eternity." M. Leon Favre's narrative is published in full in the December number of the *Spiritual Magazine*.

Poetry.

THE LAST SCENE OF LIFE.

THE blush that made her beautiful
Came back—but faint and weak,
For seventy summers had gone by
Since first it bloom'd her cheek;
The light that used to make her eye
Shed heaven about her brow,
Returned to gleam a little while
In timid lustre now.

They placed her, at her soft request
Beside a cabinet;
They saw the fringes of her eyes
With quiet tears were wet;
They saw her all-transparent hand
Move tremblingly to lift
A little locket from a drawer—
Perhaps 'twas love's first gift.
They stood—Who stood? Alas, a few
Who knew her but of late;
For time had taken one by one
Each friend of earlier date;
And nothing but her heart—her mind,
Which death alone could blast,
Kept these kind spirits round her then
To watch her to the last.

"Behold," she cried, "this temple, where
My heart's hoard long hath slept;
Here, all that love, fame, friendship gave,
With gratitude I've kept,
No line that left a loving hand
I ever have effaced;
But fondly, in its fitting place,
With tears the token placed.
Praise that once made my young heart glad,
And vows which made it warm,
Have lain within this cabinet,
A hoard, my heart to balm.
Now, cast them for me on the fire,
And let me see the flame!—
First, here are all the offerings
Which fed my hopes of fame:
Among them notes from fleeting friends,
The shooting stars that threw
A passing light upon my path—
Unfixed, but not untrue.
I will not leave it to the world,
To mock with dull disdain
These little meteors of the minds
That flash and fade again.

"Here, here are words of holier weight,
From friends most fond they came!
Oh, they make balm about the room!
Behold how bright their flame!"

"Your hands, kind friends, for I would rise,
Oh, not thus felt each limb,
When first the pulses of my heart
Awakened unto him."

She had a packet in her hand;
She slowly reached the fire;
She strewed it on the rising flame;
She saw it blaze—expire.

"'Tis over," then she murmured low,
"This locket, on my breast,
When in the coffin lies my clay,
Consent to let it rest.
My bones and that will long defy
The demons of decay:
My spirit, and my love's, my friends—
Great Power —" she passed away.
And soon the greensward covered her,
And memory, pity, fame,
Preserved alone, of all the past,
A little while—a name.

Fox's Repository.

Correspondence.

[Great freedom is given to correspondents, who sometimes express opinions diametrically opposed to those of this journal and its readers].

WAS SARAH JACOBS STARVED TO DEATH?

SIR,—On New Year's-eve, for the second time my wife saw a spirit purporting to be that of Sarah Jacobs. She appeared to be between ten and eleven years old, and was dressed as she used to be when on earth—viz., in a brown stuff frock, with low neck and short-puffed sleeves. She said she was not starved to death; that she had on several occasions gone some weeks without the slightest particle of food or nourishment, and accounted for her living so long a time without the usual necessities of life, through being incessantly mesmerised by spirits, of which there were half-a-dozen, who relieved each other when exhausted.

What is there improbable in the above explanation, coupled with the evidence given at the inquest, shewing that the body did not present all the usual signs of death being caused through starvation? Is it not a fact that a band of, or even one powerful mesmerist, could keep a sensitive some considerable time without food and without causing in the slightest degree any of the usual tokens of starvation? Again, is it not a fact well-known to every medical practitioner that numbers of persons on beds of sickness, have lived out not the starvation period of eight days, but twice, three times, and I believe in some cases, four times that period, with a supply of nourishment that would starve a rat in a quarter of the time? In such cases as these, when worn-down with disease, will our infallible medical savans inform us what keeps them alive? Whether it is the stimulants we moisten their lips with? Is the elixir of life in the medical compounds we force down their throats? Or are their lives really kept and nourished by the divine, powerful, and unseen help of our ever present guardian spirits, till the period arrives to leave this world for a purer and holier one above?

12, Forrest-road, Dalston.

G. B.

THE "BANNER OF LIGHT" CIRCLE.

THE following communication from a spirit who gave the name of William Young, was received through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, at 158, Washington-street, Boston, U.S., on Nov. 8th last. It was published in the *Banner of Light* of the first of this month:—

"Taking full possession of the body and of the senses of a medium is quite different from spelling out what you wish to say through two or three, perhaps four or five mediums on our side. We then get clear of feeling any of the bad feelings which we are very apt to have, they say, on taking full control. We are very apt to think of how we felt just before we died, and that makes us feel just about the same. I didn't know anything about it till after I had got into what they told me was *rapport* with this medium. I began to feel sick, and said so, and then they told me that I should experience probably all the bad feelings I had just before I died. Sure enough, here I am feeling pretty bad. But I have got a work to do, and must do it. I have come here, where I am not at all acquainted—away from all the circumstances of life that I am familiar with, that I may accomplish what I believe in the end will be a great good. I am from Axebridge, England. I

