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"THE SPIRITUALIST" NEWSPAPER: A Record of the Progress of the Science and Ethics of Spiritualism. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, PRICE TWOPENCE. ESTABLISHED IN 1869.

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Finance Committee, at 6 p.m.  
COUNCIL MEETING, at 6.30 p.m.  
Friday, 11th.—Experimental Research Committee, at 6.30 p.m.  
Monday, 16th.—FORTNIGHTLY DISCUSSION MEETING, at 8 p.m.  
Friday, 18th.—Soiree Committee at 5 p.m.  
House and Offices Committee, at 5.30 p.m.  
Experimental Research Committee at 6.30 p.m.  
Thursday, 24th.—Seance Committee, at 7 p.m.  
Friday, 25th.—Experimental Research Committee, at 6.30 p.m.  
Monday, 28th.—Library Committee, at 7 p.m.  
FORTNIGHTLY DISCUSSION MEETING, at 8 p.m.  
Tuesday, 29th.—ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF MEMBERS, at 6.30 p.m.

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# The Spiritualist Newspaper,

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

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LONDON, FRIDAY, MAY 11th, 1877.

## WAR.

ONE of the disadvantages of a State Church, whatever otherwise its merits and demerits, is the fact that it is always subservient to the secular power, and that when that power takes good or bad steps which must result in the slaughter of thousands of human beings, it always implores the blessing of Almighty God upon the act, and automatically announces to the world that the step is under His special patronage and approval. Consequently religious people who possess any freedom of religious utterance, and are not helplessly on their knees before worldly powers, find it to be their duty at such times, more than all others, to speak out.

Turkey, an oppressor of the helpless, a nation whose influence falls like a blight upon the onward march of civilisation, has outraged and cruelly treated a limited number of Christians. Russia, to remedy this, finds it necessary—with the special blessing and support of the Almighty (see manifestoes)—finds it necessary to cut the throats, shoot, and otherwise murder some tens of thousands of Turks, and thousands of Russian soldiers. When for the few Christians slain by Turkey, myriads of other Christians, in addition to thousands of Mohammedans, have been slaughtered, the claims of religion, of justice, and of the political exponents of the will of the Almighty will have been satisfied, and all Christendom will rejoice with an exceeding great gladness.

But England, having in past times stolen India from its rightful owners by force of diplomacy, of arms, and of divers cruelties and bloodthirsty outrages, described during the last generation in the parliamentary speeches of Burke, now finds it necessary to watch over the property obtained under the sanction of the Divine Right recognised by the State Church of that time. Consequently, as Russian encroachments in Turkey may chance at some indefinite future time to facilitate an attack upon the India to which we have such a true and holy claim, the supporters of the present English Government are urging it to add to the bloodshed and murder in the East, whilst the great mass of the stupid, half-educated British public have for the first time in English history, wholly or partially checked the action of those vested interests in this country which are always in a chronic state of favour of war.

But if England and two or three other nations should mix up in this war, we shall arrive at the grand final result, that for every Bulgarian "atrocitised" a thousand men will have been slain—always with the special blessing of the Almighty—and various Christian nations through several generations will be heavily taxed to pay the expenses, while all Christendom will sing a *Te Deum* at this most holy consummation.

Finally, the Bulgarians, under their future masters, under the stern and oppressive rule which Russia has long exercised over its subjects in Poland and in regions north of the Black Sea, may in that happy time, while thanking England and other nations for what they have done, remark that, nevertheless, on the whole, they wish the nations of Europe would go to war once more to free them from Russia, and to leave them to fight out their own differences with the weaker power of the Turks.

Philosophers have long since agreed that attempts, however philanthropic, to perpetuate a weak race, must result in failure; so if oppressed Christians in Turkey are not now noble or chivalrous enough to suffer and to die for that which they believe to be true, or to leave the country to live with their alleged dear friends in Russia (who never dream of plundering a nation or of annexing territory, and who, according to manifestoes, are so overflowing with love to them that they could not refuse to pay the expenses), of what avail is it to attempt to prop up an ignoble people?

Unadvanced races cannot be civilised before their time,

and religious and intelligent people should leave them to work out their own experiences—to learn lessons from the miseries they inflict upon each other; but they should not join in the fray, on the same principle that a respectable man will not interfere with two blackguards fighting in the street. Let them fight it out, and when they are sickened and weakened by the conflict, there may be no harm, and not much good, in giving them a little advice; the real lesson will lie in the practical experience of the results of breaking God's laws in nature.

Meanwhile the religious duty of Spiritualists, doubtless, is to weaken the hands as much as possible of those in favour of war. This may be done by the dissemination of non-intervention ideas among the unthinking from platform and from pulpit, in public and in private. Human beings should understand, in the irreverently pious words of the great American poet, that

If you take a sword and dror it,  
Go and run a feller through;  
Guv'ment aint to answer for it,  
God will send the bill to you.

If some good and useful occupation in times of peace could be found for those who are trained to war, and who, when in quietude, feel they have no special *raison d'être*, war feeling in this country would be less easily raised in disturbed times in the future than at present. The followers of our present Government are more anxious for war than anybody else, so that our nominal rulers are somewhat in the position of the Emperor of Russia, who, surrounded by aristocratic social forces over which he has little personal control, now passes his nights in crying.

## THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

On Monday evening, last week, at one of the fortnightly meetings of the members and friends of the British National Association of Spiritualists, at 33, Great Russell-street, London, Mr. Desmond Fitz-Gerald, Member of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, presided.

### FORM MANIFESTATIONS—ATTEMPTS TO EXPLAIN THEIR NATURE.

Mr. W. H. Coffin said that the observations he had to make in opening a discussion on form manifestations, would be about as valuable as if he were to address the meeting on the composition of the fixed stars as revealed by the spectroscope, for upon neither subject had he had personal experience, but depended upon the testimony of others. As he had not made direct observations, he was obliged to accept, as far as his powers of belief would permit, the statements of those trustworthy witnesses who had given the result of their experience. What he was about to say would consist merely of his floating thoughts upon the subject, yet he was aware that the most insignificant spark would suffice to ignite a powder magazine. Logical Spiritualists had come to the conclusion about what were called "materialisations," that it was dangerous to give any title to the phenomena which pointed to a theory; therefore, the term materialisation was objectionable, for it involved an hypothesis. In what were called materialisation manifestations they witnessed the production, in an abnormal manner, of the human form, either in part or in its completeness, and the only tolerably constant factor which he could see in the various records, was the necessity for the presence of a particular person who was endowed with medial power, which power was modified more or less by the presence of other persons. To obtain good phenomena, social *rapport*, pleasant feeling, and absence of light, seemed to be good, after which the whole of the circle became conscious of the existence of what appeared to be a physical personality, whose appearance among them they had no means of accounting for. In trying to explain such a phenomenon as this, thinkers at once stumbled upon physical and metaphysical considerations of the deepest nature as to the ultimate constitution of matter, the one school saying that matter existed only in the consciousness of man, and the other thinking matter to consist of particles, at rest or in motion. In the first place, there was much evidence showing that the great majority of phenomena occurred in the following way: The physical body of the medium having been placed away from direct view in a cabinet, either under no test conditions at all, or bound and secured in a variety of ways, is brought out to the circle, and seen by all present with certain changes of physical expression and characteristics, but without any distinct evidence of the presentation of additional matter. In some cases, and in some little understood way, the bonds and seals were afterwards replaced. Admitting that the medium had been pre-

sented and was afterwards restored as before to the securest of bonds, the phenomenon was as inexplicable as any they could possibly have to deal with. (Hear, hear.) He could not offer the slightest approximation to a theory to explain the facts. In the second place, there was a higher phase of the manifestations. There was a certain amount of evidence that the medium's body, either with or without some alteration, could be proved to remain in its bonds, while another body resembling that of the medium was amongst the spectators; this duplicate body presented all the characteristics of the medium. If one of these forms were seized, by a so-called transgression of the conditions, the act gave rise to the so-called imposture of the medium, who appeared, however, after taking into consideration all the evidence, to be the unconscious instrument of some external power, and who was not always to be suspected of using his own body with the intention of making the observers believe in the existence of another. The second body would appear to be different from the body of the medium. The observers were thus confronted by the problem of supposing that there was the production of a amount of matter which it was difficult to see could come in any way from the medium or the circle. There was much difficulty in forming any hypothesis to explain these things to ordinary physicists. To them the matter in the universe was unalterable, both in quantity and in kind. On such a subject they might speculate to any extent, and the various hypotheses might be very wide of the mark. One speculation which had passed through his mind was, that matter might be nothing more than the result of the action of minute forces, the centre of whose sphere of action might be called the centre of the hypothetical atom of the physicist; then it might be that a certain amount of measurable force might undergo such a transformation as no physicist had ever seen, resulting in the production of a body possessing ponderable mass, which body might afterwards disappear, and the forces resume their original form. However wide of the truth this idea might be, it came within the category of a possibility. If matter were but a manifestation of force, some of it might disappear in one form and reappear in another, under the control of some unseen intelligence or spirit. The pieces cut from the clothes of these forms had been found to be of human manufacture, brought into the circle in some unexplained way. In some of the manifestations lifeless faces, resembling masks, were shown. There were enormous difficulties surrounding any attempt at explaining any of these manifestations, the reality of which it was impossible to deny by those who placed any weight at all on the value of logical and critical human testimony. He came there that evening partly from the selfish motive of laying his difficulties before those who had had more experience than himself, hoping that some light would be shed upon the problems which he had introduced.

The Rev. W. Stainton-Moses, M.A., said that he also would contribute his mite to show how ignorant they at present were about materialisation phenomena, and he admitted with Mr. Coffin that the problem of the ultimate constitution of matter entered largely into the subject of discussion. At a *séance* in the dark he had grasped a solid hand which had drawn him upwards until he nearly touched the ceiling, and many others had had the same experience; he wanted to know where the fulcrum was which enabled the hand to thus draw him upwards; he also wanted to know how that hand came to be wandering about in his room. Again, he had in the dark held the medium firmly, and a welded iron ring with no joint in it was first gently struck against his arm, and then threaded upon it; it was a case of matter passing through matter, and he wanted to know whether his arm—which was a good substantial one—opened in any way, or whether the ring opened. Such facts made those who were familiar with them sceptical as to the conclusions of materialistic physicists about the nature of matter. At certain materialisation *séances*, as they were called, there had been presentations of the body of the medium under certain conditions, but he did not think that that was so strange as the building up of a new body. He had seen scores of cases of the bringing of solid objects through closed doors into *séance* rooms, and the freeing of the medium from bonds seemed to be brought about on the same principle; but the creation of a separate individual differing from anybody who had previously been in the room, was, in his opinion, more difficult to explain. The clothing of the forms was apparently only of human manufacture; but when the *séance* was over where did all the clothing go to? When these forms had been weighed they gave results incompatible under ordinary circumstances with either the size or stature of human beings; sometimes they were only one-eighth or one-tenth the proper weight. Once he saw a hand with a light in it floating about in his own room. What appeared to be fine muslin was hanging from the hand, and he did not know where that hand and muslin went to afterwards. He saw by the papers that they had caught a veritable sea serpent that morning—(laughter)—so perhaps they might expect soon to have a materialised form. The evidence was good as to the reality of materialised forms, but admitting that fact, everything he could say by way of explanation would be but one long note of interrogation. He agreed with Miss Kisingbury that the public and everybody ought to know that Spiritualists do not for one moment accept every form which comes out of a cabinet as a materialised spirit, for sometimes there was undoubtedly the freeing or transformation of the medium; this manifestation was a perfectly honest one, and of frequent occurrence. Sometimes it was quite plain and clear to the observer that the medium was actually there, presented in such a way that it would have been a most clumsy performance if considered as an imposture. Experiments ought to be tried to solve the various difficulties. At present the medium was put where the sitters could not see him, and he protested against further *séances* of that kind. Four years ago it was recorded in *The Spiritualist* that "John King" had said that one of the manifestations of the future would be to permit the medium to lie upon a sofa in subdued light, in full view of the observers, and that he (John King) after some little practice would make himself visible hovering over him. He

should like to see Mr. Williams holding a *séance* under those conditions. Spiritualists ought to insist upon some such conditions, and not to waste time in watching dubious manifestations. Could not an experiment be tried to show how long a figure different from the medium could subsist away from him? At present at *séances* a large amount of force was frittered away over a large area, in producing a great proportion of un-conclusive manifestations; sittings should be held for single and smaller manifestations produced under good conditions, so that one point could be cleared up at a time. (Hear, hear.) At present there was a great waste of spirit power producing results, few of which were of value. The intelligence connected with these forms seemed to be almost entirely that of the medium or of the persons in the circle.

THEORIES RELATING TO FORM MANIFESTATIONS—THE WORK OF THE RESEARCH COMMITTEE.

