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THE AFFECTIONAL NATURE OF MAN.

THERE is a special tendency in Spiritualism to draw the attention of its more thoughtful followers to the study of the affections, their cultivation, and their abuse. The savage, who is deeply imbued with an animal nature and animal passions, usually delights in cruelty, revels in war and bloodshed, and is unable to cultivate his feeble intellectual powers to any great extent. Above this level in the scale of creation is civilised man; kinder and more thoughtful in his nature than his savage ancestor, he, by the cultivation of the intellectual rather than the animal faculties, has evolved the arts and sciences, as well as higher forms of religion, and done much to ameliorate the condition of the globe on which he lives. But has he studied and cultivated the affections? Very little. The man who knocks down and robs his neighbour cannot hold up his head in a civilised community, but if he achieves the same end by slower and far more painful intellectual processes, he can still shine in society. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the old-fashioned highwayman who robbed people of what valuables they had about them on a breezy heath, was not a more estimable person than a shady member of the legal profession, who ruins the widow and the fatherless by strictly lawful and highly intellectual methods. In the latter case deep and serious misery may be spread over a long period; in the former example there is an exciting adventure, resulting in a temporary loss, with the gain of an interesting tale to narrate during the remainder of life.

Everywhere in England at the present day intellectual savagery is rampant. In the fight for existence or social precedence every man is treading down his neighbour. In the Legislature the landowners and lawyers who compose it retain edicts on the Statute Book for the special advantage of their kind, to the injury of the nation at large. In the theological world are various churches, which, to use the words of Artemus Ward, "worship in their own way, and try to prevent their neighbours from worshipping in their'n;" and not long ago was the sight frequently witnessed of one sect seizing the goods and chattels of another by the aid of law and police, and laying the proceeds on the altar of the Lord, who must have duly appreciated the generous gift. In the world of science we see men using what power they have gained by noble works, in treading down new and unpopular truths. In the trading community is untruthfulness, adulteration of goods, and the selling of inferior articles as those which they are not, to an unlimited extent; finally, in the working classes may be seen distrust of each other, repudiation of the principle of right of property in thought, envy and dislike of those who, by virtue of higher intellectual powers, are fairly entitled to the higher positions they hold. In short, although physical savagery is almost abolished in civilised communities, intellectual savagery is rampant, the brains of every man being exerted against his neighbour.

Upon this prevalent condition of mind the truths of Spiritualism fall like rain from heaven. Spirit messages, however intellectually faulty many of them may be, as a general rule breathe love—love—nothing but love. Says the materialist—"Why do you not tell us how to utilise this new force? Why do you utter such platitudes about love? We knew all that before?" Did they? Where is the evidence of it in society? What mean those guns which great and intellectual nations are by the aid of science constructing everywhere for the destruction of their kind? Is it not high time that voices from a higher stage of existence should make known that there *are* higher realms in the universe, where those who have not governed their great intellects by true affections cannot enter until their mistakes

on earth in this respect are repaired by long and painful processes?

But recently we heard of a marriage which had been planned between a duke aged three, and an heiress slightly older; that is to say, that parents and guardians, totally ignorant of the true causes of human happiness and misery, were scheming the union of two immortal souls, which will be, in all probability, totally unfitted for each other. And in a lesser degree, how much teaching by precept and example comes down from parents to children now-a-days, that material conditions are everything, and that to them the brightest jewels of the spirit—the affections—must be crucified. Yet the misery resulting from this is to be seen everywhere, and in nearly every gilded home in this country may be heard cries of pain which reach only the ears of those intimate friends who are privileged to see the truth concealed beneath the outside show. When in the home circle all the affections are in harmony, earth is a paradise; in those homes where affection exists not, no wordly advantages can make atonement for the presence of the grim skeleton ever in the house. The highest ideas which man can receive are those which influence his religious nature, consequently in true unions there is usually similarity of religious ideas, enabling both to travel far together without separation, even in the great thought-world beyond the grave. The teachings handed down to us from darker and more ignorant ages, usually fail to give true ideas about the real causes of happiness and misery in life, and about the cultivation of true affections, as not a few of the readers of these lines know to their lifelong sorrow.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Now that the testimonial to Andrew Jackson Davis, the "Seer of Poughkeepsie," is before the public, it may not be uninteresting to quote a few incidents from the story of his life. Full particulars are contained in his book entitled *The Magic Staff*, which is one of the most interesting specimens of autobiography ever printed. He was born at Blooming Grove, Orange County, in the State of New York, on the 11th of August, 1826. His father, half weaver, half shoemaker, was of intemperate habits, and his mother, a quiet, patient, yielding woman, was not strong in health, and had to contend with many troubles. When Andrew Jackson Davis was quite a child, his father and mother took up their residence at Straatsburg, not far from Rheinbeck, on the farm of a good-natured Dutchman of the name of Bart Cropsey. On the farm was a journeyman farmer named Dave, of whom Andrew Jackson Davis tells the following anecdote.

THE DUTCHMAN'S GHOST.

At this time my mind began to take an interest in the varied changes and hues of human faces. As yet but few persons had made a place for themselves in my memory. Before this date I do not recollect seeing more than four individuals besides our family triangle. I do not say "family circle," because for the most part, my parents were stationed at opposite points, while the children (my eldest sister, Eliza, more especially) stood, as by a logical necessity, at the third point; thus forming, by a kind of spontaneous geometry, a complete three cornered family alliance, out of which a circle was never more than foreshadowed and indicated as a bare possibility, in certain hours of domestic spheroidal communion.

The existence of this condition could not fail to impress me painfully. My infant tongue was, perhaps, never moved with words of rebuke, which I thought were many times

deserved, but this cannot be recorded of my mouth; for whenever I thought that mother was troubled by father's moods, I could not restrain a propensity to cry loudly and lustily, and thus restore them to comparative unity by means of my counter irritation.

Uncle Bart Cropsey's hired man seemed very fond of visiting at our house. Through the deepening twilight we frequently saw him coming down the indistinct wagon-track toward our habitation. But he made his visits too early and late, as well as too frequent, to please even the generous Dutchman; therefore, after numerous remonstrances, "Dave" (as he was called) made up his mind to go home earlier. But what he termed "earlier" was to me very late indeed. Often and often I strained my eyes to keep awake during his stay, but sleep would steal over me at length, and the next morning's sun would sometimes shine ere the deep slumber of childhood was again broken. It will be remembered that our "reception room" contained our kitchen, our bed-chamber, and our shoemaker's shop; it was for this reason, that whenever visitors were there it became a rather delicate matter for any member of the family to undress and retire for the night. Hence we all rejoiced when Uncle Bart entered his positive protest against Dave's long nocturnal visitations. But our joy was ere long greatly diminished by his apparent forgetfulness of the old man's injunction, indeed, in a few days his visits commenced as early and terminated as late as ever.

One black and dreary night, which I well remember, the journeymen farmer left us later than usual. The autumnal wind whistled round about the old house, "and music made of melancholy sort." There was a moon in the sky, but it was almost totally obscured by the threatening clouds. If there had been shutters on our windows, swinging and slamming their rusty hinges, it would, without doubt, have augmented yet more the doleful melody of the storm and darkness.

"Ain't you afraid to go home, Dave?" asked my father. "No, not I," he courageously returned, "I've walked all through the woods in more'n one dark night! So good night all!"

"There, he's gone at last," said Eliza: "now let's go to bed." The motion was seconded by all hands, and, in a few minutes, we were all under cover, except father, who, as he said, had "a shoe to finish." We were just on the verge of sleep, when there came a loud knocking at the outside of the window accompanied with — "Hallo! hallo; I say, Mr. Davis, come out quick."

The only light in the room was made by the wick of father's exhausted tallow candle, flickering on a stick's end before him; but which, owing to a false move of his hand, was immediately extinguished, leaving the panic-struck family in poor plight to render assistance. Nothing daunted, however, father opened the outer door, and demanded:

"What's the matter?"

There stood poor Dave quaking and trembling with fright, scarcely able to utter a sentence; but, presently, he stammered out:

"I've seen a thundering spook—or a—something white!"

"Where d'you see it?"

"By the big oak tree, up in the corner of the woods, where the little slab bridge is!"

"What does it look like?"

"Like a thundering great man, dressed in grave-clothes! Can't you go with me till I get past the thing, Mr. Davis?"

"Well; I'll see," said father. "Let's hunt up a lantern; I guess we've got one."

While father was preparing to go with Dave, we all declared that we couldn't and wouldn't stay alone; and, acting under the speed of fright, the four of us (mother, Eliza, Julia Ann, and myself) got quickly dressed and ready to turn out in the gloomy darkness. It was all alarmingly new to me. I had not heard of a "thundering spook" before, and I felt no little curiosity to see one. Perhaps I was also very much frightened; if so, 'twas more than balanced by the novelty of the object about to be seen, and hence, keeping tight hold of my mother's hand, on I trotted "in the footsteps of our illustrious predecessors," father and the farmer.

"What's a spook, mother?" I pantingly asked, while running rapidly by her side.

"Oh, 'taint nothin' to hurt us," she replied, "'tis somethin' that means somethin', if one knows how to take it right."

Not satisfied with this explanation, I inquired—

"How does it look?"

"Hush—hark—keep still—hold yer tongue—can't you?" vociferated Eliza, "a body can't hear nothing for your everlasting clackin'."

But lowering my voice, I continued to interrogate, "Mother, what did Dave mean by a *thundering* spook?"

"O, never mind. Dave's a wicked man. I'll tell you to-morrow."

By this time, as the slackened pace of the vanguard indicated, our party had nearly reached the point of interest. Father made a voluntary declaration of scepticism and heroic fearlessness. Whereupon Dave, being inspired with fresh courage, drew up a verbal resolution to the effect that he wouldn't run now even if left alone. Didn't care for the "thundering thing" when he first got a glimpse of it. Came back after us merely out of good nature, to have some fun. And, so declaring, the ploughman struck up a bold, courageous don't-care-alive whistle; which, to tell the truth, made but very little impression on the rude blasts of wind that came roaring through the woods in the direction of the open country.

