

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE HISTORY, PHENOMENA, PHILOSOPHY, AND TEACHINGS OF
SPIRITUALISM.

No. 33.]

LONDON, NOVEMBER 18, 1870.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE BRADFORD MEDIUMS.

Mediumship in all instances is found to prevail more in certain districts than in others. This has been repeatedly pointed out by writers both in this country and America. John Jones, in his "Natural and Supernatural," refers to this fact, and accounts for it as proceeding from the geological formations which exist in certain parts. One thing we know—the hills and dales of the West Riding of Yorkshire are swarming with mediums, while we never heard of one from the flat country in the East Riding. Beginning at Keighley, and going down Airedale to Shipley, then to Bradford, Halifax, and across to Wakefield, and, further south, to the villages on both sides of Huddersfield, mediums abound. In the region thus indicated there must be thousands of Spiritualists and hundreds of mediums. It would be a difficult task to find them all out and investigate their peculiar merits. The Yorkshire medium is not a person who courts applause and popularity, but, on the contrary, rather shrinks from the gaze of the stranger, especially if he be a Londoner. When once their acquaintance is made, and a feeling of confidence established, there are no persons more candid, sincere, and affectionate than the people of the West Riding, be they mediums or not. Hundreds, however, exercise the gift of mediumship in a wonderful degree, and the fact is not known beyond the narrow circle of their acquaintances. We never knew a Yorkshire medium to consider himself famous all at once, and forthwith pen his own experiences for the coming issue of the *Spiritual Luminary*. Many of these good people rather see no use in reading the Spiritual papers, as they say the spirits can tell them better than they can read. These mediums wait till they are wanted before they introduce themselves, and court usefulness rather than fame. There are hundreds of cases of the cure of diseases performed by mediums, even children, quite as wonderful as the instances we have given during this last summer, and yet they are unrecorded, except in the grateful memories of the participants.

One of the most successful healing mediums at present in practice in Bowling, near Bradford, is Mary Ann Illingworth. She is, curious to say, a strongly-built woman, and the last person one would have supposed to be the subject of spirit-influence. She is largely developed in the intellect—especially the reflective and inspirational faculties—but is entirely uneducated. The spirits have, however, done much for her, and it is quite a treat to talk with her, and have her genuine thoughts and experiences—not the *débris* of books and theories. Such minds have an independent spiritual philosophy of their own; and the wonderful corroboration and harmony which exist amongst these individual investigators go a long way to prove the truthfulness of the general views regarding spirit-life and action as held by Spiritualists. This lady is frequently entranced, and, under the influence of Dr. Hardacre, prescribes for diseases with marked success. She has been the means of curing many individuals who had been given up by the medical men of the town. She also delivers addresses in the trance-state.

Thomas Tate is a tall, able man. His head is high, and fully developed in the moral region. He is an intelligent, independent, lofty-minded man. At one time he was very sceptical on the subject of Spiritualism. His wife was a medium, and he used to scrutinise her conduct thoroughly, even to put her on her oath as to whether she was really influenced, as she appeared to be, by an intelligence not her own. This was not the kind of man to be deceived or led astray, but the spirits took a ready means of convincing him. They controlled him so powerfully that he was under their influence almost continually. He became developed as a healing medium by the laying on of hands, and in the middle of the night the spirits have sent him long distances to relieve suffering of which he did not know the existence. He also speaks in various ancient languages—Hebrew, ancient Greek, and cognate tongues. These facts have been tested by competent scholars. We heard him talk for hours. The words are well articulated, and the peculiarities of the various tongues used differ very much. The inflections of the Greek are very plainly discernible, and after he

returns to speak in his own language he yet retains the accent of the controlling spirit, and even speaks in broken English, substituting the letter "s" for "th." For hours he is entirely unconscious, and talks away, sometimes in poetry, and at other times as if in conversation with someone. He is often under influence during the day at his work (a carpenter), and he says he can do double work in that condition. He tells of a large piece of wood, twenty feet long, twelve inches broad, and eight inches deep, that he raised in an unaccountable manner when under this influence. The spirits purport to be Moses and Apostolic spirits, of which we cannot judge, but if the languages are as stated, there is great probability that spirits of that age do control him. He had resolved not to attend our lectures, but the spirits made him go, and he was much pleased with the remarks on New Testament Spiritualism. If it were not a personal question, we could tell our readers what he said about the spirits which were understood to control our operations in that respect. While under the influence, we showed him the spirit-paintings done by D. Duguid, Glasgow. He indicated in broken English that the spirit of the Persian had followed us from Glasgow, and would proceed to London. The controlling spirit could see the Persian and converse with him, and gave his name as *Shunnook Casho Pashio*. When he was under influence on another occasion, we again showed him the painting, and he at once recognised it by the same name.

Mrs. Smith, our kind hostess, was also entranced, and in English stated that much information was to be given to the world in due course, and that, as soon as the proper time arrived, the instrumentalities now in preparation would commence the work that is now in store for them. Mrs. Smith is a very good trance-medium.

We have already exceeded the space at our command, and we have scarcely begun to speak of the Bradford mediums. There is a vast number of one grade of development. They pass into the trance and reiterate the same stereotyped phrases. It generally begins, "There is a good evening to you, children of this earth," &c., &c., and ends without anything definite being spoken. In some bigoted circles the most execrable theological nonsense is uttered by the entranced mediums, and the faculty generally is exhibited in the lowest form of cultivation. Those with whom we came in contact are bent on progress, and with care may improve to very useful functions.

We met with a lady whose faculty is in a very interesting condition. All at once she will be entranced, and commence to talk forcibly in a strange language; but she cannot speak English in that state. Sometimes, however, the spirits whisper to her inner ear, and explain the nature of their communications. We were making some remarks on her phrenological developments. All at once she broke out into a torrent of remarks on the subject in an unknown language, pointing to various parts of her head at the same time. These actions were entirely involuntary, and she was unconscious of her surroundings while the influence was on her. When we spoke of "Tune," she burst out into a song; and when we referred to the faculty of "Imitation," she gave a dramatic recitation, in which several distinct voices took part. We did not understand a word that was said. Her father was a seafaring man and could speak several languages, and it is understood that he controls her frequently.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.—A gentleman writes—"To the edge of a small table we screw a piece of wood, with a cork on the end of it at the under side, projecting from the table something like a tooth-brush. T. and I put our hands on the table, and it moves over to the piano, and after gently moving to and fro among the notes, makes vigorous efforts to play tunes, beating with the cork as with a finger. Neither T. nor I know a note of music. His brother, eleven years old, when asleep fingers the notes nimbly, but cannot do so when in a normal state. He also played a tune on the concertina, though it was the first time he had ever handled one."

FIFTY POUNDS is offered for information respecting a missing lady. Can any of our clairvoyants win the prize? Some particulars may be learned at our office.

MRS. MOLIERE'S MEDIUMSHIP.—MOSES OUT OF
THE BULRUSHES.

(From the "Present Age.")

"I was wrong," is generally a hard thing to say.

"Convince a man against his will,
And he's of the same opinion still."

Not so, however, in this case. If in all the errors and mistakes of my life (and they are numerous) I could find matters terminate as much better than I expected as in this case, I should be a happy man. "A burned child dreads the fire." I assure all that I have been burned until I continually watch for fire, and sometimes see it where it has no existence. Horses have been known, while shying from a hole on one side of a bridge, to run into one on the other.

What do all these *quaint* sayings mean? asks the reader. Well, I am now ready to tell.

It will be remembered by all who were present at the recent meeting of the American Spiritualist Association, that there occurred what many pronounced, and I now believe to be, a wonderful spirit-manifestation. Mrs. Moliere, a lady from Toledo, Ohio, went to the rostrum, and holding up her bare arm before the audience, the name of Henry C. Wright and that of a daughter of Senator Wait came in raised letters on the arm. At that time I said I saw no test in the manifestation, as there was no evidence of its having a spiritual origin, and a further looking after it so far confirmed my suspicions as to cause me to publicly pronounce the manifestation a humbug, and denounce the effort to palm it off as of spiritual origin as an attempt to deceive the credulous. I then proposed that a manifestation be given under test conditions, and the effort was made, but, owing to our failure to comply with suitable conditions governing such manifestations, the effort failed. This of course gave a new impetus to my infidelity, and I was then perfectly sure the lady was an impostor. Yet for a fortnight her last words to me rang in my ears: "If you will come to Toledo and investigate this matter, I will pay your expenses." These words did not sound like those of an impostor anxious to avoid detection. I finally decided to go, and go I did. I was not a little surprised to receive so hearty a welcome when I got to her house, for I had really supposed that her offer must be *ad captandum*. I was made at home, my carpet-bag was brought from the hotel, and I was made to feel as comfortable as an honest man could in the presence of one whom he believed to be one of the most unmitigated humbugs in the world. All who wanted sittings were turned "empty away," being requested to call the next day, as the medium now had an important job on hand.