was between twenty-seven and twenty-eight years old when I died. I have not been gone quite a year yet—it will be a year in January. I have left a wife and two children. My wife is sick—in the last stages of consumption. She is most twenty-five years old, as nigh as I can reckon it. My children, two girls, Emma and Mary—one five years old and the other three, and, as nigh as I can reckon it, they have been about a month in the Somerset County workhouse, in England. I have communicated by spelling out what I wanted, and with three or four on our side to help me, to a curate in our country, and I have asked him to take my children, and he said if I could find out where they were he would. I could not tell him then. I did not know—could only tell him that they were in Axebridge, but could not get any further. I had several good kind spirits, who have been teaching me since I died, to aid me—they are some friends of his—have been very kind to me, and they have come here with me—one of them, Mr. Hacker, is going to write to this curate, Mr. Young. [Dr. Young?] Yes; do you know him? [I think so—a Unitarian minister?] Yes. Well, Mr. Hacker has written for me there, at Mr. Young's house, in Swindon, several times, and others have, too. But I never could tell them, because I never could go there to see where my children were. I knew where I left them—could tell that pretty well—but, you know, where it is sifted down through four or five sources, it is apt to be very weak before it gets to its destination. Now I come first-handed. I am ignorant. I never had any education here—could read a little, but not much—was a carpenter by trade. I have told you, as nigh as I can make out, they are in Somerset County workhouse, been there about a month, and their mother is just about gone with consumption. Her name is Mary. My name is William Young, but I am no relation, as I know of, to the curate. He asked me, when I communicated in England, if I was, but I couldn't tell him. I don't know, but I don't think I am. I've looked it up, and don't think I am. I don't ask him to take my children for money, or because I think they will have better position, but I want them to be taught good spiritual truths, and they will get it there—a kind, good man, and a blessing to his parish. It is no wonder, is it? I have tried hard to get my poor little ones under his wing, because I know their mother is going to leave them, and a workhouse life is a terrible life. It hardens the heart, and makes you what you wouldn't be if you was out of it. English workhouses are terrible places—terrible places. I came to this medium last night, and I learned how I should proceed of some of her attendants—how I should proceed to find my children, and I did this forenoon, and got all ready and come here this afternoon. Mr. Hacker is going to write to Mr. Young. He will probably get his written message before he gets mine, but no matter—and he can write to the workhouse and find out, if it's too much trouble for him to go. And I want to tell Daisy—she is a medium out there in England—that I will bless her as long as I live for helping me as she has. [The one through whom you made raps?] No, I wrote through some kind of a thing. [Planchette?] I don't know. They called it an indicator, or something. But, you know, I told you I couldn't come first-handed. I think there were five nearer the earth than I was; but I am right here myself to-day. I am weak. I died—some of the doctors here tell me—of marasmus, induced by poor living—a kind of consumption all over. [You can come next time with more strength.] Oh, I have got along right well to-day. Now, you know, you are to send, don't you? [Yes: Dr. Young takes the paper.] Oh yes—well, Mr. Hacker will write him. They told me the message would be delayed about a month, and Mr. Hacker will write him, so he will get word from here. [Through some medium?] Here, this one—that gentleman, Mr.—what do you call him? a curate here, or something. I don't know what he was—preacher, was he? that comes to her. [Mr. Parker?] Yes; he said as soon as it was right that I should have a fair and square opportunity to do just what I had to do. He told Mr. Hacker that he should write just as soon as a fair opportunity presented itself, and that it would be very quick. [Your name will be announced next week.] Oh yes; then it will be known that I have been here. I thank you, I thank you."

THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.

"Now, close your book, Bob," said the mother soon after I was seated, "and Alice, give me yours. Put your hands down, turn from the fire, and look up at me, dears. What is the capital of Russia?"

"The Birman Empire," said Alice with unhesitating confidence.

"The Baltic Sea," said Bob, emulous and ardent.

"Wait—not so fast; let me see, my dears, which of you is right?"

Mrs. Thompson appealed immediately to her book, after a long and private communication with which she emphatically pronounced both wrong.

"Give us a chance, mother," said Bob in a wheedling tone (Bob knew his mother's weaknesses); "Them's such hard words. I don't know how it is, but somehow I never can remember 'em. Just tell us the first syllable—oh, do now—please."

"Oh! I know now!" cried Alice, "Its something with a 'G' in it."

"Think of the apostles, dears. What are the names of the apostles?"

"Why, there's Moses," began Bob, counting on his fingers; "and there's Sammywell, and there's Aaron, and Noah's Ark—"

"Stop, my dear," said Mrs. Thompson, who was very busy with her manual, and contriving a method of rendering a solution of her question easy; "Just begin again. I said—who was Peter?—no, not that—who was an apostle?"

"Oh! I know now!" cried Alice again (Alice was the sharp boy of the family); "It's Peter. Peter's the capital of Russia."

"No, not quite, my dear. You are very warm—very warm indeed, but not quite hot. Try again."

"Paul," half murmured Robert, with a reckless hope of proving right.

"No. Peter's right, but there's something else. What has your father been taking down the beds for?"

There was a solemn silence, and the three industrious sisters blushed the faintest possible blush that could be raised upon a maiden's cheek.

"To rub that stuff upon the walls," said the ready Alice.

"Yes, but what was it to kill?" continued the instructress.

"The fleas," said Bob.

"Worse than that, my dear."

"Oh, I know now!" shrieked Alice for the third time; "*Petersbug*'s the capital of Russia."

Mrs. Thompson looked at me with pardonable vanity and triumph.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

FACTS FOR NON-SPIRITUALISTS.

As this Journal will necessarily often come under the observation of those who are not Spiritualists, it has been thought judicious to reprint regularly on this and the next page, the following condensed evidence that spiritualism deserves serious investigation.

EVIDENCE THAT SPIRITUALISM DESERVES INVESTIGATION.

The testimony of reliable and respectable witnesses that the phenomena of Spiritualism are actual facts, and not imposture or delusion, has of late years so accumulated as to possess very great weight.

"I, Cromwell Fleetwood Varley, of Fleetwood House, Beckenham, in the County of Kent, Esquire, make oath and say as follows:—

"I have been a student of electricity, chemistry, and telegraphic engineering by profession for twenty-one years, and I am the consulting electrician of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and of the Electric and International Company.

"About nine or ten years ago, having had my attention directed to the subject of Spiritualism by its spontaneous and unexpected development in my own family in the form of clairvoyant visions and communications, I determined to test the truth of the alleged physical phenomena to the best of my ability, and to ascertain, if possible, the nature of the force which produced them.

"He immediately gave me every facility for the purpose, and desired me to satisfy myself in every possible way, and I have been with him on divers occasions when the phenomena have occurred, and have examined and tested them with him and with others, under conditions of my own choice, under a bright light, and have made the most jealous and searching scrutiny. I have been, since then, for seven months in America, where the subject attracts great attention and study, and where it is cultivated by some of the ablest men, and having experimented with and compared the forces with electricity and magnetism, I entertain no doubt whatever that the manifestations which I have myself examined were not due to the operation of any of the recognised physical laws of nature, and that there has been present on the occasions above-mentioned some intelligence other than that of the medium and observers.