But as if 'twere designed, at this frightful and momentous crisis, out popped the great round-faced moon from behind its clouded curtain, and wonderful to behold! just by the dilapidated bridge, right against the great oak tree, there stood towering up in the darkness, a monstrous form—enveloped in a snow-white sheet, with a hat on its head, and its apparent arms flying and flapping frantically in the howling tempest.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Dave—"D'you see that?"

As he said this he stepped back so quickly against us that three-fourths of our party were thrown violently to the ground. This accident took immediate effect, in giving each the terrible impression of having been struck by the ghostly monster, and accelerated by the motive force of this horrid thought, our mutual retreat resembled the flight of John Gilpin. As for me I must confess that my opinion was expressed by an unbroken yell of agonising fear, which added not a little to the awful condition of the fleeing quartette, headed by the more than ever affrighted Dave.

"Stop! Hold on!" cried father, who was just in our rear, "what are you running away for? Come back! Let's ask the spook what it wants there." Obediently we halted. The elder heads planned a battle, and then all cautiously returned. When within hailing distance my father shouted, "Hallo there, what's wanted?"

We were silent a moment, which seemed a great while, but no answer came.

"Hallo, I say, who are you? What d'you want?"

Autumnal blasts, full of strange sounds, gave back the only response. Father's candle, too, was nearly out in his lantern, and the fitful moon kept up a constant dodging in and out of the heavy folds of the storm king's drapery, hence our prospect was fast becoming very dark and doubtful. But my father's intrepid conduct, on this occasion, inspired me with a particular respect for him.

"Pooh! nonsense! If you don't answer me, I'll knock your brains out with this 'ere stone," said he impatiently, picking up a big pebble.

And sure enough, to our great consternation, away flew his missile, and down came the ghostly hat! Obeying orders we did not "budge a yard;" but witnessed, with rapidly increasing courage, the bombardment and demolition of the white spook. And I believe the reader's disappointment will not be more provoking than was ours, when I record that some mischievous individual, knowing that Dave frequented our house and returned that way late every night, had wrapped up a bundle of straw in an old sheet, with Uncle Bart Cropsey's broad-brimmed hat to indicate where a head might have been.

Our party returned home in fine spirits, and slept undisturbed the remainder of the night. 'Tis my belief that the experience and discovery of that memorable hour has had an

unmistakeably wholesome effect upon my organ of *marvelousness*, which is said by phrenologists to exert only a very moderate and secondary influence on my mental organisation. Methinks Providence could not have better prepared my mind for investigating and discriminating between genuine spiritual personages and fallacious apparitions, than by this midnight encounter with the phantom man of straw.

DAVIS'S FIRST PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIENCES.

When quite a child Andrew Jackson Davis was put to work in a corn-field, and he thus describes his first psychological experience:—

I became quite handy with the hoe, and so had a day's work marked out for me. One extremely warm day, however, when I chanced to be left alone at my appointed task, in the middle of a twenty acre cornfield, my attention was arrested by the sound of sweet, low, and plaintive music. It seemed to emanate from the airy space above me, and had a pathos like the sighing of autumnal winds. Being far away from trees and human habitations, its source was unaccountable. Unlike anything I had ever before heard, it appeared to be breathing in the very fibres of my brain; yea, through the substance of my inner being and throbbing heart, awakening there the tenderest emotions, and filling my juvenile mind with loving sympathies towards the unknown human world. Previous to this moment, I had entertained no enlarged affection for strangers. The idea of loving anybody not loved by my immediate relatives, or of disliking persons who were openly recognised as the friends of our humble little household, never appeared to me before this as being other than natural and praiseworthy. Indeed, my sympathies and antipathies, like those of uneducated youth generally, were bound by the selfish affinities of the family group. But now there was born in me an inexpressible yearning to know and love anything human. I seemed to be lifted, as by a miracle, above the mists of selfishness. While I listened, confounded and transfixed with joy and wonderment combined, I seemed distinctly to hear, floating down upon the glistening solar ray, as it were, and indescribably blending with the æolian strains of the mysterious melody, these words: "*You—may—desire—to—travel.*"

THE SENSATIONS OF A MESMERIC SENSITIVE.

The following is Andrew Jackson Davis's account of his sensations on the first occasion on which he was mesmerised:

I felt the operator's chilly hand pass and repass my brow, the chamber of my thought. The living blood which had flowed undisturbed through my youthful form during its brief existence seemed well-nigh arrested. The ten thousand avenues of sensation were illuminated as with the livid flames of electric fire. Anon all was intensely dark within. Dreadful and strange feelings passed over my body, and through my brain. My emotions were painful. As the reader knows I had horrid convictions of what the world terms DEATH. "Oh, mother!" thought I with terror, "can this be the period of my physical dissolution?" My heart continued to perform its office; but its beatings were less frequent. I felt the different senses that connect the mind with the outer world gradually closing. "Alas!" methought despairingly, "are they closing for ever?" Thus my senses yielded imperceptibly to the subduing power. I could no longer hear the busy and active world without, nor feel the touch of any object, living or dead. "No longer," thought I, "can I behold the system of nature. The fragrant fields are gone, never more to be the scenes of happy contemplation."

Thoughts essentially like these flashed rapidly through my awe-struck mind: "What am I to do?" I queried silently. "To resist the sensations is to resist the effect anticipated; and yet to remain in this condition much longer will result, perhaps, in closing out for ever the beauties of the material universe."

But the counter and sceptical query now occurred, "whether all this was any more than the illusion of the imagination? Certainly I *think* I feel strange, but do I actually *know* that my sensations are real?" Thus questioned I myself without making the least exertion to satisfy my judgment. I sat almost breathless for a few minutes longer—encouraging a hope that the experiment might not suc-

ceed; and yet paradoxical, as it may seem, I was actually assisting to produce it. "I am alive yet," thought I, overjoyed, "for I hear the operator inquire the hour—I hear him respond seemingly to something said by another—but I do not hear any other person speak! Ain't this exceeding strange?"

Another silence occurred longer than before, during which I endeavoured to analyse my feelings. The enchantment had penetrated the innumerable recesses of my whole structure. Shortly I heard a voice—low, distant, strange, unpleasant—from the human world, calling me back to earth which I was mentally leaving. This sound troubled me. "It is true, then," thought I sadly, "that my sense of hearing—along whose delicate halls has reverberated the pleasurable music accompanying the sacred voice of pure affection and friendship—is closed! Closed to seal the reality of our eternal science? Can this be so?" continued I silently. "No, indeed! The moment has arrived. I will submit no longer to this dangerous and dreadful experiment. Never shall my marvel-seeking and dreamy mind again lead me into such fearful perils! Yes! I will speak and protest against this dreadful operation."

But oh, how frightful! My tongue seemed instantly to be enlarged and cling violently to the roof of my mouth. My cheeks seemed extremely swollen and my lips were joined as if by death—apparently to move no more. Another resolution passed through my brain, and instantly I obeyed its suggestion. I made a desperate effort to change my position—particularly to disengage my hands—but (horrible beyond description!) my feet, my hands, and my whole body were entirely beyond the control of my volition. I could no longer claim the proprietorship over my own person. All was lost—it seemed irretrievably lost. I felt convinced that external life was for me no more. What could I do? True I could exercise my mental faculties to the highest degree—could reason with a startling clearness—but I could not hear, see, speak, feel or move! I had no means of ascertaining my true physical or mental situation. I queried and reasoned within myself thus: "I have a body; a tangible body. I reside in the form; but is it my natural or spiritual body? Is it adapted to the outer world, or to the *post-mortem* life? Where am I? Oh; I am so lonely! Alas, if *this be Death!*" A natural consciousness, however, pervaded and reassured my mind. Preconceived or *innate* ideas were evolved from my inmost sensibilities. What surprised me more than anything else was the gushing forth of novel and brilliant thought—extending, apparently, over the vast landscape of some unknown world of indescribable beauty—comprehending more than it is possible for me even now to relate. These conceptions, as I am now fully persuaded, were an influx of many interior and immortal truths.

Presently all was dark as before. This moment demanded an absolute decision. Death seemed an inevitable consequence of my helpless situation. Every moment I approached nearer and nearer to a mysteriously dark valley! Perverseness and resistance filled me with strength, but even this strength impelled me onward. Again and again I retreated in mind; but every wave of thought wafted me nearer and nearer the fearful vale of inconceivable darkness. Now was the time for a powerful exertion. Resistance was necessary, or else I should be lost in the impenetrable gloom! But I advanced nearer and nearer still. In thought I leaped back suddenly, and, lo, I stood on the margin of the ocean of eternal night. The warmth of my whole person was exchanged for death-like coldness. Horrid thoughts of disorganisation continued to distress me. I was filled with terror. The darkness grew more dark and appalling. I was seized suddenly with an unearthly shudder, and, terrible to relate, I found myself whirling in that blackened gloom with an inconceivable velocity! I seemed to be revolving in a spiral path, with a wide sweep at first, and then smaller; so that every revolution on my descending flight contracted the circle of my movement, and thus, dear reader, down, down I sank, till immersed in that dreaded ocean of darkness, the mountain waves of which grasped me within their mighty folds, and I sank to the lowest depths of forgetfulness!

