

# Light:

*A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.*

"LIGHT! MERE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

No. 164.—VOL. IV.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1884.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

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[The Editor of "LIGHT" desires it to be distinctly understood that he can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and courteous discussion is invited, but writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.]

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by "M.A. (Oxon.)"

### "BEYOND THE SUNRISE."\*

OBSERVATIONS BY TWO "TRAVELLERS."

The writers of this charming book declare at the outset that "almost all the occurrences narrated are strictly true. Names are given, but the facts are changeless. What is given is as nothing to what might be told. And thousands of persons in the seclusion of their homes possess unconfessed testimony of this Land beyond the Sunrise." The writers are well-known in the literary society of New York, though the book is published anonymously. The plan is simple. Some friends who gather periodically in the rooms of these two ladies agree to contribute to a common stock narratives of their experience of the occult and of intimations of a life to come in the land beyond the sunrise. The characters are sharply defined, and their individuality is maintained throughout. Mona and Cleo, Dr. Carolus, and the Professor, are old friends before we have laid aside the little volume that contain their narratives and shrewd comments. I can but give some specimens, recommending my readers to procure for themselves a book which is so interesting, and so entirely free from anything that can jar or offend.

In a recent number (No. 161) of "LIGHT" appeared an interesting article by A. M. H. W. on "Music at Death." There are some cases in the book before me which illustrate that beautiful phenomenon. The two ladies, Mona and Cleo, are sitting in their room as the day rapidly closes in. Their spirits are deeply stirred, for they have been conversing earnestly of very solemn subjects. As the darkness grew deeper, the silence deepened with it. "Ebbing away, lapsing into reverie, both became conscious of an elevation of feeling, a clearness of mental vision, an uplifting of the soul, such as comes only in moments when the entire being is refreshed by springs which have their rise in the higher life. At that instant, a low, sweet sound broke into waves upon the listening air. It began soft and clear, and gradually grew higher and more loud. Indescribably pathetic, it swelled until the whole room seemed to quiver in vibrant sympathy. It came not from any one place; it filled all places. . . . Slowly it died out as it came; the tremulous air grew quiet; the music spent itself in

a sobbing sweetness which was half a gladness and half a pain. When silence fell like a pall, it rested on the heads of the two friends as they knelt beside their seats, thankful and awed as they upon whom had fallen a mysterious blessing."

The same strange music is mentioned as hovering round the death-bed of a brother, Jamie, who was summoned from earth at an early age. The time of departure was at hand and the mother was crooning an old familiar hymn at his request. "Suddenly that low strange music filled the room; it swelled louder and clearer, while the boy's eyes took on a strange expression as of joyful recognition and perfect peace. Reaching up his hands he whispered, 'I am going, mamma, going where the music comes from,' and the short breath flickered and ceased for ever." Yet once more, at a very solemn moment such as that which I described in the narrative first quoted, the strains recurred. It was as though, in exaltation of feeling, with surroundings suitable and undisturbed, they had been intromitted into a serener world, and had heard the melody of Heaven. Those who are familiar with my Researches will recall a chapter in which I give minute details of experiences similar in kind, though somewhat different, and inferior in intensity.

Among many excellent cases of fulfilled dreams which are here recorded, I may quote the following for the interest that attaches to the name of Garibaldi. It is said to be taken from Guigoni's life of him, "and is exactly as he himself related it":—

"I was ill with rheumatism, and in the midst of a storm I fell asleep in my cabin, having lain down over the coverlid. In sleep I was transported to my native place, but instead of the heavenly air of Nice, where everything bore a smiling aspect, I found myself in the gloomy atmosphere of a cemetery. In the distance I perceived a melancholy procession of women carrying a bier, and they advanced slowly towards me. I felt a fatal presentiment, and struggled to approach the funeral train, but I could not move. I seemed to have a mountain upon my chest. The cortège reached the side of my couch, laid down the bier, and vanished. I sought in vain to raise myself on my arms. I was under the terrible influence of a nightmare, and when I began to move and feel beside me the cold form of a corpse, and recognise my mother's blessed face, I was awake, but on my hand there remained the impression of an ice-cold hand. . . . On that day, and in that hour, I lost my parent, the best of mothers."

The following is a good case of mental sympathy. The writer is Emile Deschamps, of Brussels:—

"In the month of February, 18— I travelled in France. I arrived in a rich and great city. . . The rain began to fall, and I entered a gallery. At once I stood motionless. I could not withdraw my eyes from the figure of a lovely young woman, who was all alone behind an array of articles for sale. . . . I know not what mysterious interest held and mastered my whole being. . . . I seemed pushed forward by some supernatural power. I purchased several little things, and as I paid for them said, 'Thank you, Mdlle. Sara!' The young girl looked at me with an air of surprise. 'It astonishes you that a stranger knows your name, but, if you will think for a moment of all your names, I will repeat them all to you. Do you think of them?' 'Yes, monsieur,' she replied, half smiling and half trembling. 'Very well,' I said, looking fixedly in her face. "You are called Sara Adèle Benjamine

\* May be obtained of the Psychological Press Association, 5s. 6d.

N——.' 'It is true,' she replied, and after some minutes of surprise she began to laugh, and I saw she thought I had obtained this information in the neighbourhood in order to amuse myself with it. But I knew very well that I had not till this moment known a word of it, and I was terrified at my own instantaneous divination."

The acquaintance thus formed developed until the most complete mental sympathy existed between M. Deschamps and this sensitive. He read her mind like an open book. "There existed," he writes, "between us a *rappor*t as intimate as it was pure." One night he was startled by a voice crying, "Sara is very ill." He hastened, and found her in the crisis of a fever, delirious, and, as the doctor averred, in great danger. M. Deschamps' mysterious power led him to divine her thoughts. "She believes that she is at the Grand Opera in Paris, where, indeed, she has never been, and a *danseuse* gathers some hemlock, and throwing it to her, cries, 'That is for you.'" No wonder that the doctor thought that the delirium had spread to M. Deschamps. But some minutes after the patient awoke heavily, and her first words were, "Oh! how beautiful is the opera! but why did that handsome girl throw me that hemlock?" The doctor was stupified with astonishment. *A medicine containing hemlock was administered, and in some days Sara was well.*

The platform of strong common sense combined with a perfect faith occupied by these writers, seems to me as rare as it is excellent. "Let me express," writes one of them, "my honest conviction that all occult science and so-called manifestations rest upon a basis of natural law; and may be calculated under scientific conditions with mathematical certainty. But they are intended to serve a moral purpose, to aid in humanitarian work, and to furnish guides and tutors to the inner life. He who seeks for them as for hidden treasures will find them to that life revealed. They will serve his purpose as the hod-carrier serves the architect, the chisel the sculptor, or the microscope the anatomist who knows how to use it; but they minister to a distinctly selfish, or merely intellectual pursuit, as does the fiery phosphorescence which gleams above marshy places to the guidance of those who rush incautiously towards it to their own destruction." While I am in doubt as to the "mathematical certainty" with which we can hope to calculate the occult, I have none as to the truth that underlies the words that I have just quoted. I hold it true because I hold that all these interferences with our world have an educational purpose, and are not the sporadic outbursts of a blind force, or the vagaries of an ill-regulated or uncontrolled spiritual agency on a low moral plane. I can see order, and plan, and moral fitness, and love; and I can see, too, how it must needs be that we who meddle with the occult meddle at our own risk, and that the pure intent and the level head are indispensable safeguards to the investigator. Those qualities are conspicuous in this little volume, to which I wish a hearty God-speed.

"M.A. (OXON.)"

The Hon. Mr. Paul, Judge of the Supreme Court, Queensland, New South Wales, is in London, and is interesting himself much in Spiritualism. We understand he has had some striking experiences with Mr. Spriggs in Melbourne, and more recently with Mr. Eglinton, in London.

MUDIE'S AND SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.—We beg to remind readers and friends that if they really want the present disabilities removed they must supply us with information upon which to work. The complaints as to the impossibility of obtaining Spiritual literature through the channel of this library have been very numerous of late years, and yet, when we see the possibility of changing this state of affairs and ask for the names of those of our friends who subscribe to Mudie's in order to place the matter officially before the manager, we get six replies in a fortnight. What are we to think?

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[It is preferable that correspondents should append their names and addresses to communications. In any case, however, these must be supplied to the Editor as a guarantee of good faith.]

### Idealism and Apparitions.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—It is surely Mr. Haughton, and not "C. C. M.," who "misunderstands and misrepresents Kant"! The master, like other masters, is difficult, nor always self-consistent, and his disciples differ about his meaning. But Mr. Haughton's interpretation of him is, so far as I know, absolutely unique. Mr. Haughton understands the doctrine of Kant thus: "The external object as seen by us is not the object itself as it exists in nature, but is only an infinitely diminished miniature and representation of it. Thus if we look at the ocean, what we really see is only a little surface colouring, nor even that in its real truth, but as modified or changed by the skies above, or by the intervening aerial strata." Then we have the following rather strange sentence: "Mere sense, *without idealism*," (italics mine) "receives passively a number of unconnected and unrelated sensations. It is for the soul to construct the object out of the raw material furnished by the senses,"—"in one word to create it." What then does Mr. Haughton suppose that Kant believes to be outside and independent of this object which the soul creates in perception? On his own showing, what the soul receives from outside (according to Kant) is only a number of unrelated sensations. Can Kant then suppose *these* to be outside us? Why even Locke, the "common-sense" philosopher, so dear to the English heart, so free from all that idealism which Mr. Haughton disapproves of in "C. C. M.," taught us that the sensations in question, for instance, those of colour and touch, called by him "secondary qualities," are not, cannot be outside us, though extension, a "primary quality," may be. Was Kant then more "realistic" than Locke himself? But the physiological science of the veriest tyro would have contradicted him! Indeed, how can our "unrelated sensations" be outside us in a dead thing? And yet Mr. Haughton himself says "the human understanding, acting under its own laws, subjects all objects to its innate pure notions," "combined with space and time, the pure intuitions of sensation." But this little word "objects" shews how Mr. Haughton himself has misunderstood Kant. According to Kant, *there are no "objects" at all* before this intellectual process has taken place in the one Ego, operating upon our sensations from within. The word Mr. Haughton wanted here was "sensations," but a sensation is not a perception, nor an object.