"The subject of course offers many opportunities and inducements for fraud, and I only speak of what I have myself seen and tested. Since my acquaintance with Mr. Home began I have pursued the enquiry, and I have found engaged in it able, learned, and scientific men, who are convinced as I am, that the physical manifestations are but the introduction to an extensive field of mental and physical knowledge which will in a great measure explain and reconcile the beliefs of all ages and nations. I know of several instances both in Europe and America in which this course of study has awakened the perception of the purest and loftiest truths and principles. There have been no doubt cases in which the intellect has been too feeble for the stimulus, and has been overpowered by it, just as frequently results from excessive application to religion and other exciting topics, but such cases have not come within my own observation.

"Mr. Home, like several other non-professional mediums whose cases I have studied, was passive during the occurrence of the manifestations. He, like the other mediums, is extremely susceptible to external influences, and has a mind better suited to receive impressions than to prosecute enquiries. I willingly testify my entire conviction of his truthfulness and honesty.

"C. F. VARLEY."

It also came out in the evidence given at the trial, that Mr. Home had been the invited and unpaid guest of the Emperor and the Empress of the French, the Emperor, Empress, and the late Empress Dowager of Russia, the Grand Duke Constantine, the King of Prussia, the late King of Bavaria, the late King of Wurtemberg, and the Queen of Holland. Mr. Home says that all his life he has never taken a farthing of pay for his seances. In March, 1869, the Spiritual Magazine gave the names of the following gentlemen as those who have long been investigating the subject:—

"Cromwell F. Varley, Esq., Fleetwood-house, Beckenham; Alfred R. Wallace, Esq., 9, St. Mark's-crescent, N.W.; Professor De Morgan, 91, Adelaide-road, N.W.; Captain Drayson, R.A.; Woolwich; Dr. J. M. Gully, The Priory, Great Malvern; Dr. J. J. G. Wilkinson, 4, St. John's-wood-villas, N.W.; Dr. Dixon, 8, Great Ormond-street, W.C.; S. C. Hall, Esq., 15, Ashley-place, Victoria-street, S.W.; Newton Crosland, Esq.; William Howitt, Esq., The Orchard, Hare-green, Esher, Surrey; Robert Chambers, Esq., St. Andrew's, Edinburgh; H. D. Jencken, Esq., Kilmorey-house, Norwood; J. G. Crawford, Esq., 52, Gloucester-crescent, N.W.; W. M. Wilkinson, Esq., Oakfield, Kilburn; Lord Adare, 5, Buckingham-gate; The Master of Lindsay, Grosvenor-square."

Mrs. De Morgan has written a book, entitled From Matter to Spirit (Longmans), where she gives many interesting particulars, the result of ten years' experience in Spiritualism. Professor De Morgan, President of the Mathematical Society of London, in his preface to the book, says:—

"I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me."

The following is an extract from another affidavit, made in the suit of Lyon v. Home:—

"I, James Manby Gully, of The Priory, Great Malvern, in the County of Worcester, doctor of medicine, make oath and say as follows:—

"I have known the above-named defendant, Daniel Duglass Home, for seven years and upwards, last past, and have during that period been in the habit of attending him professionally, and also of receiving him in my house as a personal friend, and I have never had the smallest reason to doubt his character as a man of honour and proper moral feeling.

"I have during the past seven years witnessed both in my own house, and elsewhere, in the presence of the

said Mr. Home many curious occurrences, which I am unable to explain, in the way of singular phenomena, such as displacement of objects without physical contact, &c., and from my personal and careful investigations (which Mr. Home himself ever urges) I am positive that it is not in consequence of any trick or device that such phenomena occur. I have even been witness to singular phenomena when the said Mr. Home was not in the same room, and also when he has been asleep. I have never known the said Mr. Home receive money for what is termed 'a seance,' but I have known him repeatedly refuse offers of as much as twenty guineas for a single seance.

Dr. Hooker, in his opening address, as President of the British Association at Norwich in 1868, spoke very highly of the scientific attainments of Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, F.L.S. Mr. Wallace is an avowed Spiritualist. Professor Hare, of Philadelphia, the inventor of the Hare's Galvanic Battery, once refused to witness spiritual phenomena, alleging that Faraday's "unconscious muscular action" theory explained all the facts. A friend wrote to him detailing things he had seen which were inexplicable by that theory. Hare at once, like a sensible man, went to see for himself. The result was that he came into communication with some of his own departed relatives. He then made mechanical telegraphic machines, which were intelligently worked by spirits while the apparatus was screened from the sight of the medium, and he wrote a book recording all these facts. That book is now in the British Museum Library. Judge Edmonds, of New York, is another very eminent American Spiritualist, who has also written interesting books on the subject. Recently, in England, Viscount Adare has written a book bearing testimony to the truth of Spiritualism, and it has a preface by Lord Dunsen. This book is printed for private circulation only, which is an error in judgment. Valuable evidence in favour of Spiritualism is given by John Wesley and his family; for spirit rapping and movements of wooden materials by invisible agency occurred in their own house. Documentary evidence of what they witnessed was drawn up and signed on the spot, and is published in Southey's Life of Wesley. The Spiritual Magazine for October, 1869, gives the following names of friends of Spiritualism who have now and then contributed to its pages:—