This psychological event makes a bold and ineffaceable

mark on the first mountain of my pilgrimage, the mountain of USE. Looking back upon that mesmeric experiment, with its precious results, I am filled with speechless gratitude. Immutable, indeed, are those powers which manifest themselves throughout nature. Nothing can possibly occur opposed to the highest well-being of the innumerable worlds entrusted to their exclusive and eternal control. After years of study I am compelled so to believe. Explicit evidences have been presented to my mind. All minds, I know, are not equally susceptible to those impressions. Nevertheless, the evidences cannot be doubted by those who practise the privilege of observation. That my own conviction rests upon a substantial basis the reader will be prepared to admit when I relate the mysterious restoration of my lifeless body and distracted mind to the enjoyment of eternal existence. The story is very short:—

I awoke to physical consciousness, mentally revolving in a circuitous form. The darkness continued (with my ascending movement) to increase and expand, till I gained the margin that bounded the ocean of the dreaded oblivion whose restless waves conveyed me to the longed-for state of thought and wakefulness. My senses, the windows of the soul, were again opened; light broke in upon my dimmed vision; sound vibrated through the labyrinths of my ear; sensation flashed over my whole frame; and I moved, shouted, and opened my eyes. But how joyfully surprised! I was in precisely the same position as when I first seated myself for the experiment. Many acquaintances were sitting near and around me, with countenances beaming with pleasure and astonishment. For a moment, however, I felt dissatisfied, I could remember nothing except my mental sufferings; and somehow, in my bewilderment, I did not feel quite certain that I had not died. I could not realise that I had, in reality, returned from the dark "Valley of the Shadow of Death." But a few penetrating glances about the room, and upon the familiar faces of those around, convinced me. Whereupon I arose, as if from the gloom of the grave, and with strength renewed, greeted the amazed and delighted witnesses.

"What's the matter?" I asked, with unfeigned anxiety. "What brought these folks here? What have I been about?"

"I sent for them," replied the operator, "to see you perform."

"Perform!" said I, perfectly oblivious of the significance of his words.

"Yes, perform!" returned he with a triumphant smile. "You're a queer youth, to be sure; but I know what your power is called."

"What is it?" I inquired.

"Chauncey Hare Townsend calls it 'clairvoyance,'" replied the operator. "I've read his book on *Facts in Mesmerism*, wherein he describes cases of seeing, blindfolded, just as you have done to-night in perfection."

"What's been done?" I again asked. "Tell me all about it."

"Why, after a little you read from your forehead the large letters on a newspaper, and told the time by our watches; besides, you described where some of us are diseased, all to our perfect satisfaction."

Well do I remember my reflections that night while walking to Mr. Armstrong's suburban home. Translated into my present use of words, these were my queries and meditations:—"What is this power? This magic spell? This wizardly operation? What was that which so hemmed my flesh? Which shut out the world? Which caused me to die a dreaded death? Which brought me back to life again? How strange that so much time should have unconsciously elapsed. An unremembered period—a blank in my mental history—yielding a harvest so mysterious! Can this be prophetic power? Is it like the witchcraft of the ancients? Can it be a dream; an imaginary display? Is it mental hallucination? Am I a victim of Satanic incantation? Nay, there is something deeper than thought which assures me that this is an important and beautiful truth. And I remember, too, the sweet, familiar voice, softly breathing through the air "*Be—calm! You—shall—see.*"

That night, as the reader might imagine, I could not sleep. Next morning early I related all that had happened.

On the face of the utilitarian there was a scrutinising look of incredulity. He did not dispute it, however, neither did he deny me the solicited time (though he had often told me that 'time is money') for further mesmeric experimentation. During business hours, nevertheless, I was punctually in my place—discharging the several duties consequent on my calling. But there was a mystery hanging over my path, a spell on my soul, a higher calling from the pinnacle of some unknown mountain, which impelled me every evening into Mr. Livingston's parlour in order to test and demonstrate what the new power could accomplish. 'Twas a mental struggle, dear reader, a laborious and continuous ascent, a weird and wild experiment for both my body and soul. It was a region of life unexplored—an ocean without a shore. Yea, I was literally "going it blind;" not flippantly and carelessly, but with apprehensions inexpressible.

By thus subjecting myself periodically to the mesmeric process I excited the curiosity of the surface population; and the marvel-loving would flock around my chair and contend for chances to get individual tests. Like the poet of "the lonely shore," it seemed that when this mysterious sleep first passed from my quivering frame, "I awoke and found myself famous." My popularity, however, was far from being co-extensive with my notoriety. The latter without the former as a shield, made me a target at which certain college boys projected snowballs and hoots, while sundry older heads—professional men and the fashionable—discharged the cold-hearted hot shot of ignorant condemnation. In a word, I was universally the object of private scandal and public ridicule.

HEINRICH HEINE.

THE *Times*, in a recent review of *The Life, Work, and Opinions of Heinrich Heine*, by William Stigand (Longmans), says—

"In the European literature," says an accomplished critic, "of that quarter of a century which follows the death of Goethe, Heine is incomparably the most important figure." If Mr. Matthew Arnold's judgment is, with any qualifications, correct, it is scarcely to the credit of English literature that Heine's works should be so little known, and that his influence in England should be so slight. It is difficult, no doubt, for a poet speedily to exert an influence beyond the range of the language in which he wrote; but Heine, though a consummate poet, was a great deal besides. A humorist of the first rank, a master of the most delicate irony, a profound critic, an unrivalled wit, Heine attempted almost every form of literature, and failed in nothing that he attempted."

The reviewer afterwards quotes the following passages:—

AN APPARITION'S OPINION OF GHOSTS.

During the night I passed at Goslar a very extraordinary thing happened to me. Even now I cannot think of it without horror. I am by nature no coward, but I have a terrible fear of ghosts. What is fear? Does it come from the understanding or from the temperament? This was a question which I frequently discussed with Dr. Saul Ascher when we accidentally met at the Café Royal, in Berlin, where I used to dine. He always maintained that we fear a thing because we recognise it on rational grounds as fearful. Only the reason, he said, was an active power, not the temperament. While I ate and drank to my heart's content, the Doctor demonstrated to me the advantages of reason. Towards the end of his demonstration he used to look at his watch, and always ended with—"Reason is the highest principle." Reason! Whenever I hear the word I seem to see before me Dr. Saul Ascher with his abstract legs, with his long coat of transcendental grey, and with his stern, freezing face, which would have done for a table of diagrams in a book of geometry. The man was an incarnate straight line. In his determinate matter-of-factness the poor man had philosophised everything noble out of life—all sunshine, all beliefs, every flower, and there remained nothing for him but the cold, matter-of-fact grave. He had a special spite against the Apollo Belvedere and Christianity, and he had even published a pamphlet against the latter to show how unreasonable and untenable it was. . . . To return, however, to Goslar. "The highest principle is reason," said I soothingly to myself, as I went to bed. . . . But it was no use; as the clock ceased striking twelve, and the stillness of death reigned in the house, I suddenly seemed to hear in the passage outside my room a shuffling and sliding as of the tottering steps of an old man. Then the door opened, and the deceased Dr. Saul Ascher walked slowly in. A cold fever thrilled me through bone and marrow. I trembled like an aspen leaf, and scarcely dared look at the phantom. He was just the same as ever, the same long coat of transcendental grey, the same abstract legs, and the same mathematical face, only the latter was a shade yellower than formerly, and the mouth, which formerly made two angles of $22\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, was pinched up, and the circles of the eyes had a larger radius. Tottering, and supporting himself on his Spanish cane, as he used to do, he came up to me and said in a friendly way, with his usual drawl, "Don't be afraid, nor believe that I am a ghost. It is a trick of fancy if you believe that you see only my ghost. What is a ghost? Give me a definition of it

Be so good as to deduce for me the conditions of the possibility of a ghost. In what relation would such a phenomenon stand to the reason? The reason, I say the reason." Here the ghost proceeded to an analysis of reason, cited Kant's *Critique of the Pure Reason*, 2nd Part, 1st Division, 2nd Book, 3rd Section, the distinction between Phenomena and Noumena. Then he constructed the hypothetical belief in ghosts, piled one syllogism on another, and concluded with the logical proof that there is absolutely no such thing as a ghost. Meanwhile the cold sweat coursed down my back, and my teeth chattered like castanets. From sheer agony of soul I nodded unconditional assent to every sentence in which the phantom doctor proved the absurdity of fearing ghosts; and he pursued his demonstration with such ardour that at last, in a moment of abstraction, instead of his gold watch, he drew from his fob a handful of worms, and, observing his mistake, he hastily replaced them with a grotesque look of disquiet. "The reason is the highest." Here the clock struck one, and the ghost vanished.

Heine in the *Reisebilder* says—

SPIRITUAL SLAVERY.

Entire races have often lived for ages, like these islanders of the North, in a complete community of thought and feeling. The Romish Church in the Middle Ages may, perhaps, have wished to bring about such a condition by welding Europe into a single corporate society, and it therefore took under its guardianship every relation of life, all powers and appearances—in short, the whole moral and physical man. It cannot be denied that much peaceful happiness was secured thereby, that life had a warmer, inward glow, and that the arts, like flowers reared in quietude, unfolded that splendour at which we are still amazed and which we cannot imitate with all our restless knowledge. But the spirit has its eternal rights; it will not be trammelled with dogmas, nor lulled to sleep with the tinkle of bells. . . . In any case that rule of the Church was a yoke of slavery of the worst kind. Who is our surety for the good purpose which I have just attributed to it? Who can prove that an equivocal purpose was not at times mingled therewith? Rome lusted ever for empire, and when her legions fell she sent her dogmas into the Provinces. Like a giant spider, Rome sat in the centre of the Latin world and spun over it her endless web. Generations of men lived a peaceful life under its shelter, for they held that to be the not too distant arch of heaven which was but a web of Roman weaving. Only the spirits of higher aspiration, who saw through its meshes, felt themselves oppressed and wretched, and when they strove to break through it the crafty spider easily caught them and drained the boldest blood of their hearts. And was not the dream of happiness of the purblind multitude bought too dearly at the price of all this noble blood? The days of spiritual slavery are gone by, thanks be to God! Old and weak among the broken pillars of her Coliseum sits the aged spider of the Cross, still spinning on at the same old web; but it is weak and brittle now, and only butterflies and bats are taken in it, and no longer the eagle royal of the North.

Of the Americans Heine says—"These Americans set great store by their Christianity, and are the most zealous of church-goers. Worldly advancement is their only religion, and gold is their god—their only, their almighty god."

Heine concludes his account of German philosophy with the following passage written in 1834, which Mr. Stigand says reads almost like a chapter of the Apocalypse when illumined by the light of 1870:—

A PROPHECY.