According to Kant, when we see the ocean, says Mr. Haughton, the external element is a surface of colour, upon which the mind operates to give us the conception of ocean. Now how has Mr. Haughton slipped in his "*surface*" here? A surface is a two-dimensional space. But even he tells us that Kant holds space to be furnished from within the Ego, and not from outside. How do these assertions hang together? Not only is the surface of the ocean outside us, but we see it as modified by the skies and the air, without any help from within ourselves. After we have done that, one wonders what can be the function of Kant's purely subjective time and space; his twelve categories, his imagination or memory, and his unity of apperception! What is left for them to do? Outside there is, it seems, a "miniature" of the object of perception! Never has there been so complete a misapprehension as that of your correspondent, who yet dogmatically charges a thinker of "C.C.M.'s" calibre with gross ignorance of what he undertakes to write about. But, as I do not myself profess to be a Kantian expert, I will refer your correspondent to Kant's own words, and to those of two universally acknowledged authorities upon Kant.

"Kant starts with the idea of a manifold given in sense," says Dr. Caird, "and proceeds to point out that, as so given, such a manifold would be merely a multitude of isolated feelings, and that sense cannot combine them, and therefore cannot know them, *even as a manifold*." For that "they must be brought in relation to the unity of a conscious subject, which is provided with certain universal forms of synthesis. It is only as I combine the manifold in one conception that I can have consciousness of it as an object, in other words, that for me as a conscious subject it can be a report of anything." (*Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, January, 1880.)

Mr. Haughton also is most unfortunate when he says, "Kant ascribes to the phenomena themselves objectivity and reality on the ground that from their constancy and regularity they cannot be a mere semblance or illusion of the senses." For hear Kant's own words: "That order and regularity in phenomena, which we call Nature, is *something which we ourselves introduce into them*, and we could not find it in them if we had not ourselves originally put it there." "Understanding is not merely a faculty which enables us, by comparing phenomena, to rise to rules: it is itself the legislation for Nature, *i.e.*, without understanding there would be no Nature," "for phenomena as such cannot be found outside ourselves, but exist only in our sensibility." ("Kritik" (Rosenkranz) p. 113.) Certainly Nature is no "illusion of the senses," but it is the creation of the Divine Reason in us, though as yet imperfectly comprehended by us.

And why "C. C. M." should love Nature less because he believes this instead of believing that it is mere dead matter, manufactured carpenterwise by a God external to it and to ourselves, I fail to see, even though Mr. Haughton thinks such a belief proves "C. C. M." to be "totally absorbed in morbid introspection," and shews a less "healthy mind" than Mr. Haughton's own. Had the good and lucid Bishop Berkeley then "taken leave of his senses in the wake of the Eastern mystics"? For though Kant, indeed, does leave an unknown  $x$  for the thing in itself external to us, precisely what "C. C. M." represents it, "no definable substratum," Bishop Berkeley does nothing of the kind—at least he makes that external world the very ideas of God. Finally, I will quote a reference to Kant's own words from another great Kantian expert, Dr. Hutchison Stirling. "The initial blur of sense-impression in time and space is presented to the categories (functions of self-consciousness) to be by them objectified. This categorising means *not the making the perception of objects clear, but the making the perception of an object at all possible.*" (*Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, January, 1880, p. 86.) Now what Kant means by it, according to Mr. Haughton, is just what Kant here tells us himself that he does *not* mean—the making the perception of objects clear. But Mr. Haughton makes Kant put a surface, even space, out there, out of any mind!

It is, indeed, plain that, in order to discriminate, and therefore to feel distinctly even a sensation of our own, we must refer it to the continuous experience of one self-identifying unity or personality, comparing and distinguishing it from others. And this can only be done according to certain innate notions, or rules. We might say, sensations must run into certain moulds native to human thought in general, which is "the common constitution of our Egos." Some of these are unity, plurality, substance, accident, cause, effect. But an "object" really means, in German philosophy, that which has a fixed and necessary position in an ordered world of objects for thought in general, that which is not a mere fleeting and accidental sensation of a particular sentient subject, inaccessible to anybody else; an object is an object of general or universal human experience, part of a Kosmos or Order. Therefore, though it may be "external to" a particular mind, or subject, it cannot be "external to" all minds, or subjects.

I wonder, by the way, if Stuart Mill, Huxley, and all the more philosophical of our men of science, have "taken leave of their senses in the wake of Eastern ascetics," for their system may be defined as *Berkeley minus God*.

One word more. Kant's way of thinking, as "C. C. M." points out, is very much in accord with the Bishop of Carlisle's, in his theory of apparitions. But has "C. C. M." noticed that the latter is simply a repetition in other words of Kant's own theory of apparitions? though Kant is careful to call the volume in which it is broached, "*Dreams of a Visionary*." He says:—"Departed souls and pure spirits, though they can never produce an impression on our outward senses, can still act upon the soul of man, which, like them, belongs to a great spirit commonwealth. For the ideas they excite in the soul clothe themselves according to the law of fantasy in allied imagery, and create outside the seer the apparition of the objects to which they are appropriate." (*Wallace's Kant*, p. 135.) It is, indeed, far more probable that the higher order of spirits do, when they communicate with us, communicate thus than that they communicate through the senses—whether the dream, remembrance, or imagination of themselves they raise in us, which almost necessarily involves their bodily appearance, be frequently or not projected into, or, as Swedborgians say, "ultimated in," a full affection of the senses. "Full affection," I say, for unless I greatly err, Dr. Carpenter, and other physiologists maintain that in remembrance the ganglia and nerve-fibres of special sense are affected from the brain outward, though more feebly than in ordinary perception. For my own part, I assuredly "perceive," as vividly in dreams as I do in a waking state. I presume that Mr. Haughton does not, and perhaps he may say that, as I am always dreaming, it is no wonder if I do! The Psychological Research Society indeed ask us in their recent circular whether we have often had hallucinations? I cannot well answer! For if a hallucinated man sees an object he does see it, I suppose, and there's an end of it.\* The only inference I draw in such a case is that I am not in a condition to see what he does. That he may be mistaken in his interpretation of what he sees, I admit; though he may also know correctly only one side of the shield, and I know correctly only the other; but, of course, if his view, not being in harmony with that of the majority of us, proves also inconvenient to the community who believe themselves sane, we shall be well-advised to confine him, under proper legal certificates, as a dangerous lunatic, to be detained during Her Majesty's pleasure.

I think it most probable, however, that, as a rule, it is the lower orders of intelligences who communicate with us in the ordinary way through the senses from outside. They being still in more or less gross and so-called corporeal conditions, can more easily affect our senses first, as we normally affect one another in

\* If Shelley supposed that he saw a child arise out of the Mediterranean shortly before his death by drowning near Lerici, I, too, suppose that he did see it. What is a "hallucination"?

the earth-life. In what is termed "materialisation" that appears to be so undoubtedly. Mr. Haughton may ask, but is there nothing outside then? Certainly. But the bodies outside are just a system of thoughts, only belonging to the "material" order, that is, to the sphere of sensibles, to that of sight, touch, or hearing. And some of these thoughts belong more peculiarly to some special personalities, Egos, or spirits. These are what we call their "bodies," and these become impressed upon us by their agency. But now I am expounding my own theory of perception, not Kant's. Kant, however, once hinted at one not at all dissimilar. The only practical test of this theory of the Bishop's would be—how many saw the apparition? For a spirit would hardly be able to mesmerise a number of different temperaments. Of course spirits may impress the depths of personality without our being aware who they are that so impress us, or that we are impressed at all.

RODEN NOEL.

Kant.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—I do not in the least question the profundity of "C. C. M.'s" metaphysical lore, both Western and Eastern. I should indeed be sorry to stake mine against his. But herein I do not recognise the advantage which he may suppose belongs to him. My reason is this. Deep immersion in such studies is beguiling and deceiving. It necessitates a constant dealing with abstractions, and there is an inherent hollowness in their over-use. The author is first the victim to it, and then the reader. They both come more or less under the bondage of words. They play with counters till they mistake them for real money. Words after all are not entities. The writings of Kant are *par excellence* an example of this, and those passages which "C. C. M." admits "have perplexed students by their apparent inconsistency with the general import of Kant's philosophy," were, I doubt not, owing to a painful consciousness that he had carried the wordy warfare too far, and made him rally for a time to the party of human nature and common sense. These were his most luminous hours, and I had taken and represented him at his best. Passages which require the great learning and ingenuity of critical scholars to reconcile, may be taken as really irreconcilable. Their skill may be exerted to efface all traces of fracture or dislocation—still it is there.

Reinhold, one of Kant's ablest German commentators, thus remarks on the effect of such writing:—"One inevitable effect resulted from the universal change operated by Kant in his terms, in his classifications, in his methods, and in the enunciation of his problems. The intellectual powers of the greater part of the initiated were too much exhausted in the course of their long noviciate to be qualified to judge soundly of the doctrine itself. They felt themselves, after so many windings, lost in a labyrinth.—Others, after so great a sacrifice, wanted the courage to confess to the world, or to themselves, the disappointment they had met with. They attached themselves to the doctrine, in proportion to the sacrifice they had made, and estimated its value by the labour it had cost them." The penetration of these remarks is only equalled by their *naïveté*.

I deeply reverence the name of Kant for helping to rescue us from the debasing vulgarity of Locke's system, with its local, conventional, and utilitarian conscience. There are some African barbarians who only worship the sun in an eclipse, and there are those who value Kant most for his extravagances. I value him most for his "*practical reason*." However, if I have misrepresented Kant, I have no wish to resort to strained and wire-drawn arguments in defence of a forced interpretation.

"For if it is so, it is so, you know,  
And if it is so, so be it."

But this I will say—if Kant denies the reality of nature or the physical universe, so much the worse for Kant. His doubts or denial are as idle as the howling of a dog at the moon—it still shines on. We may apply to him what Byron says of Berkeley:—

"If Berkeley says there is no matter,  
'Tis no matter what he says."