"Viscount Adare; John Ashburner, M.D., Translator of Reichenbach, author of Philosophy of Animal Magnetism and Spiritualism; T. B. Barkas, author of Outlines of Ten Years' Investigation into the Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism; George Barth; Richard Beamish, F.R.S., author of The Life of Brunel; Rev. S. E. Bengough, M.A.; Edward L. Blanchard; Edward Brotherton; Captain Richard F. Burton (the African traveller); William Carpenter, author of Political Letters, The English Bible; Captain Edward Henry Chawner; Henry T. Child, M.D. (Philadelphia, U.S.A.); Benjamin Coleman, author of Spiritualism in America; Robert Collyer, M.D., F.C.S.; Christopher Cook; Robert Cooper, author of Spiritual Experiences; Mrs. De Morgan, author of From Matter to Spirit; Jacob Dixon, L.R.C.P., author of Clairvoyance, Hygienic, and Medical; Hugh Doherty, M.D., author of Organic Philosophy; Captain Drayson, R.A.; Judge Edmonds (New York); Captain H. A. Fawcett, B.N.; John M. Gully, M.D.; Professor W. D. Gunning (Boston, U.S.A.); Samuel Carter Hall, F.S.A.; Emma Hardinge; George Harris, M.A., F.S.A., President of the Manchester Anthropological Society; W. E. Hickson, late editor of the Westminster Foreign Quarterly Review; Rev. A. W. Hobson, M.A.; Baron C. Dirckinck Holmfeld; Daniel Duglass Home; Rev. J. Page Hopps, editor of The Truthseeker; Mary Howitt; William Howitt; Henry D. Jencken, M.R.I., F.G.S.; John Jones, author of Man: Physical, Apperational, and Spiritual; Rev. William Ker, M.A.; Seymour Kirkup (Florence); Andrew Leighton; Robert Leighton; Kenneth R. P. Mackenzie, F.S.A.; Rev. William Mountford (Boston, U.S.A.); A. E. Newton (Boston, U.S.A.) author of The Ministry of Angels Realised; Mary S. Gove Nichols; J. H. Powell; Baron Reichenbach, author of Researches on the Dynamics of Magnetism; Eilhu Rich, author of several articles in the Encyclopedia Metropolitana; J. Lockhart Robertson, M.R.C.P.; Mary C. Hume Rothery; Rev. W. Hume Rothery, M.A.; Epes Sargent, author of The Pianchette; Thomas Shorter; Rev. W. R. Tomlinson, M.A.; Cromwell F. Varley, F.R.G.S.; C. Standland Wake, author of Chapters on Man; Alfred R. Wallace; A. M. H. Watts; William White, author of Emanuel Swedenborg: His Life and Writings; W. M. Wilkinson, author of Spirit Drawings; James J. Garth Wilkinson, M.D., author of The Human Body, and its Connection with Man; Rev. F. R. Young."

Signor G. Damiani, a Sicilian gentleman living at Clifton, has written a pamphlet, still in print, in which he severely censures Professor Tyndall, Mr. G. H. Lewes, and others like them, for refusing to investigate the subject. He further offers a reward of 1,000 guineas to any respectable, scientific or educated man, who will investigate the subject and prove it to be an imposture. The following are his words:—

"I now offer you two challenges. "First, I challenge you, or either of you, or any of the public who, like you, disbelieve in the genuine character of spiritualistic phenomena, to deposit in the hands of any well-known London banker whom you or they may name, the sum of five hundred guineas; and I pledge myself to immediately deposit in the same bank a like amount,—the ownership of such sum of one thousand guineas to depend upon my proving by evidence sufficient to establish any fact in history or in a criminal or civil court of justice.

"Secondly—That intelligent communications and answers to questions put, proceed from dead and inert matter in a manner inexplicable by any generally recognised law of nature.

"Thirdly—That dead and inert matter does move without the aid of any mechanical or known chemical agency, and in defiance of all the admitted laws of gravitation.

"Fourthly—That voices appertaining to no one in the flesh are heard to speak and hold rational converse with men.

"A jury of twenty-four gentlemen, twelve to be chosen by each party (such jury to consist exclusively of members of the learned professions and literary men), to decide whether or not the facts contained in the above propositions are conclusively proved per testes—i.e., by witnesses of established character. A majority of the twenty-four to decide. If the verdict be that these facts have not been established, the thousand guineas are to belong to the party accepting this challenge; if the verdict be that these facts are established, the thousand guineas to be mine.

"Secondly—Immediately after the above wager being decided, either way, I offer a like challenge of five hundred guineas (to be met on the other side in like manner as above)—the ownership of the second sum of one thousand guineas to depend upon the establishment of the facts contained in the propositions already given, by experiments conducted in the actual presence of the twenty-four gentlemen who have decided the previous wager, the verdict of the majority to decide in this case likewise."

"In either case, the seances are to be conducted in any public or private building which the jury may select, and which may be available for the purpose.

"The result of these challenges (if accepted and decided) to be advertised by the victorious party, at the expense of the defeated party, in all the London daily papers.

"I hope this is plain English.

"Awaiting a reply to this letter, and to the challenge with which it concludes, I am, gentlemen; your obedient servant, G. DAMIANI, Clifton, Oct. 1, 1868.

"P.S.—Letters addressed 'Sigr. Damiani, care of Manager of West of England and South Wales District Bank, Corn-street, Bristol,' will always reach the writer."

In addition to the above evidence, there is the testimony of numbers that the modern spiritual manifestations are realities. Mr. Hepworth Dixon in his New America estimates the number of Spiritualists in the United States at rather less than three millions, and this is about the lowest estimate that anybody has made. There are no accurate statistics, and different authorities vary in their estimates from three to eleven millions.

All these facts, together with those which follow, prove that Spiritualism deserves serious investigation. Not a few learned men have privately been examining the phenomena in order to "explode the imposture," but these extinguishers soon catch fire themselves. In short, in the minds of most of the English public, Spiritualism has to pass through the following five stages:—

- 1. The manifestations do not take place.
2. Spiritualism is a gross imposture.
3. It is a delusion.
4. It is the work of the Devil.
5. It is a great blessing, and we always said so.

Experience shows that the feeble intellect, and the lower the standard of energy and education, the sooner does the investigator break down at one of the first four out of the above five steps in the ladder of progress.

MR. HOME'S AFFIDAVIT.