The thought goes before the word like the flash before the thunder. German thunder is in truth very German; it is not very nimble, and has a long, deliberate roll; but it will roll on, and when you hear the crash—such a crash as has never before been heard in the world's history—then know that the German thunder has struck home. At this uproar will the eagles fall dead from the sky, and the lions in the farthest wastes of Africa will turn tail and slink away to their royal dens. Then will a drama be played in Germany to which the French Revolution will seem to have been only a harmless idyll. . . . And the hour will come. As on the steps of an amphitheatre will the nations group themselves round Germany to behold the mighty conflict. I counsel you, then, ye French, to keep yourselves very still, and for your lives beware of applauding us. That we might easily misunderstand, and in our uncourtly fashion we might tell you rather bluntly to keep quiet. . . . Be on your guard. I am kindly disposed towards you myself, and therefore I tell you the bitter truth. You have more to fear from the recovered freedom of Germany than from the whole Holy Alliance, with all the Croats and Cossacks to boot. For, firstly, you are not beloved in Germany, which is very incomprehensible, for you are so worthy of love, and during your sojourn in Germany you gave yourselves so much pains to please the better and fairer half of the German people. And even were you beloved by this half, yet it is just the half that carries no arms, and whose friendship can, therefore, do you little good. What is really the charge against you I have never been able to imagine. Once in the Bierkeller at Göttingen a young Old-German declared that revenge must be taken on the French for the death of Konradin, of Staufen, whom you beheaded at Naples. That, no doubt, you have forgotten. We, however, forget nothing. You see, whenever we feel a desire to come to blows with you, there will never be a lack of excellent reasons. In any case, then, I counsel you to be on your guard. Let what will happen in Germany; let the Crown Prince of Prussia or Doctor Wirth get the upper hand, keep yourselves ever prepared. Remain quietly at your post, your arms in your hands. I am kindly disposed towards you, and I was sheer affrighted when I lately heard that your Ministers had the intention of reducing the armaments of France. . . . Since

you, in spite of your present taste for Romanticism, are born Classicists, you know what Olympus is. Among the naked gods and goddesses that there make merry over nectar and ambrosia, you see one goddess who, albeit surrounded by such mirth and merriment, yet always wears a corslet, and keeps her helmet on her head, and holds her spear in her hand. It is the goddess of wisdom."

As Mr. Matthew Arnold tells us—In 1847 Heine's health, which till then had always been perfectly good, gave way. He had a kind of paralytic stroke. His malady proved to be a softening of the spinal marrow; it was incurable; it made rapid progress. In May, 1848, not a year after his first attack, he went out of doors for the last time, but his disease took more than eight years to kill him. For nearly eight years he lay helpless on a couch, with the use of his limbs gone, wasted almost to the proportions of a child, so that a woman could carry him about; the sight of one eye lost, that of the other greatly dimmed, and requiring, that it might be exercised, to have the palsied eyelid lifted and held up by the finger; all this, and suffering, besides this, at short intervals, paroxysms of nervous agony." Lord Houghton, in his *Monographs*, has given a touching memoir of Heine's last days, from the concluding words of which few readers will withhold their sympathy:—"The personal tragedy of his last years adds a solemn chapter to the chronicle of the disasters of genius, and the recollection of the afflictions of the 'living shade of the Champs Elysées' will mitigate the judgment of censorious criticism, and tinge with melancholy associations the brightest and liveliest of his works."

The following are the last words written by Heine for publication:—

THE LEPER.

In the year 1480, says the *Limburg Chronicle*, everybody was piping and singing lays more lovely and delightful than any which had ever yet been known in German lands; and all people, young and old—the women especially—went quite mad about them, so that their melody was heard from morning to night. Only, the *Chronicle* adds, the author of these songs was a young clerk afflicted with leprosy, who lived alone in a desolate place hidden from all the world. You doubtless know, dear reader, what a fearful malady this leprosy was in the Middle Ages, and how the poor wretches who fell under this incurable sickness were banished from all society and allowed to come near no human being. Like living corpses they wandered forth, closely wrapped from head to foot, their hood drawn over their face, and carrying in their hand a rattle called 'the Lazarus rattle,' with which they gave notice of their approach that every one might get betimes out of their way. This poor clerk, then, whose fame as a poet and singer the *Limburg Chronicle* extols, was just such a leper, and he sate desolate in the dreary waste of his misery, while all Germany, joyous and tuneful, sang and piped his lays. . . . Ofttimes in my sombre visions of the night I think I see before me the poor clerk of the *Limburg Chronicle*, my brother in Apollo, and his sad suffering eyes stare strangely at me from under his hood; but at the same moment he seems to vanish, and dying away in the distance like the echo of a dream, I hear the jarring creak of the Lazarus rattle.

THE LAST DAYS OF MISS MARTINEAU.

BY HENRY G. ATKINSON, F.G.S.

THERE was one impression Miss Martineau had in her mesmeric states in which she was certainly right; her expression was that she should become "the Apostle of Pain," and she often referred to it. I understood her to mean that she would be a great sufferer, and this was afterwards exhibited in her patience and long-suffering through all those years, expecting that she might die any day, as her physician thought. All through that long illness she wished that the end might come, yet she was brave and patient to the last. In the last letter she was able to write to me—a month before her death—was a full and calm statement of her sentiments and feelings in respect to death, and supposing that my views must be very similar.

Carlyle used to speak of her as "the bravest thing extant." The only fear she seemed to have was of being wrong, or doing wrong; and though she rightly estimated her powers, I think she did care for her writings and literary position, and would not say, with Sir Walter Scott, "You know I don't care a curse for what I write, or what comes of it." What he did care for was for *Abbotsford*, and to become the munificent country gentleman of the Clan Scott (Bucleuch), and but for this ambition and desire Lockhart does not think we should have had the novels. But Miss Martineau loved work for its own sake as well as for the good of mankind. She wrote a book on *The Maid of All Work*, and she was a maid of all work herself in philosophy, politics, and general literature, but always with the aim of doing good, that if possible she might leave the world better than she found it.

THE TESTIMONIAL TO ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

The efforts of Mr. J. N. T. Martheze, of 20, Palmeira-square, Brighton, have resulted in the formation of a committee in England, to act in conjunction with that in America, in raising subscriptions towards the testimonial to Andrew Jackson Davis. Those friends who wish to subscribe, and it is to be hoped that there will be many, are requested to make remittances to Mr. Martheze with as little delay as possible. The following is the committee, as at present constituted:—

MR. CHAS. BLACKBURN.
MR. B. COLEMAN
DR. G. SEXTON.
MR. A. CALDER.
MR. W. TEBB.
SIR CHAS. ISHAM, Bart.

MR. H. D. JENCKEN.
MR. H. COLLEN.
MR. W. H. HARRISON.
MR. A. GLENDINNING.
MR. J. N. T. MARTHEZE.

A SITTING WITH DR. SLADE.

BY EDWARD W. COX, SERJEANT-AT-LAW, PRESIDENT OF THE PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

HAVING undertaken to examine without prejudice or prepossession, and to report faithfully, without favour, in a purely judicial spirit, any alleged psychological phenomena that might be submitted to me as President of the Psychological Society of Great Britain, I narrate without comment what I witnessed at a sitting with Dr. Slade this afternoon.

I sat alone with him, at three o'clock, in a room at 8, Upper Bedford-place, Russell-square, into which the sun shone brightly, at a table about five feet by four, having four legs, no ledge below, and no cloth upon it. Dr. Slade sat at one side of this table, sideways, so that his legs and feet were not under the table, but his whole body fully in my view as he faced me. I sat at the side, the corner of the table being between us. As I sat I could see half-way below the table, and by moving my head slightly, I could see the whole space below, which was wholly exposed in full daylight. An ordinary drawing-room chair was about six inches from the table on the opposite side, six feet from Dr. Slade. A heavy arm-chair was in the corner of the room, about the same distance from him and from the table. A slate of the ordinary school size and a piece of slate pencil were upon the table.

Instantly upon taking our seats very loud rapping came upon the floor. This was followed by a succession of furious blows upon the table, jarring my hands as they were laying upon it. These blows were repeated at any part of the table desired, by merely touching that spot with the finger, while the blows, as forcible as if given with a sledge hammer, were being made. Dr. Slade's hands were on the table upon my hands, and his whole body to his feet was fully before my eyes. I am certain that not a muscle moved. Then he took the slate after I had carefully inspected it, to be assured that no writing was upon it, and placing there a piece of slate pencil, the size of a small grain of wheat, he pressed the slate tightly below but against the slab of the table. Presently I heard the sound as of writing on a slate. The slate was removed, and on it a zigzag line was drawn from end to end.

At this moment the chair that I had described as standing by the table was lifted up to a level with the table, held in that position for several seconds, and then dropped to the floor. While the chair was so suspended in the air, I carefully noted Dr. Slade. It was far beyond his reach. But his hands were under my hands, and his feet were fully in view near my own on the side of the table opposite to that on which the chair had risen.

While I was taking note of his position at this moment, a hand rudely grasped my knee on the opposite side to where Dr. Slade was seated and his hands were still in mine on the table.

Blows of a more gentle kind upon the table, attended with a remarkable quivering of it, announced, as he said, that his wife was present, and desired the slate. After the slate had been carefully cleaned, it was laid upon the top of the table, with a like piece of pencil under it. Upon the slate he placed his right hand, and I placed my left hand, and

with my other hand I held his left hand as it lay upon the table. As my hand lay upon the slate, I could feel, and I did also distinctly hear, something writing upon it. The communication was evidently a long one; but before I report the result, I desire to note here a remarkable phenomenon, to my mind the most suggestive that attended this experiment.

It is necessary clearly to understand the position of the parties, therefore I repeat it.

Dr. Slade and myself sat face to face. One hand of each of us was laid upon the slate. The side of the slate that was being written upon was pressed by us against the table. Our second hands were linked together, and lay upon the table. While this position was preserved, the writing proceeded without pause. When Dr. Slade removed his hand from mine it ceased instantly, and as instantly was renewed when his hand and mine met. This experiment was repeated several times, and never failed.