Mr. W. H. Harrison said: If it were possible to shut out all the other phenomena of modern Spiritualism, so that none were presented to our minds but form manifestations, I am not so sure that it would be so very difficult to give a theory to explain them; I should assume that the spirit of the medium, when freed from its body during the mesmeric sleep, had discovered that it possessed peculiar powers over matter, and used those powers consciously or unconsciously—perhaps the latter, under the influence of the will-power of the circle—in trying to make us believe in the existence of the spirits of the departed; but taking the whole range of the phenomena into consideration, I think this "spirit of the medium" theory to be untenable, at least as the chief intelligence at work. If anybody could discover where the drapery came from it would be a step in the right direction, and on the theory just mentioned I should assume that it probably enough came no farther than from the medium's boxes. It is brought into the *séance* room as a general rule by spirit power. If the mediums are searched before or after the sitting there is none of the drapery about them. While the drapery covers the body of the form it is sometimes subject to abnormal conditions, there being many instances on record of pieces being cut from it, and the garment instantly becoming whole. The best case I ever saw was at one of Florence Cook's closing *séances*. The form calling itself "Katie" was sitting outside the doorway of the room used as a cabinet; inside the cabinet all through the *séance* we all saw what we believed to be the entranced form of Miss Cook; her head was away from us; we saw her dress, her hands, and her boots, but it is true we did not see her features. Katie sat upon the floor outside the cabinet, with Mr. Crookes on one side of her and Mr. Tapp on the other, both of them quite close. Among the observers were the parents of the medium, also Mrs. Ross-Church and myself, as well as several others whose names I now forget. Katie cut about a dozen pieces from the lower part of the skirt of her wide dress, and made presents of them to different observers; great holes were left in the dress, some few of them large enough to put a clenched hand through. I then said in effect, and quite spontaneously, the moment the thought came into my mind—"Katie, if you can make that dilapidated dress as good as it was before, as you have done on previous occasions, it will be a very good case." It must be remembered that this was in bright gaslight, with plenty of witnesses. I had no sooner made the remark than she quietly covered the portion of her dress which had holes in it with another portion of the dress which had no holes in it, then uncovered the former part once more, the whole of the quiet slow movement not occupying more than three or four seconds. The skirt was at once perfect—not a hole to be seen. Mr. Crookes asked if he might examine it, and she gave her consent; he drew the lower part of the skirt inch by inch over his hands, examining it closely, and testified that there was no hole there, no marks or seam of any kind. Mr. Tapp then asked similar permission, and after a long careful examination gave the same testimony. Signor Rondi, in a recent article in *The Spiritualist*, has described how he witnessed much the same thing with another medium, only the spirit told him to cut the piece from the upper part of the dress because the skirt had been "borrowed;" I suppose the latter remark meant that it was ordinary drapery, not subject at that or perhaps any other moment to abnormal conditions. I have attended some hundreds of *séances* for form manifestations in the difficult attempt to pierce the mysteries to their roots. The intelligence of the forms is very much limited by the intellectual capacity of the mediums; it scarcely ever exceeds it. There was once, however, a remarkable exception at the house of Mr. Crookes, wherein one of these forms gave Mr. Serjeant Cox a copy of his book *What Am I?*—gave a member of the Council of the Royal Society a book written by himself, which book was not lettered upon the back—it also gave a well-known traveller present a book written by himself; it furthermore gave a copy of *The Spiritualist* to me. The cabinet was Mr. Crookes's library, which the medium, an illiterate person, had entered only five minutes before, and Mr. Crookes himself could not have found those books from amongst the great mass of volumes in the dark. Moreover, while all this was going on, the position of the medium was accounted for, for she was made part of an electrical circuit, and all the time the indications of the reflecting galvanometer outside, showed that she was grasping the handles of the opposite poles of the battery, while the form was giving us the books. The apparatus was so sensitive that it showed her breathing, as she unconsciously grasped the metallic handles a little tighter at each inspiration or expiration. This manifestation shows that some power was there, well acquainted with the past lives of the persons present, and with their works in the world of science. I thoroughly agree with Mr. Stainton-Moses that it is high time that cabinets were abolished, and that no more energy should henceforth be wasted in watching dubious manifestations which are the same night after night, and give no additional religious, scientific, or useful information of any kind. Some of these problems, I think, might be solved by the Research Committee, many members of

which are now present. I do not agree with my fellow members that the present line of action of that committee is a wise one, but have no desire that my individual opinions should interfere with the wishes of the majority. I think that the Research Committee has never attempted any research. I think that the attempt to get new manifestations to convert disbelievers is foreign to the duties of a research committee, which ought to act quite independently of the outside world; moreover to develop new manifestations through the organism of a medium requires considerable expenditure of time and money, and may fail in the end. Besides there is no research about it; it is turning the work of the Research Committee into that of a developing circle, and the work of developing circles can be, and is in some towns, carried on without scientific knowledge or appliances. Then again our chairman has informed us that a portion of the time of the Research Committee has been spent in attempting to convince some of its own members unacquainted with the phenomena; this I should suppose to be expensive, and foreign to the duties of a Research Committee. Should not inquirers gain their own experiences? I think there is no research in sitting for new manifestations which the observers can no more explain than those which preceded them, but that research consists rather in dealing with phenomena already common, and sifting their nature as far as possible by experiment. Why not, for instance, take Mr. Eglinton and ascertain by means of instruments whether his own hands grow cold, supposing energy to be taken from them to form the materialised spirit hands commonly produced in his presence? The attempt might also be made to discover whether the temperature of various portions of his brain varies during the production of the manifestations. I have hypothetical reasons for supposing that during the production of physical manifestations, there are special changes in the temperature of the back part of the brain of the medium, and that during trance manifestations there are changes in the temperature of the top portion of the brain. This question could easily be answered by research, and results of a positive or negative nature thereby brought to our knowledge. Experiments with mesmeric sensitives would throw much light on the nature of spiritual phenomena.

THE ULTIMATE CONSTITUTION OF MATTER—THE BURNING INFLUENCE APPERTAINING TO CERTAIN SPIRITS.

Mr. Edward Maitland said that he thought that matter in itself had no existence save as a mode of action of an Infinite Consciousness, until the Infinite Will recalls it into itself; he thought that there were only two things in the universe, mind, and the modes of thought of that mind. By planchette writing on the preceding Saturday, he had had a message from a spirit, who had been so long from earth that he seemed to have forgotten all about it, and who stated that he only saw magnetic centres surrounded by spirits; he did not know what we meant by "planets." Another spirit described himself and those about him as pure flames. Once, when the planchette had written a message, a friend of his touched it inadvertently, and it burnt her so much that a large blister came upon the end of her finger; there was no lamp near, nor any heated surface to cause a blister. The spirits wrote, "We are sorry that Mary put her hand in our midst, that we may not suffer by the contact." They told them to get a new table made of metal or of stone, which would bear intense heat; they seemed to think more about harm to themselves than to the sitters.

Mr. Stainton-Moses said that he had been burnt by spirit influence three or four times.

MISCELLANEOUS PROBLEMS.

Miss Kislingbury agreed with Mr. Stainton-Moses that it was most desirable that the public should know that Spiritualists did not think every form which came out of a cabinet to be a materialised spirit. There was much difficulty in the way of the theory that the medium was sometimes brought out; still, it occasionally occurred. Once she saw an American medium come out of a cabinet with a mask on, and go directly under the gaslight, which she turned up to full flare, so that everybody could see beyond all doubt that it was a mask. It was quite plain that no medium in the conscious state would do such a thing as that. On that occasion it was certainly the medium, and no materialisation. She thought the theory that Mr. Harrison had once broached in that room, about the ebb and flow of energy from the bodies of mediums to and from materialised forms, to be a true one. If a medium when in a mesmeric sleep had his eyes closed, how was it that the forms ran about with their eyes wide open, and with plenty of speculation in them? She much regretted the absence of Dr. Carter Blake, who had attended those meetings regularly, and who on a bed of dangerous sickness felt the same interest in what was going on, so much so that with his own hand he had written to her about the problems to be considered that evening. She knew a young lady who had recently developed into an extraordinary medium. While she was asleep the spirits, according to their own account, drew power from her for an hour or two; she then woke up and saw a spirit in her room as solid as any ordinary mortal. This appeared not to be due to subjective impressions, for at her request they had brought and left with her several presents, which remained in her possession after the forms had departed. As yet these forms had not been produced in the presence of witnesses, but they told her they expected to be able to show themselves to others in a short time.

Mr. Edward Maitland remarked that he knew of another case of the same kind.

Miss Kislingbury continued that Dr. Carter Blake had told her that on one occasion he saw a mass of white drapery vanish into the breast of the medium.

The Chairman remarked that he once thought that the old magical process of using

"Eye of newt and toe of frog,"

as well as the liver of an unconverted Jew—(laughter)—might aid

in giving vital energy to spirits for the production of manifestations, thereby doing away with the necessity of their drawing the said vital energy from the medium. He had tried experiments in this direction, but without success.

Mr. Harrison asked what was the nature of his experiments; did he kill cats? (Laughter.)

The Chairman replied that he put organic matter into a vessel, and destroyed its organic properties by means of sulphuric and nitric acids.

Mr. Edward Maitland said that animals appeared to have had something to do with the ancient mysteries, in connection with which carnivorous animals such as dogs appeared to be rejected, but cows and bulls accepted as sacred.

The Chairman remarked that he had long held the hypothesis that matter was the mode of will of the Creative Being. Would Mr. Massey say a few words on the subject before the meeting?

Mr. C. C. Massey replied that he would rather be silent until he had something to say, as his state of mind was that of utter bewilderment upon this subject.

The Chairman remarked that Faraday once said that he had experimented a great deal upon electricity, and that the more he learned about it experimentally, the more ignorant he found himself as to the way to a theory. Faraday's experience was very much like that of those who had had much to do with form manifestations. On one occasion at a *séance* all his ideas as to the nature of form manifestations had been changed, for on that eventful evening a living face came, so bright, so beautiful, so unlike that of the medium, that he saw that some power was behind the phenomena capable of producing greater than ordinary results.

Mr. Pearson remarked that Sir Humphry Davy once took nitrous oxide and exclaimed, "What revelations! All my thoughts are solid! They run into substantial form." He thought that that remark of the learned chemist was very suggestive.

Mrs. Hallock, commenting upon the fabrics with which spirits clothed themselves, said it was not always common stuff; those pieces which the spirit of Mrs. Livermore cut off her dress and gave away were not of a coarse nature, but most beautiful when examined under a microscope. They were as delicate in their appearance as the wing of a butterfly or any other natural object. She had had the pleasure of seeing them thus magnified, and the fabric was evidently different from any of mortal make. As to the intelligence displayed, we were doubtless as yet not fully aware of the difficulties under which spirits manifested. Dr. Hallock once had two clairvoyants in New York, who in their normal state were coarse to the last degree, and who led dissolute lives, but they were wonderful sensitives. In the deep trance, when unconscious, the sentiments they expressed were of the most exalted kind, equal to any that had ever been heard from pulpit or platform. When Dr. Hallock began to wake them up they would always swear at him for doing so, saying that they did not wish to be called back to earth. She thought that all human beings, in their innermost, were better and wiser than they appeared to be in their normal state.

Mr. Stainton-Moses produced a piece of spirit drapery, cut by him from the fabric hanging from the wrist of a materialised hand. He said that when he cut it, it was as coarse as a Turkish towel, but now it looked like the finest cambric. It had changed in his hands.

Mr. Wilson knew a young lady who would occasionally go into a state of coma, and the children would then sometimes see her spirit walking about in the garden. He thought that the question of the characteristics of mediums should be dealt with at one of their meetings.

Mr. Stainton-Moses moved the adjournment of the debate.

This was seconded by Mr. Harrison, and carried unanimously.

The consideration of these subjects will, therefore, be resumed next Monday evening at eight o'clock.

MR. W. J. COLVILLE, trance medium, has made two collections in Brighton at the close of his public addresses, in aid of Mrs. Weldon's Orphanage.

The narrative printed in *The Spiritualist* of April 6th, on "Spirit-Rapping among the Ancestors of Mr. P. A. Taylor, M.P.," relates to the celebrated "Cock-lane Ghost."

NEXT Monday week Mr. Fletcher, trance medium, of the United States, will give a trance address for the first time in public in this country, at one of Mrs. Weldon's weekly concerts, at the Langham Hall, Portland-place, London.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA IN DURHAM COUNTY.—Mr. C. J. Oyston, of Hunwick, Willington, Durham, sends us an account of a materialisation *séance* at High Grange; the medium was Mr. R. Brunskill, and the sitting took place at the house of Mr. James White. Several forms appeared, and the genuineness of the manifestations was accepted by those present, because of their faith in Mr. Brunskill, who is a non-professional medium of good character, and who accepts no recompense for his services.

THE FACTS TRUE.—Is it possible to push aside such a mass of evidence, and treat such men as dreamers and fanatics? Can you have stronger cases than those of Dr. Elliottson and Dr. Robertson of the folly of condemning and denouncing *before* inquiry? It cannot be that you do not wish to believe, or that you can remain indifferent to the subject whether it be a truth or not. For my part, though I have long made up my mind that spirit is the only solution that covers the manifold phases which are being developed hourly, I do not, and never have insisted, that others should accept that belief. All that I am concerned in is, to establish beyond cavil, that marvellous manifestations, apparently in violation of natural laws, do occur, and that we who believe in them are under no delusion.—B. COLEMAN, *Rise and Progress of Spiritualism in England.*

### Review.

*Harriet Martineau's Autobiography.* By MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 1877.

THIS is one of the most interesting and instructive books ever written. It is the history of a mind working its way to independence, and thereby to fuller life and happiness through difficulties of an unusual kind. Harriet Martineau was born in the town of Norwich, of Unitarian parents, who were descendants of Huguenot exiles, and she seems to have inherited much of that power of will and endurance which must be an important factor in the stuff of which heroes and martyrs are made. Her spirit, however, was imprisoned in a weak, nervous, and sickly body, which occasioned a shy manner, often misinterpreted as sullenness. She was also subject to deafness, which increased with her years, and obliged her, before the age of thirty, to use a trumpet. Being thus, in a sense, shut out from sympathy with the outer world, Miss Martineau early acquired a habit of introspection, and, being naturally religious, she took in hand, by a course of rigid self-examination and analysis of her own character, the correction of her faults. Her "management" of herself and her affairs was shown at an early age, by keeping strict accounts and regulating her expenditure while she was young enough to receive an allowance of a penny a week, and, at seven years old, she began to take moral charge of herself, keeping a paper book, ruled and duly headed with Scripture texts, for encouragement or rebuke, as the case might be. This methodical turn of mind stood her in good stead in after years, when labouring to maintain herself by her pen, with an immense acquaintance and endless interruptions. Miss Martineau never would allow, as many kind friends wished to impress upon her, that she injured herself by "over-work" or "mental excitement," and she attributes her happy escape from these evils to her habit of doing her literary work chiefly in the morning, and to her persistent refusal to use stimulants. In spite of bad health, and occasional feelings of indolence and irresolution, she held firmly to the conviction that it is possible to be master of one's mental powers, and that "intellectual industry and intellectual punctuality are as practicable as industry and punctuality in any other direction," and that "all the quarter-hours, arguings, doubtings, and hesitation as to whether I should work or not, which I gave way to in my inexperience, I now regard as so much waste, not only of time, but, far worse, of energy." Besides the time which Miss Martineau devoted to literature, she also took part in household affairs, and made and mended all her own clothes, and thus was as able to wield her needle as her pen; a fact which she was often careful to mention, as a vindication of her mother's good training, and as a protest against the conclusions of shallow-minded persons, who imagine that literary women are unfit for domestic life. Miss Martineau's relations to her seven brothers and sisters, and other members of her family, are a proof of her capacity for affection and for household duties; nevertheless she considered that it was a necessity of her moral nature for her to live a good deal alone. The passages in the book which treat of this subject, and particularly of her early training and development, are of deep psychological import and interest.