The medium rolled up her sleeves and we sat down, I holding her hands to prevent her writing, and thus we waited for communications to be written upon her arms. Two hours "dragged their slow lengths along," and no manifestation. The lady felt terribly; she could not now blame me for thinking her mountebank; yet as I saw her sincerity my suspicions began to loose their grasp, and finally a small indescribable mark came on her arm. "There," said I, "I know you did not do that." It was enough. That gave her or the spirits confidence, and in a moment her arms, hands, shoulders, neck, and face were completely covered with names, pictures, emblems, communications, and tests. I was of course happily surprised, *confounded, converted*. I then mentally said: "Now let a test be written on the back of her neck, where she cannot see it; Henry C. Wright, please write your name." Presently she said: "I feel them writing on the back of my neck." I looked, expecting to find the name I had asked for, but did not. Instead of that, I found pictured out what I doubt whether she or any other lady ever saw, *i.e.*, the "sign of an Odd Fellow." This was to me more convincing than if my request had been granted. They were the last manifestations until a Mr. Norris, an acquaintance of hers, came in—a gentleman who, by the way, is not a Spiritualist. His own words were: "I had supposed she had a good thing in the humbug line and she had better keep it up; the world demands humbugging, and she may as well do it as anyone else." I had not yet recognised Mr. Norris as a brother Odd Fellow when some of the emblems began to come out on her arms. Finally, in our presence, on her neck and shoulders were printed many signs and emblems never seen outside of an Odd Fellows' lodge-room. My departed personal friends, many of them, signed their names and gave other tests in their own handwriting.

Yes, Mrs. Moliere, whom I denounced as being a mountebank, is a genuine medium; a better one cannot easily be found. I am happy to be able to publicly take back my uncharitable denunciations. I am not sorry I made them, though they were unjust and brought many severe pangs to an already overburdened heart, for I believe they will lead to such a scrutiny and vindication of her mediumship as she never could have had. My own hands shall take off the heavy yoke and undo the heavy burden I have laid upon her.

In conclusion, let me say, after our investigations were over, and she found that I was convinced that she was an instrument in the hands of angels, she took her pocket-book and tried to urge upon me the money to pay my expenses. No, I had but done my duty. I had gone to this expense, and proved my charges false. I was happier for the proof, and, I hope, made wise enough to never allow myself to indulge, much less express, a suspicion again until I know that it is true.

While it is our duty, for the sake of our spiritual religion, to expose those who are using its fair name as a cloak for deception, our paramount duty is to defend those the angels have chosen as vehicles through which to convey us evidences that our friends still live and love us.

Will all the Spiritualist papers please copy this? at least enough of it to let the world know that I now see and design to correct my mistake.

As ever in the cause,

MOSES HULL.

KEIGHLEY.—Joseph Tillotson, the devoted secretary of the Spiritual Brotherhood Lyceum, says that their new institution is already too little for the Sunday evening meetings. The Children's Lyceum is increasing very fast. A series of readings and musical evenings will commence on the 19th instant. No charge is to be made for admittance, but voluntary offerings will be received towards the Lyceum funds. A supply of pretty fair orators is expected to result from the Lyceum teaching in due time.

J. PITT.—Too late; another report was in type.

AT A DARK SEANCE.

[BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.]

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Entering that exceedingly go-ahead establishment on Monday evening, we found Mr. Burns at the receipt of custom, and florins dropping liberally in. Two individuals had preceded us, and Mr. Burns was engaged in urging them with some earnestness not to invest their money without clearly understanding that he could not guarantee results. "You may sit the whole evening without a table moving," he said, "or, on the other hand, you may get great results." This was fair enough; and, after some hesitation, the strangers paid the requisite florin, mounted to the first-floor front along with us, and left the common world behind them. Some fourteen or fifteen people, of all ages and both sexes, were already shivering in the drawing-room, for the fires as well as gas have to be extinguished in order to procure the rayless darkness essential to spirit-manifestations. We looked like a party of conspirators gathering, by the dim light of one gas-burner, over the large table, and most of us beguiled the time in examining the arrangements of the spiritual arena. The windows were closely blocked with American cloth, which had the effect of deadening sound as well as excluding light. In fact, we felt in a very Hades, and the new-comers betrayed no little nervousness at the strange position in which they found themselves placed. On the arrival of the medium we took our seats round an oval table, extinguished the light, and waited for results. We had not long to exercise our patience. The circle was declared to be an harmonious one, and the more clairvoyant of its constituents began to see "spirit-lights," occasionally of a red colour, which, we were told, indicated "strength." We ordinary mortals saw nothing of this, but were first made aware of spiritual presence by insensate gyrations of the table, which finally tilted over, and, in obedience to the laws of gravitation, and without regard to the toes of the semi-circle, came down with a bump. All being set square, or rather all having formed a circle again, we were regaled with the sound of the "spirit-voice." The tube was taken from the table, and appeared to be floating about over our heads, whilst muffled sounds of a man's voice, talking in a very affected way, were heard to proceed from it. The effect was curious enough. At one time the sound seemed close to one's ear; at another, on the opposite side of the table; and then, again, quite up in the ceiling. The initiated recognised the voice as being that of "Hal;" and we were astounded to find ourselves in the reputed presence of "Bluff King Hal," England's Henry VIII. himself. On learning this fact, one of the strangers displayed considerable anxiety as to the deceased monarch's present condition, but was told by the voice to "shut up." The subject was, in fact, a delicate one; and, on being unduly pressed, the voice followed its own advice, and "shut up," the initiated declaring that his Majesty had gone. After some little delay, a sensation was produced by the well-known accents of "John King," the familiar of the Marshalls, being heard. John came over to our side of the house and addressed me individually with the words, "Well, Mr. —, how about *The Daily Telegraph*?"—though I had carefully avoided hinting at any intention of reporting the proceedings. Finally, John declared his leave had expired; and a spirit with a husky voice, which sounded as though the fog had got down his throat, succeeded. There was not much to be got out of this *parti*, but his presence seemed to cause considerable distress to the medium, who was, indeed, very nervous during the whole of the proceedings, and had to be continually addressed by the lady who presided as, "You foolish boy, be quiet!" The last of the spiritual levée was a Jewish gentleman, who favoured us with a few words in the conventional accent, slightly overdone. "Bluff King Hal" also looked in again, as it seemed *en passant*, and then nothing would induce further manifestations.

A "dark seance" is certainly not satisfactory. It is difficult to assign limits to what might be done, given perfect darkness and utter silence. There were one or two instances of what looked remarkably like thought-reading, and which would require considerable adaptation to reduce them within the limits of clever guessing or coincidence. After leaving a very wide margin for collusion or delusion in these matters, there is much that remains unexplained. That we for one moment realised the idea of talking with spirits, still less that we ventured to identify the

Soft rebukes in blessings ended,
Breathing from those lips of air,

will scarcely be suspected. Taking the matter on the lowest ground of clever ventriloquism and shrewd thought-reading, *plus* something that will persistently refuse to be explained by either of these solutions, the seeker after a novel sensation may do worse than invest a florin at the Progressive Library on a Monday evening. If the truth is to be discovered, it can only be by thorough ventilation; and the Spiritualists have been up to this time somewhat shy of admitting outsiders to their dark seances. They now, however, throw open their doors to every one who comes provided with the moderate passport of two shillings. We strongly recommend any persons who so present themselves to refrain from expressing any adverse opinion at the outset. Let them hear all they can—they can see nothing—and then pronounce themselves. It is unfortunate that visitors generally go with a decided prejudice, *pro* or *con.*, and commence by announcing such prejudice. Let the investigator be content to do what is really all the Spiritualists ask—sit it out in silence—and if there be a trick involved, surely there are clever people in London to find it out. To announce an intention of doing so, however, is to put the practitioners on the *qui vive*, and so unintentionally to aid the proceedings.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—I am still prosecuting my home study of Spiritualism, and I am happy to say with the most satisfactory results. Most striking phenomena are presented at every sitting through the mediumship of Mrs. Collier, and many interesting particulars elicited. We find that the seeing faculty assists us very much, saving as it does an immense amount of trouble in the identification of the spirits, and giving us better opportunities for judging as to the correctness of the messages. Mrs. Collier is now so far developed that we can rely upon manifestations even at impromptu sittings. I mean by this, that no preparation or arrangement is

at all necessary, but by a simple suspension of what we are engaged in we are enabled to hold converse with our invisible attendants. Our sittings are amongst the liveliest enjoyments we have; and, surrounded as we have been with trouble, loss, and disappointment, this sweet and pleasant intercourse with happy souls who have crossed the river constitutes a dear privilege which we would on no account part with. Perhaps a few notes of our sittings would be interesting. We have not yet been favoured with direct writing and speaking—our valued medium, Mrs. Everitt, has; but we hope, by patience, and calm, reverent reliance on the higher spirits, to attain even to this development. Physical phenomena we always get, but Mrs. Collier appears to develop more rapidly as a writing and seeing medium—sometimes her descriptions of spirits are most vivid, enabling those sitting easily to recognise their friends or relations. Here, then, are a few notes:—

1st. Impatience in the sitters or excitement of the medium greatly retards the manifestations, and often entirely prevents any good result.

2nd. The faculty of discernment comes readily by practice and continued intercourse with the spirits.

3rd. It would be unwise to allow any spirit-communication to stop an act commended to us by reason and common sense.

4th. Little dependence is to be placed on some of the spirits. Many come with a purpose to deceive; some have only physical force to recommend them, and are destitute of even the shadow of intellect; others, again, evidence surpassing intelligence.