Here, then, was a chain or circle formed by my arms and body, and Dr. Slade's arms and body, the slate being between us, my hand at one end of it, his hand at the other end, and between our hands, and upon the slate that connected them, the writing was. When the chain was broken forthwith the writing ceased. When the chain was reformed the writing was at once resumed. The effect was instantaneous. In this curious fact we must seek the clue to this psychological mystery.

Some rapid rappings, indicating that the writing was finished, the slate was lifted, and in a clear and perfectly distinct writing the following was read. It filled the whole side of the slate:—

DEAR SERJ.—You are now investigating a subject that is worthy of all the time you or any other man of mind can devote to its investigation. When man can believe in this truth, it will in most cases make him a better man. This is our object in coming to earth, to make man and woman better, wiser, and purer.—I am truly,

A. W. SLADE.

While I was reading this a hand again grasped my knee furthest from Dr. Slade, whose hands were at that moment holding the slate that I might copy the writing. As I wrote, a hand, which I saw distinctly, came from under the table, seized my waistcoat and pulled it violently.

Seeing this I took the pencil with which I was copying the words and laid it at the edge of the table furthest from Dr. Slade, and far beyond his reach, the end of the pencil projecting about two inches over the ledge. I asked if the hand would take the pencil. Forthwith a hand came from under the table, seized the pencil, and threw it upon the floor. I again asked that it would pick up the pencil and bring it to me. In a minute it was brought and put upon the table by my side. I saw the hand that brought it as distinctly as I could see my own. It was a small hand, seemingly that of a woman.

Again the slate was cleaned and laid upon the table as before, my hand upon it. In a few seconds the following sentence was written. Considerable power was used in this writing, and I could distinctly feel the pressure of the pencil upon the slate, and its motion as every word was written:—

I am Dr. John Forbes. I was the Queen's physician. God bless you.
J. FORBES.

While I was reading this, the hand again came from under the table and seized the sleeve of my coat and tried to pull my arm down, but I resisted and it disappeared. Then it came up again, as if from my legs, and caught the eye-glass that was hanging from my neck, and opened it. During all these phenomena Dr. Slade's hands were before me on the table and his feet full in my view upon the floor. The hand on each occasion came from the side of the table opposite to where Dr. Slade was sitting. He was seated on my left, and the hand came and seized me on my right leg, in a position impossible to him. The hand I saw was not half the size of Dr. Slade's hand. It touched my hand three times, and I could feel that it was warm, soft, and moist, and as solid and fleshly as my own.

Again the slate was cleaned and held under the table tight against the wood, one half of it projecting beyond the edge, so that I might be assured that it was tightly pressed against the wood; but the slate was seized, and with great

force drawn away and rapidly raised above me and placed upon my head. In this position the sound of writing upon it was distinctly heard by me. On removing it, I found written upon it the following words:—

Man must not doubt any more, when we can come in this way.
J. F., M.D.

Then the large arm-chair rushed forward from the corner of the room in which it had been placed, to the table.

Again the slate was placed under the table, and projecting from it. A hand twice seized and shook my leg, both of the hands of Dr. Slade being at the moment before me, and his whole person visible.

Thus ended this experiment. All that I have reported was *done*, that is certain. How it was done, and by what agency, is a problem for psychology to solve. For my own part I can say only that I was in the full possession of my senses; that I was wide awake; that it was in broad daylight; that Dr. Slade was under my observation the whole time, and could not have moved hand or foot without being detected by me.

That it was not a self-delusion is shown by this, that any person who chooses to go may see almost the same phenomena. I offer no opinion upon their causes, for I have formed none. If they be genuine, it is impossible to exaggerate their interest and importance. If they be an imposture, it is equally important that the trick should be exposed in the only way in which trickery can be explained, by doing the same thing, and showing how it is done.

August 8th, 1876.

A SEANCE WITH DR. SLADE.

BY C. CARTER BLAKE, DOCT. SCL.

ON Monday, the 8th instant, I had the pleasure of visiting Dr. Slade. The manifestations were of the same kind as those described by many of your correspondents. I was struck with the fact that the motive power which pulled at my coat, took a slate from my hand, and carried it under the table, proceeded from my right hand, while Dr. Slade was on my left. The message given on the slate was of the usual character from Allie. Subsequently, the initials of a deceased person known to myself were written on the slate when the side was turned downwards, and quite invisible to Dr. Slade. Afterwards some writing was obtained on the slate from the same assumed source, the meaning of which was intelligible to myself, and not to Dr. Slade. Hands were seen, and my coat forcibly pulled by some other force than his own. The table was raised up when both his hands, and both mine, were on it, and my feet on his. No motion of his feet could have done this. He then leaving the table, it forcibly threw itself on my lap, and subsequently, in a reversed position on my head. The accordion was played when held by one of Dr. Slade's hands.

The hands shown near me cast a distinct shadow, produced by the sunlight on the table, and on my white waistcoat.

The effect on my mind was the certainty of Dr. Slade's perfect good faith in the matter, and the conviction that the force which produced these singular conditions was intelligent, and acted from a spot or spots separate from the medium.

A SPIRIT MESSAGE PURPORTING TO COME FROM CHARLES BRAVO.

BY WILLIAM H. HARRISON.

THIS morning I called upon Dr. Slade to make an appointment with him for a *séance* with Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, when he informed me that a spirit who gave the name of Charles Bravo had been with him occasionally, seeking an opportunity to communicate. Dr. Slade further asked me if I would attend again at four o'clock to sit for the purpose of taking down anything the said spirit might have to say to us. At four o'clock I was there, just after Dr. Carter Blake, lecturer on Anatomy at Westminster Hospital, had had a remarkable *séance*, which he will no doubt publish.

After I entered, Dr. Slade placed a crumb of pencil, about the size of a grain of wheat, upon a slate which was clean upon both sides. He placed the slate near me, flat against the under side of the leaf of the table, and asked me to

hold it close against the table with one hand at my corner, whilst he held it flat against the leaf with his hand at his corner. Our other hands were joined on the top of the centre of the table. Sunlight was streaming down upon our two hands holding the slate, and one edge of the slate was in my sight all the time. While we were thus holding it, we could hear and feel that the piece of pencil was writing a long message on it; every stroke could be heard, and the time of writing was about four minutes. While this was going on I kept up a conversation with Dr. Slade. Further, it was argumentative conversation, demanding his close attention, so that clear evidence was given that while the mind of the medium was engaged in talking to me, some other intelligence was writing upon a different subject upon the slate. There is no mistake upon this point. I observed the fact as already stated continuously for about four minutes.

After the writing ceased the following message was found to be upon the slate:—

DEAR SIR,—I am anxious to see my dear and loving wife, and tell her how sorry I am, and how unhappy I am for making her the trouble I have. She was not the one that gave me the poison, or any one in the house. I *did it myself*, and will tell her all about it if she can come here, so I can. I took the poison because I was out of temper, and had a hatred against that bad man, Dr. G. My dear wife did not know anything about it, or her maid. Dr. G. shall never prosper, and shall be made to suffer as I have suffered. Do, for God's sake, send for my dear wife, so I can tell her all. Poor soul, how she has suffered, and all for me. When I tell her how I got the poison, she may tell the same if she wishes, but I must tell her first. Please act on my request, and relieve a troubled spirit.—I am, truly,
CHAS. BRAVO.

I asked whether this was in Mr. Bravo's handwriting and the reply was "partly." Next I asked whether some fact could be stated by Mr. Bravo known to Mrs. Bravo and to nobody else, as evidence whether the message actually came from her husband, but no information of the kind was given.

Next a message was given in the same way, and signed "Allie," Dr. Slade's departed wife. It was written with twice the velocity of the one signed "Chas. Bravo."

The experiments and researches of Mr. Varley, Mr. Crookes, and other observers, have shown that many manifestations at spirit circles are produced by beings who sometimes materialise their hands, faces, or their whole bodies, and that these are frequently duplicates of those of the medium. The theory is that communicating spirit being itself divorced from material conditions, is obliged to take on some of the conditions and appearances which it finds about the medium. Dr. Slade's manifestations are allied to this class, for most of the messages come in handwriting strongly resembling his own, and the literary composition will probably be found to bear some resemblance to his own likewise. Supposing this to be really the spirit of Charles Bravo who communicated, I imagine that he did it under difficulties, and had to take on some of the material conditions of the medium—hence the writing was executed slowly. When the spirit accustomed to communicate, afterwards controlled, the writing was done with double the velocity, and although there were similarities in the two specimens of handwriting, they appeared at first sight to be altogether different, and the letters throughout were inclined at a different angle.

Dr. Slade put aside the slate with the Bravo message on it, saying that he did not intend to wash it off.

The remark is often made, "Why do not spirits tell us something which would be useful in eliciting truth in courts of justice?" But what is the use of their trying to do so? In the present case there is no evidence whether the message is truthful or untruthful. Again, the difficulties spirits have to overcome in attempting to communicate are not yet fully understood, chiefly because the press and the scientific world, instead of welcoming a new truth, and searching out its uses to the uttermost, do not investigate themselves, and oppose and taboo investigation by others. If all worked intelligently and harmoniously to probe the matter to the roots, these difficulties would be more rapidly overcome.

38, Great Russell-st., August 7th, 1876.

LETTERS have just been received from Mrs. E. Corner (Florence Cook) from Shanghai. Her voyage from England was of unusual length, the vessel having met with calms and contrary winds, and touched at one time on the edge of a cyclone, in the Indian seas. Mrs. Corner was in good health and spirits.

Correspondence.

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

MANIFESTATIONS IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND THROUGH MR. EGLINTON'S MEDIUMSHIP.