The history of Miss Martineau's writings and her literary career must be learned from the book itself. Of her indomitable power of will the following extract gives a striking example. She was then twenty-nine years of age, and she had gone to London alone, in a foggy and sleety December, to try and find a publisher for her *Political Economy Series*, all attempts by correspondence having failed, on account, as the publishers put it, "of the excitement of the public mind about the Reform Bill and the Cholera." She went to Mr. J. W. Fox, who had brought out several of her earlier writings in the *Monthly Repository*, a Unitarian publication, of which he was editor. Mr. Fox had partly negotiated an arrangement for bringing out the *Series* with his brother, a young bookseller, without much business at the time. After having agreed with him, sorely against her wish, to publish the work by subscription, she returned to

Mr. Fox to show him the prospectus she had drawn up. This is her account of the interview:

"I found Mr. Fox in a mood as gloomy as the day. He had seen Mr. James Mill who had assured him that my method of exemplification (the grand principle of the whole scheme) could not possibly succeed; and Mr. Fox now required of me to change my plan entirely, and issue my *Political Economy* in a didactic form! Of course I refused. He started a multitude of objections, feared everything and hoped nothing. I saw, with anguish and no little resentment, my last poor chance slipping from me. I commanded myself while in his presence. The occasion was too serious to be misused. I said to him, 'I see you have taken fright. If you wish that your brother should draw back, say so now. Here is the advertisement. Make up your mind before it goes to press.' He replied, 'I do not wish altogether to draw back.' 'Yes, you do,' said I; 'and I had rather you would say so at once. But I tell you this; the people want this book, and they *shall* have it.' 'I know that is your intention,' he replied; 'but I own I do not see how it is to come to pass.' 'Nor I; but it *shall*. So, say that you have done with it, and I will find other means.' 'I tell you, I do not wish altogether to draw out of it; but I cannot think of my brother going on without decisive success at the outset.' 'What do you mean, precisely?' 'I mean that he withdraws at the end of two numbers, unless the success of the work is secured in a fortnight.' 'What do you mean by success being secured?' 'You must sell a thousand in a fortnight.' 'In a fortnight! That is unreasonable! Is this your ultimatum?' 'Yes.' 'We shall not sell a thousand in the first fortnight; nevertheless, the work shall not stop at two numbers. It shall go on to five, with or without your brother.'"

Ten days after publication it was found necessary to print five thousand copies of the book, and from that time forward Miss Martineau never had any more care about money matters.

The gradual development of her religious ideas from the time when she and her brother James dug themselves graves, and then lay down in them to see what dying was like, to her final adoption of the Necessarian doctrine, and the ultimate form of her opinions after her acquaintance with Mr. Atkinson, is interesting in the extreme. During a visit to Bristol at the age of sixteen, she went through a period of pastor-worship, the idol being the Unitarian minister, Dr. Carpenter, whom she afterwards describes as "superficial in his knowledge, scanty in ability, narrow in his conceptions, and thoroughly priestly in his temper."

Probably no other woman ever rose in so short a time, from comparative obscurity, at an early age, and by the sole virtue of her literary ability, to be a power in the State. She had no sooner settled herself in London, after the appearance of her third tale of the *Illustrations of Political Economy*, than she was besieged by Ministers of State pressing their views upon her with regard to some measure of reform they had in hand, begging her to illustrate it in her next number, that it might reach the minds of the people before it was brought on for legislation. Most of these aspirants for her favourable notice were sent empty away; only Lord Brougham prevailed upon her to write a separate series on the Poor Law, having offered to send her all the evidence collected by the Commissioners of Inquiry into the operation of the Poor Laws. Complete copies of her "Series" were ordered by the principal crowned heads in Europe, and were later on excommunicated in Russia and Austria, and the authoress herself forbidden to set foot in either country. Miss Martineau seems to have been born with a *penchant* for political economy, for when her attention was formally drawn to the subject, she found she had been writing about it without ever having heard the name. She relates how amused Mr. Malthus was when she told him that she had been sick of his name before she was fifteen. The unprecedented success which attended Miss Martineau through life, without patronage or introduction, influenced her views on the so-called "woman" question in a manner which will probably be shared by many who have similarly fought their own way to distinction. The following passage contains nearly all she had to say on the subject:—

"Nobody can be further than I am from being satisfied with the condition of my own sex, under the law and custom of my own country; but I decline all fellowship and co-operation with women of genius or otherwise favourable position, who injure the cause by their personal tendencies. . . . Often as I am appealed to to speak, or otherwise assist in the promotion of the cause of woman, my answer is always the same, that women, like men, can obtain whatever they show themselves fit for. Let them be educated—let their powers be cultivated to the extent for which the means are already provided, and all that is wanted or ought to be desired will follow of course. Whatever a woman proves herself able to do, society will be thankful to see

her do, just as if she were a man. . . . If capable of political thought and action, women will obtain even that."

One of the most attractive chapters in the book is that in which Miss Martineau marshals before the reader a series of portraits of the celebrated men and women (statesmen, wits, poets, and *litterati*) of the day, from her personal acquaintance and observation during her life in London. Some are highly-finished pictures, others mere sketches, but all are masterly in their way. Her clear eye and cool judgment, joined to her thoroughness and sincerity of expression, made her a faithful delineator of character, not sparing the lash now and then, while her stern sense of justice forbade her to omit any good trait. Her little anecdotes, often told with racy humour, are well-pointed and amusing, such as the story of Carlyle going out on a fine black horse to look for a new house in London, with three maps of Great Britain and two of the world in his pocket, when he has lived in Cheyne-row, where he then was, ever since; and of Robert Owen, "whose benevolence and charming manners would make him the most popular man in England if he could but distinguish between assertion and argument," but "who was not the man to think differently of a book for having read it."

That Harriet Martineau remained unspoiled by fame and flattery, through whole seasons of London society, is in itself an evidence of her sterling nobility of character. A greater ordeal, however, awaited her in America, where she went for recreation after her task of the *Illustrations*, which occupied her unceasingly for two years and a half, was completed. Here she was unexpectedly launched into the vortex of agitation produced by the beginning of the Abolitionist movement, and Miss Martineau having, in one of her *Series*, expressed strong anti-slavery views, she was a marked person from the time she set foot in the States. Without courting publicity, she never concealed her convictions, for she felt that an open avowal of them was the least she could give to a cause for which Lloyd Garrison, and other Americans who became her friends, were staking life, liberty, and all they possessed. Her extreme practicality is shown by her interest in this as well as in every great movement affecting the actual and immediate well-being of the people, and she expressed her condemnation of those who in her day pursued "a metaphysical idealism destructive of all genuine feeling and sound activity." In this view lay, probably, the secret of her great influence; she never wasted her energies or her emotions, but brought them, with all the strength of her intellect to bear on questions of the day, and of wide practical import. She did not write or act either for fame or money, or even with the avowed intention of doing good; but, as every true woman should write and act, because she could not help it. Her high moral tone is nowhere more clearly seen than in her negotiations with various rival publishers, who called on her with tempting offers to be allowed the privilege of bringing out her book on America the very first day her return to London was known. She relates this experience in detail for the purpose of showing "how the degradation of literature comes about in times when speculating publishers try to make grasping authors, and to convert the serious function of authorship into a gambling match." Her dislike of shams, unrealities, and general dilettantism comes out in her comments on the meeting of the British Association at Newcastle in 1838, which kind of anniversary she speaks of as always "sadly spoiled by the obtrusions of coxcombs, the conceit of third-rate men with their specialities, the tiresome talk of one-ideal men, and the disagreeable footing of the ladies," of whom she wished that "they had stayed at home preparing hospitalities for the tired *savans*, instead of going in and out, seeking amusement, as their grandmothers did at auctions."

Miss Martineau's self-knowledge and common sense were of most signal avail to her when struck down by a lingering five years' illness, in the incipient stages of which she insisted upon a solitary life, "till obedience to a newly-discovered law of nature" raised her up and sent her forth into the world again "for another ten years of strenuous work, and almost undisturbed peace and enjoyment of mind and heart." This "law" was mesmerism; and her recovery by its means was the cause of more than a usual

share of persecution. Her account of it was published in six letters to the *Athenaeum*, which carried six numbers of that journal through three editions. Nevertheless the editor, who had eagerly assented to Miss Martineau's terms of publication, one of which was that she should receive no payment for the articles, appended to the last "a string of comments insulting and slanderous to the last degree." The following passage can hardly be read by Spiritualists without a smile:—

"Such a persecution could hardly be repeated now, in regard to the particular subject, after the great amount of evidence of the facts of mesmerism which the intervening years have yielded; but it will be repeated in regard to every new discovery of a power or leading fact in nature. . . . And, as long as anything in the laws of the universe remains to be revealed, there is a tolerable certainty that somebody will yet be persecuted, whatever is the age of the world."

There is much more in these volumes of special interest to Spiritualists, such as the experiments in mesmerism, made by Miss Martineau for healing purposes after her own recovery by its means. She speaks of her power as moderate, yet she had sometimes seven patients asleep at one time in her sitting-room, and all on whom she tried her hand were either cured or sensibly benefited. Her most successful case was that of a young nursemaid, subject to sick headaches, to the extent that life was a burden to her. After the first trial, which sent the girl into a mesmeric trance in seven minutes, the headaches never returned, and the result of subsequent daily treatment was that the patient began to grow fast, became completely altered, and very pretty. Miss Martineau was herself sensitive to trance influence, as appears by her relating that, *after her cure*, she used to become unconscious when mesmerised, and "discoursed in a way which those who heard it call very remarkable," and that fragments taken down by a short-hand writer were wholly unlike anything she had ever said under any other circumstances. She even allows that her utterances may have been of the same nature as those given forth by mesmeric patients as communications from the "spiritual world," but in a note she adds that "if any such students should think fit to summon her after death, they will only get a visit from the ghosts of their own thoughts." Two remarkable cases of clairvoyance, which were among Miss Martineau's experiences, are given in the third volume.

Miss Martineau found no place in her philosophy, and no necessity in her life, for belief in a future state of existence. Her matured views on this subject are to be found in the history of the Atkinson letters, and in the *Letters* themselves. Mr. Atkinson's name is so well known among Spiritualists, that this portion of the book will be read by them with particular interest. Miss Martineau speaks of him as being the only person, of the multitude she had known, "who clearly apprehended this central truth," viz., "that science (or the knowledge of fact inducing the discovery of laws) is the sole and the eternal basis of wisdom, and therefore of human morality and peace;" and that "his knowledge of man, general and particular, physical, intellectual and moral, theoretical and practical," was greater than she ever met with elsewhere, in books or conversation. The publication of the *Letters on Man's Nature and Development* cost Miss Martineau some early friends, and brought down on her the censure of reviewers, but its principal effect was only "to dissolve all false relations, and to confirm all true ones."

In her expression of her views about death, at the close of the volume, Miss Martineau declares herself "frankly satisfied to have done with life." She neither wished to live longer here, nor to find life again elsewhere. She believed firmly in the progress of the race, and that was enough for her. To those who hold, with the Spiritualists, that whatever be our wishes on the subject, the individual, as a matter of fact, does not perish, but passes on to higher states of existence and progression, it will appear probable that the prospect before Harriet Martineau, who had attained, through self-discipline and labour for others, to so exalted a spiritual condition here, must be one of glorious beauty and brightness, an existence no less under law than our present one, at least not more devoid of duty, and surely not less full of love.

EMILY KISLINGBURY.

Mr. E. W. WALLIS gives a trance *séance* every Saturday afternoon at 38, Great Russell-street, London.

WRITING MEDIUMSHIP CONSIDERED BY A COMMITTEE  
OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ON Thursday morning, last week, Mrs. Lowe, honorary secretary to the Lunacy Law Reform Association, gave evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to inquire into the working of the Lunacy Laws. Mr. Stephen Cave, M.P., presided in a most efficient manner. Among the listeners present were Mrs. Makdougall Gregory, Miss Kisingbury, Miss Spencer, and Mr. W. H. Harrison. The following cross-examination of Mrs. Lowe took place on the subject of passive writing:—

Sir Trevor Lawrence—You are acquainted with the evidence that Mr. White gave in regard to spirit writing?

Mrs. Lowe—Yes.

Sir Trevor Lawrence—I am not saying that a belief in Spiritualism necessitates the belief that a person is insane; I understand you to say, that you have an impulse or a prompting from some unseen influence, which leads you to write something on paper?

Mrs. Lowe—I do not think you understood me to say that, because I have not mentioned it.

Sir Trevor Lawrence—I understood from Mr. White's evidence that that was your belief?

Mrs. Lowe—Well, not exactly. Mr. White does not quite understand it. Will the Committee allow me to read a very few lines from a letter written by one of the regular contributors to the *Westminster Review*?

Sir Trevor Lawrence—As far as I am personally concerned I have no objection to it, but I wanted to ascertain for myself, as far as I could, by two or three questions, what your real opinion was?

Mrs. Lowe—It is very difficult to describe passive writing to anybody but a Spiritualist.

Sir Trevor Lawrence—Passive writing is an expression which means—what?

Mrs. Lowe—It merely means that you hold some writing implement in your hand, and without any spontaneous effort on your own part writing is traced. The only thing that one can compare it intelligibly to, is to the guiding of a child's hand by an older person.

Sir Trevor Lawrence—The hand moves?

Mrs. Lowe—The hand which writes moves, or rather the implement writes through the hand and produces very often writings. It expresses ideas which are not consciously in the medium's mind.

Chairman—Is that called planchette?

Mrs. Lowe—No; that is altogether different. I described it long ago in this way. I said, it is writing produced without conscious cerebration, or consciously spontaneous muscular action; and beyond that no one can say what it is?

Sir Trevor Lawrence—Is the writing that is produced, in words and sentences, or in some hieroglyphics that require interpretation?

Mrs. Lowe—In perfect words and sentences; different kinds of handwriting; sometimes it is perfect nonsense, and sometimes it is not. I have published one small pamphlet of communications made in that way, which several people have accepted, and liked extremely.

Sir Trevor Lawrence—When you have got writings which are, as you say, nonsense, do you throw them in the fire, or do you keep them?

Mrs. Lowe—I have burnt quires of them.