"C. C. M." advises the student of Kant to "get a clear grasp of Kant's fundamental conception, the ideality of space, to discard at once and for ever the notion that he could have regarded *any* element in the object perceived as independent of consciousness." Space, then, is purely ideal. I quite agree that this is Kantian doctrine. His words are: "*Spacium non est aliquid objectivi et realis, nec substantia, nec accidens, nec relatio, sed subjectivum, et ideale.*" This is his undoubted assertion, and it is undoubtedly false. Did he suppose, then, that the interstellar spaces are a perfect vacuum? that there is no real space; for if so, there can be no real distance, and as a corollary, the separation of the heavenly bodies is only imaginary. This crumbles into the dust, astronomy and all the sciences together. If there is nothing real or objective in space, then light can take no time to travel to us from the sun. It would take a volume to enumerate all the absurdities which flow from his "fundamental conception."

His assertion, too, that space is not "a substance," science pronounces to be absolutely false. Kant maintains that

the Universe is full of emptiness; Science demonstrates that it is full of substance. Kant in his day had scarcely heard of the ether. Newton surmised its existence, but not without some lingering hesitation. Yet Swedenborg, with his wonderful prevision of future discoveries, wrote thus a century and a-half ago: "The earths of the universe are but the ends and terminations of the atmospheres, whose heat has cooled in cold—their light in darkness—and their activity in inertness." Since then there has been an ever increasing belief in the ether of space, which indeed *constitutes space*, and in which the entire universe is immersed, which permeates the densest rocks, and exists even in the Torricellian chamber. That which Kant denied to be any substance is the most wonderfully propertied substance in the universe. All the forces of nature are now referred to minute vibrations of the ether. "C. C. M." ought to be the last to deny the substantial existence of the ether, of which space is the mere mental form. From whence do spirits derive their glorious powers but from the boundless ether?—that overflowing fountain from which all force, all motion, all life upon the earth originate.

G. D. HAUGHTON.

The "Exposure" at Vienna.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—As an investigator of Spiritualism during 30 odd years in America and Europe, as an intimate acquaintance and friend of several of the best mediums in the world, and as a personal friend of Mr. H. Bastian, who has for the past two years been a member of my family, and with whose character, gifts and manifestations I am very well acquainted, I ask your permission to give his account of the "Exposure," just telegraphed from Vienna.

The *Daily News* of February 13th, has the following telegram—sent in brief, of course, and properly expanded:—

"Vienna, Tuesday night. Much amusement has been created here by an incident in which the Archduke John, the Crown Prince Rudolph, and a celebrated Spiritualistic medium, an American, named Bastian, took part. For many weeks the Spiritualists had tried to spread their views among the Vienna aristocracy, and scarcely a night passed in which séances were not held in some noble family. The Archduke John, desirous of understanding how even clever persons are deceived, invited Bastian to his palace. The Archduke and Prince Rudolph ordered some arrangements to be made privately, and when Bastian, who called the spirits in an adjoining room, made a tall figure in mourning appear before the awed spectators, the Crown Prince suddenly pulled a string which closed a secret door, and the spirit, who was no other than Bastian himself, tried to escape amid the laughter of the noble audience."

The *Globe* of February 14th, has the story with some trifling variations. It says:—

"In the second part of the performance several visions had appeared. Suddenly a door closed with a bang behind the spirit, who was attired in mourning. Instead of disappearing as he ought to have done the imprisoned medium sought in vain for a way out and was seized amid general laughter."

The *Daily Telegraph* followed with an expanded telegram and a characteristic leader, denouncing all mediums as swindlers, who should be arrested by the police.

I have given accounts of séances with Mr. Bastian, in my own house, and under stringent test conditions, in which *seventeen* materialised spirit forms have appeared, of both sexes, and varying in size from a little child to a gigantic man. I have seen these forms slowly contract into a little mass of vapour, and appear to sink through the floor, and then gradually reform and grow to their full size again. I do not know of a more honest, simple-hearted, guileless man than Harry Bastian, and of few more intelligent and thoughtful, and I have never seen with any medium more satisfactory manifestations.

It is time his own story should be heard. This is not his first visit to Vienna. Born in America, of Alsatian parents, his first language was German. German princes and nobles are among his intimate personal friends. His last visit to Vienna was made at the invitation of a German baron who has long been an investigator of Spiritualism, on which he has written some valuable works.

Before the séance at the palace of the Archduke, Mr. Bastian offered to be searched, to make it certain that he had about him no costumes or apparatus. Their Imperial Highnesses refused. Bastian went into the little room, lay down on a couch, and was, as usual, entranced.

The materialisations went on—one spirit after another appearing in the usual way, until the princely conspiracy was ripe, and a sudden crash and blaze of light aroused him from his trance, and, dazed and half-conscious, he found himself surrounded, and their Highnesses demanding his apparatus. They searched him and found a pair of gloves. By accident, he had not even a pocket handkerchief. They thought he had some little machine—some instrument by which he could produce the full-sized, fully-dressed forms of men and women—and even opened his purse to find it. Assuredly, anyone "could have done that" as well as a Crown Prince or Archduke.

This is the simple story of the Vienna Exposure. Greatly

disgusted with the shabby and shameful treatment he had received, Mr. Bastian went to the railway station the same night, and took the train for London, where, I need not say, he was heartily welcomed by those who have known him long and well, and who know him to be an honest man, and a genuine and very remarkable medium.

Why the spirits allow of such exposures, which they could certainly prevent; why they seem at times to court this sort of publicity at the expense of their poor mediums, is a question that, not being a medium, and still confined and limited by my physical conditions, I am not able to answer.

The fact that many of the highest personages in the Austrian Empire are interested in Spiritualism is telegraphed all over the world, but Mr. Bastian would much prefer some other method of advertising. As at present advised, so would your obedient servant,

32, Fopstone-road, S.W.

T. L. NICHOLS.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—You have, no doubt, read in the *Daily News* of the 13th inst., the account of how his Imperial Highness, Archduke John of Austria, is said to have prepared at Vienna a trap séance to expose the well-known, excellent medium, Mr. Bastian, and how he caught the medium personating the spirit. It is the old, old story, conveying once more the often repeated lesson that you cannot take hold of the spirit without causing an instantaneous rushing of the medium into it, or it into the medium, simply to save the latter from great injury or even death. It appears that Mr. Bastian had given many most satisfactory séances in Vienna, before the cultured classes and many intelligent Spiritualists of that city, without eliciting a shadow of doubt respecting the genuineness of the manifestations.

If his Imperial Highness had had less faith in his inexperienced judgment and more in that of those who had studied these phenomena many years before him, or had had the patience to sit through one or more séances, he would no doubt have seen what I and many other intelligent London investigators have repeatedly witnessed with Mr. Bastian, *i.e.*, two distinct materialisations appearing at the same moment, one of them decked in evening dress, portly, and at least one foot taller than the medium, and near it another apparition, shorter than the medium, with bronzed skin and dressed in an Indian costume of dazzling whiteness. This would have saved His Serene and Imperial Highness the trouble of devising that ingenious trap and have caused him to refrain from that merriment which, according to the Vienna correspondent of the *Daily News*, he and those with him indulged in, and which will surely by-and-by become for them a cause of regret.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

29, Colville-road, Notting Hill, W.

G. DAMIANI.

February 15th, 1884.

The Mahdi.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—It may be interesting to your readers as confirming in some measure "M.A. (Oxon's)" remarks on this matter in your last issue if you reprint the following extract from the *Revue d'Ethnographie*.—Yours truly,

F.

"I am personally acquainted with the False Prophet of the Soudan, and first saw him about nine years ago, at the Island of Aba, in the White river. Mohammed Ahmed is forty years of age, was born at Dongofah, and is the third son of poor parents, known respectively as Abdellahi and Amina. From his seventh year Mohammed Ahmed attended the Mussulman school, and at twelve years of age he had completed the study of the Koran. Thanks to the devotion of his brother, who followed the business of carpenter and boat-builder, he was enabled to follow his studies in the neighbourhood of Khartoum, under those able masters, El Gourache and Abdel-Ayim, sons of the Sheik El Taveh.

"It was then that after he had completed his studies he went to reside on the Island of Aba, in the White river. He had been living there for fifteen years, venerated by the Bagaraks, when he undertook to represent himself as the Mahdi—that is, the messenger of God for the regeneration of Islamism.

"Mohammed Ahmed is of medium height, of a light coffee-coloured complexion, jet-black beard, and with three parallel scars on each cheek. He is extremely spare in figure, for he subjects himself to the most rigorous fasts. Before making his appearance on the stage of action he inhabited a subterranean cave, in which, it is said, he continually wept over the universal prevalence of corruption. His clothing consists of shirt and drawers of coarse cotton cloth. He wears sandals on his feet and a small turban on his head."

The Red Barn Murder.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Mr. Tommy is right in regard to the victim of Corderberg's sweetheart, not his wife. The murder in question is one of my early recollections, and when I commenced lecturing on Spiritualism, some twenty years ago, I was accustomed to allude to it as a remarkable instance of the verification of a dream by which a crime was brought to light and the criminal to justice.

William Corder was a sea-faring man, and while ashore paid his addresses to a young woman named Maria Martin, who was suddenly missed and was supposed to have gone off with her lover. The mother of Maria, however, dreamed three nights in succession that her daughter had been murdered, and her body buried in a certain barn, which led to an investigation being made and the finding of the body as indicated. Corder was traced and arrested, and subsequently convicted and executed. Such are the facts of this affair, which, owing to the romantic circumstances attending it, created a great deal of interest at the time. It occurred in Suffolk, but the exact locality I forget. Thinking that these particulars may be of interest to the present generation, I have deemed it worth while to forward them for publication.—I remain, yours faithfully,

ROBERT COOPER.

Eastbourne, February 12th, 1884.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Mr. Tommy is quite right in supposing that Maria Martin, for whose murder Corder was hanged, was not his wife. He had an illegitimate child by her, and she had two other children. Having decoyed her into the Red Barn and murdered her there in the spring of 1827, he trumped up some story of her having gone away to some distant place, which passed muster for the time, and he would have escaped altogether, had it not been for the mother of Maria, who in the course of the following winter repeatedly dreamed that she had been murdered and buried in a certain spot in the barn. She at last succeeded in inducing the police to search the barn, and the body being found, Corder was apprehended in April, 1828, and hanged the following August. The *Times*, of August 8th, 1828, in noticing the execution, remarks: "It is a singular feature in the origin of this inquiry that Mrs. Martin, the stepmother of the deceased, persisted before the grand jury, in the story of the dream which had two or three times haunted her, that Maria's body would be found buried in Corder's barn."

