

THE MEDIUM

AND DAYBREAK.

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

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THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE CREATOR IN GEOLOGY.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY MRS. EMMA HARDINGE, AT CLEVELAND HALL,
ON SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 23.

INVOCATION.

Thou that hearest prayer—invisible, unknown to us who walk in darkness, but the light, and the brightness, and the life of being as thou art—we commend our search for thine eternal wisdom this night to thy guidance and inspiration. Great Spirit, though we know thee not in our mortal presence, our spirits testify of thee. The eternal laws of motion speak of a heart throbbing in sympathy with thy creatures, from which thou dost supply us with love, and strength, and being. O God, thou art; and we realise thy being unconsciously to ourselves, even whilst we proudly boast our power, and disown thee to worship the works that thou hast made. Great Spirit, thy light is enough for our blindness, thy wisdom for our foolishness, thy guidance for our misdirection. And so we commend this people—those that know thee and those that know thee not—to thy teaching this night, though the letters of the gospel we shall read be none other than the simple flowers of the field, the air we breathe, the light thou hast vouchsafed to us, and the humble lips of mortality through which thou dost deign to pour thine everlasting inspiration.

We open this night another chapter of the gospel of the divine humanity, and find it inscribed with the label, "The footprints of the Creator marked in the dust of ages." We have been searching for a Bible that perisheth not, a gospel that never changes, but whose leaves are for ever turning in some fresh revelation of wisdom, the foundation stones of which are not laid in popular opinion—the teachings of which are not the fashion of the hour—the meaning of which, though it dawn upon us slowly, has been written ere the world was born, and will survive when it shall have shrivelled like a scroll and be no more. Such is the gospel from which we have ventured with humble and reverent hand to glean a few fragments, another page of which we turn to-night.

It is now scarcely half a century since man began to turn his eyes from the surface of the earth whereon he treads to the mystery of its formation—to the profound depths of the crust beneath his feet. Half a century has failed to catalogue all the details of geology; many centuries must elapse ere the mind of man can fully grasp the scheme involved in the formations of the earth. We shall invite you to consider a surface view only of the results of the discoveries as far as they have proceeded, and the deductions which as religious beings we should draw from them. Let us commence by regarding the world around us, as we walk with unthinking footsteps tread it. We behold the cities that we have built, the temples that we have erected, the numbers of objects that we have drawn from the bowels of the earth and converted into use and beauty, the gardens and orchards that we have planted, the fields that we have laid out. Wherever we turn our eyes we perceive the works of our own hands, and we exult and magnify our powers as we look upon the marvels that we have effected. These, however, are but the results of our manipulations with the surface of things. We have gathered together a few objects that we have found in our way, and put them to the best use we know of, and this is all. Carelessly we pass on our way, absolutely unconscious of the marvels of creation below our feet, until our attention is directed towards them by some philosopher more profound than ourselves, who invites us to descend with him into the mysterious laboratories of power, invention, and creation that are hidden from the eyes of the unthinking. The first step we take appals us with a view of the mighty past. It is the sight disclosed by the revelations, only six feet below us, of the graveyard. There we perceive the dust of ages gathered into mausoleums, each of which is a record of hundreds and thousands of generations of lives that have passed away. We think, when we have arrived at the discoveries by which we disentomb the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, of Babylon and Nineveh, and Egypt and India, we have arrived at the edge of time, and stand upon the verge of the discovery of what man was. But no; as we pass in the depths of those mysterious solitudes, hidden for countless ages, the remains of the lost races of Central America, we behold a fresh cycle of time dawning upon us—a people whose achievements in works of art were more colossal than ours, but of whom we know nothing—a people mighty alike in physical power and mental ingenuity. Passing from point to point along the vast territories of the New World, we arrive at the mysterious ancient mound-builders. We perceive that ages ago there were men who long antedated all our knowledge of arts

and sciences—mysterious beings, of whose very appearance, save that it resembled the human, we know nothing. At length we stand upon the vestiges of a still more ancient and mystic people, who in Central Asia crowded together in troglodyte habitations in caves and woods, of whom we have no tradition existing. As we look upon these strange, mystic monuments of races and times unknown, we find nothing but the footprints of man, the work of beings like ourselves.

Descending still lower into the night of ages, we arrive at a point where these vestiges of human power and existence are slowly but surely gliding out from our view. The phantom people are receding into the depths of time, and in their place we behold the first pick and spade and axe of a labourer we know not of. Let us now disinter the trunks of those mighty old trees whose rings tell us of one thousand, two thousand, and three thousand years—Humboldt declares that we are now digging away at the soil that has accumulated for upwards of five thousand seven hundred years—until we strike at the roots of those ancient trees that have been vegetating in the soil, accumulating during this vast period of time. This vegetable soil has been the product of the attrition of rocks. There was a time when these trees were young saplings, mere germs sprung from ancient progenitors. How were they sustained through the vegetable soil that is but the mere surface of this earth, and how was this produced? A million of years will scarcely suffice for the grinding, disintegrating process that shall cover this wonderful earth of ours with the vegetable soil in which these mighty trees have been planted.

Let us take another step downwards, and behold we are in the midst of vast heaps of sand, and marl, and gravel, and gigantic boulders. How were these boulders transported into the place where we find them? Stand, and let the Storm King pass by. Lo! he comes, bearing the mighty freight of gigantic icebergs, sweeping onwards from the ancient Polar seas—borne away by some mighty catastrophe unknown to us—breaking and rending and dragging up the surface of the old rocks—cutting their way through mighty valleys—dragging soil, trees, rocks for hundreds and hundreds of miles—sometimes depositing them at the bottom of ancient basins—sometimes floating away into the vast realm of tossing seas; and in the midst of all this wreck and ruin we behold on every side the remains of huge monsters—the vast mastodon, the mighty elephant, shapeless monsters of which we know nothing; there they be, massed, crushed, and bruised in the strange panoply of death. We can re-people the whole earth with the forms of these extinct monsters, and behold a vegetation all strange to us.

The age of the drift is over, and now we make another descent into the chambers of the long ago. Beneath these glacial remains we come upon the commencement of the tertiary system, and there we find the huge monsters growing more and more scarce, and in their place, in the midst of the vast pressure which has formed enormous beds of sandstone and limestone, which has ground and pressed together the shale and the marl until they form beds of slate two and three thousand feet in thickness—in the midst of all this we find remains of a new form of creation, enormous amphibious creatures, vast reptiles who speak of the recession of the land, of a time when the continents and islands and mountains and valleys only appeared from time to time, piercing the boiling waves of ancient seas, or rising into the thick, sulphureous, steaming air.

Lower yet we come to the enormous thickness of the chalk bed, formed of innumerable myriads of living creatures. Every atom that we look upon has once been instinct with life. Still we find traces of gigantic creatures that seem to loom up into the form of monstrous birds. And now we behold the melancholy ocean, whose vast heaving billows are tossing restlessly against the very skies. Now, in the midst of the howling of the tempest, and the peal of the thunder, and the shriek of the wild winds, and the crash of falling rocks, we hear the pattering of the wild, savage rain descending with a force so tremendous that we can tell even the inclination it has taken, and behold its slanting marks crystallised by the mighty pressure of superincumbent rocks.

Again let us suffer the ages to roll over us, and descend still deeper into the chambers of ancient time. We find bird and beast dropp'd off from our pathway, falling and dying by the wayside, and leaving only the vestiges of their footprints behind. We have now arrived at the carboniferous ages, when the earth is planted with gigantic tropical forests. These sink at length into vast peat bogs—into great hollows and basins covered over with the debris of the drift and the glacial ages, forming the coal measures. As we descend into some of the caverns of these ancient coal measures, we find them teeming with evidences of life. Countless generations have been piled up in the midst of this carboniferous age, helping to form these vast coal seams.