Sir Trevor Lawrence—When, according to your view, they are not nonsense, do you consider them as directions for action?

Mrs. Lowe—It is very difficult to answer that question; there is very often no action in them at all.

Sir Trevor Lawrence—What I want to get at is this, whether when you have communications in this way from some unseen source, you occasionally base action upon them?

Mrs. Lowe—No, never on that alone, certainly.

Sir Trevor Lawrence—However imperious the mandate might be from the unseen world, to do this or that, you would not consider it incumbent upon you to do it?

Mrs. Lowe—Certainly not.

Sir Trevor Lawrence—Have you any of the writings with you?

Mrs. Lowe—No, I thought I had brought the pamphlet, but I find I have not.

Sir Trevor Lawrence—I only wish to ascertain your own individual views on the subject. I assume that the allegation of your not being in your right mind, was based in some shape or way upon your belief in Spiritualism? is not that so?

Mrs. Lowe—I suppose it was; you will find the exposition of my views pretty plainly expressed in that letter. (Handing same to Committee.)

MR. F. W. PERCIVAL intends leaving London for Italy at the end of this week, and will not return to England until the middle of June.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA IN NEWCASTLE.—On Sunday morning last, at the rooms of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Psychological Society, about five-and-twenty observers assembled at a *séance*, with Miss Fairlamb as the medium. It was unanimously agreed not to secure the medium in any way, but to take what came on its own merits, the result being that three different forms came out of the cabinet; first that of Minnie, about the height of the medium, but more slender, remaining visible and exchanging greetings with some of the sitters for about ten minutes; next that of Cissy, about three feet high, intermingling with them for a much longer period; lastly, that of a man, legs, arms, hands, feet, face, and actions most demonstrably masculine, and larger than the medium altogether. He stood a stronger light than the others. With the exception of returning into the cabinet once, evidently to gain more power, he remained among the sitters for nearly half an hour.—J. T. RHODES.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

MEETING OF THE COUNCIL.

LAST Tuesday night, at a meeting of the Council of the British National Association of Spiritualists, held at 38, Great Russell-street, London, Mr. Alexander Calder presided. The other members present were—Mr. Algernon Joy, M. Inst. C.E.; Mr. M. J. Walhouse, F.R.A.S.; Mrs. Maltby; Mr. Dawson Rogers; Miss Houghton; Mr. E. T. Bennett; Mr. Morell Theobald; Mr. W. B. Mawson; Mr. T. H. Edmands; Mrs. Desmond Fitz-Gerald; Mr. A. Glendinning; and Mr. R. Pomeroy Tredwen.

Six new ordinary members were elected, including Mr. R. Linton. There was one resignation.

The report of the Finance Committee showed a balance in hand of £64 2s., and recommended payments to the extent of £45 6s. 1d.; the total outstanding liabilities of the Association were estimated at £5.

An offer by Mr. A. T. Peterson of a donation of £1 towards increasing the number of books in the Lending Library, if ten others would do the same, was announced. Mr. Calder entered his name for £2 towards this object.

The Secretary read the proposed annual report of the Council, to be brought before the forthcoming annual general meeting. It announced an increase of eighty paying members over those of last year.

Mr. Rogers suggested that in future the report should be brought before the Council earlier in the year, that there might be more time for its consideration.

Mr. Morell Theobald moved the adoption and printing of the report. This was seconded and carried unanimously.

The Offices Committee reported funds in hand towards improvement of the premises, to the amount of £18 12s. 6d., including the proceeds of the last *soirée*.

It was resolved that, after June next, the monthly *soirées* should be discontinued during the dead season.

A vote of thanks was passed unanimously to Mr. Calder, for the admirable way in which he had filled the office of president during the year.

The President returned thanks, and the proceedings closed.

M. GUSTAVE DE VEII is now in London, but will return to Dresden in a week's time.

Two poems will be found upon another page, written by Miss Careline Burke, assistant secretary to the British National Association of Spiritualists.

THE REV. C. MAURICE DAVIES, D.D., has finished his interesting series of poetical readings at the residence of Mrs. Makdougall Gregory. Next week we hope to give a quotation from one of the lectures.

DR. MONK will be released from prison to-day, and might well be engaged at private *séances* during the rest of the London season, to prove that slate-writing phenomena are genuine.

MR. PEBBLES IN AUSTRALIA.—Just before going to press we have received from Mr. J. M. Peebles news of his arrival in Australia, also a copy of the *Daily Herald* of March 16th, which sets forth that on the preceding evening a large public reception had been given to Mr. Peebles in Melbourne.

MR. W. SADLER, of 127, Bute-road, Cardiff, wishes publicly to return thanks for two parcels of books presented to his "Free Spiritualists' Library" by Mr. J. N. T. Martheze, also for a parcel of books presented by Mr. John Scott, of Belfast.

CANON GILBERT, in his sermon last Sunday, assumed that we said that he could heal diseases, whereas the point at issue was the assertion of the Catholic Church that the Lourdes water effects cures. The moral responsibility of the clergy comes in, in their endorsement of the efficacy of the water.

RECEPTION TO MR. HUTCHINSON, OF CAPE TOWN.—We have been requested to state that a reception will be given on Tuesday evening next, May 15th, at Mrs. Burke's, 8, Upper Bedford-place, Russell-square, London, to Mr. Hutchinson, of Cape Town, who will narrate his experiences of Spiritualism in Cape Colony, and that any friends who have not received a special invitation, but who may wish to be present, are desired to signify the same to Mrs. Burke.

ANOTHER NEW BOOK ON SPIRITUALISM.—A new work on Spiritualism, in two or three large volumes, by Mr. W. H. Harrison, is in course of preparation, and the first volume will come out towards the close of the autumn. For eight years, in order to obtain practical knowledge of the subject, Mr. Harrison attended upon an average about three *séances* a week, with various mediums of more or less celebrity, that he might learn what the facts actually were. He therefore thinks it now time to give the results of this large amount of observation in a book, and to attempt to thread the facts together, where possible, by a little philosophy.

SPIRITUALISM IN SOUTH AFRICA.—Mr. Berks T. Hutchinson has done more than anybody else to spread a knowledge of Spiritualism in Cape Colony, and he recently presented to the Grey Library in Cape Town thirty-six standard works on Spiritualism, written by Judge Edmonds, Mr. Robert Dale Owen, Mr. William Crookes, Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, and others. We have not room for a complete list of them in this number of *The Spiritualist*, but Mr. Hutchinson wishes the Cape Colony Spiritualists to know that they can find the books in the library just mentioned. He says that shortly before he left for England, a spirit who gave the name of "Barkly" came to one of his *séances* and gave a serwerful story; he claimed to be the son of the Governor. Mr. Hutchinson's address in London is 8, Upper Bedford-place, W.C.

FORM MANIFESTATIONS.—Next Monday evening, at eight o'clock, the discussion on "Form Manifestations" will be resumed at 38, Great Russell-street, London. The proceedings will be opened with some remarks upon the subject by the Rev. W. Stainton Moses, M.A. Members and friends of the British National Association of Spiritualists, and of the societies working in alliance therewith, are entitled to admission to these fortnightly meetings; other Spiritualists who desire to attend can doubtless obtain invitations on application to the secretary. We think amply sufficient reasons were brought forward at the last meeting to do away with the term "materialisation manifestations," and to substitute "form manifestations," unless in exceptional cases.

Miss LOTTIE FOWLER, clairvoyant medium, is now in Boston, U.S. Her father passed to spirit-life three weeks ago; his failing health was the cause of Miss Fowler's recent departure from England.

**SPIRITUALISM IN BRIGHTON.**—On Sunday evening, Mr. E. W. Wallis, medium, delivered a trance address at Mr. Snow's, 18, Ailingworth-street, Brighton, on "The Initiation and Progress of the Spiritual Movement." At the close a collection was made on behalf of the medium and his work in East London. On another evening Mr. W. J. Colville delivered his last address in Brighton prior to his departure on a provincial tour.

**SPIRITUALISM IN BRIXTON.**—A *séance* was held by the members of the Brixton Psychological Society, at the house of Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, 6, Loughborough-road-north, Brixton, London, on Friday night last. The circle was a small one. Seated round a table, the hands of Mr. Williams, the medium, were held on either side by members, and the gas put out. Instantly the voice known as Peter addressed each observer present. Various remarkable phenomena took place, such as the bringing of objects from a distant part of the room, the taking off of the watches of two gentlemen, and the winding up and floating of the musical box (a heavy one).

**SPIRITUALISM IN DALSTON.**—Mr. T. Blyton writes that Mr. John Rouse gave at the weekly meeting of the Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism, on Thursday evening last week, some "Original Readings in Rhyme on Popular Subjects," obtained through his own mediumship. Mr. R. Pomeroy Tredwen presided, and said that the council desired to obtain from individual members of the Association, narratives of personal experiences. It was therefore a source of pleasure to have the opportunity of hearing Mr. Rouse read some of the productions of his mediumship. Mr. Rouse then gave three readings from his collection, which were listened to with attention.

**INSPIRATIONAL ORATION AT BRIGHTON.**—Last evening, at 14, Sillwood-road, Mr. W. J. Colville delivered another "inspirational" oration and poem, the subjects being chosen by the audience, which was not a very large one. Mr. Gill occupied the chair, and after the singing of a hymn, the company were called upon to choose a theme for the address. The "Eastern Question" was selected, and the "medium" spoke for some time on that subject. A great portion of his remarks was devoted to considering the justice of war, which he said, was justifiable only when waged for the purpose of relieving the oppressed and overthrowing the tyrant's yoke, but when waged for the purposes of aggrandisement and cruelty it was most decidedly wrong. The present war would not be confined to two nations, but extend to nearly the whole of Europe. The forthcoming great struggle was a necessary one, inasmuch as it would have the effect of clearing the political atmosphere. The Mahomedan rule would ultimately fail, as would be the case with all nations where there existed a religion not of love but of the sword. The spirits of departed statesmen, said the "medium," debated together in the upper spheres on the affairs of different nations, and they had a great control over the affairs of those nations; the "guides," which were then controlling the "medium," had some knowledge of their debates, and consequently of their opinions as to the war in the East.—*Brighton Daily Post, May 3rd.*

**SPIRITUALISM IN EAST LONDON.**—Last Sunday, at the quarterly meeting of the East London Spiritualist Institution, managed by Mr. E. W. Wallis, at 15, St. Peter's-road, Mile End, about forty Spiritualists sat down to tea, after which the meeting was resolved into a conference, under the presidency of Miss Kislingbury. Miss Keeves, while in the trance state, opened the proceedings with prayer, after which Mr. Wallis reported that during the quarter fifty-three meetings of various kinds had been held on the premises, and that Miss Keeves, Miss Young, Mr. Colville, Mr. Connor, Mr. Towns, Mr. Morse, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Hawkins, and Mr. Basson were the mediums who had assisted in the work, under the chairmanship of Mr. Jennison. At the close of the quarter the receipts had exceeded the expenditure by £7 9s. 4d. It transpired in the course of the evening that this balance had been presented to Mr. and Mrs. Wallis, as a very slight token of recognition of their arduous services; £8 4s. had also been presented in addition by members and friends of the National Association of Spiritualists. Mr. Wallis announced that the evening for the weekly *séances* would be changed from Wednesday to Thursday. Mr. Parsons, Miss Keeves, Mr. Bullock, Mr. Pitcher, Mr. Algernon Joy, Mr. Allen, Mr. Cain, and Mr. Jennison made a few remarks, which were summed up by Miss Kislingbury, after which the proceedings closed.

**TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP.**—Mr. T. Blyton, honorary secretary to the Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism, writes: "By special invitation, the members of our council, with a few friends, met at the Association's Rooms, 74, Navarino-road, Dalston, London, on Wednesday evening, last week, to receive Mr. J. William Fletcher, trance test medium, of Boston, U.S.A. Mr. Fletcher was introduced by Signor Enrico Rondi to the company, among whom were Mrs. M. Theresa Wood, Mr. John Rouse, Mr. J. Tozeland, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Blyton, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Cook, Mrs. R. Pearce, the Misses Corner, and Madame Ourry. At Mr. Fletcher's request the sitters joined hands, and he soon passed easily and quietly into the trance condition. Excellent discourses were delivered through him upon the following subjects selected by the company, viz:—1. 'The Present Aspect of Spiritualism from the Standpoint of Spirits.' 2. 'Description and Experiences of Spirit Life.' 3. 'Is Prayer for Departed Human Souls Beneficial?' At the close of the discourses questions, chiefly bearing upon the question of reincarnation, were dealt with in an able manner, the controlling power stoutly defending the truth of reincarnation doctrines. The control of the medium then altered, and remarkable tests of spirit identity were given to most of those present. A public event of no small importance was also predicted, of which notes were made, and which, if realised, will form not the least remarkable feature of the *séance*. A cordial vote of thanks to Mr. Fletcher and Signor Rondi was then carried with acclamation."

## THE PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

At the meeting of the Psychological Society held on Thursday, last week, at 11, Chandos-street, Cavendish-square, London, Mr. Serjeant Cox presided.

Mr. F. K. Munton read the minutes of the last meeting, which were confirmed.

### REMARKABLE PERSONAL PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIENCES.

Mr. C. C. Massey read a record of the experiences of a gentleman who did not wish his name to be published, but who, Mr. Massey said, had held official positions in connection with the government of his own country, and had given as references the names of Mr. B. F. Stevens, U. S. Despatch Agent, 4, Trafalgar-square, London; Dr. Garth Wilkinson; Dr. Wilberforce Smith; and Madame Colmache, 162, Queen's-road, Bayswater, London.

Some extracts from the narrative are appended:—

#### THE OBSESSION OF A CHILD.

The first incident in my life of a positive and undoubted character occurred to me when quite a child. I remember it from the terror which it produced in my imagination; it was of a nature termed by Swedenborgians "obsession," but of course at the time I knew nothing of such things, as I was but nine or ten years of age. The incident was this:—My arms, quite against my will, and as though under control of some mind or spirit distinct from myself, attempted to steal. Hands and arms were struggling to reach out and seize the fruit I saw before me. With all the force of my will I hugged my arms to my body tightly and went by, this horrid and unaccountable influence still at work with my arms. If the materialist tells me, "Oh, you simply saw that fruit and desired it so much, that, without your own consciousness, a desire sprang up in your mind so irresistible that you fancied your arms were going out to do what you were wishing for," I can only interpose to this a blank denial. I never desired anything that was not my own; even at that age I would have died sooner than steal.