SIR,—I have the pleasure to inform you that Mr. Willie Eglinton has just concluded a three week's visit to the three towns of Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse. During that time, Mr. Eglinton has given eighteen *séances* in eight different houses. The manifestations have been of an extraordinary and varied character, and have deeply impressed all who have beheld them. Although the inhabitants of the three towns are unacquainted with, and disbelievers in, Spiritualism, yet every *séance* has been well attended, and generally by the best classes, amongst whom many converts have been made. The friends of the cause are very sorry that Mr. Eglinton's engagements compel him to leave now that a thorough interest has been awakened, and they look forward to his promised return in the winter with much pleasure. A detailed account of Mr. Eglinton's *séances* would probably not much interest your readers, who are accustomed to such things, but they are by far the best that have ever been seen in Plymouth. Mr. Eglinton's controlling spirits seem almost independent of the ordinary conditions, for in circles comprised entirely of sceptics, the manifestations have been remarkably fine. Joey has become a great favourite, especially with the ladies, and his fun is fast and furious. One of his ordinary tricks is to empty the contents of all the drawers on to the table, and he generally manages to leave the room looking like a bear garden. A few nights ago he brought a decanter out of a cupboard, and poured some of the contents down my throat. Joey is also a very good musician, and can play anything on the mouth harmonicon, from nursery rhymes to a selection of national airs. In short, this spirit works very hard, and in a most amusing manner, on behalf of the cause. All the time he is at work he carries on a witty conversation with the sitters, and clearly proves that he has lost none of his earthly gift of amusing the public. Ernest and Daisy seldom fail to put in a voice at Mr. Eglinton's *séances*; the former always speaks a few earnest words in favour of Spiritualism, whilst Daisy makes herself very useful in directing the sitters. At two *séances* Mr. Eglinton has been taken up to the ceiling, and at two others he has had materializations. On one of the latter occasions three spirits materialized. We have a few experienced Spiritualists in Plymouth, and, in their opinion, Mr. Eglinton's manifestations are amongst the most remarkable they have ever seen, heard, or read of. Mr. Eglinton's *séances* have been noticed by the local press, and there is no doubt he might have done very well here for some time to come. W.

Plymouth, August 3rd, 1876.

THE "COURT JOURNAL" ON SPIRITUALISM AND SPIRITUALISTS.

SIR,—In page 868 of the *Court Journal* of July 22nd, 1876, I find the following, part of a rather long panegyric on *Fashion and Passion*, the Duke de Medina Pomar's last novel:—"The writer possesses great powers of observation, and his descriptive passages give to the mind something of the same effect as the sight of a carefully drawn picture. The story is highly interesting, the characters are extremely well drawn, and the style is at once so lively, true to nature, and genial, that it cannot fail to be read with delight by all who possess literary taste, and recognise the conscientiousness with which the author strives to copy nature."

Again, in the same page, with respect to the trial of the Princess Isabeau de Beauvan, in Paris, the *Court Journal* says:—"The Princess Isabeau defended herself in excellent style and language. It would have been simply impossible to have doubted her powers of mind after such a speech as she made."

With respect to the Prize Essays by Miss Anna Blackwell and Mrs. G. F. Green, this paper acknowledges again in the same page, that:—"In point of style the essays are well written." But after the above tributes to the superior intellect of believers in Spiritualism, a tirade, which I found also in the same page, on the futility of Spiritualism, comes with singular inaptitude and inconsequence. SCRUTATOR.

KARDEC'S BOOK OF MEDIUMS.

SIR,—Some time since you were so good as to publish a letter I sent you, saying that there was an error in the type of a communication I had had the pleasure of forwarding to Miss Blackwell, and which I found was published in her translation of Kardec's *Livre des Mediums*. Miss Blackwell has just found and sent me my letter to her, which shows that the error was *my own*. It refers to a visit to Dr. Lynn, and instead of the words—"Go and sit on the sofa, close to my brother on the platform," they should have been—"Go and sit on the sofa, close to my brother, *near* the platform." I am quite in accord with Miss Blackwell in thinking that I should acknowledge my own error, as carelessness in a letter is of less importance than in a published translation.

THE CLERGYMAN IN QUESTION.

SUGGESTED TESTS.

SIR,—Dr. Wyld's tests, though very ingenious, are hardly of greater value than some of the experiments which were performed by the philosophers in Laputa.

The conditions under which an accomplice "softly in his stocking's soles" performs all the requisite movements of exhibiting arms at a distance from himself; motion of a book at a distance from his feet, and agitation of a bell some inches above his head, are very complicated. I fail to see the reason why any fraudulent accomplice should separate the foot from the sole of the stocking, and how the sole is kept in adherence

to the foot, and in fact what the stocking sole has to do with the matter.

The conditions under which a fraudulent medium, with head tied to the back of a chair, elongates his or her neck so as to draw an artificial hand from under the chair on which he sits are also singular. On the theory that fraudulent mediums have more than seven cervical vertebrae, or have those vertebrae abnormally elongated, Dr. Wyld's hypothesis may be correct, but can only be solved by the autopsy of the medium.

The conditions under which a box shall "be properly taped, and the tapes knotted and sealed at each crossing," are remarkable, as it is not even suggested that the tapes be sealed together. Such a box could be opened by anyone by the simple process of untying the knots, the idea of which appears not to have occurred to the tester.

C. CARTER BLAKE.

"THE STOLEN PICTURE."

SIR,—In May last I suggested in a letter which you were good enough to publish, that it would rapidly advance the cause of Spiritualism in public estimation if concerted action were adopted by powerful circles towards the elucidation of any public mystery which occurred, and which might be considered worthy of the attempt to solve. It has been rejoined that this is more properly the work of the clairvoyant than the Spiritualist; but is not the clairvoyant a Spiritualist? and I need hardly say that what may be done through this or any cognate means, so essentially associated with the phenomena we desire to spread a knowledge of, would powerfully help to the end we have in view. I suggest, then, that circles should attempt the solution of the question—where is the stolen picture? or to obtain any intelligence respecting it. This is a query which is perfectly possible of answer we know, but it would not be wise, even in the supposition of perfect agreement in the answers, to publish offhand what was got. Let a committee of the British National Association, or other responsible parties, receive the replies, compare them, and deliberately resolve what to do in the interests of all concerned, and not the least—the *truth*, all which I respectfully submit. G. G.

A SEANCE IN PARIS.

SIR,—Last Saturday, at three o'clock, the remarkable healing medium mentioned in *The Spiritualist* by Mr. Joy, was in my rooms, together with a lady possessed by an evil spirit. Mr. Henricy was seated with his back to the two open but curtained windows; the lady was facing him; I was writing at a small table. Twice I heard the cry in the room of a small bird, but, upon rising to see what it was, I found nothing. I resumed my work, when, in a few minutes, Mr. Henricy exclaims, "There is a bird on the floor." I again jumped up, and took it in my hand. I perceived it to be a sparrow; but not wishing to squeeze it too much, it managed to escape. I at once closed the windows, in order to keep it in the rooms, but we saw it no more. Mr. Henricy had seen it fall from the top of a library shelf. I had had it in my hand, so there was no delusion about it. Upon questioning my spirit guide upon the significance of this little event, the following reply was given:—

"In order to cure, or at least alleviate, the sick person present, it was necessary to make an impression upon her mind, and it was for that purpose that we brought and took away the little bird. This *apport* will do the invalid good."

Quest. Did you make it?

Ans. That was not necessary; there are plenty of sparrows flying about. We took this one from the roof of the house; it was simply an *apport*.

Quest. As we did not see it fly from the window to the library, how did it get there?

Ans. It did not fly in or out of the room. We brought it in enveloped in our "fluid." It was when we let it go that you saw it, and when we took it again it became invisible.

N. PUEL.

173, Rue St. Honoré, Paris.

THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

SIR,—To make my method of education practically understood, so that it may be practically carried out, I must dismiss from my mind, as well as from the thoughts of others, the possibility of mothers teaching their own children. Mothers, in the lower classes, could not teach the children; they are obliged to clean, cook, wash, mend and make clothes, and see to their husbands. The best part of their early married years is taken up, besides domestic duties, by confinements and the nursing of the baby. All married women, or housewives, have their time fully taken up by their daily duties; how it is any married woman finds time to "go out" and "amuse" herself is more than I can understand. If only to "please her husband" (and duty to a husband—a nasty man, most likely) is the first duty of a married woman. So all people say, and there are undeniable texts in the Bible which foster this idea of a woman's first duty. She goes to the theatre with him. "Home must be dull," is people's general idea. The monotony of home life "something excruciating." Going out means dress—dressing. So, in addition to all the hard work a woman must do at home, and which, in reality, is pleasure, must be added the duties of society, which entail finer dressing, finer washing, finer mending. This is too much work. The consequence is, everything, for want of sufficient time, gets done badly. The housewife learns that occupation at home is *labour*, that amusement out of home is *pleasure*. If the husbands were followers of the Gospel, if men now-a-days lived as Christ commanded, I should not speak of them as "nasty" men, nor would I exhibit evident annoyance at the notion that a wife's first duty is to her husband. It cannot be expected that a superior woman, fond of her home, should, for the sake of amusing her husband, leave it. Such weakness would be dangerous; a giving way to it has brought many an inestimable woman into trouble, scrapes, and