Here are two messages bearing on current events, written by spirit-influence through Mrs. Collier:—

"It is useless for France to struggle. It is written, the Celtic element must be absorbed into or amalgamated with the Teutonic. King William has only taken the initiative in a mighty onward march—successive rulers will continue what he has begun, and the Celts that will not unite will be swept away; and from the remnant, grafted on to the strong, firm, enduring Saxon, will spring a people that shall make France 'La Belle France' indeed."

Again, in answer to the question, "Do you foreknow events?" the spirit-influence wrote:—

"We do not foreknow, but calculate chances with accuracy; and I, having a perfect knowledge of modern languages, could be present at both the French and German councils—could participate in their most secret conclaves. Moreover, there are higher intelligences who impress me in a similar manner as you are impressed. With our facilities for seeing, hearing, and inferring, the conclusions we arrive at are almost prophetic.—Albert."

Now, Sir, I give these messages without comment: readers may form their own judgments thereon. In the writing of these messages, as with scores received in like manner, the hand is impelled by an unseen force; sometimes, indeed, the medium arm and hand are entirely stiffened and cold, and the pencil so convulsively clasped as to necessitate a demesmerising process to loosen the hold. The writing, too, is involuntary and impromptu, without any premeditation—sometimes shaping itself into verse, when the rhyme and rhythmical motion are always found to be perfect. I will venture next week to hand you some of our spirit-poetry. The manner of writing is described as most pleasant; and Mrs. Collier finds it far easier, on all occasions, to transcribe the thoughts of others than to ransack her own brain for ideas. In thus writing, I am sensible that much that I have said is "stale news" to experienced Spiritualists; but I feel confident that those who already know these things will bear with their repetition for the sake of the thousands who do not know.

With an earnest desire to further the cause of Spiritualism, I am yours truly,
JOHN COLLIER.
London, W.

SEANCE AT MRS. GUPPY'S.

I was present at a seance on the afternoon of yesterday, the 10th inst., at Mrs. Guppy's own house, where the spirits, after having requested us to wish for something, brought a quantity of freshly-gathered violets, mignonette, geranium leaves, and fern leaves, all wet with rain. There were other manifestations, in which were given decisive tests of Miss Neyland's clairvoyant powers. I only mention this seance for the purpose of stating that after it was over, while we were chatting, I regretted that I had not fulfilled a previous resolution, which was, when the spirits should desire me to wish for something, to ask them to bring me a stone, for, not being a perishable article, I could always keep it, adding that their bringing it to me would make it a *precious* stone.

I have just returned from another seance at her house, which has been the most extraordinary I have ever attended. Mrs. Chevalier and a lady friend of hers were the only visitors besides myself, and we went down to the sitting-room with the intention of having tea, but Mrs. Guppy had just heard some powerful raps, and desired that we should not have tea before the seance; so we walked up again into the room where it was to take place, and Mrs. Chevalier's friend, who had never before been at any seance, was requested by Mrs. Guppy to make a strict examination, which she did most thoroughly, finding nothing but the simple furniture of table, chairs, sofa, and piano. The door was then locked, and the key given into her possession. On the table were some sheets of paper, a pencil, a tambourine, and a bell, and the circle consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Guppy, Miss Neyland, the two ladies I have mentioned, and myself. The gas was turned out, and when we had united in saying the Lord's Prayer, our invisible friends made an affirmative signal at the conclusion, to imply that they also had joined with us. The alphabet was then asked for, and they spelled out the message—"We will bring you a precious stone," which led to my repeating yesterday's conversation; and after a short time Mrs. Guppy said, "They are trying to move my hand round, so as to turn the palm upwards;" and then she added,

"Here is something small; am I to give it to Miss Houghton?" "Yes," was the reply. When I had received it we wished to light the candle, which they negatived, but allowed me to tie the small article into the corner of my handkerchief. We were then desired to hold hands all round; the tambourine was then played rather noisily, being carried to different parts of the room, over our heads. Something cold was now placed on my hand, which felt like a saucer, and we gradually heard unmistakable sounds of crockery, the table being all the time in considerable motion. Mrs. Guppy began to fear that they had brought her best tea-service, which had been laid out in the lower room in readiness for the repast, but our request for a light was again refused, and the clatter of cups and saucers became still stronger, and we each felt something thrown into our laps, but we continued to obey the injunction not to unclasp hands, and at length received the welcome permission to have a light, when we found that to each of us had been given a table-napkin, another being spread on the table, upon which were seven cups and saucers (not those she calls her spiritual ones, from having been the gift of a Spiritualist friend), with teaspoons, six small plates, a larger one (empty) for bread-and-butter, a jug of milk, a glass sugar-basin containing sugar, with sugar-tongs, and some biscuits. After we had investigated all, and remarked that the tea only was wanting, we were desired to extinguish the light, and almost immediately Miss Neyland made a sudden exclamation that something had burned her, so we begged leave to light the candle, which was at once granted, and lo! there was the teapot, containing some very strong tea, and the no longer empty plate had in it a portion of the cake of which we had partaken the evening before, and a knife to cut it. Of course we had our tea, and enjoyed it. I then examined my gift, which was a beautiful ruby, rather larger than one for which I had given £3 about five years ago, and also more exquisite in colour, so that my stone is literally precious. When we were again in darkness, Miss Neyland distinguished some of my spirit-relatives, also Mrs. Chevalier's little girl, and others belonging to her. We were tenderly touched by the loving fingers of those so dear to us, Mrs. Chevalier feeling her child's hand very distinctly. A Neapolitan tortoiseshell dagger (a gift from Mrs. Guppy) that I wear in my hair was gently withdrawn, and taken to Mrs. Chevalier, who was allowed to hold it for a time, but it was then brought back and replaced in my hair. Something was heard to fall into the cup near Mrs. Chevalier that sounded like money; it was a shilling, which she was desired to keep, and Mrs. Guppy afterwards made a hole in it, to enable her to hang it to her watch-chain. One spirit, whose touch I well know, felt on my finger for the ring which is her emblem, and gave me a little tap of reproach for not wearing it on that occasion. "No more," was then spelled out, but even after the door had been widely opened, so that there was a good deal of light, Mrs. Chevalier again felt the touch of her little girl's hand. I then went to the kitchen to ascertain whether the servant had made the tea that had been brought to us, but she knew nothing whatever about it, and thought I was reproving her for not having made it in readiness for us. Miss Neyland looked into the caddy, where there had been nearly half a pound of tea, but it had all vanished, so it was no wonder our tea had been so strong. The table-napkins had been brought from a linen-press upstairs, and the teapot was also brought from an upper room, being one they were not in the habit of using.
GEORGINA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W., November 11, 1870.

TO ADELINE.

I saw Love sleeping in the heavens,
Dreaming of you, my Adeline;
The sun was in the west, and the moon was in the east,
And the winds and the seas sang between.

I saw Time counting all your hours,
On the blue hill of heaven;
Then Hope looked higher, higher, and Joy sang wildly forth,
And music o'er the sea was wildly driven.

The angel Hope is by my side,
Singing songs of love and you;
For a sleep is but a sleep, and a dream is but a dream,
But a vision in the heavens is true.

EDWARD MALVERN.

AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—It is part of my nature to believe that service rendered in the sacred cause of human progress will always meet with its reward; but I must say that I was most agreeably surprised to find that my humble efforts had called forth from an unknown friend a gift as generous on the part of the donor as it was welcome to the recipient. I take this opportunity to publicly acknowledge the handsome new suit of black presented to me by a lady who wishes me success in my labours, and to tender her my sincere gratitude for the above gift. This instance, like many others I could relate, only goes to prove to me the truth of spiritual guidance throughout my life.—I am yours fraternally,
November 16, 1870. J. J. MORSE, Medium.

[We congratulate the kind lady on the happiness which this act of spontaneous goodness must afford her, as much as we do the grateful recipient, of whose Providential experiences we would gladly know more.—Ed. M.]

LATENT THOUGHT.—An interesting paper on "Latent Thought," from the pen of Miss Cobbe, appears in the present number of *Maomillan's Magazine*. All will not agree with the conclusions at which the authoress arrives, but her premises are presented very vividly and clearly in the essay.

THE numerous friends of Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen will be glad to hear of his safe arrival in India, and that he is well.

at all necessary, but by a simple suspension of what we are engaged in we are enabled to hold converse with our invisible attendants. Our sittings are amongst the liveliest enjoyments we have; and, surrounded as we have been with trouble, loss, and disappointment, this sweet and pleasant intercourse with happy souls who have crossed the river constitutes a dear privilege which we would on no account part with. Perhaps a few notes of our sittings would be interesting. We have not yet been favoured with direct writing and speaking—our valued medium, Mrs. Everitt, has; but we hope, by patience, and calm, reverent reliance on the higher spirits, to attain even to this development. Physical phenomena we always get, but Mrs. Collier appears to develop more rapidly as a writing and seeing medium—sometimes her descriptions of spirits are most vivid, enabling those sitting easily to recognise their friends or relations. Here, then, are a few notes:—

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Here are two messages bearing on current events, written by spirit-influence through Mrs. Collier:—

"It is useless for France to struggle. It is written, the Celtic element must be absorbed into or amalgamated with the Teutonic. King William has only taken the initiative in a mighty onward march—successive rulers will continue what he has begun, and the Celts that will not unite will be swept away; and from the remnant, grafted on to the strong, firm, enduring Saxon, will spring a people that shall make France 'La Belle France' indeed."