In the Chancery suit of Lyon v. Home, for the recovery of certain monies given by Mrs. Lyon to Mr. Home against the advice of her lawyer and her friends, Mr. Home made an affidavit, from which the following is an extract:—

"I, Daniel Duglass Home, of 22, Sloane-street, in the County of Middlesex, one of the above-named defendants, make oath and say as follows:—

"I was born in Scotland on the 20th of March, 1833, and from my childhood have been subject to the occasional happening of singular physical phenomena in my presence, which are most certainly not produced by me or by any other person in connection with me. I have no control over them whatever; they occur irregularly, and even when I am asleep. Sometimes I am many months, and once I have been a year without them. They will not happen when I wish, and my will has nothing to do with them. I cannot account for them further than by supposing them to be effected by intelligent beings or spirits. Similar phenomena occur to many other persons. . . . These phenomena occurring in my presence have been witnessed by thousands of intelligent and respectable persons, including men of business, science, and literature, under circumstances which would have rendered, even if I desired it, all trickery impossible. They have been witnessed repeatedly and in their own private apartments, when any contrivance of mine must have been detected, by their Majesties the Emperor and the Empress of the French, their Majesties the Emperor, Empress and late Empress Dowager of Russia, their Imperial Highnesses the Grand Duke and Duchess Constantine of Russia and the members of their august family, their Majesties the King of Prussia, the late King of Bavaria, the present and late King of Wurtemberg, the Queen of Holland, and the members of the Royal Family of Holland; and many of these august personages have honoured, and I believe still honour, me with their esteem and goodwill, as I have resided in some of their palaces as a gentleman and their guest, and not as a paid or professional person. They have had ample opportunities, which they have used, of investigating these phenomena, and of inquiring into my character. I have resided in America, England, France, Italy, Germany, and Russia, and in every country I have been received as a guest and friend by persons in the highest position in society, who were quite competent to discover and expose, as they ought to have done, anything like contrivance on my part to produce these phenomena. I do not seek, and never have sought, the acquaintance of any of these exalted personages. They have sought me, and I have thus had a certain notoriety thrust upon me. I do not take money, and never have taken it, although it has been repeatedly offered me for or in respect of these phenomena, or the communications which appear to be made by them. I am not in the habit of receiving those who are strangers to me, and I never force the subject of Spiritualism on any one's attention. . . . Some of the phenomena in question are noble and elevated, others appear to be grotesque and undignified. For this I am not responsible, any more than I am for the many grotesque and undignified things which are undoubtedly permitted to exist in the material world. I solemnly swear that I do not produce the phenomena aforesaid, or in any way whatever aid in producing them, &c.

"I have been subjected to much persecution throughout my life, because of my conscientious belief as to the meaning and great purpose of spiritual phenomena taken as a whole. That belief I have not, like the plaintiff, forewarned. I have always courted the strictest investigation, although I have not condescended to notice all the attacks and anonymous slanders that have been circulated respecting me. The book shown to me at the time of swearing this affidavit, marked H 8, contains a correct list of upwards of 1,300 letters, with the writers' names, which I still retain (after having destroyed about 10,000), written to me by persons of every rank and class, including persons of the highest social, political, literary, and scientific position, who have investigated these phenomena, and corresponded with me about them. After the fullest opportunities of examination, they have formed different opinions as to their origin and meaning; but I believe that all are thoroughly satisfied of my entire honesty in the matter; and lately, while the plaintiff's base and unfounded charges of fraud and imposition have been hanging over me, and during the months of January and February, 1868, these phenomena have been thoroughly tested by another scientific man, named Mr. Hawkins Simpson, the inventor of electrical apparatus, including one for printing at a distance by the telegraph—a drawing and description of which were, as I am informed and believe, given in the Engineer newspaper of the 15th November, 1867."

Omitting the remainder of Mr. Home's affidavit, the following evidence given by him before the Dialectical Society, is of interest:—

"He had seen a pencil lifted by a spirit hand write on paper in the presence of the Emperor Napoleon. This took place in a large room, the Salon Louis Quinze. The Empress was also present. The hand, after writing, went to the Emperor, who kissed it; it then went to the Empress; she withdrew from the touch, and the hand followed her. The Emperor said, 'Do not be frightened, kiss it!' She then kissed it, and it shortly afterwards disappeared. The writing was an autograph of the Emperor Napoleon I. The Emperor of Russia had also seen and handled spirit hands, which afterwards seemed to melt away into thin air."

The Emperor Napoleon has been at a great many of Mr. Home's seances, and Mr. Home was asked by members of the Dialectical Society to state other things which had been observed on those occasions. Mr. Home said that he did not feel at liberty to state any more than the Emperor was in the habit of telling himself.

WHAT IS THE USE OF SPIRITUALISM?

Strange to say there are people who can ask what is the use of communication with friends and relatives, who have passed the great barrier of the grave. One use of Spiritualism is, that all Spiritualists who lead moderately good lives, are found to gradually lose the fear of death. Spirits through the agency of suitable media have much power in the healing of diseases, and the removal of deformities, though such power is far from absolute. The following is a narrative, published in Daybreak, of some of the powers exercised through Mr. Newton, the best healing medium in the United States; he is expected to visit England in the course of the year 1870. The following example from a very boundless field of choice, is enough for the present on the subject of the uses of Spiritualism:—