#### DRAWING AND CLAIRVOYANT POWERS.

Passing by minor things, such as a sudden inspiration to draw (I never, that I know of, having ever attempted such a thing), and at a single sitting producing a likeness of my great grandmother, then ninety-six years of age, so perfect that I have never seen a photograph to equal it, so minute in all its details that a German artist, who saw it in Paris some few years ago, exclaimed, "This is a perfect Holbein!"—passing this and other immaterial matters by, I come to the following:—I was now a grown man; the year somewhere from 1854 to 1857; a bronchial affection troubled me; one night, in a dream or vision, I was startled by the apparition of an old man of a foreign look and air, who said to me, "Take —," mentioning the name of a salt of iron, "sprinkle it over some oakum, and wear it on your breast and throat!" When I awoke I remembered everything perfectly, and was so much impressed by it that I called on a chemist with whom I had a speaking acquaintance, and asked him if such a substance, mentioning the name, was to be had. I should remark that this gentleman was at that time the *first* analytical chemist in New York, well known, and of wide reputation, named Dr. Chilton. I have now forgotten the name (greatly to my regret) of that salt of iron: I had never heard of it, and was totally ignorant myself of chemistry, so that on my asking for this substance Dr. Chilton at once replied, "There is no such thing. I never heard of it." "But," said I, "can't there be? Is it chemically impossible?" The doctor thought a moment, and then said, "No. I think it is possible that such a thing might be." "Will you then make me some?" I inquired. To this he would not answer positively, but requested me to call in again in about a week. (I did not tell Dr. Chilton that I had dreamed this.) When I called again he smiled, and said, "There's something very curious about this matter; before attempting to make it, I thought I would look through my books and see if I could find it anywhere. I looked through pretty nearly everything I thought likely to give me any information, but couldn't find even the word mentioned—no trace of it—no evidence that such a substance had ever existed. I had almost given up the idea of looking any further, when I happened to take down from the shelves an old book with the very thing, published more than seventy years ago. An old chemist (I think he said "German"), in making some experiments, accidentally made this material, describing it as a yellow powder, and this is the only account of it I was able to find, and the only mention of it made anywhere to my knowledge. I certainly never heard of it before." The doctor promised to make it for me, and I called again and again, but without success, until finally I forgot all about it, and the very name has passed away, greatly to my regret, for this old weakness has never entirely left me. If I knew any way of invoking that good old shade to appear again I should be glad indeed; but I do not, and my friend, the doctor, has long since gone to meet him in the spirit land.

*Appropos* of this, I may at some time tell you of a similar thing which happened to Judge Edmonds, and which is true, as I had it from his own lips.

#### PREVISION—FOREWARNING OF DEATH.

On the 1st day of January, 1857, I was in the Indian country in Kansas. I had been and then was connected with a national organisation for the relief of the people against Southern outrages in the effort to make that territory *free soil* and a free State. At the time I speak of, I had started south from Lawrence over the prairies, with two guides, to search into the condition of the settlers and to give relief. This journey was afterwards alluded to by a Kansas editor, in these words: "His course over our territory may be tracked as we follow the course of the spring by its flowers!" Don't think me egotistical, I pray you, for this is not so. When my work was done I retired, seeking neither reward nor fame. I was in extremely delicate health; it was winter. They

lifted me into the saddle, and we started; we had got down into the Miami Reservation; a snowstorm came on, we were like men at sea: towards nightfall we brought up at a small log hut inhabited by a poor family; they had one bushel of corn left in the house, and five little children. When during the evening I gave the poor woman a twenty-dollar gold piece she retired to a corner of her little room to hide the tears of gratitude that had choked her utterance. So limited was the accommodation that my two friends and myself had to sleep all three in one bed. In the morning I found an inch thick of snow lying upon our bed covers, the siftings and driftings of the night through the roof. I was wide awake and meditating, and my thoughts ran back to my home. "To-day," I said, "is the first day of the year—New Year's Day; what a happy time they're having there!" And then at once, in spirit, I was at New York—just landed at the ferry; I hurried by the street, turned into this street, then into that, reached my own street, turned the corner, passed familiar houses, arrived at my own at the garden gate, opened it, stepped up on to the brown stone step, stepped forward, reached out my hand to the bell pull to ring, and—Oh, horror! *There was black erape upon the handle of the bell pull.* "Tommy!" said I, to one of my friends, "are you awake?" "Yes," he replied. "Well, then," I continued, "there is death at my house, or someone about to die, for I saw the crape at the door;" and then I narrated what I had just described. Many weeks passed away before I was able to set my face homewards, and when as far as Cincinnati, still some twelve hundred miles away, I received a telegram, "*Ma is at the point of death—make haste!*" Alas! I knew only too well that, haste or no haste, all would be the same; I should find on my arrival the fatal crape on the door bell. I did hasten, used every possible exertion, but all to no purpose; I arrived precisely as "in spirit" I had seen myself do, weeks before, and the same crape was there just as I had foreseen it. Of course it is easy to say, "Oh, you were melancholy; you knew your mother was ill; you were thinking about her." Nothing of the kind. I was not expecting or fearing anything. New Year's Day in New York is like the "merry Christmas" over here; everybody goes out visiting; the day is devoted to New Year's calls; sleigh bells jingle merrily—all is joyful. What startled me was crape on the handle of the bell pull. I had never seen such a thing—it not being the custom—on the window blinds or the knob of the hall door, yes, I could have expected it there; but the bell-pull, No! I could not anticipate it there. And I saw nothing until my hand, "in spirit," was in the very act of touching the handle. Then I saw it, and shrank back in horror.

#### THE SUPPOSED PAINS OF THE DYING.

I remember that there were things before this date. The Rochester rappings had come up in or about, I think, 1847. Now let me see—"this reminds me" (as poor Lincoln used to say). Yes, if my record is to be of any value to the future discoverer of the law of spiritual gravitation, I ought, I suppose, to go back to the days of mesmerism—say somewhere in the forties—say from 1840 onwards. Well, there was a time when first (1834 onwards) phrenology was the rage in New York; then came mesmerism, and everybody was mesmerising, or attempting to, every other body; and one and another made their essays on me—all sorts of people, "red spirits and white, black spirits and gray," until I became finally most thoroughly "bedeviled" and was compelled to shun the whole thing. Sitting in "circles" convulsed, if it did not convince me. So also did the presence of the Spiritualist preacher Harrison, when we got along to "Spiritualism" out of mesmerism. About 1842-3 we had in New York a celebrated mesmerist named Leroy Sunderland, publisher of *The Magnet*. A friend of mine, who did not believe in mesmerism, one day said to me, "If you'll go with me to Sunderland, and he puts you to sleep, I'll believe in it, for I know you won't deceive me." We went, I was not put to sleep, for no one ever succeeded with me to this extent, but I was thrown into such frightful convulsions that my inconsiderate friend thought me dying, and said afterwards that he never suffered so in his life, and that he "could have given five thousand dollars down to see me safe out of it." The point I wish to make here is this—Externally, bodily, I was convulsed and seemingly in great agony, and yet I was not suffering in the least. I felt no pain: within was all serene. I couple this with another fact to say a word on "the agonies of death." About 1847 we had the great discovery of "letheon," the name originally given to the anæsthetic "ether," but little was known at first of the true way to administer it: especially the necessity of an admixture of some portion of air with it. Burdell, the dentist, was an impatient, testy creature. I was sitting in the dental chair, he administering the letheon; I did not swoon away quite quick enough to please him, so he pinched my nose, cut off all the air, and so compelled me to breathe the pure ether. Naturally, like one drowning, I gasped and choked, and next door to died. But, "the delight of dying!" who can picture it, who can paint it? Only that one short spasm of the fleeting second, only that last gasp to catch the fleeting breath, and then the spirit, like a circling ripter, swells onward and outward, still expanding, still embracing, until, as I found myself saying to myself, "and now I am approaching the Infinite! How still it is, how calm, how vast, how tranquil, how delightful, how sweet to not breathe!"

Coupling together the two facts I have narrated, we can see how mistakenly we may think of "the death agony;" in most cases the "death struggle" is very likely quite unfelt by the dying one: the pain to us is his glory; awakening once more from the dream sleep of earth; the soul's incarnation; the antithesis; the episode of a spirit's long journeying on the highway immortal.

#### A VISION PRODUCED BY THE WILL-POWER OF A MESMERIST.

I have mentioned how animal magnetism affected me in order to let this explain whatever it may in my natural organism. At twenty years of age, on my hair being combed in the dark with a metal comb, waves of electrical light would appear: this happened frequently. Later on, as many others did, I could light gas with the tip of my finger on a

dry cold day. Stripping the feather from the pith of a quill, I cut the pith into small bits which I threw upon the face of some water in a basin, where they floated. I could then attract any one of these floating morsels with the end of my finger, and make it follow as a metal magnet causes a floating metal swan or other thing to follow it. I dare say if you try the experiment you will see the same result.

In the year 1838 I was one of a party where the following experiment was made:—A young woman was placed on a chair, each leg of the chair resting in a glass tumbler; on her hair being combed with a horn comb, the electricity of her system was excited so that with a Leyden jar we collected sufficient electricity to give a regular shock to a circle composed of perhaps a dozen persons.

I mention these things for any value or bearing they may possibly have on table lifting, and to say that when about 1842 Dr. Buchanan, of Cincinnati, came to New York with some new facts in physiology or psychology, I was present at a *séance*, held at the house of Henry Inman, the artist (at that time the first American artist). There were present Tuckerman the poet, I. Feno Hoffman, the poet and editor, Irving (nephew of Washington Irving), and I forget who else. In the course of the evening I was asked to take a seat and submit to Dr. Buchanan's experiments. He pressed his fingers upon certain organs of the brain, and I was asked what I saw. I described, or rather said, "Beautiful lights, like the rainbow; prismatic colours." A paper was now put into the doctor's hand by one of the company, by Tuckerman I think I was afterwards told, and the doctor continued his experiments—"What do you now see?" I hesitated to say, for to me it was nothing extraordinary; I always had had imaginings, and I could not think so silly a thing was what they were looking for, but on being pressed to tell, I replied—"I see a beautiful park in miniature, and paths in every direction, and an immense number of little people about three inches high all dressed out in knee breeches and cocked hats like the old knickerbockers!" At this there was a general exclamation of pleasure, the thing demanded of Doctor Buchanan being that he should, by the force of his will and imagination, impress this picture on me.

#### PSYCHOLOGICAL IMPRESSIONS.

I called on Professor Bush one evening, I think in the year 1847 or 1848. This gentleman had been one of our most learned divines, but had turned from orthodoxy to the religion of Emanuel Swedenborg; he was greatly interested in the *Divine Revelations* of Andrew Jackson Davis, and had caused a copy of this work to be sent to me in compliment for a notice I had published in the paper I was then editing. The professor, after I had been with him awhile, handed me a letter, folded up, and said, "I want to make an experiment: please to hold this letter in your hand and think of nothing; just give yourself up to complete tranquillity without thought if possible." I did so, remaining quiet for perhaps ten minutes. On being asked the state of my mind, I was compelled to say—"Well, really, I don't see that this amounts to anything; I can't tell what is in this letter!" He then questioned me to know if any change in my feelings had taken place—any state of mind different to what I had come in with. "Oh," I said, "as to that, I feel very melancholy; I don't know if this has anything to do with your experiment; I thought you wanted me to find out the contents of the letter." He said he would have liked it had I been able to do something of that kind, but that, as far as the experiment had gone, it was conclusive, for that the letter was from a gentleman labouring under great mental depression.

*Appropos* to this: in the year 186- I was American Consul at —, in France. One day I received a letter by mail from one whom I had never before heard of, but who was undoubtedly what he claimed to be—a government officer, and connected with confidential government matters. As I have said, I had never before heard of this man, and had never seen him; but my impression of him from holding his letter in my hand (there was nothing in what he wrote to produce it), was that he was a rascal. Years passed on, when one day, here in London, being at the office of my friend and banker, Mr. —, he mentioned the name of this person, and I believe introduced me to him at that time; if not then, he did so subsequently. The man was a most sanctimonious, reverend individual, sweet-spoken, amiable, and mild; but I could not forget my impressions, and told them to my friend, but said, however, that there might be nothing at all in them. I, nevertheless, advised him to be always on his guard, especially as, after leaving my post and going to America, I had heard charges made against the man. The upshot of the matter was, that my friend got "let in" for a good many hundred pounds by his sweet-spoken acquaintance, "the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat," so that his impressions of him are now worse than mine were, if possible.

As I have said, mesmerism in America ran finally into Spiritualism; there were "manifestations," and "circles," and "states," and what not? and my nervous system had become so upset with being "pawed over," and so forth, that finally I had to break away from the whole of it. For a long time I was troubled with spasmodic attacks, when my arms, of themselves, would fly about wildly and turn about like the arms of a windmill, and only certain persons could come near me; the very presence of certain others seeming to make the disturbance of my nature worse.