misery. A wife's first duty must be to her home, her husband's home, and her children's home. It is impossible a woman who cannot afford to keep a servant can conscientiously enjoy her life out of her own home, however small it may be. Four walls can be, and want to be, kept clean; hot water has to be managed, meat prepared, vegetables sliced, blanched. The mending! there's always mending to be done, and beds to be made. What is not there to be done *at home!* Marketing, keeping accounts, are other household pleasures; and if a woman performs all such duties carefully and punctually, her day is well filled, and her life is a happy one, even if her husband is no companion to her. It is very clear, therefore, that a housewife thus fully employed could not possibly devote herself to the education of her children, and that another class of woman must be found to train them. I hold that if a person is trained to do one thing thoroughly, not superficially, well, should circumstances force that person to undertake some other employment, in a very short time the difficulties thereof will be thoroughly mastered. A good deal depends upon the individual power of combination or determination possessed by that person, yet upon the principle that being able to discover one Chinese puzzle gives a clue to all the others, so it is with all kinds of acquirements. Few people, in consequence of the patchwork education they have received, can learn even when shown how; but others have a natural power of teaching themselves, and these almost invariably make the best teachers. As therefore it is only in the nature of things that mothers, however well disposed, cannot devote themselves, except nominally, to their children, it becomes an accepted fact that others must train and teach them, and as my experience teaches me that enforcing discipline is not time wasted, even on a very young baby, it cannot be sent at too early an age to a *crèche* where it will not be allowed to scream with temper or fretfulness more than half the day long. The first thing to teach a baby is patience. It is quite a mistaken idea that it is a good thing for a baby to be amused all day long. A baby accustomed to be amused and nursed by an ignorant girl, becomes an odious little creature. When not in his juvenile nurse's arms, or "keetsy-keetsied" by her, it makes itself odious to all around. No one can hear himself talk. Baby over-squalls the whole house, and that baby is deservedly looked upon as a bad-tempered, odious little wretch, and people pity the parents for being so tormented. In what I shall have to say about education I shall no more hold forth about mothers in whatever class they may be. They cannot teach their children. The house-wife, "*Lady of the House*," as she is called as we ascend the scale, has her house to look after, her dress, her visits, her parties. She can indulge in artistic pursuits, tasteful furniture, &c. It is only a wonder that any human being, man or woman, can feel as if they had nothing to do; if it were not so the amount of newspapers, periodicals, novels, which are published, could have no reason to exist.

GEORGINA WELDON.

Tavistock House, Tavistock-square.

FREE WISDOM.

SIR,—If there is the greatest freedom in the most perfect order, then many of us misinterpret the highest meaning of freedom. There are those who would like free avarice and free anger. Also there is a class that have already proclaimed a determination to have free society. Another class, in speaking of love, contend that it should be the servant and not the master of wisdom. If this class is right, then we need among the Spiritualists a free wisdom party, which will include all of the freedom, social or otherwise, that the economy of human nature requires. And this free wisdom party should contain within its sphere every Spiritualist that is or that is to be. The marriage and divorce laws of the whole world need a little reforming, and here is a fine field for the practical work of free wisdom. E. W. BALDWIN.

Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A., May 30th, 1876.

DANTE ON THE SOUL.

SIR,—In a most remarkable work by Judge Holmes, of St. Lewis, America, in proof of Lord Bacon having been the real author of the plays attributed to William Shakespeare, he referred to "that divine revelation which the shade of the poet Statius made to Dante when, under the guidance of the soul of Virgil, he had reached the seventh hill in Purgatory, concluding in these words" (the words are given in Italian, but my readers will, I dare say, be content with the translation):

"But how an infant of the animal
Doth come, thou seest not yet: this is such point
That wiser men than thou have err'd therein,—
They who by their own doctrine have disjoined
From soul the possible intelligence,
Because they saw no organ by 't assum'd.
Open thy heart to th' very truth which comes,
And know thou that as soon as in the foetus
The articulated brain is once perfected,
Himself kindly to 't the First Mover turns,
On so much art of nature, and inspires
A new spirit, with virtue all replete;
So that you see what's found there active, shoots
His essence in, and makes a soul distinct,
Which lives, and feels, and rules itself in self."—*Purg.*, c. xxv.

To which the judge adds, that "The ascent from the bottom of the animal kingdom up to the top, as from the vesicular cell up to the full-grown man, is by a wide scale of steps and degrees. Until a nerve is reached there can be no pretence that any special psychological power exists in any particular structure." "Dr. Carpenter thinks there is no mind, or soul, below the vertebrates. What his idea of mind or soul is, it would be difficult to determine or define." Perhaps intellectual principle, or vital principle, as defined by Dr. Johnson, might best explain it.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

Boulogne.

"S. J. SABEL, ESQ."

SIR,—There is an unfortunate misprint in Mr. Wiese's letter about "S. J. Sabel, Esq." in last week's *Spiritualist*, which makes the text look much less complete than it really is. As printed, the line runs, "I was told that a gentleman of the above name, J. Sabel, had died lately." But it is evident from the context that it ought to have been *S. J. Sabel*, as it is subsequently written, "The deceased, S. J. Sabel, &c."; so that it appears that a person of the name mentioned at Dr. Slade's really passed away within a day of the date fixed as *about* the period of his death—"I passed away *about* the 15th at Wiesbaden." H. W.

SPIRITUALISM AND MEN OF SCIENCE.

SIR,—It is impossible to deny that the passages in the history of Spiritualism to which you refer in your article of this date, fully justify your animadversions on the conduct of scientific investigators and contemners of investigation. They have been guilty of insolence and stupidity. Yes, sir, I dare to impute stupidity to the man whom our facts, "even if true, do not interest," although he be a Huxley, immeasurably my superior in intellect and knowledge. We owe them no kindness, and I do not know that policy dictates any soft words. *But we want them.* We want them more than your editors, more than your "highly cultured section of society." We want their names, and we want their brains. The great majority of mankind are led or misled by authority. Editors live, or their papers live, by popularity. Ridicule, or the fearful and intolerable imputation of believing more than other people, nine out of every ten of the "cultivated" shrink from as or more than they would shrink from a libel on their morals. Yourself excepted, sir, I have not the smallest faith in editors, and as for the cultivated classes they would come in by hundreds and thousands if a Herbert Spencer or a Dr. Carpenter were to tell them they might open their eyes and their mouths without being laughed at. M.A. (Oxon) tells us that he has succeeded in inducing an eminent man of science to go, or to promise to go, to Dr. Slade. All honour to M.A. (Oxon), for, most assuredly, if that eminent person (it is pretty generally known who he is) does go, and sees what everybody sees who visits Slade—prejudiced as he is, prepossessed as he is, he will go a second time and a third time, and at last he will have to face the alternative of either ceasing to believe in his own scientific honesty and love of truth, or of saying that to the world about Spiritualism which will make the interest in the subject spread like wildfire through the land. But are we to depend on the individual efforts of two or three who, like M.A. (Oxon), appreciate the supreme importance of this passing opportunity? Your article is not encouraging. In estimating the probability of the facts being again ignored or mis-stated by men of science, you seem to me to leave out of sight the difference between the conditions of investigation offered to them formerly and now. Of course, if we had to deal with men who were consciously and designedly dishonest on this or any subject, there would be no more to be said. But no one, surely, however indignant he may be at the incidents of which you remind us, little consistent as these are with *intellectual* honesty, would for a moment suggest this. For my own part, I do not believe that there is a Fellow of the Royal Society who would not be as incapable of suppressing or purposely misrepresenting a scientific fact once explicitly recognised in his own mind, as of picking a pocket. And depend upon it, that in every case in which a scientific tribunal has dealt unfairly with the facts of Spiritualism, there has been something or other—circumstance of suspicion, or apparent defect of proof—that to minds warped with prejudice would seem to justify a hostile verdict, or an abrupt abandonment of the inquiry.

Do we not all know how difficult it is to get unequivocal phenomena under test conditions, even with mediums of unquestionable power? Are we not all but too familiar with cases of gross and impudent cheating by nevertheless genuine mediums, which fill experienced Spiritualists with vexation and disgust, and make sceptics turn away with unutterable scorn from the whole business? I am not, however, suggesting that men of science have not had and rejected good evidence, but I maintain that they have not yet been presented with the *best*. This we are now in a position to offer them. It may be summed up in three words—Light, Certainty, Objectivity. I claim for Dr. Slade that prejudice, however confirmed, will be able to discover no loophole, no crevice through which even the scientific conscience can wriggle out of an admission. And if we get that admission—get it not from one eminent physicist or from two, but from the number from whom, if we can only beguile them into that room in Bedford-place, common moral honesty, and not the rarer intellectual honesty, will extract it—Spiritualism will take rank as an accepted truth, and as an incipient science in England, before the year is out. Then, and not before, will the Editors venture or be compelled to speak out, tumbling over each other in their several anxiety to protest that they, for their part, have never committed themselves to a hasty or unphilosophical judgment on an obscure subject, which now, upon the authority of Professor A. and Dr. B., must be held entitled to the gravest consideration, &c.

To conclude, I would remark that in offering our evidence, in the first place, to men of science, we lay it before men who have come under a peculiar and especial obligation to examine into and proclaim the truths of Nature.

We have a right to call upon them to publish the "discovery" we put them in the way of making; they, on the other hand, have a sort of right to the "earliest information." We speak of them *en bloc*, as if scientific pursuits destroyed all individuality, and were necessarily incompatible with "the particular order of mind which gravitates into the spiritual movement." We do as much injustice to Spiritualism as to physical science by this supposition. No doubt exclusive observation of the laws of physical nature, severed as these are

by the loss of physical "science of correspondences" from the spiritual, has a tendency to make the latter seem emptiness and illusion. But the root of the impulse which prompts men to give up their lives to science is the yearning for a deeper insight into the significance of things. That impulse materialism, even in its recent transcendental development, can never satisfy. Depend upon it there are men in the ranks of the Royal Society to whom our facts would not, after all, be unacceptable. But my position is independent of this hope. For I am steadfast in my conviction that if it is a question of mere moral honesty, disengaged from intellectual difficulty, we shall find men of science equal to the occasion. Bring Huxley, Tyndall, Carpenter, Clifford, I care not which of them, face to face with Slade, and I maintain that the scientist will be "beat," and, what is more, that he will admit that he is "beat" like a decently honest man.

Temple, August 4th.

C. C. MASSEY.

WHAT ARE WORKS?

SIR,—I have read what appears in your issue of July 28th upon this subject, and it seems to me that both the correspondents who there write, also A. T. A., fall short of the real import of the phrase in a religious point of view, as affecting man's state spiritually, and therefore immortally.