We descend lower still, and now the last traces of the dry land have passed away, and we stand in the Devonian age—the age of fishes. Now we look upon those marvellous and fantastic forms, so fierce and wild that we shudder with amazement at the possibilities of destruction to which these creatures point the way. The earth is no more. Vast boiling seas are teeming with these awful people—a people instinct with life and power, but still waiting of their whereabouts, and carrying us back to the days when the old crusts were holding in solution all the material of which our earth's crust is now formed.

Still another descent, and now we are in the midst of twenty thousand feet of sandstone and limestone piled up in the mighty silurian rocks, every particle of which contains some organic remains. There we discover a fresh condition of the earth, gradually pointing to the silent realms where life ceases altogether. A few obscure remains alone are presented to us in the still lower system of the Cambrian age, and all is done. New light and life are united, and we stand in the midst of the volcano and the fire—in the midst of the lapping wave and the thunder of the tornado,—in the midst of those two mighty elements, fire and flood—the world-makers, the rock-builders—the tool of the Creator, who, wielding them in either hand like the hammers of the ancient Titans, forges out, as in mighty thunderbolts, the forms of the metamorphic rocks. The sea is on their ancient brow. The marks of the burning heat and the waving flame are still inscribed upon them; and piled up for thousands and thousands of feet, they form the lowest crust of our earth, save one—the last, the simplest, the first-formed—the granite. In tracing this granitic formation, and the metamorphic rocks above it, the whole story of the chemistry of our earth is detailed. We find three or four elements only—horribund, mica, and quartz; and when these by the enormous action of fire and water become disintegrated, they constitute the finer and more sublimated form of granite that we call the gneiss rocks. Separate the quartz from these, pulverise them, and we have sand. Press them together with those mighty superincumbent masses, and we have the ancient sandstone. Separate the mica from the quartz, suffer it to be ground and elaborated, and mixed with water, and we have clay, and marl, and shale; and pressing these together beneath vast masses of rock, we have those enormous beds of slate that form some of the most ancient rocks we know. Thus it is, you may say, by the chemistry of atoms—by the ceaseless unrest of those eternal world-builders, fire and water, that the old rocks have been built up and the earth's crust formed. Not so. No such crust as we now have would have ever come into existence had there not been a strange, mystic, silent thread running through the entire of this wonderful work, developing itself into the form of organic life—at first the little polyp, or bed of coral, a mere fragment of a plant-animal. Behold millions of these creatures engaged in fashioning a single foot of rock. They have intelligence, for they pass from the windward side, and work beneath the shelter of the frame they have themselves fashioned. They know their kind, they are gregarious, they know the food required to sustain them, they provide for and reproduce their species. The great continents on which we stand are in part their work; the beautiful islands that are tossed up from the profound depths of the sea have been fashioned by them. And now the poor mollusc comes upon the scene—an improvement upon the radiate, for we find in it the first rudiments of a nervous centre; sometimes we discover the first indications of a heart, the simple embryonic form of a brain, ganglionic knots extending through the body which furnish the prophecy of a nervous system. From this point we ascend still higher, until we come to the articulate, and there we find the most distinct evidence of a nervous system—a bony skeleton protecting the creature within, and a soft body, such an improvement upon the mollusc that it rises into the insect, and finally becomes elaborated into the gigantic crocodile and the monstrous alligator. And now the last form, the last grand prophecy of that which culminates in the noblest element of being, a nervous system, is to be discovered in the vertebrate animal. At first it appears as the humble fish, then as the crawling reptile, and at last as the mighty beast of the forest, with all the various prophetic forms that finally culminate in the grand and lordly powers of man.

And now that we stand gazing upon the footprints written through countless millions of years, are we not entitled to ask, Who has done it? What has formed it? What footprints have been treading in? What manufacturer's hand have we followed? Whose power is there, and what purposes are ultimated, in this wonderful scheme? To answer this let me appeal to yourselves, to your own intelligence. I have stood before one of those dumb yet most eloquent creations that we call the work of the ancient mound-builders. I have looked upon the symmetry of those singular constructions, so beautifully proportioned. There was none to tell who created it—who planted the tree that formed its apex—who performed the sacrificial rites over the charred remains found within; but every answering voice would exclaim, "Here are the footprints of man." I have gazed upon a mightier mound than that of the lost races—a mound extending some ten thousand feet into the upper air—the mound of ancient Cotopaxi crowned with eternal snows and radiant with eternal fires. Had we dug into the vast heart we should have found there the sand, and the gravel, and the marl, the mass of huge boulders torn from some distant mountain, and borne by the mighty iceberg for hundreds of miles along its rent and bleeding track, and should have gone down yet lower and found the ancient chalk teeming with life, and lower still the mountains of limestone and sandstone; and I should have come at last to the days of the tornado, and storm, and fire, when the earth swung round the sun in awful darkness, and no moonbeam, nor starbeam, nor sunlight pierced the heavy veil of sulphureous clouds that poured out of its boiling volcanoes and its spouting geysers. When I asked who had done all this, Science would answer me, "The dust and ashes you look upon, the atoms did it; thus did they arrange themselves—thus did they overlay rock upon rock, and foot upon foot—thus did they crush and consume themselves, until at last they tossed themselves up into the mighty grave of Cotopaxi, and lighted up the eternal fires of this quenched volcano as a burning flag of triumph to show the work that they had effected." I should ask of Religion, and men would tell me that all this was performed in a single day by the will of God some six thousand years ago. None can say why millions of fossils were called into existence and then crushed out—why millions of vast monsters were formed and then destroyed—why beds upon beds were laid down in such wondrous order. These, you say,

are mysteries that belong to God, and unless I find them inscribed in the Bible I have no right to inquire. I tell you they are the footprints of the Creator, and just as you, blind man, gazing upon the mould of the lost races, determine, though no voice speaks that it is the work of man, far more surely is the work of the Grand Man manifest in the mighty mound of Cotopaxi. Long ago an old white-headed man read me a lesson concerning the footprints of the Grand Man through the evidence that we are so willing to trace of human work. He was a traveller who had wandered in the wilds of Africa, and far away in a remote portion of the land he arrived at a place where he concluded the foot of humanity had never before trodden. But he discovered in his track the fragment of a torn wristband. It was pure white, and on one tall-tale drop of blood, and it was torn as if by the fangs of a savage beast. As he looked upon this speechless but most eloquent fragment he saw that it was made by the machinery common in his native land, and he being acquainted with its specialty recognised it as an ornament of his own country. He beheld there the history of an unknown martyr—he beheld the tragic scenes and circumstances of his hideous death—he recognised the land of his birth; and had he pursued his analysis he might have detected the point from whence the torn fragment had been taken, traced out the very fields where the flax had grown, the merchant who had manufactured it, and every scene, circumstance, and event of the life and history of the invisible that had worn it. The mystery here in tracing out the footprints of man, yet we can stand in the midst of the mighty rifts and rents that the geologist makes in the old earth's crust; we can tear asunder the life of the solemn ages, and pierce down into the profound depths where the tale of millions of years of workmanship comes up before our eyes, and I recognise the footprints of the Creator. Oh, friends! when we commenced these discourses it was in the hope of showing you that the witness of God and his religion never died out of the earth—depended not upon times, or writings, or circumstances of man's intervention to perpetuate; it was in the attempt to show you that a mightier, grander gospel than ever man has gathered together in his fleeting imaginings has been written by the finger of God himself; it has been to show you that science is utterly at fault when it attempts to present us only with the surface of things—when it merely tells us of facts, and fails to trace the mighty system of causation, design, order, use, and beauty, which manifests itself in every one of these footprints which we so justly call those of the Creator. Religion is at fault when she attempts to press upon you—to thrust upon your intelligence—to demand from you faith in her creeds, faith in her teachings, reverence for her dogmas, submission to her authority, simply because she asserts in the name of the fathers without the witness, the demonstration, the scientific proof, and the indubitable evidence of purpose, design, goodness, beneficence, majesty, and power which God has written in the Bible of his eternal works. Could we follow this out more in detail, every step would tell us of goodness as well as wisdom and power. These creatures of whom we have been speaking, when they preyed upon each other, being destined in many instances of a nervous system, suffered not what we call pain. In the ages of the past, when vast swarms of life were necessary to manufacture the old rock, when those things that we now convert into thousands of materials for use and blessing were laid down and fashioned by the deaths of these antique generations, they suffered not as we suffer, but they were cared for, they were provided with food in season, atmosphere, and surroundings appropriate to them. Oh! can we not recognise these things as the footprints of the Creator? Though bibles should perish and creeds be forgotten, though churches and synagogues and temples should be swept away in a mightier catastrophe than ever befell the ancient creatures in the days of the long ago, that religion would never fail. But through all this vast series of life I find no spirit, no soul. But if I cannot in all this mighty history do away with one atom, if I cannot annihilate one grain of dust, I ask the Atheist, Where does annihilation commence? Can it begin with the soul, with that mighty masterful power that now stands on the heights of burning Cotopaxi, and sees the day when the fire-mist was dropped out of the heart of the parent sun and shot off into space millions of ages ago as a burning blazing comet? My soul can outlive all the oblivion of the past; my soul can tear the veil of mystery from all that has ever been; and my soul, therefore, infinite in its powers from whence it came, is infinite in its future.