February 9th, 1884.

H. WEDGWOOD.

The Haunted Premises in Bristol.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—In addition to the facts so graphically related by Signor Damiani, in connection with the haunted premises in Bristol, as stated by "M. A. (Oxon.);" at p. 53 of "LIGHT," on the 9th inst., there are several others, of which Signor Damiani does not appear to have been aware, but which may be worth recording.

Soon after the period indicated in the narrative, Mr. Henry (not *Theodore*) Brain became a member of the circle held at that time at my residence in Unity-street, College Green, Bristol, where we had regular weekly séances, and he often related to us some of the strange and startling occurrences effected by his ghostly visitors.

Sounds resembling heavy footsteps were often heard at night, apparently ascending the stairs, until they reached Mr. Brain's bedroom, and sometimes the bedclothes would be unceremoniously and forcibly dragged from the bed. On one occasion Mr. Brain had the bedclothes nailed down to the bedstead, but they were suddenly and violently torn off by the invisible agent.

It happened on some occasions that visitors who slept in that room, and who had not previously known of these occurrences, were annoyed in a similar manner, thus proving—if proof were needed—that it was not the effect of hallucination, "unconscious cerebration," or some other imaginary condition, on the part of Mr. Brain.

One night Mr. Brain was awake by a noise downstairs, which seemed as though it proceeded from some persons trying to effect an entrance into the premises; he immediately seized a loaded gun and went downstairs—not being aware that his father, having also heard the noise, had preceded him—and he was very near shooting his father, whom, in his haste, he had mistaken for one of the burglars. Their subsequent united search failed to discover the source of the disturbance.

There were other strange incidents, not recorded at the time, the details of which I do not remember; they continued to be a source of annoyance until the unearthing of the bones and the elucidation of the mystery seemed to have given rest to the "perturbed spirit;" at least so far as the manifestations were concerned, and Mr. Brain heard no more of his uninvited and unwelcome visitors.

GEORGE TOMMY.

Paignton, S. Devon, February 11th, 1884.

A REMARKABLE case of "healing by faith" is reported to have occurred near Dudley. A young woman named Mary Ann Russell, of Brockmoor, has been confined to bed for the past twenty months, suffering from paralysis of the muscles of the neck, and being unable to raise her head. On Monday last she was visited by several members of the Salvation Army, who prayed with her, and it is stated that whilst they were praying the girl called out, "God is healing me"; and sat up erect at once without any assistance. Both the girl and her mother believe that the change was effected by the power of prayer.

## THE PROPOSED GENERAL CONGRESS.

The proposal by the late Congress of the Spiritualists of Belgium, to which the *Revue Spirite* called attention, is bringing responses. The Spiritualist Society of Rome warmly concurs, and highly appreciates the recommendation of the Belgian Congress, that the delegate meeting should be held in Rome.

Letters come to the *Revue* from influential persons of all parts, some concurring, others counselling delay before taking such a step.

Among these are the editors of the Spiritualist journal, *Le Messager de Liège*. "While we open our columns," they say, "alike to those who agree or who disagree with the project, we think it our duty to say that it seems premature. As to the detail of such a delegate meeting being held in Rome—the very headquarters of the anathematisers of progress—we decidedly dissent. The idea of proclaiming the New Evangel at Rome is certainly a great and attractive one; but to realise it effectively the co-operation of our English and American brethren would be required; but, seeing that they are not in accord with us in our leading principle of Re-incarnation, could this be reckoned upon? Before we look for such co-operation, so essential, let us ask ourselves whether we, on the European Continent, are in sufficient accord with each other. Time enough to discuss the question of a General Congress when we have consolidated our own several national federations."

The *Revue* informs its readers that a Spiritualist Alliance has been formed in America, and that it has been in communication, dating from New York, with the Société Scientifique du Spiritisme, established by Allan Kardec, in Paris, 1869, proposing the affiliation of the latter with it, in common with all Spiritualist Societies. The Paris society, after deliberation, has, without modifying its constitution or qualifying its principles, affiliated itself with the American Spiritualist Alliance.

The *Revue Spirite* concludes:—"Our brethren of America have the same idea as those of Belgium. We look forward now, with strengthened hope, to the assembling, at a not remote date, of a General Congress as proposed by the latter."

LEEDS SPIRITUALIST CHURCH.—At the Spiritualists' Meeting Room yesterday, the platform was occupied by Mrs. Groom, of Birmingham, trance medium and clairvoyante. In the afternoon the audience were invited to suggest a subject. Out of several sent up two were ably dealt with, viz., "The State of the Soul after Death," and "Is Spiritualism of the Devil or of God?" In the evening the subject was "Man a Spirit: his Destiny." The masterly oration delivered thereon produced a profound impression. After the orations the medium professed to describe a large number of spirits seen by her around their friends in the audience, who in nearly every case claimed to recognise their departed relatives and friends. The room was crowded to excess, numbers being obliged to stand. It was announced that, in consequence of the rapid spread of the movement, it was contemplated to build a large hall to meet its requirements.—*Leeds Express*, February 18th.

"TWELVE MONTHS IN AN ENGLISH PRISON."—In this book Mrs. Fletcher tells the story of her relations with Mrs. Hart-Davies, the circumstances which led to her trial and conviction, and her experiences as an inmate for twelve months in her Majesty's prison at Westminster. We say nothing about the question of Mrs. Fletcher's guilt or innocence of the crime with which she was charged. On that point Spiritualists themselves hold very diverse opinions, and hold them very strongly. But it is only an act of justice on our part to say that in this book Mrs. Fletcher states her case clearly and calmly, and with a remarkable absence of anything approaching to rancour or bitterness of feeling against those who took part in her prosecution. Our readers are, of course, more or less familiar with the evidence which was given against her at her trial. But she complains that the evidence which was ready to be offered in her defence was withheld by her counsel, against her own wishes. This evidence she now presents to the world, together with affidavits since made in support of her plea of innocence. Those who have read one side only can here learn the other if they desire to do so. Mrs. Fletcher, in the course of her narrative, gives the particulars of some remarkable spiritualistic experiences while in prison, the truthfulness of her records being, in many instances, fully supported by independent testimony.

## OFFICES OF "LIGHT."

3, GREAT JAMES STREET,  
BEDFORD ROW,  
LONDON, W.C.

## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Reports of the proceedings of Spiritualist Societies in as succinct a form as possible, and authenticated by the signature of a responsible officer, are solicited for insertion in "Light." Members of private circles will also oblige by contributing brief records of noteworthy occurrences at their seances. The Editor cannot undertake the return of manuscripts unless the writers expressly request it at the time of forwarding and enclose stamps for the return postage.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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## Light :

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23RD, 1884.

## THE "EXPOSURE" AT VIENNA.

The unpleasant duty again falls to our lot of recording another so-called exposure, the medium in this instance being Mr. H. Bastian. We do not intend at present to discuss the question of Mr. Bastian's innocence or guilt in respect of the charges made against him, as the details necessary for a just appreciation of the case are not yet to hand. What, however, we are concerned with is the broad principle involved in matters of this kind. Even on this score we have little, if anything, to add to what we have already most strenuously insisted upon over and over again. We feel we cannot too strongly condemn the system of investigation which sooner or later seems, almost without exception, to lead to contretemps of this kind. Except for delicate scientific and special purposes, (and even then we are inclined to doubt the utility of these methods,) the seclusion of the medium in total darkness away from the circle is not only unnecessary, but, we believe, positively useless if not wicked. *Unnecessary*, because the phenomena are obtainable under purer and more satisfactory conditions; *useless* by reason of their inadequacy in preventing fraud; and *wicked*, because they place both sitters and medium in positions in which they have no right to place themselves. The agencies producing this particular class of manifestation are, in many instances, admittedly of a very low order, and to so place sensitives that such agencies can work harm without let or hindrance is, to say the least, very unwise. We have nothing but words of condemnation for such methods, and we feel that scandals of this kind will never cease until under all circumstances these culpably foolish conditions for form manifestations are resolutely discountenanced. A good deal has already been done, but much still remains to be accomplished. We hope we need hardly say, that it is farthest from our thoughts to include mediums and mediumship in this censure. On the contrary, we are inclined to the opinion that in nine cases out of ten mediums are more sinned against than sinning in regard to these matters, and that therefore the course we advocate is in the real interests of all concerned. To command respect and attention the phenomena of Spiritualism presented to the world must not be open to even the slightest suspicion of fraud or trickery, and that can hardly be said to be the case when, as in the mode of investigation now under consideration, every condition seems to lend itself to deception.

These generally are our views, and later we may deal more specifically with the Vienna affair. Meanwhile our columns are open to letters bearing upon the question at issue.

## FREE DISTRIBUTION OF SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

The following are the amounts already received. We have been able to despatch a few more parcels, but applications continue to come in much faster than we can supply them. We have never before known so constant and eager a demand for information. The books we are sending out are proving very useful, and we shall in a week or two print a selection of the correspondence we have received on this subject, together with a first statement of work already done.

"Lily" .....	£2 0 0
C. C. M. ....	1 0 0
M. A. S. ....	1 0 0

## SPIRITUALISM AT HOME.

In "Light," for January 26th, appeared a tolerably accurate report of a paper I read on the *Cui Bono* of Spiritualism, to the Literary Society at Lewisham, on the 24th of that month. The discussion which arose thereupon disclosed the usual panic, not to say passion, that usually tolerant people get into whenever spiritualistic facts which are practically unanswerable, are brought before them. I did not attempt in my reply to go into theological disputes, which ended in charging Spiritualism with being debasing, and then with equal logic asking, "Has it added anything to our previous knowledge?" But feeling calm in the assurance that God has a place for all facts, I simply narrated those which follow, and which I was glad to find successfully appealed to some of the more intelligent of my audience.

On finishing my paper, there was a blank page left at the end, and I asked the spirits if they would write on that page a message to the meeting for me to read and shew to them. I then kept the MS. under lock and key in my own private room. The morning of the day came on which I was to read the paper, but no sign of direct writing was there. I left for town, a little disappointed, for although I am aware of the difficulty of getting the exact test sought, I had been promised some writing, and even now my faith in their promise, though shaken, dimly remained in the region of hope.