"Friday, May 22, of the present year (1868) will for ever remain one of the most memorable days of my life. It was on that day, when the sun was shining brightly and bathing the world with its light and heat, that I arrived at Newport, Rhode Island, and first came under the healing powers of Dr. J. A. Newton. I had heard of him through The Spiritual Magazine, Mr. William Howitt, and Mr. Coleman, and was assured that if I placed myself in his hands I should be speedily and radically cured of the neuralgia affection in my head, for which I had been suffering for eleven years. It was not until I had become a little more familiar with some of the facts and phenomena of modern Spiritualism that I felt a quiet faith in the power of Dr. Newton to remove my disease. Having once attained to that state of mind, and becoming satisfied that it was my duty to cross the Atlantic in search of health, I made arrangements for doing so, and left Liverpool for New York on Saturday, May 9, arriving at the latter place on Tuesday evening, the 19th. * * * * * The moment Dr. Newton and I met, I found in his face and simple kindly manner a human image of the outside sunshine, and but few words had been spoken when I was convinced that the errand upon which I had come would be fulfilled. I was about to give him the history in detail of my affliction when he stopped me by saying, 'That after I had been cured he would be very glad to listen to anything I might wish to say, but that the cure itself was the first matter to be attended to.' He then poured a large quantity of very hot water upon my head while I was leaning it over a basin into which the water fell. After my head had been dried with a coarse towel, I was made to sit upon a moveable seat, similar to a music-stool, the doctor standing behind me, and placing my head against his chest with his hands crossed upon my forehead. He then moved my head in various directions until all at once a clicking noise was heard at the top of my spine. The doctor immediately cried out, 'That noise is the sign that you will be cured; the disturbance of the nerve current has been removed.' He then faced me, and lifting both his hands towards heaven, he looked me hard in the face, saying, 'Look at me. In the name of God our Heavenly Father, and of the Lord Jesus Christ the Great Healer, I bid this disease depart from this dear suffering brother and never more afflict him. It is gone—it is gone—it is gone for ever, my brother; you are cured; rise up on your feet and be cured.' At that instant I felt a strong current of new life flowing into and through every part of my body, and I was conscious that I had entered upon an altogether new phase of existence. From that day to the present hour, July 13, I have been entirely free from my pain, and have felt as well, I should think, as it is possible for any human being to feel. Physically speaking, I am a new creature; old things have passed away and all things have become new. Of course it is not for me to say absolutely that the cure will be permanent, but, if I may judge from my present experience, I see no reason why it should not be so. Wonderful as my case is, it is only one of thousands, so far as Dr. Newton is concerned. He has cured almost every form of disease, and removed almost every kind of suffering. In fact, he appears to have done everything but raise the dead. And yet even he does not cure all cases, and this failure enables him to keep alive the consciousness that it is not he who cures, but God who works in and through him. He tells me that he has cured something like a quarter of a million of people. * * * * * Most of his cures are done without fee or reward. In my own case he steadily refused to take a single dollar, and I saw him act in like manner towards several others. During my stay I witnessed several instances of his healing power; some of them being so manifest as to defy all attempts at explaining them away. On the very morning that my own cure was effected, I witnessed his cure of a paralytic who for three years had been unable to walk without the aid of crutches, and even then, only in a partial degree. This woman was brought by her parents to Newport, and in less than five minutes from the time when she came under Dr. Newton's hands, she got up from the couch upon which she had been laid, and walked away up the street and back again, a full mile, and afterwards walked and ran and jumped and danced, as so many signs that her cure was a complete one. I also saw him cure a young man who had a withered hand. Indeed, I might have seen day by day, and hour by hour, examples of this healing power had I chosen to have done so. Every now and again, there are trains from Boston and Providence freighted with the lame, the halt, the blind, and the diseased, sometimes to the number of 500 or 600. These come to Newport, and a large majority of them are sent away perfectly cured. In one part of Dr. Newton's house there is a room of considerable size, full of crutches, sticks, spectacles, eye-shades, bandages, and other memorials of disease and sickness which have been left behind by patients as so many signs and trophies of their cure.

* * * * * FREDERICK ROWLAND YOUNG, Minister of the Free Christian Church, Swindon."

There are very many healing mediums in the United States, who can do good only in certain diseases, or whose powers are so feeble that successful results may with more probability of accuracy be put down to the imagination of the patient.

A great use of Spiritualism is that it demonstrates the immortality of the soul. But why ask, "Of what use is Spiritualism?" for here the thing is in our midst as much a part of nature as the trees, the clouds, and the flowers, and as it cannot be abolished there is no alternative but to subject it to investigation, or to look on in ignorance.

HOW TO FORM SPIRIT CIRCLES.

An experimental trial at home, among family friends and relatives, often gives the most satisfactory evidence of the reality of spiritual phenomena. At the same time, as no fully developed medium is present among those who have never obtained manifestations before, the probability is that there will be no results. Nevertheless, it is a very common thing for striking manifestations to be obtained in this way at the first sitting of a family circle; perhaps for every one successful new circle thus started without a medium, there are six or seven failures, but no accurate statistics on this point have yet been collected. When once manifestations have been obtained they will gradually increase in power and reliability at successive sittings. The following is a good plan of action:—

- 1. Let the room be of a comfortable temperature, but cool rather than warm—let arrangements be made that

nobody shall enter it, and that there shall be no interruption for one hour during the sitting of the circle. Wet, damp, and foggy weather is bad for the production of physical phenomena.

2. The circle consist of four, five, or six individuals, about the same number of each sex. Sit round an uncovered wooden table, with all the palms of the hands in contact with its top surface. Whether the hands touch each other or not is usually of no importance. Any table will do, just large enough to conveniently accommodate the sitters. The removal of a hand from the table for a few seconds does no harm, but when one of the sitters breaks the circle by leaving the table it sometimes, but not always, very considerably delays the manifestations.

3. Before the sitting begins, place some pointed lead-pencils and some sheets of clean writing paper on the table, to write down any communications that may be obtained.

4. People who do not like each other should not sit in the same circle, for such a want of harmony tends to prevent manifestations, except with well-developed physical mediums; it is not yet known why. Belief or unbelief has no influence on the manifestations, but an acrid feeling against them is a weakening influence.

5. Before the manifestations begin, it is well to engage in general conversation or in singing, and it is best that neither should be of a frivolous nature. A prayerful, earnest feeling among the members of the circle is likely to attract a higher and more pleasing class of spirits.

6. The first symptom of the invisible power at work is often a feeling like a cool wind sweeping over the hands. The first manifestations will probably be table tiltings or raps.