#### ANOTHER CASE OF PREVISION.

Sometime during these years, I should say 1854 or 5, I one day threw myself on the sofa, and gave myself up to "impressions," endeavouring to loose my individuality and self-hood as much as possible, so far as thought or brain-action was concerned. From some reading of mine at some time or other I had conceived a great liking to the elder Brunel, the celebrated engineer, and constructor of the Thames tunnel. I was now engaged in an employment in which my mind had become very much interested, and in connection with mechanical constructions, *beams* being the speciality just then. On the day in question,

as I threw myself on the sofa, and mentally invoked the spirit of my friend (as I called him), the great and good Mark Isambard Brunel, asking him to come and solve for me the problem of the beam. Now, I want you to understand that I had but little faith in this whole business: it was an experiment purely. I tried to watch mental phenomena. After some little time I distinctly saw—not a beam, but a bridge. I was carried “in spirit” along under this bridge, and saw its bellying ties like cords of fire. I saw it all, and then was wafted back again; and when I shook myself out of the “state,” and thought it over, I said to myself—“Pshaw! This does not amount to anything: he has not yet told me what I want to know: the beam problem seems to me not yet solved, and I do not care anything about bridges. Why show me a bridge? I don’t want to make bridges;” and I felt somewhat vexed. I may say, however, in passing, that I went to work and constructed several beams substantially upon this principle, for the late A. T. Stewart, and put them in a floor of his warehouse, corner of Broadway and Chamber-street, New York, where (as far as I know) they remain to this day. That I made the beams, however, from any new light received in the “passive state” I very much doubt; my reflections had, I think, led me up to this by the time I invoked the shade. What vexed me was to have a bridge shown me that I cared nothing about, instead of something more in the nature of a beam, though, to be sure, a bridge is indeed a beam of enormous proportions. But here is the sequel, and a strange one, too, viewed even as only a “coincidence.” Some ten or eleven years later on I had occasion to go into Cornwall, over the Great Western Railway. I had never heard of the Saltash bridge, and my first sight of it was startling, for in it I caught a glimpse of what I had seen in “the passive state” years before. My fellow-passenger in the car said—“Stop a bit; wait until we get over: there’s a turn in the road where you’ll get a perfect view of it.” And so it came to pass, filling me with inexpressible delight and amazement, for there, sure enough, was the very bridge itself—my vision-bridge! But, if this amazed me, much more was I bewildered when, on asking the name of the engineer, I was told “Brunel.” Now this bridge, by an inscription upon it, seems to have been completed in 1859, so that it appears to be a reasonable supposition that the mind of I. K. Brunel (son of “my friend”) was actually at work upon this very scheme at the time I was seeking to become *en rapport* with the shade of his great father. I lean to the opinion that all this was coincidence, but still very curious.

INFORMATION ABOUT THE FUTURE—CLAIRAUDIENCE.

The circumstances attending the extension of my patent in the year 1859, to which I made allusion in my first letter, were as follows:—Mr. Bishop, the Commissioner of Patents, who held the life or death of patents in his hands, had, according to the wretched system of my country, been “rewarded” politically for his treachery (as it appeared to his political opponents) to his constituents, to freedom and the North, by the gift of this office, James Buchanan being then our “dough-face” president. As I have already said, I had been connected with movements to make Kansas a free State. As a matter of fact I had, *seemingly*, about ruined myself in this business; the daily statements in the papers of Kansas outrages of burnings, murders, and kindred villainies, all perpetrated by the South to spread slavery, and connived at by the general Government. All these things every day repeated were more than I could stand. I began by contributing what means I could, and ended by contributing myself, leaving a growing business to hands less competent than my own, and dividing it up; so what with a diminished interest and a less productive business, complicated by a series of misadventures, all connected with and growing out of my Kansas sympathies and philanthropic patriotism, my affairs had gone badly enough. I had contributed in “cash money” some 6,000 dols., and indirectly more, had travelled many thousands, I might almost say many tens of thousands of miles, over the Union on the railroad at my own cost. I may say in a word that to make Kansas a free state my efforts first and last resulted in a loss or cost to me of not less than 100,000 dols., so that at the time I speak of, 1859, my whole future appeared to hang upon being able to get my patent extended; without this I was ruined; all my property mortgaged, and things generally in a bad way. Add to this I was in a wretched state of health, a state that you may form some faint idea of when I tell you that I journeyed for days at that period, day after day, and all night and all day continuously, no break at all, living in fact on the railroad, and subsisting absolutely on little else than a few lumps of white sugar, moistened by a few drops of brandy. Such was my bodily and such my pecuniary condition at the time I speak of. The constituents of Mr. Bishop had voted him out of Congress because of his vote in it to make Kansas a Slave State. Mr. Buchanan had rewarded his perfidy (as it was called) by the office of Commissioner of Patents. *John Brown was about to be hung in Virginia*, and I was the friend of John Brown. The *New York Tribune* had been filled with my “Kansas shriekings,” all the country knew of them. The men in New York, whose interest it was to prevent the extension of my patent knew all this, and were smart enough to use any weapons to defeat me. Moreover, I felt that Washington was not a very safe place for such a friend of John Brown as I was, to be in. When I tell you that I walked my chamber as if with tons weight upon my head, sinking me into the earth, literally and really dying, under a despair of spirit such as I had never before experienced, you will know what I mean; and I was now saying “shall I go to Connecticut! Shall I go to Washington? Do I dare to?” Mr. Bishop’s home was in Connecticut, and I thought to gain the influence of certain of his friends by going there.

While ruminating on these things, weary with my sad thoughts and solitary paces of the floor, I sat down. In an instant, clear and distinct like a voice, never heard by me before, I heard, “Your patent shall be extended!” I was not moved, I was not startled; despair had taken too deep a hold of me, and I did not believe it; I did not believe I heard a voice; I challenged it, I doubted it, and said, “It’s my own

imagination!” But the voice took no notice of all this, but simply kept on repeating like the mechanical strokes of a hammer, stroke after stroke, as many strokes as were necessary to force an entrance where entrance seemed to be denied. And so the voice repeated and repeated until I had counted nine. By this time my lethargy had in part, at least, become subdued. I had enough belief awakened to be willing to ask a question. I wanted to ask, “Shall I accomplish my purpose by going to Connecticut?” I had got (mentally) as far as the one word “Shall,” when the voice as clearly as before said, “Go to Connecticut if you like; it will amount to no more than if you remain in this room.” When my mind reverted to Washington wishing to ask the two-fold question, “Shall I be safe from the clutches of Governor Wise if I go to Washington; and shall I be able to help on my case by being there personally,” and as before I had only reached the opening word, and was stopped by the reply as quick as lightning, “Go to Washington if it pleases you; no harm will happen to you, and you will do no good; the result will be the same as though you stay here.” And then the Presence seemed to leave me, giving me only the faintest evanescent glance of a *whiteness*, equalled only by that “raiment shining, exceeding white as snow, so that no fuller on earth can white them.” And all was over! The vision departed, and I was alone, not knowing whether indeed I had seen a vision, or had been only talking with myself. So I arose, and “shook myself as I was wont,” and strode my apartment again; and protested to myself valiantly that I would not be “the victim of my own imagination.” But where were the tons weight? Ah! here was indeed a mystery. I said, “I don’t believe there’s anything in this. I’m afraid there isn’t.” Oh, doubting heart! And yet, strange to say, all the load, the crushing load, the load that had been killing me, was all gone, nothing of it whatever remaining. This I could not deny. So I went to Connecticut, and, as the voice had foretold, accomplished nothing; I might as well have sat still in my own room. And I also went to Washington with a like result; no harm happened to me, and my presence there changed nothing; I could as well have remained at home. My patent was extended, and so strongly did the commissioner, whom I had so much feared as a political enemy, speak in my behalf, saying “the records of invention shew scarcely another instance of a man battling through such difficulties, and compelling the public to adopt his invention!” that my opponents, crestfallen at the result, at once said, “Oh, — wrote the Commissioner’s opinion, and he merely put his name to it!” And yet I had never seen Mr. Bishop, nor indeed have I to this day.

The events here spoken of happened in the fall of 1859, or possibly late in the summer. On the 5th of December following “Plantation Mason,” of Virginia (whom you probably know of as “Mason and Slidell”), brought in his resolution to send for persons and papers implicated in conspiring with John Brown against the Union. Among others I was summoned; I intended to appear before the “Investigating Committee;” but when I learned that the whole thing was unconstitutional, I determined, like Hampton, to make a stand on principle, though in truth I had nothing to tell. The story is too long to go into now, and might not interest you either; enough that it ended with my incarceration in Washington jail for thirteen weeks and three days—March to June. To find myself alone for the first time in my life *in a jail*, and at night-fall! the grating of the key in the lock of the cell; the echoes of the departing feet of friends, who up to this hour were able to be with me; to feel in a way I had never felt before—cut off from the world! I did not know what to make of it; I seemed to have suddenly awakened in a new world, and a horrible one. To say that for a brief space, for a moment, there was a sinking of heart is to confess the truth, and a welling up into the eyes, and the fall of a tear! Weakness to be sure, but human; just then, however, the voice (for the second time) spoke out distinctly and clearly; it seemed like a voice falling down from a distant height, and it said to me in tones of seeming firmness, “Stand thou *still*, and see the salvation of God!” and then I knew that my business was to “wait.” And so when my great and good friend, Charles Sumner—“name ever honoured, ever dear”—urged me to come out on *habeas corpus* I refused, and staid until “ordered” out—making war upon slavery as I found it in the national slave pen with more effect than I had ever been able to do when out of it. I had been in “the pen” some weeks when I again heard the voice, seemingly from *its tone*, not the same I had heard—a voice so wonderful in its sweet deep calmness that I may say never before and never since have I heard its like, nor do I ever expect to until I shall have returned again to the blest land from whence I came before my condemnation to this incarnation of sad earth-life! A friend had obtained permission to pass the night in my cell with me, the midnight hour had sounded, I had lain down on the sofa—(I had before this time furnished the place comfortably: the “cell” being a fair-sized room)—my friend sat reading to himself near me: how many minutes I had slept I can’t say, but not long, for the sound of this wonderful voice awoke me, and I said, “Did you speak, Ingalls?” “No!” “Did you hear any one?” “No!” “Was there no voice, no sound here?” “No, none,” was the reply. “Then,” said I, “the voice has spoken again—and such a voice! such intonation!—‘God will avenge you, my child!’” These were the words I heard: so passionless, so deep, so calm! But I knew not what they meant then, nor could I then apply them. But when later on the day and the hour came that Mr. Mason entered the gloom of Fort Lafayette, and tasted not merely the restraints of captivity, but the forebodings, for a time at least, of a felon’s death and doom, I thought I saw some little of what might, without much straining, be considered to be a fair “avengement;” and when later on still, with Sherman’s army “marching to the sea,” and Grant’s army tightening the grip around them, the whole dark Moloch Power crumbled and fell in ruin, and the fetters of the bondmen fell from their hands, and four millions of voices sent up their one great cry of “Glory to God!” I then again thought that I might fairly say and thus, and thus, even thus hath the prophecy

been fulfilled. Some may not see this as I do. But no matter, the facts stand all the same.

But I heard more of the voice at La Rochelle than I had ever heard before or since. I was at this place from the fall of '61 until '65. I have already told you how the voice spoke up quite unexpectedly late one night just as I had got into bed, and as my head was in the act of touching the pillow. This manifestation was particularly distinct and *outside* of me; very often it seemed to reproduce my own thoughts, which caused me to doubt, but this was unmistakable. Now, if the aunt of whom this was spoken had been a particularly affectionate aunt, or I had ever been much with her, or had occasion to think of her more than of twenty other relatives and friends, there might be some pretence for attempting to account for it by some links of thought; but I never even corresponded with this aunt—had never written her a line in my life. She was my aunt, and that was all. I don't think I even knew that she had been ill. I had, when leaving America, given my agent instructions to see to her, and from that hour had never had an anxious thought about her. At this particular time, too, all my thoughts were taken up with *invention, discoveries*; on that day, all that day, down into the night, I had been intensely occupied and absorbed with experiments, and had absolutely thought of nothing but my experiments. Tired out, by twelve at night I had put out my light in the room where I had been all day "hard at it," not thinking, but working, smoking hard and fast, and earnestly too, so that I was in no state of abstraction, or dreaminess, or any thing of the kind; I had all my five senses about me, and "a level head" into the bargain, and the sudden breaking out of this voice took me as much by surprise as any body else would be at being unexpectedly spoken to in the midst of a dead silence, for my wife had gone to bed some two hours before, and I stole in quietly and had just got into mine, placed in an alcove of the room facing hers; so that a midnight calm prevailed, and I, being tired, was hurrying to get into bed and asleep as fast as possible. I must tell you frankly that I did not like the message, and did not want to believe it—"where you will soon be," even though "in glory," I did not relish a bit. I tried to think it was my own imagination, but on saying "but what do you mean by 'soon'?" I got the reply, "Don't trouble yourself about this; 'soon' with us may mean 'long' with you; and soon with you may mean long with us!" "Ah," said I to myself, "that is just like the old oracles; it may mean anything!" and with this crumb of comfort I went off to sleep, and thought no more about it until when at nine o'clock the next morning, the postman's arrival brought me a New York letter, and having read it nearly through I came to these words—"Oh, by the way—I've just heard of the death of your aunt!" To say that I was startled does not exactly express it. I cast my eye quickly to the head of the letter—"10th!"—very close on the time. "The voice said she died on the seventh," I said to my wife somewhat gravely; "now if I find out that she did not die on the seventh, I'm not going to believe this!" I never got fully satisfied about the matter until I reached America myself, and learned from my cousin (daughter of the aunt who died), that she had "died on the tenth," but she put in the disagreeable qualification, "but, Thaddeus, mother was struck with death on the seventh!" Whether she had heard anything of what my voice had told me I can't say.

#### CHANGE OF CHARACTER IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

When a young man I had read something—very little—of the writings of Swedenborg. He had spoken of the impossibility of any change of character in the *spirit world*. I could not accept such doctrine: my views were running along in the line of infinite progression and perfection—"onward! and ever onward! shalt thou fling eternity around thee!" I never did accept Swedenborg's notion, in fact scouted it.

Walking alone in my garden at La Rochelle one day, about the time, I think, of the occurrence last narrated, my thoughts, of course, on my inventions, or flying, or something of that kind, the voice spoke up with its accustomed abruptness, and gave me a regular sermon. I was amazed—could hardly think it was real—but the things told me were so totally foreign to my own notions, theories, and opinions, that I knew not what to make of it. I did not take note at the time of its complete concurrence with Swedenborg's doctrine, neither did I think in any wise of Swedenborg, nor do I remember more of what was said than the general purport and the things that startled me; but the discourse was long, so long indeed, that I finally wearied of it, and said, "Well, this is enough for to-day; come again at another time!" I have always regretted this, for it almost seems as if this may have had something to do with the infrequency of those visits since then. The pith of the discourse was to this effect—that the spiritual body is composed of, or made up, by deposits of human thought in a manner as the human material body is by human food: that the spiritual organism takes in thought and digests it, and passes it into the circulation of the spiritual system, so that it becomes a part of it, just as the material organism appropriates food, and makes it a part of its body: that hence *the thoughts of the heart go to construct the immortal body—enter into it—become it*; then with great earnestness and solemnity the voice said to me, "and I warn you how you indulge in thoughts that are evil. The evil things which you accept and love, like the food of the body, are digested by the stomach of the spirit and become a portion of that spiritual body which does not change so easily as you imagine—in fact, is difficult to change at all; it is a dangerous and a dreadful thing to build it up out of evil!"