But if I find not in all these wrecks, in all this mass of cinder and ash of the old generations that are gone, the evidences of spiritual existence, I do find it, first, in the inductions of my reason; next, in my longing for immortality; next, in the universality of belief that has been planted in all mankind. My God is invisible because he is a spirit; but his spirit is like to my spirit. And whether I walk amidst his fiery footprints in the shining skies, or deep down in the dust and ashes of the buried race of the past, everywhere I find the hand of infinite Intelligence. I trust Him. I know that my business is not alone to discover his purposes in the past, but his laws in the present. These He has made manifest in my own being, and these are the fruition of my religion of the divine humanity. Whether in the city streets, in the daily practice of busy life, in the forest or the plain—whether I stand in your midst to-night and look upon the forms that may never meet together more; or whether I stand beneath the cloistered arches of the man-made churches which they call the houses of God, whilst He dwells without them—in the midst of the grand cathedral whose over-arching roof is dotted with millions of lamps which his own hand has strung up—in the eternities of the past—everywhere—in all places, in all seasons, I hear his voice speaking to my soul, "Peace," and crying, "Be still, and know that I am God."

KILBURN.—The Rev. H. R. Davis recently delivered a lecture or sermon on the view of the resurrection advocated by Spiritualists. From the long report in the *Kilburn Times*, we are quite unable to determine what the reverend gentleman's views are, further than that he desires to be understood as controverting the Spiritualists.

A SUBSCRIBER IN CORNWALL is anxious to ascertain whether or not there are any believers in Spiritualism besides herself in Cornwall, and would feel much obliged by their forwarding their names and addresses to the office of the MEDIUM.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS AND PROGRESS.

The following letters explain themselves. A Friend, one of the most devoted and estimable of men, as his letters show, found creeds and dogmas incompatible with true religious progress and the spirit of brotherly love, on which account he is a "Friend" no longer. A society surely adopts a suicidal policy which thus alienates its best members. But out of the rejected stones a new and more beautiful superstructure will be reared after the plan of love universal—a creation of the ever-living divine light in man, rather than the faulty work of the finite and ever-expanding intellect. This new spiritual temple will be at the same time the true guardian of the intellect:—

To the Luton and Leighton Monthly Meeting of Friends.

DEAR FRIENDS,—As an act of simple courtesy, and pending your approval, I tender you my resignation of membership, received by right of birth.

For some years past I have been sensible of an increasing departure, on doctrinal points, from the written creed of our society. If Friends conclude to accept of my resignation without any further inquiry, I shall in no wise feel aggrieved, though I would gladly seize any opportunity afforded to give a reason for the hope that is in me.

Still such a separation need not produce any breach of love, and I am assured can never place me out of the pale of the one fold, the Church universal, which comprises the whole human family, all of whom are the children of the same loving Father, who, in unerring wisdom, is so guiding the footsteps of each as will eventuate in the return, in this life or the next, of every prodigal—no matter how far or how long he may have wandered, or what depths of degradation or suffering he may have endured. Believing all truth, whether religious or otherwise, to be limitless, and that God has set no bounds to our acquisition of it, short of our power and will to grasp it, I can no longer subscribe to any creed which virtually says, "Thus far shalt thou go." While taking the golden rule as our guide in all things we must bear in mind that as we sow, so also we shall reap: a process which, under the nurturing care of the Divine Architect of humanity, becomes a process of never-ceasing growth of the soul, towards its Centre and Sustainer—a sowing and reaping and growth as eternal as existence itself.

Having our salvation to work out, each one for himself, let us not do it with fear and trembling, which implies a doubt of the result, but in the trust of a confiding assurance that our Father is at the helm and engine also.

But enough, for I am treading on debatable ground, which I desired to avoid in this communication. Farewell.—In love, your friend,

Amphill, February 7, 1871.

The following is my acknowledgment of the acceptance of the above:—

DEAR FRIENDS,—I am informed of your acceptance of my resignation.

I do regret that opinions should make our separation needful, seeing we are so fully in agreement on the binding obligation of such vital truths as "Love one another;" "Do as you would be done by;" "If thine enemy hunger, feed him;" "Bear ye one another's burdens;" "God's fatherhood and man's brotherhood;" "Love is the fulfilling of all law;" &c.

The path to life eternal truly is strait and narrow, but blessed be God, he has provided a way whereby all shall find it.

Christ taught and exemplified truths strikingly adapted to the needs and nature of man and in harmony with the Divinity within him; but to these Paul and others have added a theology which has proved a source of serious discord among men, while greatly obscuring the Master's purer light.

Our Christianity is more a theology than a practical religion, and its professors have erred in accepting as infallible the writings of Moses, David, Paul, &c., and built on such a foundation. No wonder our faiths, creeds, and dogmas have produced so little Christ-like fruit.

The Bible does indeed contain many precious truths and gems of thought, mixed with much that is useless and false, the fruit of those darker ages of the world; but thanks to our Father, he has given a light to every man which, as heeded, will enable us to gather the wheat wherever found and appropriate to our soul's advancement in the divine life.—Your friend,

TYSON HAGEN.

SPIRITUALISM AND COUNCILLOR ADAIR.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

SIR,—I was not aware, at the conclusion of my last lecture at Derby, that the gentleman who encouraged the disapprobation expressed by a section of the audience was Mr. Councillor Adair, a brother Phrenologist and student of the Science of Man. As his conduct was so devoid of reason or gentlemanly feeling, I concluded that he was some local preacher, whose only road to popularity was to give vent on all public occasions to a display of spleen and prejudice whenever his craft might be supposed to be in jeopardy. Such being the case, I looked on the puerile display with feelings of deep charity, which I now supplement with a few remarks, that the cowardly conduct of the Derby philosopher may not go entirely unchallenged.