Again, in answer to the question, "Do you foreknow events?" the spirit-influence wrote:—

"We do not foreknow, but calculate chances with accuracy; and I, having a perfect knowledge of modern languages, could be present at both the French and German councils—could participate in their most secret conclaves. Moreover, there are higher intelligences who impress me in a similar manner as you are impressed. With our facilities for seeing, hearing, and inferring, the conclusions we arrive at are almost prophetic.—Albert."

Now, Sir, I give these messages without comment: readers may form their own judgments thereon. In the writing of these messages, as with scores received in like manner, the hand is impelled by an unseen force; sometimes, indeed, the medium arm and hand are entirely stiffened and cold, and the pencil so convulsively clasped as to necessitate a demerising process to loosen the hold. The writing, too, is involuntary and impromptu, without any premeditation—sometimes shaping itself into verse, when the rhyme and rhythmical motion are always found to be perfect. I will venture next week to hand you some of our spirit-poetry. The manner of writing is described as most pleasant; and Mrs. Collier finds it far easier, on all occasions, to transcribe the thoughts of others than to ransack her own brain for ideas. In thus writing, I am sensible that much that I have said is "stale news" to experienced Spiritualists; but I feel confident that those who already know these things will bear with their repetition for the sake of the thousands who do not know.

With an earnest desire to further the cause of Spiritualism, I am yours truly,
JOHN COLLIER.
London, W.

SEANCE AT MRS. GUPPY'S.

I was present at a seance on the afternoon of yesterday, the 10th inst., at Mrs. Guppy's own house, where the spirits, after having requested us to wish for something, brought a quantity of freshly-gathered violets, *mignonette*, geranium leaves, and fern leaves, all wet with rain. There were other manifestations, in which were given decisive tests of Miss Neyland's clairvoyant powers. I only mention this seance for the purpose of stating that after it was over, while we were chatting, I regretted that I had not fulfilled a previous resolution, which was, when the spirits should desire me to wish for something, to ask them to bring me a stone, for, not being a perishable article, I could always keep it, adding that their bringing it to me would make it a *precious stone*.

I have just returned from another seance at her house, which has been the most extraordinary I have ever attended. Mrs. Chevalier and a lady friend of hers were the only visitors besides myself, and we went down to the sitting-room with the intention of having tea, but Mrs. Guppy had just heard some powerful raps, and desired that we should not have tea before the seance; so we walked up again into the room where it was to take place, and Mrs. Chevalier's friend, who had never before been at any seance, was requested by Mrs. Guppy to make a strict examination, which she did most thoroughly, finding nothing but the simple furniture of table, chairs, sofa, and piano. The door was then locked, and the key given into her possession. On the table were some sheets of paper, a pencil, a tambourine, and a bell, and the circle consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Guppy, Miss Neyland, the two ladies I have mentioned, and myself. The gas was turned out, and when we had united in saying the Lord's Prayer, our invisible friends made an affirmative signal at the conclusion, to imply that they also had joined with us. The alphabet was then asked for, and they spelled out the message—"We will bring you a precious stone," which led to my repeating yesterday's conversation; and after a short time Mrs. Guppy said, "They are trying to move my hand round, so as to turn the palm upwards;" and then she added,

"Here is something small; am I to give it to Miss Houghton?" "Yes," was the reply. When I had received it we wished to light the candle, which they negatived, but allowed me to tie the small article into the corner of my handkerchief. We were then desired to hold hands all round; the tambourine was then played rather noisily, being carried to different parts of the room, over our heads. Something cold was now placed on my hand, which felt like a saucer, and we gradually heard unmistakable sounds of crockery, the table being all the time in considerable motion. Mrs. Guppy began to fear that they had brought her best tea-service, which had been laid out in the lower room in readiness for the repast, but our request for a light was again refused, and the clatter of cups and saucers became still stronger, and we each felt something thrown into our laps, but we continued to obey the injunction not to unclasp hands, and at length received the welcome permission to have a light, when we found that to each of us had been given a table-napkin, another being spread on the table, upon which were seven cups and saucers (not those she calls her spiritual ones, from having been the gift of a Spiritualist friend), with teaspoons, six small plates, a larger one (empty) for bread-and-butter, a jug of milk, a glass sugar-basin containing sugar, with sugar-tongs, and some biscuits. After we had investigated all, and remarked that the tea only was wanting, we were desired to extinguish the light, and almost immediately Miss Neyland made a sudden exclamation that something had burned her, so we begged leave to light the candle, which was at once granted, and lo! there was the teapot, containing some very strong tea, and the no longer empty plate had in it a portion of the cake of which we had partaken the evening before, and a knife to cut it. Of course we had our tea, and enjoyed it. I then examined my gift, which was a beautiful ruby, rather larger than one for which I had given £3 about five years ago, and also more exquisite in colour, so that my stone is literally precious. When we were again in darkness, Miss Neyland distinguished some of my spirit-relatives, also Mrs. Chevalier's little girl, and others belonging to her. We were tenderly touched by the loving fingers of those so dear to us, Mrs. Chevalier feeling her child's hand very distinctly. A Neapolitan tortoiseshell dagger (a gift from Mrs. Guppy) that I wear in my hair was gently withdrawn, and taken to Mrs. Chevalier, who was allowed to hold it for a time, but it was then brought back and replaced in my hair. Something was heard to fall into the cup near Mrs. Chevalier that sounded like money; it was a shilling, which she was desired to keep, and Mrs. Guppy afterwards made a hole in it, to enable her to hang it to her watch-chain. One spirit, whose touch I well know, felt on my finger for the ring which is her emblem, and gave me a little tap of reproach for not wearing it on that occasion. "No more," was then spelled out, but even after the door had been widely opened, so that there was a good deal of light, Mrs. Chevalier again felt the touch of her little girl's hand. I then went to the kitchen to ascertain whether the servant had made the tea that had been brought to us, but she knew nothing whatever about it, and thought I was reproving her for not having made it in readiness for us. Miss Neyland looked into the caddy, where there had been nearly half a pound of tea, but it had all vanished, so it was no wonder our tea had been so strong. The table-napkins had been brought from a linen-press upstairs, and the teapot was also brought from an upper room, being one they were not in the habit of using.

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W., November 11, 1870.

TO ADELINE.

I saw Love sleeping in the heavens,
Dreaming of you, my Adeline;
The sun was in the west, and the moon was in the east,
And the winds and the seas sang between.

I saw Time counting all your hours,
On the blue hill of heaven;
Then Hope looked higher, higher, and Joy sang wildly forth,
And music o'er the sea was wildly driven.

The angel Hope is by my side,
Singing songs of love and you;
For a sleep is but a sleep, and a dream is but a dream,
But a vision in the heavens is true.

EDWARD MALVERN.

AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR.—It is part of my nature to believe that service rendered in the sacred cause of human progress will always meet with its reward; but I must say that I was most agreeably surprised to find that my humble efforts had called forth from an unknown friend a gift as generous on the part of the donor as it was welcome to the recipient. I take this opportunity to publicly acknowledge the handsome new suit of black presented to me by a lady who wishes me success in my labours, and to tender her my sincere gratitude for the above gift. This instance, like many others I could relate, only goes to prove to me the truth of spiritual guidance throughout my life.—I am yours fraternally,
November 16, 1870. J. J. MONSE, Medium.

[We congratulate the kind lady on the happiness which this act of spontaneous goodness must afford her, as much as we do the grateful recipient, of whose Providential experiences we would gladly know more.—Ed. M.]

LATENT THOUGHT.—An interesting paper on "Latent Thought," from the pen of Miss Cobbe, appears in the present number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. All will not agree with the conclusions at which the authoress arrives, but her premises are presented very vividly and clearly in the essay.

THE numerous friends of Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen will be glad to hear of his safe arrival in India, and that he is well.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE MEDIUM, AND TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

THE Publisher is instituting the greatest facilities for circulating this paper, and submits the following Scale of Subscriptions:—

One Copy Weekly, post free,	- - - - -	1½d.
Two Copies Weekly, "	- - - - -	2½d.
Five Copies Weekly, "	- - - - -	5d.

All such orders, and communications for the Editor, should be addressed to JAMES BURNS, Office of THE MEDIUM, 15, Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn, London, W. C.

Wholesale Agents—F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row, London, E. C. Heywood & Co., 335, Strand, London, W. C.; John Heywood, Manchester; James M'Geachy, 90, Union Street, Glasgow.

The Publisher is desirous of establishing agencies and depots for the sale of other progressive periodicals, tracts, and standard works, and will be glad to receive communications from such as feel disposed to enter this field of usefulness.

CONTENTS OF LAST No. OF "THE MEDIUM."

Spiritualism in Bradford—How Spirit-Manifestations are Produced—"Thou shalt Know Hereafter"—On the Recognition of Friends in a Future Life—Complimentary Resolutions to Mrs. Hardinge—Another Trance-Medium—A Letter from Dr. Newton—Spiritualism at Huddersfield; South Wales; Rushden—Sir John Bowring on Death—Spiritualism and the Press—Mr. Morse's Seances—Emma Hardinge's Arrival—The Sunday Services—Things in General—The Spirit-Messenger—Mr. Herne's Seance—A Seance with Mr. and Mrs. Guppy—Association Regulations—Spiritualism at Maidstone, &c., &c.