I am sorry I did not take a note of this at the time, as I am not able now to do justice to the language employed. The impression made upon me at the time has remained ever since, and been, I hope, not without its effect. I do certainly fear to enter into the eternal state with a spirit body made up out of evil thoughts. "It may not be as easy as you think for, to get rid of it," has never ceased to ring in my ears.

#### A VISION.

We were living at Passy on the Place de la Maine in or about the year 1866. I had been a great sufferer with tooth-ache; to not dis-

turb my wife by my pain I had gone to the far apartment of the suite looking out on another street, and was here quite alone. For a very long time I had regularly provided at my bed-side a narcotic for this tooth—laudanum and oil of cloves—a drop of which would give me ease. I may tell you in passing that my physician here, Dr. Wilberforce Smith, says the homeopathic doses he gives to me, whenever I have occasion for his services, are in strength such only as he gives to children; that he never saw any grown person affected by such small doses. The night I am speaking of, on going to bed, I had felt that if I could only pray with sufficient "faith," I ought to be able to pray this pain away, and I had the sudden thought that the absolute and final cause and origin of all pain lay back of all bodily and material phenomena in the spirit itself, and that as the centurion said to Christ, "only command, Lord," so if God would but speak the word, He the Spirit commanding the evil of mine, it would leave me; with these sentiments in my heart, and this prayer on my lips, I dropped off to sleep. Early in the morning hour I was awakened by a brilliant light in my room; the idea of its being the sun first occurred to me; then I said, no; this is the spiritual light, just what I have seen before so many times, I cannot be mistaken; I will not open my eyes to dispel it, but watch and see what comes of it. Upon the ceiling there were lights and shadows dancing clearly and distinctly, the light precisely as though reflected upwards from a stove or furnace from the top of which a lid of one of the holes had been removed; I never saw anything more natural in my life; then at the side I saw up in the wall at the angle with the ceiling, two ranges of coloured tiles, one above the other, the whole length of the room; all these like doors on hinges opened and shut continually, and heads and faces, and hands and arms, and I can't tell what and what not, all kept going in and out, bobbing here and there, as though a thousand people or more were rushing and tearing about; and then a sudden *spiriting out from my jaw of a spirit fountain*, a stream about as large as my little finger, so it appeared to me, and a voice which said "*Behold the evil which has afflicted you; it is now leaving you, and your trouble is ended.*" And even as the voice spoke so all was ended; there were no more "manifestations." I opened my eyes; it was still early morning, before the sun. But I still doubted and feared, and when night came on again, and I went to my room, I took with me the same remedy to be ready in case of need. I forgot to say that the pain would come on an hour or so after I had been in bed, and awaken me. I had prayed the previous night on going to bed that this thing might be ordered out of my spirit, so I had not been awakened that night by the pain, and not until the occurrence narrated—at least this is my present recollection; I will not say so positively. However, the following, and for eight nights in succession, I regularly provided myself with the remedy at my bed-side, fearful of returning pain. But it came not, and then I ceased to look for it.

#### A PROPHECIC DREAM.

General Grant is called "the Silent." No one knew or could guess whom he intended to nominate for Secretary of the Treasury. At four o'clock on the morning of the day when (as events proved) the name was to be announced to the country by telegraph from Washington, I being in New York, I awoke my wife and said, "*A. T. Stewart is to be Secretary of the Treasury!*" I dreamed it. And then, as always, I gave the matter no further thought. At two o'clock in the day, riding down Broadway in an omnibus, I saw a great crowd gathered about some kind of a placard at the corner of a street. On inquiring the cause, the news ran through me like an electric shock—"A. T. Stewart has been nominated Secretary of the Treasury!" This is the quickest fulfilment of any of my prophecies.

#### WAS IT A PSYCHOLOGICAL FOREWARNING?

My works in London were for a time in temporary quarters in Charles-street, Drury-lane, in what had formerly been a blacksmith's shop. Circumstances had kept me away for some little time, and one afternoon, only a few weeks ago, I was hurrying there. I had turned out of Holborn into Newton-street, and was, perhaps, a third of the way towards Charles-street, when I was brought to a sudden and immediate standstill; I could go no farther. I reflected on the matter *why* it was so, and was only able to say to myself, "I can't tell why it is, but it seems very disagreeable to me to go there. I do not want to go, and I can't tell why; I never felt so before, and, as far as I know, there is no cause for it now." And then I thought over the things that could make it necessary for me to go, and, finding none, turned away and went in a different direction. Between eleven and twelve the next morning *the roof fell in*, just exactly covering the spot where my men always worked when there; two of them had left only five minutes before, or they would have been certainly killed, and the other I had employed at the new building in Farringdon-road. It is not necessary to speculate here as to what might have occurred to me had I gone in that evening, making perhaps conditions to bring me there again between eleven and twelve the next morning. It is enough that during eighteen months I had been going back and forth to this place, and never once had experienced anything like this, and, externally, there was no cause; the idea that the building was unsafe had never entered my mind; no one thought of it, that I am aware of.

I had intended to tell of some things which have happened to me because I failed to pay attention to the voices, but this narrative is already out of proportion to its worth, and I must bring it to a close with one or two additional facts.

#### CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH THE DEATH OF HORACE GREELEY.

In the month of November four years ago I was on the ocean, going to New York, within, say, some two hundred miles of Sandy Hook. Only a short time before I had parted with my friend Horace Greeley; he was not well, I knew; in great dejection of spirits indeed, but I had no thoughts of his dying. I had been nearly two weeks on the ocean, and during this time my friend had entered the spirit world. Now you

must know that it is believed that a spirit who seeks to make himself known invariably announces himself by the familiar thing, trade, vocation, habit, some mark by which we have known it in life by association or otherwise. Keep this in mind. My friend was a journalist—"the foremost journalist in America." I ought also to tell you, for an understanding of what is to follow, that my old friend Dr. Huttner had died two years or so previously in my house here; he was excessively devoted to Spiritualism, promised faithfully to visit me *if possible*. It has evidently been impossible, for he has not appeared to this day. Well, at between three and four in the morning of the day in question, lying in my berth, wide awake, eyes closed, I saw the spirit lights; but always challenging, never suffering myself to be deceived, I said, "Perhaps it is the reflection of the light out in the lobby." So I covered my eyes with my hands in a way to exclude every ray of light were there enough to get in, but there was not. I saw the lights plain enough, and figures dimly; all my vision appeared to be with the right eye only, and through an orifice no larger than a pea—hence circumscribed; a great effort, seemingly, was being made to show me something or some one; a large bald head rose up and crossed my line of sight; the bald head I could see, the features were not distinct; a mass of phosphorescent light about the size of one's fist seemed to be held by some one in a position purposely to illuminate this head, still I failed to recognise the face. Then hands or claws, or some sort of energy, appeared to work away at the little orifice of my eye, endeavouring to enlarge it, but all to no purpose. The head was raised and lowered several times, and then all vanished away. I then fell asleep and dreamed. I saw an opened quarto, beautifully printed, large clear letters, an ornamental heading of flowers, and the words "The other Life," and then, reading right along the article, began—"Friends in the starry spaces are not separated from one another by such long distances as they are in this life," and then to my sorrow I awoke, the other entire page unread. That morning, at about eleven o'clock, I sat down and wrote the whole of this in a letter to my wife, and I said, "I suppose it must be the doctor who tried to appear to me, and yet it did not seem to be his head! I can't make it out; I don't know whose head it can be!" But when our vessel touched the dock I soon found out "whose head it can be." Had my friends in the other life only succeeded in their efforts and torn away that film from my eyes I should have seen clearly enough. This is all that any of us need. Death will do it for us effectually, and not till death for the most of us; and then we shall wonder at our earth-stupidity in ever imagining the things of time and sense to be the only real and the true. The most real and seemingly substantial things I have ever seen are those that have come to me out of the spirit life. I did mean to tell you my strange experience, running through years, having reference to the problem of flight; how in all places, both in France and America, whenever my thoughts were more than usually intent on this subject, I would see, on looking up—a dragon fly! But space and time fail. Farewell.

The discussion upon this paper was adjourned until the next meeting.

#### HEREDITARY CHARACTERISTICS.

The adjourned discussion upon Mr. Harris's paper on the above subject was resumed under the presidency of Mr. F. K. Munton, who said that the adjournment of the discussion had proved that evening to be a mistake, as the author was not present to listen to what was said, and the majority of the listeners had not been at the meeting when the paper was read; these difficulties would have to be considered by the Council. He (Mr. Munton) thought that there was no such thing as the hereditary transmission of endowments and properties.

Mr. Gordon thought the paper to be full of generalities and common places. He objected to the manner of Mr. Harris's paper rather than to the questions which the author intended to raise.

Mr. Rawlinson pointed out that for three generations in the Westmacott family there had been a hereditary transmission of good taste, nearly all the members of the family being distinguished for their proficiency in the fine arts.

The Rev. Mr. Mayhew thought that the fact that physical characteristics descended to some extent from parents to children, indicated that there was likewise a transmission of mental qualities, since the features to some extent signified externally an internal mental and spiritual state.

The proceedings then closed.

#### CANON GILBERT ON SPIRITUALISM.

LAST Sunday morning the Very Rev. Canon Gilbert, D.D., delivered the second of his fortnightly sermons on Spiritualism, at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary's, Moorfields, London. There was a large congregation, the church being quite full.

Canon Gilbert took for his text the narrative about the setting of food before the idol Bel, which food the idol was supposed to eat during the night. Daniel, to test the matter, strewed ashes over the floor of the temple, and pointed out to the king next morning the footmarks of the priests, their wives and their children, indicating who had really eaten the food, whereupon the king ordered the culprits to be destroyed. The rev. speaker stated that in this instance the prophet Daniel tested the phenomena alleged to be produced in the presence of the priests of Bel, and exposed the imposture, with the result that the men, women, and children connected with the temple were destroyed. He then went on to speak of divining rods, saying that they had been used by magicians, miners, and superstitious people in all ages, and their action in modern times had been ascribed to spirits, to odic force, and to the devil. Mr. A. R. Wallace had, in his book, expressed his opinion that in some cases their action was real and useful. He (Canon Gilbert) had tried many experiments with them, and had come to the conclusion that their movements were produced by unconscious muscular action; but as such rods had sometimes been used for the most wicked purposes, he warned his flock to have nothing to do with

them except when experimentally inquiring into truth. Table-turning was another wicked and mischievous superstition, and the facts had been ascribed to spirits, to the devil, and to odic force; he had made experiments in this matter also, and had come to the conclusion that the results were due to unconscious muscular action. He then described the planchette and the method of using it, saying that in this case also the results had been ascribed to spirits, to odic force, and to the Devil, and in America it had been so much used by tricksters that ecclesiastics in that country had prohibited their flocks from having anything to do with it. He (Canon Gilbert) and his three brethren now sitting at the altar had made experiments with the planchette, which wrote freely beneath the hand of one of them, and had discovered that any answer they wanted would be written, supposing the operator to be nervous or excitable; but if, on the other hand, his mind was abstracted from the desired answer, he could not write a word. He thought this to be due to involuntary muscular action, and that if a person were so uneducated as to be unable to write one word, the planchette would produce nothing in his hands. There was another instrument called "planchette outdone," in which a ball hanging at the end of a thread swung in the direction of letters and words on a board. If the operator did not look at the board, the ball would not point to the right word; for instance, if they then asked the age of a certain lady, the ball was liable to point to "Wednesday" or "Friday." (Laughter.) Mr. Eglinton had refused to give him any more *séances*, saying that a hundred sittings with him (Canon Gilbert) would be waste of time, and with this he (the speaker) fully agreed. (Laughter.) He then described the experiment which *The Spiritualist* newspaper proposed that he should make with the Lourdes water, and added that the proposed attempt was not identical, parallel, or analogous to the experiment with Mr. Eglinton. The latter professed to produce manifestations of the most wonderful kind, whereas he (Canon Gilbert) had never produced a single cure by Lourdes water, and that was difference number one between the two cases. Spiritualists said that Mr. Eglinton stated that he possessed the said powers, whereas he (Canon Gilbert) had never said that he could cure any disease by Lourdes water, and that was difference number two. Mr. Eglinton took money from the public, but he (Canon Gilbert) had never in his life received anything for attempting to produce a cure by Lourdes water, so with all respect to the editor of *The Spiritualist* he considered the cases were not analogous, identical, or parallel, but the very opposite. He then read the paragraph from *The Spiritualist*, advising his flock to form circles in their own homes, and to obtain the manifestations themselves with no Spiritualist present, but he added that instead of one in three such circles being successful, his experience was that not one in a hundred would be likely to obtain results. He then described several *séances* got up among themselves by his private friends, at which certain things occurred, some of which he said he produced himself in order to convince those present how easily they could be misled in such matters; an M.A. of Oxford, and several influential persons were among the sitters. Professor Schiff, of Florence, had proved that the raps could be made by the tension of a tendon near the ankle, and some time ago a relative of the Fox family testified before magistrates, that the raps of the Fox sisters were so produced; further, his listeners ought to be aware that nothing was so delusive as the direction from which sounds were supposed to come, especially in the dark. Considering, then, how easily observers might be misled, he would say to the Spiritualists who were present—to Spiritualists who were sensible, intelligent, good, practical people, except where they had a strong bias—could they accept such evidence, depending largely upon faith and sympathy, as satisfactory in any other branch of life? The prophets of old submitted their phenomena to the most rigid tests; when the prophets of Baal defied the power of Elias, he erected an altar in the noon-day sun, and had the wood thereupon soaked again and again with water, after which fire came down from above and ignited the pile. Want of "sympathy," want of "conditions," did not affect the results. If his hearers would weigh these things they would become less ardent Spiritualists than they were at present. To those who were not Spiritualists he would say that, except in the spirit of inquiry and of testing the truth, they had better have nothing to do with Spiritualism; it tended to superstition, and in one case within his knowledge, it had encouraged people to impute crimes to innocent persons. On Whit-Sunday he purposed to show how very different the miracles of the Catholic Church, and the method of testing them, were from those of Spiritualism.

#### Correspondence.

[Great freedom is given to correspondents, who sometimes express opinions diametrically opposed to those of this journal and its readers. Unsolicited communications cannot be returned; copies should be kept by the writers.]