The audience listened to my lecture for nearly an hour and a half with the deepest interest, which is the best evidence that could be offered that it was thoroughly appreciated. At the close

Mr. Morse was entranced, and spoke only for a few minutes, leaving the remainder of the time for questions. Such of these as were reasonable were promptly answered by Mr. Morse, in a manner that must have been satisfactory to the questioners, as they were not supplemented by a demand for further explanations. Because the question, "How many chapters are there in the Bible?" and other worthless queries were refused consideration, a knot of mischief-makers, who stood in the aisle, began to hiss and show their teeth, with a variety of facial contortions far from being lovely. Seeing that there was no chairman to the meeting, Mr. Adair took advantage of the circumstance to make a speech, even after he had been motioned to quietness by the ex-Mayor, who sat in front of him, when he interrupted the platform during answers to questions. When a gentleman in a public meeting defies the laws of order and the admonitions of his betters, something very characteristic may be expected. Mr. Adair, with flashing eyes and much warmth and gesticulation, gave expression to his pent-up passions. He had received no evidence that Spiritualism was true. This was tantamount to saying that the lecturer's statements were false, and that the trophies of spirit-power which he exhibited were spurious. This is a charge which my turbulent auditor dared not suggest directly, as he was careful to avoid personalities, except in these indirect implications. Although the audience had the fullest opportunities to put questions which would have in the most severe manner tested the positions I assumed, yet my lecture was passed over without one word of criticism. I also was mindful to state that as Spiritualism was a matter of fact, it could only be proved true to individuals by personal investigation, the methods of which I carefully explained to the audience. What would Mr. Adair think of an objector to Phrenology, who, after hearing a lecture on the subject, evaded the facts and arguments advanced, implying collusion on the part of those who were publicly examined, and denying that Phrenology was true because of his ignorance of its principles? From Mr. Adair's choleric tendency, I argue that he would not have conducted himself with so much calmness as the lecturer on Spiritualism manifested whom he so deliberately insulted, and, after cool reflection, I do him the credit to suppose that he is since heartily ashamed of himself. After his denunciation of Spiritualism, I was in the act of replying to the unjust sophisms advanced, when my assailant interrupted me in the most rude and fierce manner; and as one act of cowardice followed another, I was silenced by the stamping and grimaces of the handful of rough, unthinking men led on by the very anomalous conduct of a gentleman who, from his intellectual pretensions and civic functions, ought to have known better.

It is but fair to the very intelligent audience that listened to me on both evenings to state that the great majority in no way sympathised with the undignified and irrational conduct above referred to, which culminated in the stupid face of Mr. Adair proposing a resolution to the effect that the lecture had not made him a Spiritualist, which was seconded in a fierce growl and "carried" by the mimic mob who backed their worthy "councillor."

The poor enervated brains of the great bulk of my fellow-countrymen have been so accustomed to the dark dungeons of ignorance and the galling pressure of authority, that when a new subject is presented to them, they suppose it to be their duty to swallow it if my Lord This or the Rev. Dr. That bid them; but if it be unsupported by such authority, they consider it proper to reject it without the slightest investigation as to its truth or real merits. Every intelligent man who pretends to give an opinion on the question of the spiritual phenomena, knows them to be true; and if a leading inhabitant of Derby, who gives some attention to intellectual themes, is ignorant of such facts, what must we think of the dense fog in which the intellects of the masses exist? Notwithstanding the misconduct of a few, the lectures at Derby have been a great success, and the absurdities of those who had not the manliness to make an intelligent objection will only heighten the deep interest which the subject has excited in many minds. A much larger number than dissented waited at the close, and expressed themselves much pleased with the subject. Some of the leading families in the district are Spiritualists, but, of course, the matter is kept a profound secret.—I am yours, &c.,

J. BURNS.

THE REVIVIFYING EFFECTS OF SYMPATHETIC LOVE.

As tardy rays dispel the clouds
Of early morn, and with glad light
Rouse into life what night enshrouds,
Making all nature look more bright;
So love illumines the darkened soul,
Which long was left to pine alone,
And with sweet sympathy the whole
Of two fond natures blends in one.

M.

WAKEFIELD.—We have seen a report in a local paper of a lecture on Spiritualism, delivered in the Music Saloon by a brother to the medical director of the local Lunatic Asylum. If the "lecture," which was a silly tirade of misrepresentation, ignorance, and bitter denunciation had been by an inmate of said asylum, we could have more readily credited the report. The "lecturer" described a visit to Mrs. Marshall, during which he got his name told and where he lived, and he had to invent the wildest theories to prove that it was all trickery. It is a sad indication of the self-assumption and moral vileness of the people, when a "respectable" audience will thus sit and hear innocent persons calumniated without proof.

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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.

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The Influence of the Stars; or, the Voices of the Night—The Spiritual Controversy in Wood Green—Can Spirits Pass to Other Globes?—Magnetism—Compensation of Mediums—Mr. Jackson's Addresses on Wednesday Evening—The "Medium" by the Hundred—"Sin, its Physiology and Cure"—Mrs. Hardings's Next Orator—The Spirit Messenger—Interesting Seance at Mrs. Barry's—Another Seance at Mrs. Makdougall Gregory's—Spiritualism in Derby—"Who is it Sings so Sweetly?"—Robert Owen Centenary Committee, &c., &c.

SEANCES AND MEETINGS DURING THE WEEK.

FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 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, Maid's Hill, W., at 7 o'clock. Several mediums in attendance. Admission 2s. 6d.

SUNDAY, APRIL 30, Service at Cleveland Rooms, Cleveland Street, Fitzroy Square, at 11 p.m. Emma Hardings, "The Creed of the Spirits and the Influence of the Religion of Spiritualism."

At Mr. Weeks's, 24, Lower Stamford Street, Blackfriars Road, S.E., Private Seance, at 7 p.m.

Mr. Cogman's Seance, 22, New Road, E., at 7.

KEIGHTLEY, 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.

BRISTOL, Public Meetings, 10.30 a.m., 2.30 and 6.30 p.m. Trance-Medium, Mr. Hillingworth.

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

MANCHESTER, Grosvenor Street Temperance Hall, at 2.30.

COWES, at George Hildroyd's, at 6 p.m.

HAGG'S LANE END, J. Crane, Trance-Medium. 9.30 a.m., and 6 p.m.

HAGG'S LANE END, 9 a.m. Trance-Mediums Mr. J. Crane and Mrs. N. Wilde.

GLASGOW, Whyte's Temperance Hotel, Candlemas, at 6.30.

MONDAY, MAY 1, Seance at 15, Southampton Row, at 8 o'clock. Messrs. Herne and Williams, Mediums for the Spirit-Voice. Admission 2s.

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

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

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, Seance at Mr. Wallace's, 165, Ipp Street, Kentish Town.

Mr. Cogman's Seance, 22, New Road, E., at 8.

BOWLING, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 9 p.m.

HAGG'S LANE END, J. Crane, Trance-Medium. 7.30 p.m.

THURSDAY, MAY 4, Seance at 15, Southampton Row, at 8; Messrs. Herne and Williams, Mediums for the Spirit-Voice, &c. Admission, 2s. 6d.

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, APRIL 28, 1871.

OUR COUNTRY FRIENDS.

It is always pleasant for us to see the cheerful faces and grasp the warm hands of our country friends, who are truly the "salt of the earth" in matters of Spiritualism and Progress generally. At Sowerby Bridge we were invited to lecture on the great question of the day—"Shall our Children be Poisoned by Vaccination, or Die of Smallpox?" We very decidedly answered the important query that it was not necessary for them to submit to either misfortunes. It gave us much pleasure to observe that Spiritualists are the backbone of this good movement, prompted by the pure and holy love of innocent little children. Spiritualists are universal reformers, and seek every opportunity to bless their fellows, whether in body, estate, intellect, soul, or spirit.