I had no sooner gone to town than my spirit daughter, Louisa, appeared to our medium, and said, "Papa has got what he asked for—it is locked up!"

The moment I came home I was told this, and I went into my study to search for the longed for message. It was *not*, however, on the locked up M.S. I then opened my private secretaire to which no one had access but myself, for I carry the key always about me. Here I found on a sheet of notepaper, beautifully written in very small handwriting, much smaller than I could myself now write, the following:—

"Dear Papa,—We will let you have what we can, but it will not be much.—LOUISA.

"Dear Friends,—We will try and keep our promise to you on Sunday night. We have not much to say, only hope your lecture will prove a grand success. If we can do anything for you, when there, we will, but of course the conditions will be slightly different, but plenty of those who have passed over will be with you, and one in whom some will find an old friend (T. J.). He wishes all well. I myself you will hear more of. E. M. and all hope to help you; John Theobald and your own father. The children cannot do much in this case, it is beyond them. Still go on with the good work; the cause is worthy of it, and when your work on earth is done, the crown is bright that is waiting for you. Farewell.—J. EVANS."

Besides the above writing there were found two other writings in another room, one in a locked drawer of which my son only had the key, one written in ink. These were essentially private. Nor was this all. There was only a servant left in the house that evening, all having gone with me to the lecture. I returned home, disheartened for once at some things which had been said, because they came from a quarter where I had hoped better feelings would have prevailed. True, I could have torn to rags the flimsy assertions, for they were not arguments, but still I was *grieved*.

The good spirits, however, always come in time of need; and did your space permit I could tell you of signal instances of this; but let this suffice. On going to the blotting case I found this writing in a totally different handwriting:—

"Mon Dieu, protegez moi, mon navire  
Est si petit et votre mer si grand !

"The cause that none can overthrow,  
The cause that must prevail,  
Because the promise of the Lord  
Can never, never fail."

Although a carping critic might point to two small inaccuracies in the French, I could not feel this to be *debasing*, knowing as I do the difficulties of communication and the disregard the spirits have for details, so long as the spirit of the message is conveyed. The messages I have had, however, recently, are models of writing, of exquisite neatness, and have very few errors in orthography.

We had phenomena of various kinds nearly *every day* after this, even until now; but I will keep to this phase of mediumship, direct writing, as to me being for the moment of absorbing interest.

Many family letters were thus received, found in drawers, locked and unlocked, in books and curious places, but my wife and I could always tell from our feelings when the *writings* were being done, or, if we went into a room, that some were there. In my daughter's private diary, sacredly kept from the vulgar gaze, which even I am not allowed access to, the spirits were good enough to write the following curious inscriptions:—

"Vivos voco :  
Mortuos plango :  
Fulgura frango :  
Laudo deum verum : plebum voco : congreco clerum :  
Defunctos ploro : pestem fugo : et arte decoro."

FATHER THEOBALD.

My daughter, unable to transcribe this, tore out the leaf and brought it to me; and to me it was a puzzle. While asking my

self why this should have been written, and if among my Huguenot ancestors I numbered a Catholic father in God, another sentence was written in another place as follows, but in totally different writing, and this threw some light upon it:—

"Jules Theobald was a monk, and was a very good man; in the times he lived they, the monks, made the bells."

Possibly some of your readers, who have travelled, may have come across one or more bells with the above inscriptions upon them. If so, will they tell me where I may discover some clue to my venerated ancestor?

I will finish by a brief record of our experiences last Sunday evening, for they were remarkable. I am wicked enough usually to stay away from church, and gather the family around me (as I used to do when they were all children, I hope to some profit) and read out of the Holy Book, and ask God's protection as we seek an hour's communion with our dear ones on the other side. Sometimes all stay, but last Sunday evening the two eldest went to church, and only myself, my wife, daughter, youngest son, and the handmaid, (I like Joel's designation of an invaluable servant) sat. We five were thus alone in the house, and sat together on the basement floor. I had extemporised our usual cabinet in which the spirits can write, while we are sitting round the table in the light. The cabinet consists of a large clothes-horse, with covered framed sides tied to the horse, and curtains hung in front. We thus secure a small square dark room.

The Bible happened to open at the 15th chapter II. Chronicles, which I read as *apropos*. We then had a few words of prayer and sang a hymn, during which our medium was entranced by my daughter Louisa, who within a few minutes addressed me.

"Pa, you have got what you want."

"What, my dear?"

"Messages written on the ceilings upstairs; there is one over your chair in the dining-room written by Mr. Lynch, two in the drawing-room by someone else, one in your study, and two in the hall by the arch; all have been done while you were singing, go and see."

"No," I said, "we will not disturb the conditions, we will wait till afterwards." Soon afterwards, while I was still talking to Louisa, she said:—

"Hark! they are writing on the cabinet—on the wood. Can't you see them? There is a spirit outside—writing."

No, we could not see them, for our clairvoyant was entranced; and although we are to see *soon*, it is not yet. But we listened and all distinctly heard the pencil writing on the wood, as clearly as on another occasion I heard it when sitting with Dr. Slade.

After sitting and holding conversation for an hour, on all kinds of matters then interesting us, we asked them to disentrance the medium, and went on our voyage of inspection, with this result. On the horizontal side beam of the horse was written:—

"We know that we have passed from death unto life; Jesus Himself is always with us. Dear ones, good night.—MOGGIE."

The medium asked who Moggie was: *we* knew. On the framework on one side was written a verse from Moody and Sankey's hymn-book.

"To the work, to the work,  
We are servants of God,  
Let us follow the path  
Our Master has trod;  
With the balm of His counsel  
Our strength to renew,  
Let us do with our might  
What our hands find to do.  
Toiling on—toiling on—let us hope and trust,  
Let us watch and pray and labour till our Master comes.

"T. T. LYNCH.

"By J. W. EVANS."

On another part of the cabinet was written a little letter to young Tom.

"Dear Tom,—We are glad you sit with us and try so hard to be as you know we like you to be, for you know every good gift and every perfect gift cometh from above." "LOUISA."

On coming upstairs we found written on the ceiling over my chair, in good round-hand, seen from the floor—

"Dear Friends,—With patience all things are won."

"T. T. LYNCH."

In the hall written very small in the centre of the arch—

"Peace be to this house,"

and near—

"Through God we can do all things."

On the study ceiling—

"Holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts."

In the drawing-room (our music-room) over the door on the lintel—

"Sing praises unto God the King, all ye people; it is good to praise the Lord."

And in the cornice of ceiling above this—

"Fight, fight, Christian—Heaven is before you."

Now, as to these writings, they are out of reach of any one to do, even on our house steps, which I mounted in order

to try. Not that I have the shadow of a doubt as to their origin, because I had five minutes before looked at my study ceiling to see if there was any more writing than a solitary B, which was written as a beginning three weeks ago; and I know there was none then, and Spiritualists will understand the many proofs of spirit origin with which such phenomena are hedged around.

A word more as to the writings themselves, of which I have now a large number. The first were written in the cabinet whilst we were sitting *en séance* (in the light so far as we outside it were concerned): on these occasions we frequently and distinctly heard the writing going on, and subsequently saw the paper, on which it was written, pushed out on the floor in front of the cabinet. All these writings are badly written, without any even lines, and sometimes lines over-lapping one another. Those done subsequently are, some of them, marvels of neatness, while among them there are in *distinctly different styles* of writing, and some of them are so individualised that we know at once who is the writer. One signature is unmistakable, and compares exactly with many letters I possess, received from the writer in his lifetime. I only state these things as matters of fact; it would not surprise me to find the writing, done, as it is, through such manifest difficulties, absolutely bad, and totally unlike that of the writers.

I have had some from my late father-in-law, written by an amanuensis, which, although signed by him, I knew (and subsequently ascertained) were written by another spirit: while some which he asserts to be written by him do not bear such a resemblance, except in neatness, as would lead me to expect he was the writer. Latterly the writings have been so minute as to require a strong glass with which to read them.

I find I am by no means alone in being the recipient of such increased spiritual power as is now being poured out in families, extending even to the servants and handmaidens, in distinct fulfilment of the prophet Joel's prediction. The outpouring of the spirit is extending into families scattered over the country—and over the whole world; the old prophets are being re-read in the new light, and the miracles of later date are being re-enacted in this century. Christianity in these homes is being recast and enriched. It behoves ministers of religion to look into these things and to recognise new workers, even those whom they speak of as ministering spirits; or perchance they will be left with decaying churches, preferring the darkness rather than the new light. It is not so much new *truth* that is wanted as a new *force* to push home the old, and more spiritual light cast into regions of theological mysticism.

I have myself deprecated any departure from our churches of those upon whom the light has for years shone, and I have opposed the severance of Spiritualists in order to worship together and separately, where their tenderest feelings and holiest experiences are not either ignored or ruthlessly affronted; but it does not need much prophetic perception to see what will be the end of *Spiritualism at home* when it ceases to feel *at home* in the churches; let it at least be recognised if not adopted; possibly in St. Paul may then be found some new light and directions how to use it.

MORELL THEOBALD.

Granville Park, Blackheath.

### "IN MANUS TUAM!"

Peace is spread o'er the lovely clay;  
Passion and pride are both fled away,  
Passion that writhed and pride that bore  
All the trouble that's gone before—  
Body and spirit—oh my heart!  
Bound together—but bound to part!

One bore the smart, and one that gave;  
Which was the tyrant, and which the slave?  
Was it the body that wore the soul,  
Or spirit that pressed with too stern control?  
Which the oppressor—oh my heart!  
Why together, if bound to part?

Body and spirit together have trod  
This weary way by the will of God;  
Now to this marriage "made in Heaven,"  
Happy divorce and rest are given;  
Now the fiat is come—my heart!  
Long together, they're bound to part.

E. C.

MR. CHARLES BLACKBURN has been staying in Brighton for a few days lately.

Mrs. MAKDOUGALL GREGORY, of 21, Green-street, Grosvenor-square, had a dinner party on the evening of the 15th inst., at which the Hon. Mrs. Forbes, Mr. Annesley Mayne, Mr. Colman, Miss Spencer, Mr. W. Eglinton, Mrs. Van Reenselar, and the Hon. A. Yorke were present. A *séance* was afterwards held, and the most satisfactory phenomena were observed. At Mr. Yorke's request Mr. Eglinton, in a good light, was carried upward to the height of fully three feet. Several materialisations took place, Mr. Eglinton being seated in the circle.