SEANCES AND MEETINGS DURING THE WEEK.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, Seance at 15, Southampton Row, Holborn, at 8 p.m. Mr. Morse, Trance-Medium. Admission 1s.

Seance at Mrs. Marshall, Sen.'s, 29, Shirland Road, Bristol Gardens, Maida Hill, W., at 7 o'clock. Several mediums in attendance. Admission 2s. 6d.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20, Service at Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street, at 7 p.m. Mr. Morse, Trance-Speaker.

KEIGHLEY, 10.30 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. Messrs. Shackleton and Wright, Trance-Mediums. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 9 a.m. and 2 p.m.

NOTTINGHAM, Children's Lyceum at 2 to 4 p.m. Public Meeting at 6.30.

ROSE MOUNT, SOWERBY BRIDGE, HALIFAX, Children's Lyceum, 10.30 a.m., and 2 p.m. Public Meetings, 2.30 and 6.30 p.m. Trance-Medium, Mr. Wood.

BREARLEY, Public Meetings, 10.30 a.m., 2.30 and 6.30 p.m. Trance-Medium, Mr. Illingworth.

BOWLING, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 2.30 and 6 p.m. Hall Lane, 2 and 6 p.m.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21, Seance at 15, Southampton Row, at 8 p.m. Mr. Herne, Medium. Admission 2s.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, Seance at Mrs. Marshall, Sen.'s, 29, Shirland Road, Bristol Gardens, Maida Hill, W., at 7 o'clock. Several mediums in attendance. Admission 2s. 6d.

KEIGHLEY, at 7.30 p.m., at the Lyceum. Trance-Mediums, Mrs. Lucas and Messrs. Wright and Shackleton.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, Seance at Mr. Wallace's, 105, Islip Street, Kentish Town.

BOWLING, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 8 p.m.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, Seance at 7, Corporation Row, Clerkenwell, at 8 o'clock.

Reception at the Progressive Library, at 8 o'clock.

BOWLING, Hall Lane, 7.30 p.m.

Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism. Seance at 74, Navarino Road, Dalston, at 7.45 p.m. (One week's notice requisite from intending visitors.)

*** We will be happy to announce Seances and Meetings in this table weekly. To be in time, all communications must reach this Office by Wednesday morning's post.

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1870.

SCEPTICISM AND TRUTH.

Strange as it may seem, the doubting mind is the bulwark of truth. Scepticism proceeds from nothing else than a desire for a personal acquaintance with truth. It is not satisfied with the experiences of others, but corrects error and extends knowledge by independent investigation. The opposite or credulous course has filled the world with falsehood and superstition respecting the most momentous relations of life. Scepticism is the admonition of the schoolmaster to the awakened intellect. It is not negation—not bigotry—but a refusal to grant assent without positive knowledge. The whole labour of spiritual investigation proceeds from this feeling—this desire to know; hence the numberless mediums, circles, seances, and phenomena which are in continual action to extend the avenues of knowledge to the inquiring mind. If Spiritualists were credulous, this great amount of research would be needless, for the fact once recorded would serve for all time. The first person who witnessed a spiritual manifestation naturally doubted both the cause and the effect, as they were contrary to all his former experience. He tried again and again, till he was certain of the existence of the phenomena. Then he experimented further, to arrive at a knowledge of the nature and origin of the manifestations. But he could only do this work for himself, and a narrative of his labours only stimulated others to follow in his footsteps—not to be satisfied with his results. Spiritualists are therefore sceptics, investigators, unless they can accept a philosophy broad enough to cover all phenomenal contingencies. This might, however, be in the end detrimental to truth; and we hail with satisfaction any doubt or disbelief which may be expressed by Spiritualists as to the deceptive nature of phenomena that may be from time to time reported. Such a course can only lead to deeper

trial—to more extended research. Yet we do not approve of setting down all mediums as impostors, and all sitters as falsifiers, who are named in connection with "remarkable seances." Our report under this heading has excited considerable attention, and well it may, as it narrates phenomena of the most unprecedented kind. A correspondent finds fault with the omission of the writer's name and address. If such an objection coming from a Spiritualist can in any way invalidate a manifestation, it is no wonder that the outside world can find ample excuses for rejecting all accounts of spiritual phenomena. Mr. Guppy and Dr. Dixon are no myths; and Mrs. Morris, the writer, has no desire to conceal her name, but would rather hide her personality under the facts. That the phenomena recorded are "unreasonable" or "extravagant" is no argument against their existence, for there is not as yet in the range of human science any undeniable reason for even the faintest manifestation termed Spiritual, so that if we reject one kind we reject them all. Our friends in Yorkshire have mainly cultivated the trance-speaking and healing forms of mediumship; and though it is reported that a woman in Halifax was carried several hundred yards, yet physical phenomena are generally disregarded and even doubted in the West Riding. The only remedy for this is to investigate further, and by the development of these phenomena attest the wondrous power of spirits over matter. The case which we print this week is even more wonderful than anything we have ever heard of. There are not many witnesses to its truth, and the writer, in whose family it occurred, can scarcely be said to be a Spiritualist; yet who will dare to say that the narrative is a fabrication, or that the boy was mistaken as to his being carried up into the air? The whole matter requires the exercise of patience and deep research.

Respecting the visitations of great and noted personages at circles there is also much doubt and discussion. Mr. Weeks has been pronounced upon rather severely for the assumed facts which have occurred through the mediumship of Mr. Robson. An experimenter was about to rail out at the view entertained by Mr. Weeks, when a similar result occurred in his own family. Let us doubt the visitations of eminent spirits as much as we please, and examine the subject thoroughly; but on no account let any reasonable inquirer cut the matter short by denouncing those involved as rogues or fools. We have received a note which might be responded to if a proper person could be found to take the matter up:—

FIVE POUNDS REWARD.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to "a remarkable seance," an account of which appeared in the MEDIUM of Nov. 4, I hereby offer the sum of five pounds sterling for any really charitable cause, or to aid and extend the "work of progress," if "Miss N.'s wondrous vision" can guide her as to whom and where such a request has to be sent.—Your occasional reader,

Alva, Nov. 15, 1870.

If Miss N., or any other clairvoyant, desires to try this experiment, the original letter may be found at our office.

MR. HERNE'S SEANCE.

In consequence of the overcrowded state of the rooms on Monday evening—between thirty and forty persons being present—the phenomenon of the spirit-voice was much interfered with; notwithstanding, it gave a wonderful test to a gentleman present. Mr. Herne begs to announce that in future, by order of the spirits, he can only sit with fourteen persons; those, therefore, who desire to be present must take their tickets beforehand, as on no account will more than the number be admitted. Should the applications be as great as on Monday—more than twenty being refused access—Mr. Herne will not object to sit a second evening in the week, which arrangement will be duly announced. Mr. Herne begs also to state that the lady who aids in his development and sits in these seances with him not only does so without fee or reward, but in all cases pays on entrance the same as other people.

All letters for Mr. Herne to be sent to the care of J. Burns, 15, Southampton Row, High Holborn.

THE SUNDAY SERVICES.

The platform at the Cavendish Rooms on Sunday evening next will be occupied by J. Burns, who will give an exposition of the Principles and Modes of Working of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, illustrated with equipments just received from the founder of that institution, Andrew Jackson Davis, of New York.

A mistaken statement is current that "general disapprobation was caused" last Sunday evening by the termination of the course of spirit-addresses through J. J. Morse. There was no doubt a feeling of satisfaction that the addresses had taken place, and a natural desire that such good fare should be always at command; but we are certain the frequenters of the Cavendish Rooms are too well-bred and too sensible of the obligations of life to express "disapprobation" at the termination of a service which was purely gratuitous and complimentary on the part of the actors therein. We have rather to record that "the managers" have received the cordial thanks of the congregation for securing such attractive entertainment. We have further to remark that spirits do not at all times admit of being "managed" to the full requirements of human cupidity, and the medium requires some relaxation. Our venerated spirit-teacher, Tien-Sien-Tie, kindly offered, during his discourse, to continue them at a future time, and no doubt he will be as good as his word.

EMMA HARDINGE HAS ARRIVED.

Mrs. Hardinge, accompanied by her husband, Mr. Britten, reached London on Tuesday evening. A committee of Spiritualists was formed on Wednesday evening to carry out the necessary arrangements for giving Mrs. Hardinge a fitting reception. It has been accordingly resolved that a public meeting of the Spiritualists of London be held in the Cambridge Hall, Newman Street, Oxford Street, on the evening of Tuesday, November 22, at eight o'clock, for the purpose of welcoming Mrs. Hardinge to England, and sympathising with her in her noble efforts to enlighten the people. Admission will be by ticket only, as the space at disposal is rather limited. Applications for tickets should be addressed to N. F. Daw, Esq., Secretary to the Reception Committee, 15, Southampton Row, W.C., where tickets may also be obtained by applying personally. We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Hardinge has not in the least abated in her enthusiasm in the work of Progress, and that arrangements are in operation to facilitate her mission in this country, especially in the metropolis.