The Rose Mount Lyceum is enthusiastically loved by its members, old and young. And, if we may judge of its advantages from the accomplishments of those who participate in them, we must come to the conclusion that the Lyceum is a first-rate thing. We heard young ladies—very young ladies—perform on the piano and sing from Mr. Peebles's "Spiritual Harp" in a manner which did our soul good. Education has been altogether ignored in Yorkshire working men's homes in the past, but it will not be in the future, nor is it so at present. We heard a school-girl read over a

list of classical and historical names, with an intelligent pronunciation which would have done credit to some of our educated friends. But education amongst the Spiritualists does not stop at accomplishments, however elevating and useful these may be. Young ladyism is not affected, and here the teaching of Spiritualism comes in with a wholesome control, instilling into the mind the real principles of equality and brotherhood, teaching that the one who does most shall be considered greatest.

As usual, these excellent principles do not escape prominent Recommendation to a person, a principle, or a movement which "snobs" the church, or the world persecute or speak lightly of; for there is sure to be some solid and lasting good in them. Our Rose Mount friends have had notice to leave the premises where the Lyceum is held, but, nothing daunted, they contemplate the erection of a structure for their own special use. The Halifax Psychological Society, recently constituted, proposes to help in this work, so as to make it a mutual good to both places. Our thoughts on the matter is that Sowerby Bridge wants such a place for itself and Halifax several such places. Our friends should take steps to build a hall capable of holding 400 or 500 persons, in which they could establish Kinder-Garten and other schools during the day, and let for lecturing purposes in the evening. A joint-stock company would find such an institution profitable, and if parents and others have a care for their own mental light and liberty, and that of their children, they will not fail to take steps to educate themselves and those under their guardianship. If Progressive Schools were opened in country places, the old-fashioned schools would soon be empty. Children know what they require, sometimes much better than their seniors, and the aspirations of the young mind sigh everywhere for schools congenial with their pace of mental development. When we go North again, we hope to address our friends on "Education," and give shape to this good work. If Progressives desire to do a permanent good to the race, let them take the education of the young mind into their own hands, and save it from the perversions of priests, pedants, and bigots, from whose cruel processes of education so few are able to recover in after life.

A large number of friends from Halifax attended our meeting. All the talk is about the forthcoming meetings for Mrs. Emma Hardings, whose planet seems to be in the ascendant in the West Riding at present.

ANOTHER SEANCE AT MRS. MAKDOUGALL GREGORY'S.

We have now to chronicle a seance at 21, Green Street, Grosvenor Square, during which, apparently from the limited number present and the consequent prevalence of harmonic conditions, some of the phenomena were of a more extraordinary character than at any of the preceding sittings. The circle on this occasion consisted only of six, Lady N— and her daughter being absent from the indisposition of the latter. Thus the only person in addition to the *habitués* of the circle was the Rev. Mr. H—. After sitting some little time in the light, it was signified by raps that the "spirits" would like some reading, and through the alphabet they directed us to the 15th chapter of the Gospel of St. John, and during its enunciation by the reverend gentleman, they emphasised certain verses by approving raps. After this they asked for prayer, certain passages in which they emphasised in a similar manner. We were now, by affirmative raps in answer to our inquiry on the subject, commanded to put out the light, and had scarcely done so when the spirit-voice was heard speaking apparently through one of the tubes. After this a lady's shawl was taken off her shoulders while the hands of the entire party, including the media, were interlinked, thus forming, as on previous occasions, a closed circle, in which no person could move without his neighbours being conscious of it. It was while these stringent conditions were being carefully observed, that the fire-irons were taken out and laid on the carpet, the fender being placed upon them. All this was done with considerable noise, as if by some rude and careless person—to the alarm of some of the more nervous members of the circle. After this a small japañese fire-screen was removed from the mantelpiece and put on the hand of the Rev. Mr. H—, and then a cushion from the end of the sofa was flung on the table. After this we relit the candle, when a bonnet feather, apparently much worn, was found near the cushion. The Rev. Mr. H— having taken the little fire-screen to the other end of the room, the light was again put out and in a short time the screen was again placed on his hand. Then a chair was put on the table and again removed from it, and then another was put upon it, and in a short time Mr. Herne was lifted up and seated on it, the hands of all present being, as before, interlinked from the moment the light was put out. The candle was now relit, to enable Mr. Herne to descend from his exalted position, and on its extinction the spirit-voice was again heard going round the table and addressing the several members of the company. Mrs. Gregory's handkerchief was now pulled so violently that a piece was torn from it, and on a lady saying she was cold, a shawl that had been left in another part of the room was thrown over her shoulders. After this a chair was placed, first on a lady's head, and then on that of the reverend gentleman, and ultimately a waste-paper basket, which had been standing beneath the piano, was thrown on the table, our hands during the whole of these extraordinary movements being closely interlinked.

At several of our previous meetings it had been announced by raps and impressionary writing that we should ultimately have most

of the phenomena in the light, and on the present occasion we were favoured with an earnest of the fulfilment of this promise. After what we had regarded as the conclusion of the sitting, and when the candle was lit—while Mrs. Wiseman and Mr. J. W. Jackson, together with the media, were in the drawing room, and the Rev. Mr. H— and Mrs. Gregory were in the refreshment room—the little fire-screen was brought from the landing-place and put on the table. Then a chair, on which Mr. Herne was sitting, seemed suddenly drawn from under him, and the chintz cover, which had been carefully buttoned over it, taken off and thrown on the table, extinguishing the light. To prevent the recurrence of this accident we brought in the lamp, when a portfolio of music was taken from the piano and flung in considerable confusion on the floor. Two French books, which had been last seen in another room, were in a similar manner thrown under the table. The spirit-voice, the lamp still burning brightly, then wished us a clearly audible “good night.”

It is observable that these latter phenomena, occurring in the light, exactly resembled the disturbances attributed to the German *Poltergeist*, and were apparently akin to those derangements of furniture said to have occurred in haunted houses. The movements were effected so rapidly and from such unexpected quarters, that, notwithstanding the presence of the light, they came upon us unpreparedly, so that we perceived the result without being able to detect the commencement of the process by which it was effected. It should, perhaps, be noticed that during these occurrences the media were sitting, standing, or walking freely about, but in no instance did the movement appear to commence from that part of the room in which they were at the moment. It is obvious, then, that we have here a series of phenomena which should be carefully investigated. In this instance they seemed to be induced by the presence, though not we believe by the conscious volition, of the media, and it is noticeable that in most, if not in all, cases where similar disturbances have apparently occurred spontaneously, they were obviously connected with the presence of some one or two particular persons, presumably the unconscious instrumentalities for their evolution, on whose removal they have generally ceased, and on whose return they have often recommenced. Now, whatever may be thought of the phenomena which are produced under the conditions of the dark circle, most assuredly these incidents occurring in the light are worthy the attention even of the most cautious experimentalist, and will, we have no doubt, ere long become the subject of carefully-conducted inquiry.

MRS. HARDINGE'S CONCLUDING SERVICE.

It is painful to observe that as Mrs. Hardinge's Sunday evening meetings increase in attendance and importance, she is obliged to leave the scene of her successful labours for another field of usefulness. At the same time it is a matter for deep gratitude that these Sunday services have been so eminently successful, and that on Sunday last the audience contained a large number of strangers from the more intellectual and influential ranks of society. It was with feelings of regret that Mrs. Hardinge was heard to announce that, though the great question of the “Gospel of the Divine Humanity” was far from being exhausted, yet circumstances would permit her to offer only one more chapter for the present. To Spiritualists this will be one of the most interesting of the series, the topic being “The Creed of the Spirits, and the Influence of the Religion of Spiritualism.” As the audience will no doubt be much larger than usual, arrangements will be made to have the hall thoroughly seated, and those who first come will be first served.