#### SPECTRES OF ANIMALS.

SIR,—I send you a case of this description, which may be of interest to your correspondents who have been recently writing to you on the subject. It is from the work of the learned Dr. Henry More on *The Immortality of the Soul*.

"This person, I say, of so extraordinary an integrity, and of a judgment as unquestionable as his veracity, told this to myself and many others for the most certain truth—that a horse which he left at home next him, to his thinking, as he was returning thither after some days' absence, in a ground some miles distance from his own house, and that he knew him to be his, bating that, as he came nearer, he seemed to be overcast, or at least tintured up and down, with a fiery and a shining hue or brightness. Which, when he much wondered at, he understood at his coming home that his horse dy'd the very same hour that this igneous sort of gelding appeared to him in his perfect shape."

Temple.

C. C. M.

## ANOTHER HAUNTED HOUSE.

YOUR reprint of my letters to the editor of *The Morning Post* put me in communication with several gentlemen of such undoubted position and respectability, that, although I have always been very sceptical with regard to psychology—if that mean the same thing as the "Spiritualism" of to-day—I must confess their experiences *added to my own* (you see I am a disciple of St. Thomas) have, in a certain degree, proselytised me.

Lord Lytton, too, has had something to do with my part-conversion, for in many of his admirable works it is easy to trace that he has had experiences, from time to time, of such a nature as to establish in his master-mind a certain amount of curiosity, at least, with regard to Spiritualism. One passage from his *Strange Story* I venture to quote. "Lord Bacon," says he, "were he now living, would be the man to solve the mysteries that branch out of mesmerism, or (so-called) spiritual manifestations, for he would not pretend to despise their phenomena for fear of hurting his reputation for good sense." But my present object is not to excuse or confirm my belief in ghosts, but to record one more psychological fact which happened in the house of a gentleman residing for some years near Oxford.

Mr. — was one night somewhat alarmed by hearing a knocking at his bedroom door, which was at the foot of his bed, on the right hand side. He, thinking it was his father who wanted him for some purpose or other, aroused himself, and answering "I am coming" (or something to the like purpose), was about to spring from his bed in order to unlock the door, when the visitor, whoever he was, saved him the trouble by opening it for himself, locking it again politely, crossed the room, opened an outer door, which was also locked, and passed out, again locking up as before.

No form was visible; but the noises made by the interloper were sufficient to call the attention of several of the inmates, for this persevering walker continued his rounds nightly through the aforesaid bedroom and other rooms, for the space of several years; and, peculiarly, he was a most punctual and early riser, for 2.40 a.m. was the hour of his usual round.

A brother of Mr. —, a clergyman, one night volunteered to sit up and watch for the itinerant delinquent, and he did so. In due time exactly, the door began to open. The parson rushed towards it to catch at it as it opened; but it was immediately drawn to and locked before him. A gentleman, who had accompanied the priest in his watchings, was so overpowered with astonishment that he could not attempt to follow up the adventure. The parson prayed, and then, being refreshed in spirit, endeavoured to follow the wanderer, but he was noiseless, and nowhere to be found. Later on, numerous were the witnesses of this extraordinary visitation. At length some of the inmates were taken ill, and a nurse, or attendant of some kind, was engaged to wait upon them; but she was previously interrogated as to whether she feared "ghosts." She replied that she did not fear them in the least; but, poor old lady, she was so disturbed on so many occasions by the above-mentioned noises, &c., that she had to "give up the ghost" by threatening to depart—not this life—but from the house, unless she had a trustworthy companion during the nights.

Peace and quietness were at length restored for ten years, but at the expiration of that period the visitor came again at all and any times, but not soberly and regularly as before.

The family then quietly gave possession to the unknown, and set up house elsewhere and far away. The house is now let in flats, the "haunted" parts being tenantless and locked up.

E. G.

May 2nd, 1877.

M. LEYMARIE, editor of the *Revue Spirite*, has been on a visit to Brussels, where he has given an address to the National Association of Spiritualists of Belgium.

THEOLOGICAL blunders are sometimes peculiarly unfortunate. Two ladies were recently at a dinner party. The husband of one was dead, and the spouse of the other was in India. The wrong one leaned on the arm of a gentleman who was leading her to the feast. She remarked that it was very hot. "Yes," he replied, hoping to make himself agreeable "but not half as hot as the place to which your husband has gone." He discovered too late that he was talking to the lady whose husband was dead.

## Poetry.

## DESOLATION.

WAKE, wake, O Harp,  
Pour forth thy mournful strain—  
Wako, golden strings,  
To a by-gone note of pain:  
Murmur in hoodless ears  
The sorrows of these years,  
With an undertone of tears,  
For sad refrain.

Break, break, O Heart—  
What dost for thee remain?  
Only a bitter past  
Suffered and spent in vain:  
A present with sad skies,  
And hidden mysteries,  
A future, to thine eyes  
The sad past e'er again.

C. A. BURKE.

## SWEET PAIN.

Oh love, thy kisses are so sweet  
They make my glad tears start,  
Oh love, thou com'st with rapid feet,  
And wilt thou soon depart?  
They say so fast thy roses fade,  
So soon the clouds thy sunshine shade,  
That now I almost feel afraid  
To take thee to my heart.

I see the glittering of thy wings,  
Thine angel face I knew,  
Yet as I rise to heavenly things,  
So shall I fall more low;  
And though thou showest me the light,  
'Tis but to hide it from my sight;  
I fear thou art a faithless knight,  
And comest but to go.

Strange raptures fill this soul of mine,  
Sweet breezes round me play,  
A song half-human half-divine  
Thou singest me to-day,  
Yet if thy prize by storm thou take,  
Or if I give, for thy sweet sake,  
I fear that thou wilt only break  
And fling my heart away.

Yet even so, be thou my lord;  
God sends thee from above  
Because this sad life's holiest chord  
'Tis thou alone can move.  
And though my worship thou disdain,  
And though I give myself in vain,  
I shall grow stronger by my pain,  
And perfect through my love.

C. A. BURKE.

## A SPRING FLOWER SONG!

BY J. T. MARKLEY.

Blow on! wild western gale!  
Beat hard upon old Winter's cloudy brow,  
Earth's death and darkness are dissolving now:  
White signs of life prevail!—  
Lo! daisy, snowdrop, hedgeraw, violet;  
Sun's fight intrusive storms, in blood-red passion set:  
But soon the heated rain  
On hill, in dell, and plain  
Will warm and wash to loveliness young flowers,  
And haunted banks burst beauteous thro' sweet showers.  
How magical those moments then will be!  
What hope!—what sonnets of charmed ecstacy!  
The shepherd's thrilling horn,  
O'er scented meads, o'er waves of greening eorn,  
Will summon heaven to earth,  
And men conceive now psalms at such a birth:  
For life in spring's long coffin'd sap will rise  
Or fall, in quick'ning dew, from breathing skies.

As prayers ascend to God,  
Wingless, but softly white, and pure as snow,  
Leaving the dross of earth, and sin, below,—  
So daisies leave the sod:

And e'en the violets aspire to raise  
Their quiet goodness in a sigh of praise:  
But wand'ring sunbursts kiss  
Flowers into restful bliss.

The watchful robins guard them in the night,  
And Luna yields them consecrated light:  
Blow storms! frown clouds! the flow'rets e'er must reign,  
And spring is but a birth-scene, wild with pain:

The Alpha of the throng,  
Inspires the key-note of the poet's song:  
Ah! soon pictorial day—

The cowslip's glow—the woodbine's curls at play,  
Will charm Love's lyre as Flora grandior grows  
And bees with music bribe each trembling rose.

3, Crawthorn-street, Peterborough.

PRINCE EMILE VON WITGENSTEIN has accepted a command in the Russian army on the Danube, and is now on his way to join the Grand Duke Nicholas at Kischingeff.

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It is the best preventive and cure for all Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Impure Blood, Pimples on the Face, Giddiness, Feverishness or Feverish Colds, Mental Depression, Want of Appetite, Constipation, Vomiting, Sea Sickness, Thirst, &c., and to remove the effects of Errors of Eating and Drinking; also Gouty or Rheumatic Poisons from the Blood, the neglect of which often results in Apoplexy, Heart Disease, and Sudden Death.

Notwithstanding its medicinal value, the FRUIT SALT must be looked upon as essential as breathing fresh air, or as a simple and safe beverage under all circumstances, and may be taken as a sparkling and refreshing draught in the same way as lemonade, soda water, potass water, &c., only it is much cheaper and better in every sense of the term, to an unlimited extent.

To Europeans who propose visiting or residing in HOT CLIMATES, I consider the FRUIT SALT to be an indispensable necessary, for by its use the system is relieved of poisonous matter, the result of eating to nearly the same extent, and of too rich food, as they do in a colder country, while so much heat-making food is not required in the warmer climate.

Let the room be of a comfortable temperature, but cool rather than warm—let arrangements be made that nobody shall enter it, and that there shall be no interruption for one hour during the sitting of the circle.

A Gentleman writes:—"I feel quite certain, if your FRUIT SALT was known in INDIA and the COLONIES, that the sale would not be limited to thousands of bottles per annum, but MANY MILLIONS. India alone would use more than all England."

"Your Fruit Salt is beyond all praise. I wish you would sell it here; it would make its own way by its own merit."—T. A. SOMERBY, Counsellor-at-law, 20, Old State House, Boston, U.S.A.

A lady writes: "Everything, medicine or food, ceased to act properly for at least three months before I commenced taking it; the little food I could take generally punished me or returned. My life was one of great suffering, so that I must have succumbed before long. To me and our family it has been a great earthly blessing. I feel I cannot say too much for it. The least I can do is to do my best to make the Fruit Salt known to other sufferers. I am getting better rapidly, and expect to totally recover, after spending hundreds of pounds and travelling about for twelve years."

Messrs. Gibson and Son, Chemists, of Hexham, say: "Since we introduced your Fruit Salt at Hexham a few months ago, we have sold upwards of 1,000 bottles, and it gives general satisfaction, as customers who get it almost always recommend it to their friends. We have had numerous instances of its great efficacy in the cure of bilious headaches, indigestion, or stomach complaints, &c."

"A gentleman called in yesterday. He is a constant sufferer from Chronic Dyspepsia, and has taken all sorts of Mineral Waters. I recommended him to give your Salt a trial which he did, and received great benefit. He says he never knew what it was to be without pain until he tried your Salt, and for the future shall never be without it in the house." "M. BERAL."

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, PRICE 2s. 9d. AND 4s. 6d. Sole Agent for Paris—PHARMACIE DE BERAL, 14, RUE DE LA PAIX.

SPIRITUALISM:

New Works on its Phenomena, Philosophy, and Present Position.

BY "M.A. (OXON.)"

I HAVE been frequently asked to publish a book on Spiritualism. The facilities which I have enjoyed for personal investigation, my acquaintance with the literature of the subject and with prominent workers in it, and the attention that I have paid to the investigation of its various phases, have seemed to many to fit me for such a duty.

It is easier asked than done. A book on Spiritualism, if it did but sketch the subject, should be very voluminous; and, when written, it would be found to omit more than it discussed or recorded. I cannot write such a book; nor do I think it desirable that any such attempt should be made in the present state of our knowledge.

But I do think it very important that any person who has special facilities for observation should use them, and record their results as best he can. In this belief, I have kept careful records of what I have seen, and from time to time have published Essays and Reviews on the published opinions of others. I have also printed a number of chapters of Personal Research in the Phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism, and have selected, from a mass that have been automatically written out, certain Spirit-teachings.

I propose to collect and complete these works. First, I wish to print a volume of ESSAYS AND REVIEWS. It will contain, in addition to a number of Reviews of works of standard American authors—Olcott, Sargent, Tuttle, Crowell, and others—and a long Essay on the Transcendental Action of Spirit, which have already appeared, much original matter not yet published. A special feature of the book will be the introduction to general readers of the best books on Modern Spiritualism.

The volume will be published at 10s if sufficient names are enrolled as subscribers to show that such a book is wanted, and will pay expenses. I decline pecuniary risk.

I propose hereafter (but not now) to issue two other works,—one "SPIRIT TEACHINGS," dealing with the religious aspect of the question; the other, "RESEARCHES IN THE PHENOMENA AND PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM," dealing with the whole subject in its experimental phases, and with the theory and philosophy of it. These will come in due time if they find a place.

For the present I put forth only "ESSAYS AND REVIEWS." The following friends have kindly formed themselves into a committee with a view of carrying out business arrangements. Those to whose name \* is prefixed will receive names of Subscribers, and Mr. Percival, the Treasurer, will receive subscriptions as they become due.

Details of publication will be given when it becomes clear that the book will meet a demand. Unless a sufficient number of copies—about 500—be subscribed for I shall consider that it is not wise to print.

I respectfully beg that no business letters may be sent to me, as my time is already overtaxed. "M.A. (OXON.)"

Names of Committee.

- \*Mrs. Makdougall Gregory, 21, Green-street, Grosvenor-sq., W. Mrs. Fitz-gerald, 19, Cambridge-street, Hyde Park, W. \*Mrs. Tebb, 7, Albert-road, Regent's Park, N.W. \*S. T. Spear, Esq., 13, Alexandra-road, N.W. \*C. C. Massey, Esq., 96, Portland-place, W. T. Shorter, Esq., 23, Princes of Wales-road, N.W. \*B. Coleman, Esq., 1, Bernard-street, Central-hill, Upper Norwood. F. W. Percival, Esq., 15, Conduit-street, Bond-street, W., Treasurer, to whom all Names are to be sent in, together with all subscriptions when payable. Subscribers who do not wish their names to be published, should inform Mr. Percival to that effect.

HOW TO FORM SPIRIT CIRCLES AT HOME.

Inquirers into the phenomena of Spiritualism should begin by forming circles in their own homes, with no Spiritualist or professional medium present. Should no results be obtained on the first occasion, try again with other sitters. One or more persons possessing medial powers without knowing it are to be found in nearly every household.

Let the room be of a comfortable temperature, but cool rather than warm—let arrangements be made that nobody shall enter it, and that there shall be no interruption for one hour during the sitting of the circle.

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

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

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

Before the manifestations begin, it is well to engage in general conversation or in singing, and it is best that neither should be of a frivolous nature.

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

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

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

THE SPIRITUALIST FUND.

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