LAST SUNDAY EVENING.

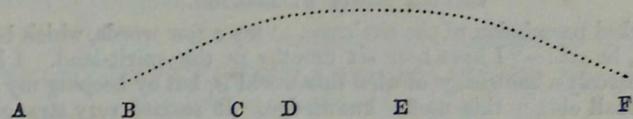
At the Cavendish Rooms, on Sunday evening last, an address on "Life in the Spirit-World" was given by J. J. Morse, trance-speaker, under the actuating influence of his guide, Tien-Sien-Tie. The speaker attributed the popular misconceptions respecting the subject to the material views on death taught by the religious world, on the one hand; and, on the other, to the confused conception of the relations existing between the soul and the body. The actions of the spiritual immortal principle were often confounded with the phenomena manifested through the outer or material organisation, forgetful of the fact that the spirit thought and the body acted. He said it would be easy for his listeners to discern from these statements that life in the spirit-world would of necessity be rational, and in describing that life we would have to commence at the lowest—namely, the so-called criminal—classes. These, passing into the spirit-world with the same desires and feelings exercised by them on earth, sought congenial surroundings, which if absent would be to them in their state an injustice. The members of this class having no sympathetic relations to societies of higher unfoldments to effect their reformation, it would be useless to bring them in connection therewith, as they would fail to comprehend the teachings. It was to these misdirected individuals that society was indebted for many of the crimes, greater or less, that from time to time shocked its propriety. He entered into an explanation of the philosophy of drunkenness, and then referred to those who occupy the purely domestic plane of life, numbers of whom are to be found upon the other side of life. They still take delight in the fulfilment of their domestic duties, and he gave a minute description of the means whereby they were carried out, necessitating the use of utensils and appliances similar to those used in this life. The intellectual man required books, writing materials, and means for acquiring and imparting knowledge. He gave a brief outline of the general arrangements of the spirit-world, which tended to show that there were three classes or distinct planes whereon the inhabitants associated—first, those whose condition bore a relation to a full possession of the physical attributes; second, those developed in the intellectual endowments; and thirdly, those who were unfolded in their spiritual natures. This last contained within itself the elements of those beneath it, which, translated into the language of philosophy, were love, justice, and wisdom. The speaker also stated the principle on which brotherhoods were formed, and the laws which governed spiritual attractions and repulsions. He concluded a discourse that appealed throughout to the reason of the auditory by the statement that the scientific demonstration of a rational immortality was in the highest sense of the word religion. The hall was crowded to the doors.

A BOY CARRIED IN THE AIR BY SPIRITS.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

SIR,—It is not more than a few months since my attention was first seriously called to Spiritualism. Up to that time what little I knew of it left on my mind the impression that it was a wild fanaticism, but during the summer of 1869 I was one evening quite accidentally led to accompany two gentlemen to one of Mr. Herne's seances, in Great Coram Street. What I saw and heard there on that occasion made a deep impression on my mind, and I repeated my visit three or four times, with increasing interest. I have also attended other seances, and I have kept a careful record of all I have seen. I will not, however, weary you with the narrative of my experiences in this direction, beyond saying that from the very first I was perfectly satisfied there was no collusion or conspiracy among the visitors to promote deception; they were always, at least, perfectly honest, sincere, and earnest. My object is rather to narrate remarkable phenomena which during the last summer have occurred in my own family, and particularly in the development of what is called the mediumistic faculty in one of my sons, John, a child nine years old. A little more than two years ago he lost a brother, and the child got an idea into his head, which haunted him constantly, that if he should sit up some night till eleven o'clock he would see his "angel-brother Albert." We took little notice of this, but one summer evening my wife and I, out of sheer fun, gathered three of the children with us around a small table to see, as we expressed it, "if any sparks of electricity would be evolved." John was one of the three. Presently, to our surprise, we had manifest tilting of the table, and shortly afterwards John began to see numerous lights floating about the room, which luminous appearances very soon assumed the shape of angels, who were standing in various attitudes, and severally grouped, less or more, around each

member of the circle. He told us that from the commencement of seeing the lights he prayed that he might see a spirit, and that he heard a voice in reply promising that his request should be granted. He distinctly saw and recognised his brother Albert, and his maternal grandmamma; he also saw several distinct spirit-forms, whose personal appearance and characteristic dress he described in every detail. These all announced their names in voices audible to the child, but they were ancestors unknown to any of us. They danced, they laughed, they sang, and they entered into conversation on many particulars of a private and family nature. Since then the child has constantly heard these voices, seen these spirit-forms (with few exceptions, always the same); has been lifted up before our eyes towards the ceiling—sometimes just as he stood on the floor; sometimes as he sat in a chair, the chair having been taken up with him;—he has been entranced; the feather-bed on which he lay has been lifted on to the floor, and the feathers and the bedclothes neatly and carefully tucked in all round him as he lay on the floor; he has heard heavenly voices singing "Glory to God in the highest," &c., "Glory be to the Father," &c., and describes the music as "So beautiful—I never heard anything like it." One day in the month of September last he was walking out with his brother Robert, in the neighbourhood of our home—a very open place, on which the suburban builder has just commenced his innovations on Nature's beauty and retirement. A gentleman approached him and asked his name. "John," he replied. "But tell me all your name." The stranger took out his pocket-book and wrote it carefully down. "Are you a Spiritualist?" said the stranger. "Yes, sir," said the child, not a little terrified, and believing, as he afterwards told us, that he was going to be killed. "So am I. Are you a medium?" "Yes," said John, really not knowing what he said. The stranger gave him some money into his hand—a shilling and sixpence. Afterwards he said, "Leave the money in my hands, and I will pay you interest." He took the money, and said, "I will meet you again." John, though at first a little afraid, soon recovered his confidence and composure, but on looking round, the stranger had vanished. Robert, who was standing within a few yards, saw "the gentleman" speaking to his brother, and their independent descriptions of him exactly coincide. They both noticed that he had in his hand a roll of paper; and Robert, as well as John, was astonished at the remarkable manner in which the stranger vanished. We were very much struck with this unexpected phenomenon, and knew not how to interpret it. The next day, about the same time and nearly at the same spot, John met his friend again. "I'll come just now," he said, and disappeared. In a moment he reappeared with a group of spirits. John asked him, "Who are you? Are you Sir H—?" (one of the personages who had appeared to him as before described). "No." "But I am here," said Sir H—, immediately making his appearance, and John at once recognised him. His brother Albert just peeped at him, lavished on him a cherub smile, and disappeared. The group of spirits then lifted the child bodily into the air, to a height above the tall trees and the houses, and carried him over the top of them all to a particular spot in the park where the children were in the habit of playing, and whither they were intending to go at the moment. Robert was again with him, but as John lagged a little behind, Robert went forward alone. The following diagram will illustrate this remarkable occurrence:—



- A point from which the two brothers started.
- B point at which John met his friend, and from which he was taken up.
- C point which Robert had by this time reached.
- F point at which John was set down.
- D point occupied by Robert when he first saw John returning from F.
- E point at which Robert and John met.
- B F dotted line showing the distance over which John was carried.

We have not actually measured the distance B F, but it will not be much (if any) less than half a mile. On the following day John met his friend again, but in a different spot, and he was taken up again into the air, where he remained, as he thought, for about half an hour. During this time he seemed to traverse the sea to a distant colony where a relative is settled, and he distinctly saw the inhabitants occupied there in their pastoral and agricultural pursuits. He has since frequently seen his friend at intervals; and about ten days ago, when his spirit-friend met him, he gave him into his hand a small piece of solid iron and three small pieces of wood—certainly of no intrinsic value, but showing by the act a wonderful power over material nature. We are satisfied, notwithstanding our natural tendencies to incredulity, that the child is under no hallucination, and equally certain that he is not deceiving us.

Perhaps I ought not to have troubled you with this long narrative, but probably it will be interesting to your readers.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

INQUIRER.

SPIRITS USE A POKER.

On Sunday afternoon, November 13, Mrs. M. M., the great medium, called in. After sitting a few minutes, it was proposed that a table should be brought. An octagonal one, with three legs, was placed between us, when we put our hands upon it. The table soon began to move, and floated towards the fire, which it made an attempt with one leg to stir. Upon this Mrs. M. asked it not to do so, as it would get burned, but perhaps the spirit would kindly use the poker for this purpose. No sooner were the words uttered than, to our great astonishment, the poker rose to the first bar of the stove and then dropped, rose again to the second bar and again dropped, Mrs. M. and myself all the time urging it to go to the top and beat the coals down. At this time the servant entered the room with a lamp and coffee; but, nothing daunted, on it went again, while the servant stood looking on. After this it actually came and stood in front of us, and really looked alive. I acknowledge that I was very much frightened. A lady then entered and joined the circle. As she had never been present at a manifestation, the lady herself put a glass under the table, also a ring. In a few minutes we heard a chink, and, stooping down, the ring was found in the glass. We were then obliged to break up the sitting on account of an engagement.

C. BERRY.

Marble Arch.

The Spirit Messenger.

[A seance is held every Friday evening, at eight o'clock, at the office of the MEDIUM; J. J. Morse, Trance-Medium. By our reports of these or other circles we do not endorse or stand responsible for the facts or teachings given by the spirits. Our desire is, in brief, to give a faithful representation of what takes place, for the benefit of those who cannot attend.]