NEXT NUMBER OF THE “MEDIUM.”

Mrs. Hardinge's concluding oration in London, on Sunday next, will be on the most important subject on which she has yet spoken during her present visit to London. “The Creed of the Spirits, and the Influence of the Religion of Spiritualism,” is a topic of prime importance to the movement, and the one great question with religious inquirers. As on previous occasions, we offer this next number at a special price, that no impediment may be placed in the way of its obtaining the most extensive circulation. No active Spiritualist who works in the cause would do wrong to have 100 of the next number on hand to give out to investigators as opportunity offered. For this purpose we offer them at the rate of 6s. per 100, or £2 per 1000. Packets of twenty copies may be obtained for 1s., or 1s. 3d. post free. That a sufficient number may be provided, orders should reach our office during Tuesday, or at latest on Wednesday morning. As this is the last opportunity of the kind we may be able to offer for some time, we hope our country friends will not fail to take advantage of it.

“SIN, ITS PHYSIOLOGY AND CURE.”

This is the oration by Mrs. Hardinge reprinted from the *MEDIUM*, and sold at 25s. per 1000, 3s. per 100, or 6d. per dozen. The sale has been greater than any tract on Spiritualism we have ever seen published. A gentleman in the country sends the price of 1000 copies, only a part of which he desires to be sent to him, the remainder to lie in the hands of the publisher for circulation as he may see fit. This is generous aid to a work which goes on to a great extent though little is said about it. Another correspondent sends for 1000 copies, which, with smaller sales, exhausts the greater part of a large edition. We are cheered to see such spirit amongst the friends of Spiritualism.

MRS. HARDINGE'S COUNTRY ENGAGEMENTS.

Arrangements have been completed for the following places. It will be seen that they occupy nearly the whole of the month of May. If all the other places negotiating find acceptance, Mrs. Hardinge could not return to London till the end of summer. Some must be disappointed, and those who are determined to succeed should apply at once, and address Mrs. Hardinge personally, at 6, Vassall Terrace, Campden Grove, Kensington, London, W. We hope all the Spiritualists of a large area around each place will work as one man to make the meetings a grand success:—Northampton, May 2nd and 3rd; Wolverhampton, May 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th; Liverpool, May 9th, 10th, and 12th; Bradford, May 14th, 15th, and 16th; Manchester, May 17th and following week. Other engagements will be announced as soon as completed. Some of our country friends intend to improve the evenings on which there are no public lectures by convening company to meet Mrs. Hardinge socially. As soon as we know more of these arrangements we shall describe them.

NEW WORK BY MR. JACKSON.

We understand that Mr. J. W. Jackson has commenced and already made considerable progress in composing the work that we announced a fortnight since, which will be issued in a serial form, the four chapters or numbers of which it is to consist, price 1s. each, constituting an octavo volume of about 220 pages.

As every work on Man hitherto has been admittedly partial and fragmentary, the anthropologist regarding him almost solely from the physical stand-point, while the moralist, metaphysician, and divine have conversely contemplated him as exclusively from the merely ethical and intellectual plane, we look forward with considerable interest to this promised exposition of humanity, based on broader views, and welling up, we trust, from a deeper insight, than have characterised previous volumes on the same subject. Those of our readers who are familiar with Mr. Jackson's contributions to the *Anthropological Review* and to the pages of *Human Nature*, will feel that his literary and scientific labours for many years past have been in large measure a preparation for the work which he has now undertaken, and in which his intimate knowledge of occult lore and popular superstitions, together with his large personal experience in connection with the facts of Phrenology, Mesmerism, and Psychology, will doubtless be laid under liberal contribution, and what is of equal importance, be communicated with perfect freedom from all editorial or other control.—Ed. M.

Intending subscribers will please forward their names and addresses, together with the number of copies required, to James Burns, Progressive Library, 15, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

MR. RIPPON, the musical medium and spirit-artist, will be in London next week, when he will have an evening to spare, if any of our friends desire a musical treat. We are very pleased to know that Mr. Rippon has received a commission to paint several pictures, the subject of one of which is to be the Lord's Prayer; the others are to be flowers, in Mr. Rippon's inimitable style.

MESSRS. HERNE AND WILLIAMS' SEANCES, at 15, Southampton Row, on Monday and Thursday evenings, are well attended, and manifestations of a very satisfactory description occur. These need not be described, as other seances by the same mediums are reported in another page.

THE CENTENARY OF ROBERT OWEN, the well-known philanthropist, will take place in May 14. Those interested should communicate with Mr. E. Truelove, Hon. Sec., 250, High Holborn. It is not generally known that this distinguished man was a pioneer Spiritualist, and his son, the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, is well known as a writer on Spiritualism and one of the leading men of America.

MRS. HARDINGE has received a telegram from her husband, Mr. Britten, intimating that he has arrived in America.

MR. J. W. JACKSON'S Wednesday evening lectures at 15, Southampton Row, are well attended, and great interest is manifested in Mr. Jackson's very instructive addresses. Admission free. The Mesmeric class will soon be formed.

THE COLLEGE OF MEDIUMS.—Only a few more names are wanted for a session of twelve weeks, fee 10s. Those desirous of becoming members of a developing circle should send in their names at once to 15, Southampton Row, W.C.

MR. J. BURNS was announced to lecture on “Spiritualism” last evening, at the Working Men's Club, Triangle, Hackney.

LITTLE MAGGIE SIMPSON, late of Tudhoe Grange, a child of great promise, was released from her frail body on Monday morning, and is now a resident in the brighter world. Her ripened spirit has been saved from the hard ordeal of an earthly life.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mrs. Emma Hardinge, the celebrated inspirational speaker, will deliver three orations in the above hall, on the evenings of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 4, 5, and 6. Tickets of admission:—Reserved Seats, 2s.; Floor of Hall, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. each. Season Tickets for the course:—Reserved Seats, 4s.; and Floor of the Hall, 2s. each. Doors open at 7.30; orations will commence at 8 punctually. The audiences are respectfully requested to be seated before the commencement of the orations. Special Notice.—Mrs. Hardinge's orations at Wolverhampton will be upon subjects of general interest. Their wonderful extemporaneous and inspirational character will be amply proved by the fact that Mrs. Hardinge herself will be kept in ignorance of the subject upon which she is to deliver an oration until the moment she is ready to commence. [The above is a copy of the announcements forwarded by Mr. Simkiss.]

The Spirit Messenger.

[A seance is held every Friday evening, at eight o'clock, at the office of the *Messenger*; 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.]

April 21.

(The questions were answered by Tien-Sien-Tie, the guide of the medium.)

Q. A country correspondent desires to know what is meant by spiritual "freedom or liberty?"—A. The inhabitants of the spirit-world, like those of earth, have the power to use the means at their disposal for carrying out their desires, malicious or otherwise, but all are responsible for the results of their actions, be they of a beneficent or malignant nature. Thus freedom of all kinds should always be made subservient to reason and goodness.

In reply to a question respecting the existence of evil in the spirit-world, it was stated that the action of evil there was pretty much the same as on earth. A person ignorant of spiritual conditions necessarily made mistakes and errors, which must produce false theories and discomfort to himself and others. Before such an individual attained to light sufficient to rectify his ideas and conduct, he might be said to exist in a sphere of evil.