## SEANCES WITH MR. W. EGLINTON.

On the 13th of March, 1883, I attended a séance held at the house of Mr. R. Pearce, Holder's Hill, Hendon. The circle comprised Mr. and Mrs. Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. T. Everitt, Mr. Frank Everitt, my wife, and myself; and Mr. W. Eglinton as the medium.

We were sitting in a room well lighted by a gas chandelier, which hung directly over the table, when Mr. Eglinton asked that a piece of paper should be initialled by members of the circle and placed in a book. Mr. Pearce accordingly produced a piece of note-paper, which was initialled at the four corners by Mr. Everitt, Mr. Pearce, and myself—while I also wrote my initials and the date of the sitting at the back. This piece of paper I, at Mr. Eglinton's request, placed inside a book, which I laid before me on the table, with my left hand upon it. Mr. Eglinton put his hand upon mine for a few seconds and then requested me to open the book. I did so and found that the note-paper had disappeared, and in its place was the address card of one of my daughters. On one side of the card was written the following message:—

"I am taking care of Frank, to whom I send my regards. Don't be anxious."

"Frank" was the name of one of my sons, who was at home ill. We were not then aware how serious his illness was. He departed this life three days afterwards.

On the other side was the following message purporting to be from a dear friend (a German), who entered the spirit-world in 1874, and from whom we have had very many communications since:—

"LIEBER FREUND,

"Für den Augenblick bin ich nicht im Stande dir ausführlich zu schreiben, aber ich werde es in Kürze thun.

"Behalte ein gutes Herz und, mit Grüsse an alle, verbleibe dein treuer  
E. F."

Later in the evening while sitting in the dark and receiving communications from Mr. Eglinton's spirit attendants by the direct voice, they told us that they had fetched the card on which the written messages had been given, from my house (about a mile distant); and as to the initialled note-paper which had disappeared they informed us that it was in their possession, that they had taken it for a special purpose, and that it would be returned on some future occasion at my own residence.

On the evening of the 10th inst., eleven months afterwards, Mr. Eglinton paid me a visit at my house in Church End, Finchley, and we had a sitting in the evening—the circle comprising (in addition to Mr. Eglinton), Mr. and Mrs. R. Pearce, my wife and myself; and my son and two daughters. It was a dark séance, Mr. Eglinton sitting—not isolated from the circle—but with us at the table between my wife and myself. Before the light was put out I had laid some paper and a pencil on the table, in case they might be needed. We had the usual manifestations of lights and raps, and touches by materialised hands; and some pleasant conversation with Mr. Eglinton's spirit friends, in the direct voice. And suddenly, while all these were going on, we heard a noise as of the rustling of paper in the air, and a sound like that of writing. The paper fell between my wife and my son, and we were at once directed by the "voice" to light up. We did so—and then, to our surprise, we found that none of the paper which had been placed on the table before the séance commenced had been used; but that the writing had been done on the initialled piece of note-paper which had disappeared *eleven months before*, and which was now returned to us, as clean, smooth, and uncrumpled as when placed between the leaves of the book held by my own hand. The message written was as follows:—

"We have been asked to write this message for your son.

"Dear Father,—Only a word with difficulty—but a great deal just now. Take comfort in the fact that I shall soon be able to write myself.

"Love to all, from

"Your affectionate son,

"F. ROGERS."

I have only to add that the text of the message was written in a good bold hand, which I do not recognise; but it is certainly not Mr. Eglinton's, being as unlike his as could possibly be imagined. But the signature, "F. Rogers," is equally unlike the writing of the rest of the message, and is beyond a doubt that of my son, who departed this life, as I have said, three days after the paper originally disappeared, viz. on the 16th of March,

1883. No one who knew his writing could hesitate for a moment to declare that the signature was most certainly his.

Rose Villa, Church End, Finchley, E. DAWSON ROGERS.  
February 14th, 1884.

The first of the following incidents occurred some time since; the precise date, however, is not material.

A blank card being placed between two slates was held by Mr. Eglinton and myself, a crumb of lead pencil being placed with the card. After a lapse of, certainly not more than half a minute, we found that the card was inscribed with matter of the utmost significance to the most important part of what I must call the work of my life, as I shall have hereafter to shew, not here and now, but to other audiences. On the top part of the card was a roughly drawn map of the American and European continents, with a cross surrounding a small sphere. On the lower part was figured two isosceles triangles; these triangles were filled with minute writing, too minute for deciphering; a few words, however, could be read, from which the purport could be gathered of the whole, that purport being that a sign was there intended to be given of mystical import, having reference to *labour and motive of Masonic significance*. At the foot of the card was the signature of initials and a date, G. W., 1799.

All I can, or may, or will say here is that these initials are of the name of George Washington, the first of American Masons, and that year was the year of his death.

The second of these experiences occurred on Monday, the 4th of this present February. Being alone with Mr. Eglinton, having come for an evening's conversation without any idea of having any experiences, and after we had been more than an hour together, he said that he felt impressed that we were to sit for written communications. Placing a crumb of slate pencil between two slates and both of us holding these, writing immediately began. Joey first gave his own name, and, in reply to my earnestly-expressed wish that a dear young friend, ignorant of these great experiences, should be brought within this region, Joey wrote that it should be so soon if "they" could get within his influence. Immediately afterwards he wrote that "Ernest wishes to write." A crumb of pencil was again placed between the slates, and we immediately heard writing proceed with great vigour and decision and rapidity, a sharp series of raps with the pencil being given to signify that the "message" was finished. It was couched in these terms: "My dear Friend,—We do not like to see you in a condition by which your usefulness to yourself and to others is impaired. Remember what Rousseau says, *L'homme n'est jamais moins misérable que quand il paraît dépourvu de tout*. We specially wish to enjoin you to bring to the front all the faculties with which you are so richly endowed for good active work, and to take heart in the absolute certainty that we are around you all the time, and pour upon you the perfume of our sympathy, affection, and love.—ERNEST."

Both these experiences took place in full light.

A BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

SHEFFIELD.—Spiritualism is making great headway in this manufacturing town. The present meeting room (secretary, Mr. W. Hardy) is far too small. Last week five meetings were held, all of which were well attended. On Sunday last, Mrs. Yarwood lectured in the morning and evening.

A PRESENTIMENT FULFILLED.—Here is a remarkable story—this time of a presentiment of death—which may be commended to the ghost-hunting society of Psychical Researchers. Christopher Brooks, son of Professor Brooks, died last December at Baltimore, at the age of seventeen. Brooks, a strong and healthy youth, was taken ill when on the point of starting for a tour in Europe. After a time, however, he was able to go about; but, in spite of the apparent recovery, the boy maintained that he would have to die on the 3rd of December, at five o'clock, of heart disease, a friend of his, who had died a few months before, having warned him of this in a vision. Friends to whom he told this story ridiculed it as the morbid fancy of an invalid. On the morning of the fatal day the father of the youth, who was absent from home, remarked jestingly at breakfast that this was the day on which his son supposed he had to die. The son, in the meanwhile, rose as usual, ate a hearty breakfast, and remained cheerful and apparently well until about two o'clock, when he asked to be taken to his room, as he felt faint. At three o'clock he was a corpse, the prophecy thus having been fulfilled. The facts, it is said, can be easily verified. Professor Brooks, the father of the young man, is engaged in the Female College, Baltimore, Maryland, and the incident is said to have been the sensation of the town.—*Manchester Evening Mail*.

## PHASES OF MATERIALISATION.

## A CHAPTER OF RESEARCH

IN THE

## OBJECTIVE PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUALISM.

By "M.A. (OXON.)"

(Continued from page 72.)

II. Appearances of detached hands under special conditions which rendered the identification of them, as distinct from the hands of the medium, a matter of certainty.

## (b) IMPRESSION OR MOULD TAKEN.

Another method of obtaining moulds of hands is to provide a vessel of paraffin in a melted state, and another vessel of cold water. It has been found that the hands have been dipped into the melted paraffin, and that the thin glove so obtained has been left floating in the vessel of cold water. This has been done under conditions which seem good; and, though I am free to confess that I have seen some moulds which had evidently been manipulated fraudulently, I have seen others which presented no such appearance, and from which an ordinary human hand could not have been withdrawn without leaving traces of its exit in the widening of the wrist, and rupture or enlargement of the fingers. For, if such a mould can be shewn to extend sufficiently over the wrist, and if it has not been cut open and rejoined—an operation that leaves traces which are readily detected—then it may be accepted as reasonable evidence that the hand of which it is a mould or glove was withdrawn from it by dematerialisation, such as I have adduced cases of when these detached hands have been firmly grasped.

Such a case is recorded at length by Epes Sargent,\* Mrs. Hardy being the medium, and the conditions good.

"In January, 1876, I attended a sitting at the *Banner of Light* Office, Boston, at which Mrs. Mary M. Hardy sat for the moulding of spirit hands. I sat on the platform within three feet of her, and with no one between us. A pail of hot water, with a thin layer of melted paraffin floating on top of it, was brought on to the platform. Before Mrs. Hardy was a small pine table, formed of a simple plank with four slender posts for legs. Over this plank a cloth, reaching to the floor, was thrown by two gentlemen, well-known to me, and selected by the critical spectators to superintend the process; and then the pail was placed in the little dark chamber formed by the cloth under the table. . . . I sat and watched the whole external performance. In two or three minutes the cloth was thrown up, and on the floor, visible to all, lay two delicate gloves of paraffin, light as gossamer, perfect in every part, and indicating by the bend of the fingers and the part of the wrist attached, that for a human fleshly hand to have extricated itself from the glove, leaving it in that form, would have been difficult, if not impracticable."

I have now quoted such evidence as I consider sufficient to establish the fact that detached hands, in appearance like the human hand, though occasionally like a plaster cast of it, are produced, both when the medium is sitting in the circle and when he is secluded in a cabinet. I have shewn that these hands are of every variety and size, and that they are not in size, shape, and appearance like the hands of the medium. This has been demonstrated by the testimony of eyewitnesses, as well as by impressions of such hands in flour. Furthermore, moulds of such hands have been taken in paraffin under good conditions of test, which moulds demonstrably could not have been produced from an ordinary human hand by any known method. Once again, some of these fugitive hands present peculiarities of structure identifiable with malformed hands known to some observer and recognised by him as having belonged to some relation or friend.