November 11.

(The answers were given by Tien-Sien-Tie, the guide of the medium.)

Q. What is the difference between a human spirit and any other?—
A. We have no knowledge of any spirit other than human.

Q. What is it that decides whether a monad shall assume the male or female form?—A. Physical laws, acting in accordance with the higher spiritual laws.

Q. In a case where the manifestations are independent of the medium, is the controlling spirit still limited by the capacity of the medium?—

A. The question is absurd, as put; but if you mean by the word independent the *absence* of the medium, we can answer you. There can be no manifestations without a medium, though it is not always necessary that the medium should be present. A highly-developed medium by merely passing through a room may so radiate the mediumistic influence that spirits coming into that room may demonstrate their presence and power. Of course this refers to physical manifestations; if, however, the mind of the medium has to be used for the higher manifestations, the spirit will be able to manifest only in proportion to the capacity of that mind. Is this clear?

Q. At a period before all the celestial bodies were made, what had God done up to that time?—A. Not being in the immediate confidence of God, we cannot answer.

Q. The place which is occupied by a spirit, can it be occupied by any other object at the same time?—A. The question is absurd; two objects cannot occupy at one time the *same* place.

Q. Do spirits sin?—A. Sin in the abstract we know not; relative sin we do know. There is no such thing as actual sin. Spirits are liable, through ignorance, to form conclusions which are not in accordance with the laws of Nature, but this is error, which more knowledge and clearer light will eventually dispel. Before we can rightly judge of another's so-called sin, we must be in possession of all the circumstances surrounding its commission. Hence we should learn to be careful in passing judgment on those around us. Where is the charity to condemn a brother for an act, when we know not the causes which brought it to the surface?

Q. Is the presence of a medium required for the production of direct spirit-writing?—A. Not always. A former answer bears upon this question.

The above questions, with numerous others, were answered readily, and in many cases elaborately; indeed, it would be impossible, within the limits of our space, to fully report a tithe of the information given at these meetings. Tien-Sien-Tie did not on this occasion, as is his custom, make a speech, the time being completely occupied in replying to the queries of the audience.

The next control was by a spirit giving the name of

WILLIAM EDWIN WELLINGTON.

He asked permission of the chairman to say a few words, which being granted, he said—"I have been six months in the spirit-land. I have as yet scarcely a knowledge of what this world is, but by keeping my eyes open I shall obtain this useful knowledge. It seemed very strange to me that the notions which I had adopted during my earth-travel were all wrong; but so I found them. I used to think that when the soul left the body it had no knowledge of what had transpired in its earthly life. This is not so, as I soon found. I used to look upon death as something dreadful, but now I see that this death of the body is one of the greatest blessings which can come to the human soul. Quite ignorant of the new life, I did not like to humble myself and confess that I was wrong; but, though it was bitter and hard, there was no help for it, and I gave in. There is no use in wasting time over our mistakes. I have learnt to listen to the voice of Reason, and in seeking the truth I have my reward. One day all will be right, and I hope to take a position similar to those who come to teach you. I would not have you grieve for those of your friends who have passed to the spirit-world. Grief is unavailing and unwise. There is the blessed thought that they live, and can come and hold converse with you. Yes, you may send a paper to my friends—they will be glad to hear from me. I lived at No. 5, Loughborough Villas, Loughborough Road, Brixton. I cannot say more now, as I am not able sufficiently to control the medium. Good night!"

The next control was that of

"THE STROLLING PLAYER,"

who engaged with the persons present in a hearty running fire of discussion. At times this spirit indulged in witty repartees, bad and good puns, and frequently personal remarks. After a long conversation, the meeting separated.

CONVERSE WITH SPIRITS.

The continued existence of the dearly-beloved who once in mortal vestment moved amongst us, but who have been removed from material sight by the change we call death, is never more manifest to the sensuous perception than when in the presence of a medium like the gifted Mrs. Everitt. This dear friend, accompanied by her husband, visited us a few days since, and each evening of her sojourn with us she devoted her rare mediumistic development to our service and enjoyment. The phenomena manifested through her is as varied as are the circles which surround her; and the spiritual being who directs her seances varies his programme to suit the requirements of the friends he sees surrounding his medium. The first evening's sitting was attended by two gentlemen who had never before seen any spiritual phenomena, and to meet their particular need a friend of Mrs. E.'s (some years in the spirit-world) performed most of the operations peculiar to a carpenter's shop. First, there was heard a noise as of sawing wood, the teeth of the saw cutting through the wood with ease; then, upon a request being made by Mr. Everitt, a hard "knot" was found, and with difficulty cut through; next, by request, a nail was met, and the shrill, shrieking sound, which makes the blood "chill" (as the phrase is), was heard, to the discomfort

of all. After this followed planing, with a rough and smooth plane; then hammering nails, where the tap, tap of the hammer on the nail was distinctly heard; this was succeeded by boring with an auger, centre-bit, and gimlet; this portion of the entertainment being concluded by chipping a piece of wood with an adze, in which the sound as of the clean cut of a keen blade was very marked.

Next in order was a display of spiritual pyrotechnics. Lights started from the surface of the table, and described curves over the heads of the sitters near to the medium, leaving a train of fire similar to that left by a rocket in its flight through the air. Stars were suspended in the atmosphere (above the heads of the circle), which undulated to the rhythmic beat of the music we were singing. A luminous globe, about six inches across, slowly descended to the surface of the table, and remained visible a short time to those whose spiritual eyes were opened; the display being concluded by spelling a word in letters of fire. The rockets and stars were visible to all in the room—the globe and word spell in fire to only a portion.

After this display was ended we sang a hymn, and were accompanied by our daughter Florence (who has been three years a resident in the Golden Land) in a sweet voice audible to all. The song ended, we had a conversation with our daughter for about five minutes, when "John Watt," Mrs. Everitt's guide, said to her, "My dear, you must not speak any longer to-night—you will use too much power." During this conversation, "John Watt" and the child were both speaking together—a very important manifestation, as it effectually removes any doubt as to the source of the voice. We were then favoured by "John Watt's" presence for the space of an hour. He described the friends of some who were present; which description was confirmed, in some cases, by an independent seer who was present. During the seance a radiant being, a lady, was seen near Mrs. Everitt; she scattered over us a fragrant perfume, which permeated the atmosphere of the room and hung to our persons. She was Mrs. Everitt's guardian spirit; her name is Annie Blower. "John Watt," after promising to visit us on the morrow, closed the sitting with an invocation to the Divine Source of all our good and perfect gifts.

On the morrow an exceedingly interesting seance was ours. Amongst the friends present was the well-known authoress of that charmingly interesting work, "Heaven Opened; or Messages to the Bereaved from the Little Ones in Glory," Miss Theobald, better known as "F. J. T." "John Watt," addressing her, said, "You have a group of dear children around you." "How many?" said Miss Theobald. "Four," he replied—"three elder, and a baby; the eldest child is carrying the baby." These four children are related to her, and are of the group from whom some of the messages recorded in "Heaven Opened" proceed. He ("John Watt") then, turning to me, said, "Friend Pearce, your second boy, whom I see asleep upstairs, will be a fine medium, but he is very delicate—you must take care of him; your eldest, who is lying by his side, has a brain too active for his body—you must keep him back." Then observing the baby, he continued, "Ah! baby is a strong child—he will do well." Being desirous to know if he could see our daughter Annie, who was staying at her grandmother's, I asked him could he do so. He replied, "Not yet—she is in a different sphere, being away from you; but your daughter Florence, who is here, will connect the two spheres, and then I will tell you what I see. You must wait awhile." We were then visited by the author of "Alpha," Edward N. Dennys, whose presence was announced both by "J. Watt," a seeress present, and by E. N. Dennys himself. He conversed with us for the space of five minutes or more, during which time "J. Watt" was holding a familiar conversation with Miss Theobald respecting her health. He stood by the end of the couch on which she sat, and gently magnetised her head with the tube he held in his hand, advising her what to do, and promising he would see a friend of his, a doctor, who would magnetise her after the seance, and give back to her the vital force which she had lent to the circle. This promise he scrupulously fulfilled; for after he left, Mrs. Everitt, still in a trance, gave Miss Theobald a thorough magnetising, which completely restored her. Mrs. Everitt, when she awoke, remembered meeting the doctor in the spiritual world—where she always is when her body is entranced—and accompanying him to visit a patient, Miss E. After she had magnetised her, she (Mrs. Everitt) had some spiritual grapes to refresh her.

When "John Watt" had finished his chat with Miss Theobald, he again turned to me, and told me my daughter had connected the two spheres by a line of light, and that he could see Annie, who was quietly sleeping. "Now she is smiling," said he—"do you know why?" "No." "Her sister Florence whispered in her ear," he said.

How sweet to feel the angel-guardianship—to have brought home in every-day life the poetical idea that children smile in their sleep when angels whisper to them! Truly, poets are not dreamers, but sweet singers of eternal verities.