In answer to a question, the spirit stated that children who were full-grown and born alive were immortal, but that in cases where the fetus died before maturity the child had no spiritual existence. A visitor stated that he had heard of parents receiving messages from the spirits of children that had never been born. The spirit replied that such was contrary to his experience. This is a matter upon which we would be glad to have the experience of Spiritualists.

A great number of interesting questions were discussed, which we have not space to report, and the "Strolling Player" spoke for a long time in an interesting manner on the fallibility of ecclesiastical dogmas and pretensions.

EDWARD KENNEDY.

The medium did not come out of the trance after the control of the "Strolling Player," which is often the case when strange spirits control who are not strong or acquainted with the process. As the spirit took possession of the medium's body he showed signs of weakness, as if wasted away by disease. The expression of the face was indicative of physical suffering, and the left hand of the medium was placed on his chest as if there were pain and difficulty there. He spoke in a hurried manner and in a low voice, gasping for breath before the communication was finished. This is what he said:—"I wish to let my father, Richard Kennedy, Hampton Court, know that his son Edward Kennedy would like to communicate with him. Died end of July last year, aged 22, at Brighton, Belgrave Terrace. Can't say more now."

A SPIRIT IDENTIFIED.

To the Editor of the *Medium and Daybreak*.

DEAR BURNS.—As you are ever wishful to have proofs to substantiate the manifestations through Mr. Morse, you will find one annexed concerning the murdered man, Dan Hawthorn, that was given in the *MEDIUM* some three weeks back; the only difference is, it was at Backworth, near North Shields, instead of Backwood, near South Shields.

I have forwarded them some of the *MEDIUMS*, along with the one containing the manifestations, and who knows what the results may be? I hope the seed of Spiritualism may fall in good soil.

R. W. GAZZON.

Burbank Street, West Hartlepool, April 24, 1871.

[The communication of the spirit calling himself "Dan Hawthorn" was given in such a hurried and incoherent manner, and in such provincial language, that it was only in part reported with difficulty. We therefore take the blame of making the errors pointed out in the names of the places, seeing that it is quite possible they were indited correctly, but very broadly pronounced.—Ed. M.]

While the foregoing was being set in type, Dan Hawthorn again entranced Mr. Morse in our office. Mr. Morse had complained of headache for two days, and it transpired that the spirit had been endeavouring to control him. When he did so, the medium complained of pains in his head and limbs, as on the former control. The spirit expressed his satisfaction at our report, and was gratified to think that the message had been corroborated. He spoke in a very broad, uncouth style, and left with the air of a very important personage.

MR. HOME AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

The following letter, which we cut from the *Standard* of April 14, explains itself. It is in reply to a wanton attack on Mr. Home which had appeared in that paper on the previous day:—

To the Editor of the "Standard."

Sir,—In a letter headed "Russia (from our own correspondent), St. Petersburg, April 7," and published by you this evening, I find myself spoken of in a manner so utterly at variance with the truth that I must request the publication of this my reply.

I did propose to meet some scientific gentlemen, but it was my stipulation not to see the room previous to the seance. It is untrue that "a lamp was arranged with a powerful reflector" (not that I would in the least have objected to any such arrangement). It is untrue that I, or anyone, "pretended to be aware of any presences from the wavering light of a candle." It is untrue that I, or anyone, "pretended to be aware of the arrival of the spirits by a peculiar rushing noise, which, on search being made, was found to proceed from a hot-air pipe being left open." It is untrue that I offered to change the weight of any object in the room, and that a pail was placed on scales.

I am not certain that the latter part of his letter may not be treated as libel; that it is an unwarranted and most gross falsehood is certain.

I had a sapphire ring presented to me by his Majesty the Emperor,

and one of trading value from an old friend. In the latter was an emerald worth some two or three pounds, and this is the only emerald I had.

I had remained in Russia six weeks longer than I intended, and the four weeks had accepted no invitations excepting with a proviso, my presence being required elsewhere.

I left with the understanding that I am to meet the same gentlemen (one of whom is Professor Butlerov, my future brother-in-law) next winter in St. Petersburg, and I may be allowed to express a hope that you will by that time have found a correspondent who can furnish you with the truth when he writes, and who will not insult men of whom he knows nothing.—Your most obedient servant,

D. D. HOME.

20, North Audley Street, Grosvenor-square, April 13.

SPIRITUALISM IN NORTHAMPTON.

To the Editor of the *Medium and Daybreak*.

MR. ENRON.—I have taken the liberty to address a few lines to you, knowing you to be a friend of truth, to acquaint you with what took place at a little party of Spiritual friends in this town on Monday last, being Easter Monday. A few of us made up our minds to form a tea-party; accordingly we met at the time appointed, and partook of a social cup of tea, and afterwards began to amuse ourselves by singing and conversation, when one of our party went under the psychological influence and became entranced; this of course subdued all conversation, and we became all attention. The spirit, through the medium of our friend, represented himself to be an Indian come to give us some information upon the subject of "The Power of Spirit over Matter," and to illustrate his theory, he suspended all animation in our friend, then taking away his sight, then his hearing, then his taste, then smell, and lastly feeling; and to convince us that circulation was completely suspended, he asked for sharp-pointed instruments with which to prick him. Some needles being given to him, he forced them into his chest, as we should into a pin cushion. Our friend did not show any sign of pain, nor did the apertures bleed. We were then invited to pull them out, and when they were taken hold of they fairly lifted up the flesh; and whilst in this state our friend gave us a short lecture upon the utility of pain, which was both interesting and useful. He (the spirit) likewise elongated the body of our friend till he seemed to stretch four or five inches. This yielding of the body seemed to be about the waist. This sort of thing lasted about half an hour. When our friend came to himself, we asked him questions about it, such as what he had been doing, &c., but he told us that he knew nothing about what had taken place, any more than if he had been asleep. I have read of things of this kind taking place a long way off, but never before witnessed the sight, and I feel glad to have the privilege of recording it for others. Therefore you have liberty to make what use you like of this letter.—I remain, yours respectfully,

M. WARDEN.

April 17th, 1871.

P.S.—Names forwarded if required.

ASTROLOGY AND SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of the *Medium and Daybreak*.

SIR.—I observe in your issue of the 7th instant a letter from a Mr. Davies on the above subject. As to Neptune ruling spiritual phenomena, this has yet to be proved. I generally find the Moon, Herschel, and Venus strong, or in aspect to each other, in the natiivities of mediums, the two former especially. Mercury usually presents himself "nowhere," that is, he is much debilitated by position, or in some ignoble house in the nativ. Jupiter also adds to mediumistic powers, inducing the natives to become healing media, aiming at benefiting the great bulk of mankind. Saturn is strongly opposed to Spiritualism, and gives love for ancient worship, magic, and the intrinsic workings of nature, commonly called "natural magic," delighting in ceremonies, solitary places, and unknown mysteries. The Sun and Mars make powerful Mesmerists, though I find generally such characters are opposed to astrology and occult teachings, but of course there are exceptions. As to Venus and Herschel ruling or representing seers, from experience I find this is not the case. In the first place, very rarely can a male seer, whereas most females can; but those especially who are bold, fearless, and far removed from nervousness and timidity. I know a lady who possesses most extraordinary powers of seeing; indeed, I never witnessed the like, and in her nativ. Mars is rising in the middle of Leo in trine of Saturn from the ninth house, and Aries. Such would give her firmness, resolution, gravity, and great and undaunted courage. My manuscript avers that the presence of an angel is such a shock to some frames that they expire under it; and it may be the angels, knowing what a shock their presence would be to some, withhold themselves for this cause, whereas those who are extra strong in nerve they never hesitate in visiting when duly called. Why the angels seldom appear to men I don't know, unless it be that they are grosser in nature and have less perceptive power than women. I should consider the Sun, Saturn, or Mars in the ninth would make a good seer, especially if at the same time the Moon applied to a good aspect of Saturn. I consider crastionancy the top of the tree for spiritual communications, and wish your readers would give it greater attention, and will most willingly, if you will allot me space, give them every instruction and form for working it.—Your obedient servant,

T. ROBERT F. CROSS,

Secretary of the Society of Most Ancient Magi.