There are still some noteworthy points to which I desire to direct attention.

1.—*Temperature.*

The temperature of these fugitive hands is very variable. In some cases they are of normal temperature, feeling like a hand of ordinary flesh and blood. I believe that there is no recorded case—certainly none within my own knowledge—in which they have been of fever temperature; although, from the abnormal excitability to which some mediums are liable, this might not have been unexpected. On the contrary, there are many recorded cases in which they are of icy coldness, chilly, or of an abnormal temperature. This corresponds to the abnormally white appearance of some, which present a look as though made of plaster of Paris.

I have collated various cases, and find that the temperature varies very considerably.

Adin Ballou\* records, Mrs. E. Wilcox the medium, that some hands were of normal temperature; others cold: "in a single instance the hand was absolutely cold to chilliness."

Dale Owen† relates that Mrs. Owen was touched "with what greatly resembled the touch of a human hand—soft, moderately warm, and a little moist."

Hiram Powers‡ says that on one occasion he was patted on the cheek by a little hand. "I took hold of it: it was warm."

I may here introduce a remarkable piece of testimony given by Colonel Olcott.§ Horatio Eddy was the medium, and the case seems a good and conclusive one of the passing a welded iron ring on to Colonel Olcott's arm. Incidentally we get some suggestive evidence as to the temperature both of the medium's body and of the fugitive hands:—

"When the ring test was about to be given, I was requested by the medium to take both his hands in mine and keep a firm hold. It must be remembered that, up to this moment, he had been grasping my bared left arm with his two hands. At the beginning of the séance his hands were very cold, but I noticed that they gradually grew warmer, until, just before the ring test, a shiver ran through his frame, a sudden chill passed into them, and they became icy cold. I never felt hands so cold before, except upon a corpse that had been laid in ice. Our hands crossed; my right holding his right, and his left my left. The iron ring used for the experiment *was then exhibited through the shawl by another hand*, so that all could see it, and then dropped upon the floor at my feet, striking it with a metallic sound, and rolling off the platform. After all who chose had had an opportunity to examine it, it was passed back, and taken behind the curtain by the detached hand. I then felt an arm and shoulder pressing against my back as I sat touching the edge of the table behind me, and the ring; and a cold hand that held it, touched the bare, warm skin of my left forearm. Another tremendous shock ran through the medium's body, and instantly the iron ring slid down from his arm over my right wrist, and hung there."

Dr. Peebles had a similar experience:—||

"Taking a seat forward of the cabinet to the right of Mr. Eddy, he tightly clasped with both his hands my bare arm. . . . The hand, which I both saw and felt distinctly, was cold, white and delicate, utterly unlike in shape and appearance that of Eddy's. . . . This hand and arm appearing the second time, there were upon the wrist amber-coloured beads. These I not only saw, but I felt, and heard them jingle. . . . The materialised hand also smoothed my hair, rang bells, and wrote upon cards before the eyes of both the circle and myself.

(Signed) "J. M. PEEBLES."

Zöllner says that in one of his experiments with Slade he covered and held fast with the palm of his left hand both Slade's hands. "With my right hand I seized the hand [that appeared below the table]. It had quite a living warmth, and returned my pressure heartily." Professor Hoffman was present.

Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., says that in his experience with

\* *Spiritualist*, March 31st, 1870.

† "Debatable Land," p. 307.  
§ Olcott, p. 259.

"Modern Spiritual Manifestations," p. 88.  
‡ *Spiritualist*, January 14th, 1876.  
Ibid. p. 308.

D. D. Home, "the hand sometimes appears icy cold, at others, warm and life-like."

Early, Mr. Livermore, in that most perfect piece of work to which I have so often referred, says, "I took each finger separately in my hand, and could discern no difference between it and a human hand, except in temperature: the spirit-hand being cold at first and growing warm."

I should expect to find this to be the fact on careful observation. The withdrawal of energy from the medium would most probably be at first imperfect, and would be more complete in good conditions. A cold hand would grow in warmth, i.e., in vitality, after a first attempt; and the pale, cold, plaster of Paris presentments would occur only under inadequate conditions when some cause or other (out of many) interfered with the full success of the experiment.

### 2.—Colour and Texture of Skin.

This varies as much as the temperature, ranging from the deathly white which I have mentioned to the natural appearance of the skin of a robust human being. But the prevalent appearance, so far as I have observed, is more wax-like, smooth, and unnaturally polished than ordinary flesh and blood. This is more particularly the case with faces, which often present a startling resemblance to the counterfeit presentments of Madame Tussaud, but it is also the case with the hands. "The skin," one observer records of Katie King, "was beautifully, I may say unnaturally, smooth, like wax or marble." This, however, is by no means applicable to that great hand, whether of Peter or John King, which raised me (and others) with a firm grip till it melted in my grasp at the ceiling. That was of a coarse texture, to all intents and purposes a *working hand*, quite like what a navy's might be, and quite unlike any then in the room. So of the brown skinny hand and arm that were stated to belong to one who had been in life an old Arabian. There the appearance was completely *vraisemblable*, and was absolutely unlike the hand of any of the three observers. The general impression none the less, left on my mind by these hands is of a waxen, smooth, and pinkish appearance.

### 3.—Shading away at the Wrist or Forearm.

A noteworthy point is the way in which these fugitive hands terminate. They do not usually present an appearance of being abruptly severed, as though cut off from a body. Rather they seem to shade away into mist, as though the atoms with which they are temporarily clothed became more rare, and finally were lost to the view of our human eyes. The materialisation, complete in respect of the hand, becomes incomplete in the arm, until our eyes can see it no more. Yet if we consider what is required to work the fugitive hand, what complete mechanism there must needs be attached to it, when for instance it grasps my hand and draws me up and up till I can go up no further, it becomes a question of surpassing wonder how the work is done. Where is the fulcrum? How is the energy communicated, the fingers moved, the force supplied? I have been grasped by such a hand with a force that bruised my joints. The muscular force was enormous. Yet, so far as my eyes could see, there was no arm and no body to which it could be attached.

The feminine hand is often terminated by a filmy edging of lace. This is repeatedly mentioned by Dr. Wolfe, and other observers. But, male or female, they seem to shade away at the wrist or forearm, as though the materialisation had not been continued.

(To be continued.)

THE LONDON SOCIETY FOR THE ABOLITION OF COMPULSORY VACCINATION, 114, VICTORIA-STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.—A monthly conference was held in the School-room, St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square, on Monday, February 18th, at 7.30, Dr. T. L. Nichols, F.A.S., in the chair, and at 8.30, a paper was read by Mr. G. B. Taylor, entitled: "Important Considerations on Compulsory Vaccination."

## A MUSICAL SEANCE.

The following is condensed from a letter quoted by the *Revue Spirite*, from *Mind and Matter* :—

"I have just returned from a long stay in Europe, where I visited the best known mediums with less conviction of spirit-action than I have had here. On my return to Philadelphia, I heard much of the musical séances of Mr. J. Shepard; I went, and hope you will permit me to relate my impressions of one I have just come from.

"The circle being formed, the medium, J. Shepard, seated himself at the piano, and the lights were extinguished. Immediately I felt a breeze on my face as if caused by the motion of a large fan; then came sounds as if from a guitar, circulating over the heads of the circle; it played the tune of 'There is a happy land,' the medium joined with the piano, and some of the circle sang the words.

"After this the medium played a fantasia on the piano, the composition and harmony being equal to any of Donizetti's. The guitar, again circulating over our heads, was joined by some other harp-like instrument, both being in accord with the piano under the medium's hands. The circulating instruments paused in front of me several times, enabling me to observe that their play was precise and elegant.

"Voices then addressed various persons in the circle. One voice spoke to me by name, and gave me the names of several of my relations deceased. I was a stranger in the house and to all present.

"Then a voice announced an 'Egyptian March.' While it was playing, the large room seemed to vibrate. At no concert in Europe did I hear any play like it for grasp and force.

"Following this came a piece sung by two, said by the medium to be the spirits of Madame Bozio and Signor Lablache; be that as it may, it transcended in method, power of voice, and finish of style, anything I had heard in any of the great lyrical theatres of Europe.

"The séance was a wonder to me from beginning to end.

"W. H. BARCLAY, M.D.

"605, Seventh-street, Philadelphia.

"November 5th, 1883."

CONTINENTAL SPIRITISTS.—Our task is to overcome the materialistic and atheistic indifference or predilection of Governments; clerical antagonisms; the opposition of scientific bodies, incrustated in their special orthodoxies; and a sceptical, sneering journalism, sometimes calumnious or insulting, and seldom conceding to us the right of reply.—*Moniteur Spirite et Magnétique*.

UNCONSCIOUS MEDIUMSHIP.—Of the Russian writer, recently deceased, Ivan Tourguereff, so celebrated in his own country, his most intimate friend thus writes:—"He never wrote except in obedience to interior impulsion. He would dimly see, with his mind's eye, a figure or group of figures haunting him, on and off, for weeks or months; in vain might he try to free himself from such visions: gradually the figures would shew themselves distinctly, speak to him more and more intelligibly, and tell him their history and aspirations. How often I have been with him when, under these influences, he has exclaimed 'I must write'; and what he wrote was without hesitation or afterthought."—*Licht mehr Licht*.

NOTTINGHAM.—Last Sunday the guides of Mrs. Harvey, late of Bedworth, delivered two excellent addresses in the Lecture Room of the Morley Club, Shakespeare-street. The subject of the evening discourse was, "If the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Beautiful and graphic descriptions were given of entrance into spirit life, of various phases of spiritual existence, and of the bright homes of those who have lived a true life here. The possibility was shewn of living by Divine assistance such holy lives as to be fitted for the higher spheres of spirit existence, and to enter into the felicity of those blessed states immediately on passing away from this life. The discourse concluded with an earnest exhortation to live such holy lives here as to be the means of doing good, and to be in such a state of harmony with the angelic world as to rise at once into the bliss and happiness of those who are accounted worthy, when passing away. It was announced that Mrs. Barnes—who has partially recovered from her long illness—would be the medium next Sunday.—*Corr.*

MRS. HARDINGE BRITTEN will lecture in Liverpool the first and third Sundays of March; in Bradford, March 9th and 10th; Rochdale, March 23rd; Newcastle, March 30th and 31st; and Manchester, April 6th. Also on a few week evenings prior to her departure for America.