7. When motions of the table or sounds are produced freely, to avoid confusion, let one person only speak, and talk to the table as to an intelligent being. Let him tell the table that three tilts or raps mean "Yes," one means "No," and two mean "Doubtful," and ask whether the arrangement is understood. If three signals be given in answer, then say, "If I speak the letters of the alphabet slowly, will you signal every time I come to the letter you want, and spell us out a message?" Should three signals be given, set to work on the plan proposed, and from this time an intelligent system of communication is established.

8. Afterwards the question should be put, "Are we sitting in the right order to get the best manifestations?" Probably some members of the circle will then be told to change seats with each other, and the signals will be afterwards strengthened. Next ask, "Who is the medium?" When spirits come asserting themselves to be related or known to anybody present, well-chosen questions should be put to test the accuracy of the statements, as spirits out of the body have all the virtues and all the failings of spirits in the body.

Possibly at the first sitting of a circle symptoms of other forms of mediumship than tilts or raps may make their appearance. Information respecting the many kinds of mediumship will be found in Mrs. Professor De Morgan's book, *From Matter to Spirit*, published by Longmans; and this is a good book to read before trying to start a new circle. It usually takes several years for any medium to attain full power, and it is not an uncommon although not an everyday thing, for chairs and other articles to move about in the presence of a good well-developed physical medium without anybody touching the articles at all. This fact effectually disposes of Faraday's "unconscious muscular action" theory. Some have suggested that the phenomena are all mental, since mental conditions influence their production, and that those present all believe they see and hear things which they do not in reality see and hear. The answer is that there is sometimes such a noise with improperly powerful manifestations that the sounds are heard all over the house by persons not in the room; the furniture sometimes gets broken by movements of too violent a character, and the broken portions remain as evidence that the phenomena were not of a mental character. The upholsterers' bills which result also serve to convince that the occurrences are facts. The higher spirits seem to have little power over common matter, and the highest communications are not usually obtained through physical manifestations.

There are in England several very interesting circles for physical manifestations, where the spirits speak with audible voices, but, unfortunately, total darkness is a necessary condition. Non-spiritualists who are inquiring into the subject should have nothing to do with dark sittings, which should be held only by those who know each other, since they offer so many facilities for fraud. When any circle regularly obtains powerful physical manifestations, they may desire to sit for the voices. The very slightest glimmer of light must be excluded from the room, while the members of the circle sit round the table in the ordinary way. One or two paper tubes, each twelve or eighteen inches long, with an orifice about an inch-and-a-half in diameter, should be placed on the table. They may be readily made by rolling up a piece of music and tying a few pieces of cotton round the rough tube thus formed. In the early stages of a voice-circle these tubes are necessary for the use of the spirits, but afterwards they may be dispensed with except when the weather and other conditions are unfavourable. When first trying to obtain the voices the spirits may not be able to lift the tubes from the table, afterwards they often get them up in the air a foot or two and let them drop again. When they get full control over them they can carry them about up to the ceiling and to all parts of the room, and they talk to the members of the circle often while floating about above their heads. Very beautiful luminous phenomena are sometimes shown by the spirits at dark circles. While sitting for the voices, the spirits will tell by the ordinary table signals how they are progressing in their work of getting control of the tubes.

Every human being is surrounded by an atmosphere which to the spirits is luminous and material, and this atmosphere is largely used by the spirits in the production of the physical manifestations. Baron Reichenbach, while he knew nothing of Spiritualism, discovered by experiment the presence of unknown forces emanating from human bodies, and published the results in his *Researches on Animal Magnetism*. All the phenomena of Spiritualism draw temporarily upon the vital powers of those composing the circle, but the medium is the chief source of energy.

A still atmosphere and subdued light in the room are favourable conditions for the physical manifestations.

SPIRITUALISM AND MEN OF SCIENCE

Sir J. Emerson Tennent once invited Faraday to a *séance* at which Mr. Home was to be the medium. Faraday wrote and asked for a programme of the manifestations, and as nobody knows beforehand what will take place at a circle any more than the details of an expected shower can be given in advance, it was not possible to comply with his demand. Faraday also required an answer to the following questions, among others, before attending:—

"Would he [Mr. Home] be glad if their [the manifestation's] delusive character were established and exposed, and would he gladly help to expose it, or would he be annoyed and personally offended? [The italics in this sentence are not in the original.]

"Does he consider the effects natural or supernatural? If natural, what are the laws which govern them? or does he think that they are not subject to laws? If supernatural, does he suppose them to be miracles, or the work of spirits? If the work of spirits, would an insult to the spirits be considered as an insult to himself?"

Mr. Home took no notice of the above insults, and, it is believed, never wrote Faraday in the first instance, or took any notice of him whatever. He never even saw his letters.

Dr. John Tyndall, F.R.S., in a note dated May 8, 1868, commenting upon Faraday's letter just mentioned, wrote:—

"I hold myself in readiness to witness and investigate, in the spirit of the foregoing letter [of Faraday's], such phenomena as Mr. Home may wish to reveal to me during the month of June."

A few days previously Mr. Home had written in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"It will give me pleasure to meet Professor Tyndall, and any two gentlemen he shall designate. On my side I shall have at least two gentlemen whose names and position place them above the suspicion of aiding or abetting a fraud. I will meet Professor Tyndall and these gentlemen when and where they please, and under such circumstances as they may decide on. I must only crave their patience if nothing should occur at the first, or even the second, *séance*."

From that day to this Dr. Tyndall has not accepted the above invitation.

A demand for a programme where no programme can be given, and the writing of supercilious letters in reply to civil invitations, amounts practically to a refusal to observe facts. Dr. Tyndall, and men who act like him, are recommended to bear in mind the following words of Galileo:—

"Oh, my dear Kepler, how I wish that we could have our hearty laugh together. Here, at Padua, is the principal professor of philosophy, whom I have repeatedly and urgently requested to look at the moon and planets through my glass, which he pertinaciously refuses to do. Why are you not here? What shouts of laughter we should have at this glorious folly; to hear the Professor of Philosophy at Pisa, labouring before the Grand Duke with logical arguments, as if with magical incantations to charm the planets out of the sky!"