30, Alpha Square, Watworth, S.E., April 10, 1871.

A SLEEPING BEAUTY.

The *St. Louis Democrat* introduces us to a marvellous woman who, it appears, goes by the name of "the Sleeping Beauty."—Her name is Susan C. Godsey, and she is twenty-nine years of age. She was born in Obion county, Tennessee, just across the state line, and about six miles from Hickman, Kentucky. Her parents were extremely poor, and lived in a small log-house containing only one room. Until eight years of age the girl was strong and healthy, and seemed in nowise remarkable. At that age, however, she was stricken with fever, but was attended by an experienced physician, who soon checked the disease. The girl sank into a slumber which lasted an unusually long time, and finally awoke

work, but well. To the surprise of the family and physician, she remained awake but a few minutes, when she again went to sleep. From then until the present time, twenty-one years and three months, she has never been awake more than eight minutes at a time. The lethargic state invariably lasts a certain number of hours. She awakes at six o'clock in the morning, and at three and nine o'clock each night, never varying one half minute from the regular time. She takes but very little nourishment, and that only twice in twenty-four hours. During the time in which she sleeps she does not appear to breathe, and a mirror held against her nostrils remains unaltered. Her breathing, if indeed she breathes at all, is not sufficient to stir the lightest down suspended against her nostrils by a silken thread. When her remarkable condition became known, physicians flocked from all parts of the country to see her. None were able to satisfactorily account for the phenomenon, although many theories were advanced. The true cause has never to this day been determined, although the woman continues alternately to sleep and wake with the regularity of clockwork. Two physicians, Drs. Rhea and Glover, are now in attendance upon her, and although the former has visited her continually for sixteen years, he can still form no opinion regarding the cause. She is rather under medium size, and with the exception that she is sometimes troubled when awake with neuralgic pains in her head and neck, and that one arm is slightly paralysed, enjoys, as far as she can enjoy anything, good health. Her hands are extremely small and delicate, being scarcely larger than those of a child six years of age. Another remarkable feature in the case is that while her hair has grown to a great length, her finger nails have not grown any since she was first stricken. She retains what knowledge she possessed at eight years of age, but has not been awake enough since then to learn anything more. She knows her relatives and friends, and converses with them in her conscious moments. Before falling asleep, a slight hicough or choking sound proceeds apparently from her throat. She then so quickly becomes insensible that she is sometimes unable to finish a sentence or even a word while talking. When about to awake the same choking sound is repeated from her throat a number of times at regular intervals. When this is heard eleven times without intermission her body shakes in a spasmodic manner and she instantly awakes. Whether asleep or awake, her hands tremble continually. Dr. Edwards stated on Saturday night before the Medical Society that he had known the family for a number of years, and knew that there was no deception or humbug.

DREAMS.

Does a guardian angel come at night
When the eye of sense is blind,
And reveal to the soul new sources of light,
And pour new scenes on the untried sight,
To develop the eye of mind?

If the prophet bud can foretell the flower,
And the seed contain the embryo tree,
Then what are the strifes of mysterious power
That come in our dream-life to glid the dark hour,
But the future angel's prophecy?

And what is that wild intontional play
Of fancies that float in our boyhood's brain,
But an embryo vision to shadow the way
Our souls should act in a manlier day,
When the heart is too hardened to feel them again?

Such visions foreshadow man's destiny dream
Among the immortals—a bud yet unblown;
Like the faces of old friends around us they gleam,
Or like fair kindred spirits from heaven they seem
To waken and welcome our souls to their own.

—Dox Dells.

DEMAND AND SUPPLY.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

Sir,—The argument in your columns (April 7th), relative to the compensation of Messrs. Herne and Williams, irresistibly reminds me of an invitation given to Madame B—, the Italian vocalist, to sing at the Court of the Empress Katharine II. of Russia. The lady demanded a sum of 80,000 roubles. Said her Majesty, "That is as much as I give one of my field-marshal's." "Then," retorted Madame B—to the negotiator, "her Majesty had better ask one of her field-marshal's to sing to her." The money was paid, and the performance was satisfactory.—I am Sir, your obedient servant,
A. A. H.
April 17th, 1871.

THE PAYMENT OF MEDIUMS AND PREACHERS.

We notice in the daily papers the report of a speech by the Bishop of Manchester, containing arguments which might be quoted in favour of those who work for Spiritualism being remunerated for their labour. The Bishop is reported to have spoken thus:—"He had in his pocket, and he had carried about with him for some time, an extract which he had cut from one of those newspapers which kind friends sent him from day to day, containing some 'Words of Counsel,' by Mr. Spurgeon. In them that minister says: 'Next let me say a word or two to the people. It is a remarkable fact that ministers of the Gospel are not able to live on much less than other people. (Laughter.) They cannot make a shilling go so far as other people will make a sovereign. Some of them try very hard, but they do not succeed. (Laughter.) Will our Churches—he was speaking of Baptist Churches, he believed—see to the better maintenance of their ministers? Said a man once to a minister who made application for more salary as his family increased, 'I did not know that you preached for money.' 'No, I do not,' said the minister. 'I thought you preached for souls.' 'So I do,' said the minister; 'but I cannot live on souls—(laughter)—and if I could, it would take a good many of them, the size of yours, to make a meal.' (Laughter.) The conclusion of this very valuable counsel was, 'Feed your ministers if you expect them to feed you.' He (the Bishop) echoed that advice."

VICTORIA INSTITUTE.—At a meeting of the Victoria Institute, on a recent evening, the Rev. C. Graham read a paper on "The Tripartite Nature of Man." The object of the paper was to show that throughout the Scriptures man's nature is shown to us as having a tripartite character, the three constituents being body, soul, and spirit. The body, or *sema*, is the perishable flesh; the soul, or *psyche*, is the animating principle, so far as vitality and the human intelligence are concerned; while the spirit, or *pneuma*, is the imperishable essence which gives man his immortality. The paper then proceeded to point out the distinction between the soul and the spirit, showing that the spirit is the seat of our ethical and religious nature, and that it includes man's higher qualities, while the soul has more to do with the mere animal life and its appetites and passions; and the whole argument, which had been elaborated with much care, was strongly fortified by apposite quotations both from the Old and New Testaments.—Daily Telegraph.

J. N., EDINBURGH.—The document is indeed a curiosity. The author of it may be possessed of certain psychological faculties, which, on account of ignorance and nervous weakness from a residence in warm climates, he may interpret in the extraordinary manner set forth in his printed letter. Whether the Virgin Mary will proclaim in England on Christmas Day next, and whether the second advent will take place on Trinity Sunday, 1872, are matters which a few months will conclusively settle. It is almost unnecessary to observe that similar predictions have been repeatedly made, none of which have been realised.

ROSE MOIST LUCUM, SOWERBY BRIDGE, will hold their first anniversary on Sunday, May 7, when all Spiritualists and friends in the neighbourhood are earnestly requested to be present.—E. BROADBENT, Secretary.

PERGRAM RYE.—We are informed that a free circle will be held weekly, on Wednesday evenings, at 20, Heaton Road, to commence at 8 o'clock. President, Mr. Barber.

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