## TESTIMONY TO PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

The following is a list of eminent persons who, after personal investigation, have satisfied themselves of the reality of some of the phenomena generally known as Psychical or Spiritualistic.

N.B.—An asterisk is prefixed to those who have exchanged belief for knowledge.

SCIENCE.—The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, F.R.S., President R.A.S.; W. Crookes Fellow and Gold Medallist of the Royal Society; \*C. Varley, F.R.S., C.E.; A. R. Wallace, the eminent Naturalist; W. F. Barrett, F.R.S.E., Professor of Physics in the Royal College of Science, Dublin; Dr. Lockhart Robertson; \*Dr. J. Elliotson, F.R.S., sometime President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London; \*Professor de Morgan, sometime President of the Mathematical Society of London; \*Dr. Wm. Gregory, F.R.S.E., sometime Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh; \*Dr. Ashburner, \*Mr. Rutter, \*Dr. Herbert Mayo, F.R.S., &c., &c.

\*Professor F. Zöllner, of Leipzig, author of "Transcendental Physics," &c.; Professors G. T. Fechner, Scheibner, and J. H. Fichte, of Leipzig; Professor W. E. Weber, of Göttingen; Professor Hoffman, of Würzburg; Professor Perty, of Berne; Professors Wagner and Butleroff, of Petersburg; Professors Hare and Mapes, of U.S.A.; \*Dr. Robert Friese, of Breslau; Mons. Camille Flammarion, Astronomer, &c., &c.

LITERATURE.—The Earl of Dunraven; T. A. Trollope; S. C. Hall; Gerald Massey; Captain R. Burton; Professor Cassal, LL.D.; \*Lord Brougham; \*Lord Lytton; \*Lord Lyndhurst; \*Archbishop Whately; \*Dr. R. Chambers, F.R.S.E.; \*W. M. Thackeray; \*Nassau Senior; \*George Thompson; \*W. Howitt; \*Serjeant Cox; \*Mrs. Browning, Hon. Roden Noel, &c., &c.

Bishop Clarke, Rhode Island, U.S.A.; Darius Lyman, U.S.A.; \*Professor W. Denton; Professor Alex. Wilder; Professor Hiram Corson; Professor George Bush; and twenty-four Judges and ex-Judges of the U.S. Courts; Victor Hugo; Baron and Baroness von Vay; \*W. Lloyd Garrison, U.S.A.; \*Hon. R. Dale Owen, U.S.A.; \*Hon. J. W. Edmonds, U.S.A.; \*Epes Sargent; \*Baron du Potet; \*Count A. de Gasparin; \*Baron L. de Guldenstübbe, &c., &c.

SOCIAL POSITION.—H. I. H. Nicholas, Duke of Leuchtenberg; H. S. H. the Prince of Solms; H. S. H. Prince Albrecht of Solms; \*H. S. H. Prince Emile of Sayn Wittgenstein; The Countess of Caithness; Hon. Alexander Aksakof, Imperial Councillor of Russia; the Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan, sometime Minister of U.S.A. at the Court of Lisbon; M. Favre-Clavaire, late Consul-General of France at Trieste; the late Emperors of \*Russia and \*France; Presidents \*Thiers, and \*Lincoln, &c., &c.

## Is it Conjuring?

It is sometimes confidently alleged that mediums are only clever conjurers, who easily deceive the simple-minded and unwary. But how, then, about the conjurers themselves, some of the most accomplished of whom have declared that the "manifestations" are utterly beyond the resources of their art?—

ROBERT HOUDIN, the great French conjurer, investigated the subject of clairvoyance with the sensitive, Alexis Didier. In the result he unreservedly admitted that what he had observed was wholly beyond the resources of his art to explain. See "Psychische Studien" for January, 1878, p. 43.

PROFESSOR JACOBS, writing to the editor of *Licht, Mehr Licht*, April 10th, 1881, in reference to phenomena which occurred in Paris through the Brothers Davenport, said:—"As a Prestidigitator of repute, and a sincere Spiritualist, I affirm that the medianimic facts demonstrated by the two brothers were absolutely true, and belonged to the Spiritualistic order of things in every respect. Messrs. Robin and Robert Houdin, when attempting to imitate these said facts, never presented to the public anything beyond an infantine and almost grotesque parody of the said phenomena, and it would be only ignorant and obstinate persons who could regard the questions seriously as set forth by these gentlemen. . . . Following the data of the learned chemist and natural philosopher, Mr. W. Crookes, of London, I am now in a position to prove plainly, and by purely scientific methods, the existence of a 'psychic force' in mesmerism, and also 'the individuality of the spirit' in Spiritual manifestation."

SAMUEL BELLACHINI, COURT CONJURER AT BERLIN.—I hereby declare it to be a rash action to give decisive judgment upon the objective medial performance of the American medium, Mr. Henry Slade, after only one sitting and the observations so made. After I had, at the wish of several highly esteemed gentlemen of rank and position, and also for my own interest, tested the physical mediumship of Mr. Slade, in a series of sittings by full daylight, as well as in the evening in his bedroom, I must, for the sake of truth, hereby certify that the phenomenal occurrences with Mr. Slade have been thoroughly examined by me with the minutest observation and investigation of his surroundings, including the table, and that I have *not* in the smallest degree found anything to be produced by means of prestidigitative manifestations, or by mechanical apparatus; and that any explanation of the experiments which took place under the circumstances and conditions then obtaining by any reference to prestidigitation is absolutely impossible. It must rest with such men of science as Crookes and Wallace, in London; Perty, in Berne, Butleroff, in St. Petersburg; to search for the explanation of this phenomenal power, and to prove its reality. I declare, moreover, the published opinions of laymen as to the "How" of this subject to be premature, and, according to my view and experience, false and one-sided. This, my declaration, is signed and executed before a Notary and witnesses.—(Signed) SAMUEL BELLACHINI, Berlin, December 6th, 1877.

## ADVICE TO INQUIRERS.

## The Conduct of Circles.—By M.A. (Oxon.)

If you wish to see whether Spiritualism is really only jugglery and imposture, try it by personal experiment.

If you can get an introduction to some experienced Spiritualist, on whose good faith you can rely, ask him for advice; and, if he is holding private circles, seek permission to attend one to see how to conduct séances, and what to expect.

There is, however, difficulty in obtaining access to private circles, and, in any case, you must rely chiefly on experiences in your own family circle, or amongst your own friends, all strangers being excluded. The bulk of Spiritualists have gained conviction thus.

Form a circle of from four to eight persons, half, or at least two, of negative, passive temperament, and preferably of the female sex; the rest of a more positive type.

Sit, positive and negative alternately, secure against disturbance, in subdued light, and in comfortable and unconstrained positions, round an uncovered table of convenient size. Place the palms of the hands flat upon its upper surface. The hands of each sitter need not touch those of his neighbour, though the practice is frequently adopted.

Do not concentrate attention too fixedly on the expected manifestations. Engage in cheerful but not frivolous conversation. Avoid dispute or argument. Scepticism has no deterrent effect, but a bitter spirit of opposition in a person of determined will may totally stop or decidedly impede manifestations. If conversation flags, music is a great help, if it be agreeable to all, and not of a kind to irritate the sensitive ear. Patience is essential; and it may be necessary to meet ten or twelve times, at short intervals, before anything occurs. If after such trial you still fail, form a fresh circle. Guess at the reason of your failure, eliminate the inharmonious elements, and introduce others. An hour should be the limit of an unsuccessful séance.

The first indications of success usually are a cool breeze passing over the hands, with involuntary twitching of the hands and arms of some of the sitters, and a sensation of throbbing in the table. These indications, at first so slight as to cause doubt as to their reality, will usually develop with more or less rapidity.

If the table moves, let your pressure be so gentle on its surface that you are sure you are not aiding its motions. After some time you will probably find that the movement will continue if your hands are held over but not in contact with it. Do not, however, try this until the movement is assured, and be in no hurry to get messages.

When you think that the time has come, let some one take command of the circle and act as spokesman. Explain to the unseen Intelligence that an agreed code of signals is desirable, and ask that a tilt may be given as the alphabet is slowly repeated at the several letters which form the word that the Intelligence wishes to spell. It is convenient to use a single tilt for No, three for Yes, and two to express doubt or uncertainty.

When a satisfactory communication has been established, ask if you are rightly placed, and if not, what order you should take. After this, ask who the Intelligence purports to be, which of the company is the medium, and such relevant questions. If confusion occurs, ascribe it to the difficulty that exists in directing the movements at first with exactitude. Patience will remedy this, if there be a real desire on the part of the Intelligence to speak with you. If you only satisfy yourself at first that it is possible to speak with an Intelligence separate from that of any person present, you will have gained much.

The signals may take the form of raps. If so, use the same code of signals, and ask as the raps become clear that they may be made on the table, or in a part of the room where they are demonstrably not produced by any natural means, but avoid any vexatious imposition of restrictions on free communication. Let the Intelligence use its own means; if the attempt to communicate deserves your attention, it probably has something to say to you, and will resent being hampered by useless interference. It rests greatly with the sitters to make the manifestations elevating or frivolous, and even tricky.

Should an attempt be made to entrance the medium, or to manifest by any violent methods, or by means of form-manifestations, ask that the attempt may be deferred till you can secure the presence of some experienced Spiritualist. If this request is not heeded, discontinue the sitting. The process of developing a trance-medium is one that might disconcert an inexperienced inquirer. Increased light will check noisy manifestations.

Lastly—Try the results you get by the light of Reason. Maintain a level head and a clear judgment. Do not believe everything you are told, for though the great unseen world contains many a wise and discerning Spirit, it also has in it the accumulation of human folly, vanity, and error; and this lies nearer to the surface than that which is wise and good. Distrust the free use of great names. Never for a moment abandon the use of your Reason. Do not enter into a very solemn investigation in a spirit of idle curiosity or frivolity. Cultivate a reverent desire for what is pure, good, and true. You will be repaid if you gain only a well-grounded conviction that there is a life after death, for which a pure and good life before death is the best and wisest preparation.

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