A little society known as the Dialectical Society, is now investigating Spiritualism. It numbers among its members many shrewd and intelligent men, belonging chiefly to the legal and medical professions. Spiritualists watch its proceedings with a moderate amount of interest; nothing that any man or body of men may say or do can alter the established phenomena and laws of nature.

THE LITERATURE OF SPIRITUALISM.

The literature of Spiritualism now consists of several hundreds of volumes, good, bad, and indifferent, and almost entirely of American origin. Among the best volumes on the subject are Mrs. De Morgan's *From Matter to Spirit* (Longmans) with a preface by Professor De Morgan, President of the Mathematical Society of London; *The Planchette*, by Epes Sargent; *Spiritualism* (2 vols.), by Judge Edmonds and G. T. Dexter, of New York; a *History of Spiritualism*, by Emma Hardinge; and *The Autobiography of Andrew Jackson Davis*. An interesting book, consisting simply of narrations of facts witnessed at remarkable *séances*, is *Incidents of My Life* (Longmans), by D. D. Home. *The Soul of Things*, by Denton, is a curious book indirectly connected with Spiritualism, and worth reading. Those unacquainted with Spiritualism are recommended to read these books in the order in which they have just been mentioned. The only large lending library of Spiritual books in Great Britain is that belonging to Mr. J. Burns, 15, Southampton-row, High Holborn, London, W.C. The English periodicals on the subject are, *The Spiritual Magazine*, *Human Nature*, *Day-break*, and *The Spiritualist*.

ADVICE TO INQUIRERS.

Those who know no intelligent Spiritualists, and nothing about Spiritualism, yet who want to investigate, are recommended to begin by reading the first two books mentioned in the preceding paragraph. Then they should call upon the chief publisher of Spiritual books in London, Mr. J. Burns, 15, Southampton-row, Holborn (where they are sure to be treated with attention and courtesy), and ask for the names and addresses of say four good professional or non-professional mediums, accessible to the public, and "recognised by Spiritualists as reliable for powerful physical manifestations." There are plenty of mediums or of people who fancy themselves mediums, who can rarely show anything satisfactory, and with whom an inquirer might waste much time. He should then get say two sittings by daylight in his own house with each of the four mediums, because the power varies in strength at times with every medium; at the end of the eight sittings he is sure to be thoroughly interested in Spiritualism, and to have thrown overboard the imposture theory, which is the clumsiest and most superficial one of all. Many of the public have vague ideas that electricity can do all kinds of unaccountable things, but A GENUINE MEDIUM NEVER HAS ANY HESITATION IN SITTING WITH A CIRCLE IN A HOUSE AND AMONG FURNITURE WHICH HE OR SHE HAS NEVER SEEN IN HIS OR HER LIFE BEFORE. Even with a good medium it is best, if time be valuable, not to investigate at crowded public circles, because, assuming imposture to be at work, there is no telling who may not be aiding, among the numerous spectators. Besides, where so many people want to ask questions of the spirits, the investigator has not time to put many himself. Investigators are recommended to be thus careful in the selection of mediums, because as public attention is gradually more rivetted upon Spiritualism, impostors are sure to spring up, and even to advertise in Spiritual periodicals, for the editors manifestly cannot investigate the claims of every professing medium. At present (November, 1869) there is very little imposture mixed up with the Spiritual movement in Great Britain, and there are only four or five paid mediums in all London. Good paid mediums deserve high praise rather than that censure which is thrown upon them even by Spiritualists; they find house-room; they are ready to receive strangers at stated times when private circles could not sit for the convenience of

inquirers; the sittings exhaust their vitality like a hard day's work, and they have to put up with much abuse when uneducated roughs unaccustomed to investigation persecute them by attending. The inquirer should mention to the medium, civilly and kindly, his doubts respecting the phenomena he may witness; the invisible beings around will at once, on the spot, do their best to remove those doubts, or an explanation will be obtained from the medium. When there is real foundation for suspicion, the best plan is to go often to the medium, accompanied by witnesses, detect the imposture, and prosecute the medium for obtaining money under false pretences. Genuine manifestations are not under the control of the medium, so that a paid medium who does not get manifestations, is under a great temptation to try to make them. This fact makes it difficult for Spiritualists to speak absolutely as to the reliability of any paid mediums, however genuine the majority of the manifestations may be which occur in their presence. After getting thoroughly interested in Spiritual phenomena, the inquirer should take his friends to see them, and afterwards get up a private circle in his own house. Manifestations will most likely not be obtained at the first sitting, but after very few or very many sittings they will come; gradually the great barrier of the grave which now separates friends will be broken down, and after the experience of a year or two the dread of the beautiful natural process, called "death," will be destroyed, as it is destroyed in the minds of all experienced Spiritualists, except those who during life have done harm to their fellow-creatures. Very high spirits and their homes are perfectly invisible to very low spirits; this, coupled with the fact that there is no more uniformity in the next world than there is here, accounts for the endless contradictions about spirit life given in Spiritual communications.

An investigator of a logical and scientific turn of mind may possibly have to closely follow up the subject for some weeks before gaining the absolute knowledge that the manifestations come from spirits. Unlike Mr. Home and a few other exceptional individuals, most mediums are developed for one or two special purposes only. Thus, violent physical manifestations, inexplicable by any of the recognised laws of matter, may be seen in the presence of one medium, but mental tests and questions may bring forth a majority of inaccurate and unreliable answers. Where good mental tests are obtainable through a medium, the physical manifestations may be altogether absent.

There are so few public or semi-public spirit circles at work in London, and the pressure for admission is so great where the manifestations are good, that the best plan for novices is usually to try to get manifestations at home among their own friends.

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