During the seance we were continuously perfumed by fragrant odours from the spiritual world, and our friends who were conversing with us were visible to one or the other of us during the whole time. Annie Blower was with Mrs. Everitt, and two Indians were seen taking charge of "John Watt's" horse, which was heard pacing backwards and forwards during a portion of the time "John Watt" was with us. The seance lasted four hours and a half, during three of which we were holding converse with our friend John, who spoke to us in an audible voice—one similar to our own. Our daughter Florence also spoke to us again—this time for about ten minutes—and she also joined in the singing.

To your readers the manifestations above narrated will be familiar, but to those uninitiated they will appear as the hallucinations of a madman; yet they are but the simple revelations of actual fact, witnessed by eleven others besides myself, and they testify in trumpet tones—notwithstanding all the unwillingness of our religious teachers to admit it—that our "dead" are not dead, but that they whom we were wont to look upon as lost to us until death reunited us are the Father's ever-present ministering spirits. May the blessing of the Eternal Spirit ever rest on those pure-minded mediums through whose instrumentality the knowledge is demonstrated to our senses that

The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit us once more.

C. W. PEARCE.

6, Cambridge Road, The Junction, Kilburn, N.W.

STONES THROWN BY SPIRITS.

Andrew Streit, says the *Cincinnati Gazette*, is the name of a moderately well-to-do farmer who resides near Cumminsville, on the western side of that limpid stream, Mill Creek, and who is now, in company with the rest of his household, consisting of a wife, mother-in-law, servant girl, and Irish hired man, in a troubled state of mind, resulting from a recent affair in which he was a participant. Several weeks ago the aforesaid servant was found, about six o'clock in the morning, lying upon her face in the kitchen of Mr. Streit's dwelling-house, with her hands and feet tightly bound, and a gag placed in her mouth that effectually prevented her from making any outcry. On being released from this predicament, she, in answer to the various questions propounded to her, stated that she was about kindling the fire to take her breakfast, when a man suddenly seized, tied, and gagged her. This strange occurrence was food for conversation in the quiet farmhouse for the rest of the day, but another still more startling circumstance took place that puzzled the brains of the honest inmates exceedingly. They were seated quietly conversing about the affair of the morning, when a volley of stones came rattling about the place. A rush out of the house was the immediate consequence of this onslaught, but when they stood in the open air no person was to be seen, and the question of who threw the stones was a mystery. This attack was repeated several times during the day, and the most attentive watching could not discover the perpetrators. The farmer was terribly frightened at this state of affairs, and started post-haste for the city, where he entered complaint at the Oliver Street Station House against the unknown disturbers of his peace. Officer Schmidt was thereupon commissioned to make a search around the premises on the following day, but his investigation developed nothing, while the bombardment of missiles still continued at intervals. On the third day following the inauguration of these unwelcome ceremonies, Lieut. Lew Wilson, of Oliver Street Station, determined to take the matter into his own hands, and therefore started for the scene of action with a force of six men to assist him. Arriving on the ground, he disposed his men to the best advantage, and after securing for himself a commanding position upon a hill overlooking the field, set the officers to scouring the immediate neighbourhood, while he, with bated breath and eager glance, awaited developments. As the men were exploring a deep ravine and the lieutenant was watching the game to be unearthed, suddenly, to the inexpressible astonishment of the guardians of the law then and there assembled, "thud!" "thud!" came a couple of stones against the house. Others followed, rattling against the weather boarding, smashing windows, and one striking the leg of a baby the lady of the house was holding in her arms inside the dwelling. Consternation was depicted on the faces of the inmates of the besieged residence at this assault, and the lieutenant, though at a loss to comprehend where the missiles came from, ordered his men, with the energy of a military hero, to continue the hunt, and bring him, dead or alive, the reckless person who thus assailed a dwelling under his protection. The men, nothing loth, and with a fervent desire to unravel the mystery, beat the bushes in every direction, assisted by the Irish labouring man, who, with a musket on his shoulder, did guard duty around the premises. All to no purpose, however, and they were finally compelled to acknowledge their search a bootless one, and return to the city. The next day the servant girl, with the Irishman as a guard, was sent home to her parents in Cumminsville, and when the native of the Emerald Isle returned from the journey, his eyes were like miniature saucers, and big, cold drops of perspiration stood upon his brow. The cause was soon told. He had nearly completed his journey in company with the girl, when a sudden discharge of stones rattled about the ears of the couple, and frightened them nearly to death, as they were in an open country which afforded no opportunity for an ambush. Since the girl left Mr. Streit's house no stones have been thrown, but the family, as might have been expected, are at sea regarding the affair, and are strongly inclined to the belief that the place is haunted. On the Sunday following the incidents we have narrated, the girl was coming out of a church in Cumminsville, when she espied, a short distance from her, the identical man who had tied her so securely. A two-edged knife, she said, was in one of his hands, and the other was clenched and held in a threatening manner towards her. She was terribly frightened at the appearance and actions of the man, but before she could give an alarm he had disappeared. There are now one farmer, three women, one Irishman, and eight policemen ransacking their brains to find a solution of the deep mystery in which this affair is shrouded.

THE GROWTH OF SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE.

The following extract is taken from "Lay Sermons and Reviews," published by Professor Huxley this year:—

"In early times positive knowledge was not to be had; but the craving after it needed, at all hazards, to be satisfied, and, according to the country, or the turn of thought of the speculator, the suggestion that all living things arose from the mud of the Nile, from a primeval egg, or from some more anthropomorphic agency, afforded a sufficient resting-place for his curiosity. The myths of Paganism are as dead as Osiris or Zeus, and the man who should revive them, in opposition to the knowledge of our time, would be justly laughed to scorn; but the coeval imaginations current among the rude inhabitants of Palestine, recorded by writers whose very name and age are admitted by every scholar to be unknown, have unfortunately not yet shared their fate, but even at this day are regarded by nine-tenths of the civilised world as the authoritative standard of fact, and the criterion of the justice of scientific conclusions, in all that relates to the origin of things, and among them of species. In this nineteenth century, as at the dawn of modern physical science, the cosmogony of the semi-barbarous Hebrew is the incubus of the philosopher and the opprobrium of the orthodox. Who shall number the patient and earnest seekers after truth, from the days of Galileo until now, whose lives have been embittered and their good name blasted by the mistaken zeal of bibliolators? Who shall count the host of weaker men whose sense of truth has been destroyed in the effort to harmonise impossibilities—whose life has been wasted in the attempt to force the generous new wine of science into the old bottles of Judaism, compelled by the outcry of the same strong party? It is true that if philosophers have suffered, their cause has been amply avenged. Extinguished theologians lie about the cradle of every science, as the strangled snakes

beside that of Hercules; and history records that whenever science and orthodoxy have been fairly opposed, the latter has been forced to retire from the lists, bleeding and crushed, if not annihilated—scotched, if not slain. But orthodoxy is the Bourbon of the world of thought. It learns not, neither can it forget; and though at present bewildered and afraid to move, it is as willing as ever to insist that the first chapter of Genesis contains the beginning and the end of sound science; and to visit with such petty thunderbolts as its half-paralysed hands can hurl, those who refuse to degrade Nature to the level of primitive Judaism."

On Monday last, November 14, Mr. John Jones delivered an interesting lecture in the Gower Street Rooms, on the "Blending of the Natural and the Supernatural." There was only a small audience; this the lecturer accounted for by the fact of another meeting in favour of Spiritualism being held at the same hour in Harley Street. Mr. Jones's lecture was illustrated with dissolving views, exhibited by means of the oxy-hydrogen light. Mr. Jones informs us that, to cover the expenses incurred from having to employ men to show the dissolving views, &c., the charge for admission was 1s. for first seats, and 6d. for second seats. The next meeting, to be held on Monday, the 21st, at 7.30 p.m., at the same place, will of course be free of charge. J. Humphry, Esq., of Clifford's Inn; Ion Perdicarès, Esq., of Twickenham; H. D. Jenekin, Esq., of the Temple; and J. Jones, Esq., of Enmore Park (members of the Committee of Speakers) have arranged to be present, and to address the meeting. Discussion allowed. We doubt not, many able and willing to speak to the point of "the phenomena" will also make it a "point" to be present, and take their place on the battle-field if need require.

SICILY.—A lady writes—"Very few persons as yet believe in the phenomena, and I, together with a few Spiritual brothers here, have daily persecutions to bear. It is easy for them to believe in the Devil, but conference with the departed! oh, that is most awful nonsense—it smells of Bedlam. I do all in my power to work for the advent of Spiritualism. I translate many articles from *Human Nature*, and send them to my friends, but, notwithstanding my good intentions, there are as yet no circles in our cities—no seances—no good, willing men. I am without a helper, and often regret being so far away from my native country. I would gladly circulate the MEDIUM in Catania, but unfortunately my friends do not understand English. I have read "Jesus: Myth, Man, or God," and though I secretly agree with the views set forth, yet in this superstitious community I dare not divulge them. The Positive Religion cannot flourish till theological learning, creeds, institutions, and dogmas will submit to reason."

WALSALL.—On Sunday afternoon, J. Burns, of London, delivered an interesting lecture on Spiritualism in the Temperance Hall. The lecture gave much satisfaction, though it was the first public statement of the subject that had been made in the town.

"QUI HONESTE FORTITER," Glasgow, seeing that poems are received by mediums purporting to come from the poet Burns, asks if the poet could give an explanation of what is meant by the "Three Kings" mentioned in the poem of "John Barleycorn."

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