It a man does an act from mere habit and conventional custom, there is very little of volition in it, either for weal or for woe. But every sane man does acts of another character. He does acts which embody in ultimate life his ruling affection. Now the ruling affection of every man who has not done the work of repentance before God is evil, because it is either worldly, selfish, or sensual. If either regards this world's life only, or it regards immortal life for its expected pleasures, and selfish advancement.

Now, it is quite possible, and probable, that a culprit even in the hour of death, when the fears of the consequences of his crimes are vividly set before him, may feel contrition, submission, and a consciousness of guilt; but his life's love is fixed by a series of acts deliberately done! his very organism of soul and body has been wedded together in the doing of them; and all the force of character thereby attained would impel him, were he again at liberty, to do the like, and would speedily dry up his tears of contrition, because this contrition has no foothold in his ultimate and positive life; it is altogether negative, however sincere for the moment. But as sin consists in works, so does "repentance from evil works." When a man says to God, "I have sinned against heaven and in Thy sight," he has condemned himself as to his works. He has willed to pray this confession as a beginning, and he has determined in spirit to arise from this sinful condition. If he carries out this resolution, all the love and power and mercy of God, and the loving ministry of His angels, and good spirits, are ready to help him to carry out his repentant works. If he now begins to shun the sins he has confessed, which have been sinful works, he does works of repentance. He exercises faith in a power which he believes to be capable of saving him from the consequences of his former sinful life. But it is by no means either needful or to be expected, that to be saved he must do as many good works as he has done bad ones. Spiritualism has shown clearly that man is not alone in what he does; and when he has willed and shown the sincerity and force of his will in refusing any longer to have for his controlling spirit those of a vicious character, who have hitherto been his familiars, God in His providence can and will remove them farther away, and give him the power to associate with others who will draw near. In however short a time, or in however few cases this earnest sincere work of repentance has been performed, it has a ground in the ultimate of his character; and being the embodiment of the life he lives the better life before his departure; and that Divine Saviour who hath "conquered death and hell, and led captivity captive," will, by His right hand, which is mighty to save even to the uttermost those who come to God by Him, maintain him in his newly chosen freedom, and give him power to grow in grace.

It may be thought I have written dogmatically, but I respectfully submit, not therefore irrationally.

J. ROBINSON.

Hulme's-road, Newtonbeath.

NORTH OF ENGLAND SPIRITUALISTS' CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

SIR,—A meeting of the executive of this committee was held last Sunday, in the Freemasons' Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The members present were Messrs. Miller, Martin, Wilde, Petty, Kay, Richmond, Rhodes, Kersey, Mould, and Morse. The secretary read letters from Mr. W. Gautrey, of Fencehouses, accepting the position of corresponding secretary for Chester-le-Street; from Mr. J. Gibson, of Bishop Auckland, accepting the like position for that town; from Mr. R. Elliott, of Choppington, who regretted his inability to do so for that place; and from Mr. D. Richmond, of Darlington, who assented. Mr. Richmond was then appointed to the executive, after which he suggested that a donative or co-operative fund be formed, in addition to the guarantee fund, so that those who could only subscribe a small amount per week might do so, and that local collectors be appointed to receive offerings. It was resolved to carry out this plan; also that a deputation be appointed to attend the next committee meeting at Chester-le-Street. The committee then resolved to hold meetings in Choppington, Darlington, Bishop Auckland, and South Shields during the present quarter.

J. J. MORSE, Hon. Sec.

30, Tynemouth-road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Mrs. Woodforde, being about to visit Teignmouth, will not hold séances until after her return, of which due notice will be given.

Mr. D. D. HOME's new address is Pension Mury-Monney, Clarens, Switzerland.

PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIENCES OF MRS. WOODHULL.

THE American press in general admits that Mrs. Woodhull acts from what she believes to be high motives in heading that movement with which her name is so closely associated, and that she is thoroughly sincere, no matter how far she may be believed to be in error. With these social questions we do not deal, but merely put on record, as a matter of history, that she has had curious psychological experiences, as set forth by one of her admirers in the *Philadelphia Sunday Press*, of July 9th, thus:—

Mrs. Woodhull's school studies were, literally, a daily miracle. She would glance at a page and know it by heart. The tough little mysteries which bother the bewildered brains of the country-school dullards, were always to her as vivid as the sunshine, and when sent on errands she believes she has been lifted over the ground by her angelic helpers—"lest she should dash her foot against a stone." When she had anything to carry, an unseen hand would sometimes carry it for her. All this may seem an illusion to everybody else, but will never be other than a reality to her.

Let me cite some details of these spiritual phenomena, curious in themselves, and illustrating the forces that impel her career.

"My spiritual vision," she says, "dates back as early 'as my third year.' In Victoria's birth-place, a young woman named Rachel Scribner, about twenty-five years of age, who had been Victoria's nurse, suddenly died. On the day of her death Victoria was picked up by the departing spirit and borne off into the spirit-world. To this day Mrs. Woodhull describes vividly her childish sensations as she felt herself gliding through the air—like St. Catherine, winged away by the angels. Her mother testifies that while this scene was enacting to the child's inner consciousness, her little body lay as if dead for three hours.

Two of her sisters, who had died in childhood, were constantly present with her. She would talk to them as a girl tattles to her dolls. They were her most fascinating playmates, and she never cared for any others while she had their invisible society.

In her tenth year, one day while sitting by the side of a cradle rocking a sick babe to sleep, she says that two angels came, and gently pushing her away, began to fan the child with their white hands, until its face grew fresh and rosy. Her mother then suddenly entered the chamber, and beheld in amazement the little nurse lying in a trance on the floor, her face turned upwards towards the ceiling, and the pining babe apparently in the bloom of youth.

The chief among her spiritual visitants, and one who has been a majestic guardian to her from the earliest years of her remembrance, she describes as a matured man of stately figure, clad in a Greek tunic, solemn and graceful in his aspect, strong in his influence, and altogether dominant over her life. For many years, notwithstanding an almost daily visit to her vision, he withheld his name, nor would her most importunate questionings induce him to utter it. But he always promised that in due time he would reveal his identity. Meanwhile he prophesied to her that she would rise to great distinction; that she would publish and conduct a journal; and that finally, to crown her career, she would become the ruler of her people. At length, after patiently waiting on this spirit-guide for twenty years, one day in 1868, during a temporary sojourn in Pittsburg, and while she was sitting at a marble table, he suddenly appeared to her, and wrote on the table in English letters the name "Demosthenes." At first the writing was indistinct, but grew to such a lustre that the brightness filled the room. The apparition, familiar as it had been before, now affrighted her to trembling. The stately and commanding spirit told her to journey to New York, where she would find at No. 17, Great Jones-street, a house in readiness for her, equipped in all things to her use and taste. She unhesitatingly obeyed, although she never before had heard of Great Jones-street, nor until that revelatory moment had entertained an intention of taking such a residence. On entering the house, it fulfilled in reality the picture which she saw of it in her vision—the self-same hall, stairways, rooms and furniture. Entering with some bewilderment into the library, she reached out her hand by chance, and without knowing what she did, took up a book which, on idly looking at its title, she saw (to her blood-chilling astonishment) to be *The Orations of Demosthenes*. From that time onward, the Greek statesman has been even more palpably than in her earlier years her prophetic monitor, mapping out the life which she must follow, as a chart for a ship sailing the sea. She believes him to be her familiar spirit—the author of her public policy, and the inspirer of her published words. Without intruding my own opinion as to the authenticity of this inspiration, I have often thought that if Demosthenes could arise and speak English, he could hardly excel the fierce light and heat of some of the sentences which I have heard from this singular woman in her glowing hours.

Previous to this there had occurred a remarkable incident, which more than ever confirmed her faith in the guardianship of spirits. One day, during a severe illness of her son, she left him to visit her parents, and on her return was startled with the news that the boy had died two hours before. "No," she exclaimed, "I will not permit his death." And with frantic energy she stripped her bosom naked, caught up his lifeless form, pressed it to her own, and sitting thus, flesh to flesh, glided insensibly into a trance, in which she remained seven hours, at the end of which time she awoke; a perspiration started from his clammy skin, and the child that had been thought dead was brought back again to life—and lives to this day.

The malice of enemies, together with her bold opinions on social questions, have combined to give her reputation a stain. But no slander ever fell on any human soul with greater injustice. A more unsullied woman does not walk the earth. She carries in her very face the fair legend of a character kept pure by a sacred fire within. She is one of those aspiring devotees who tread the earth merely as a stepping-stone to

heaven, and whose chief ambition is finally to present herself at the supreme tribunal "spotless, and without wrinkle, or blemish, or any such thing." Knowing her as well as I do, I cannot hear an accusation against her without recalling Tennyson's line of *King Arthur*—

Is thy white blamelessness accounted blame?

Once a sick woman, who had been given up by the physicians, and who had received from a Catholic priest extreme unction, in expectation of death, was put into the care of Mrs. Woodhull, who attempted to lure her back to life. This zealous woman, unwilling to be baffled, stood over her patient day and night, neither sleeping nor eating for ten days and nights, at the end of which time she was gladdened, not only at witnessing the sick woman's recovery, but at finding that her own body, instead of weariness or exhaustion from the double lack of sleep and food, was more fresh and bright than at the beginning. Her face during this discipline grew uncommonly fair and ethereal; her flesh wore a look of transparency; and the ordinary earthiness of mortal nature began to disappear from her physical frame, and its place to be supplied with what she fancied were the foretokens of a spiritual body. These phenomena were so vivid to her own consciousness and to the observation of her friends, that she was led to speculate profoundly on the transformation from our mortal to our immortal state, deducing the idea that the time will come when the living human body, instead of ending in death by disease and dissolution in the grave, will be gradually refined away, until it is entirely sloughed off, and the soul only, and not the flesh remains. It is in this way that she fulfils to her darling hope the prophecy that "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

OBJECTIONS TO SPIRITUALISM.

From "The Sussex Daily News."

THE letter on Spiritualism in Saturday's *Sussex Daily News* requires some answer from an orthodox point of view. It is to be regretted that those who can only regard the influence of such productions as pernicious should not deem them worthy of notice. Not that controversy is always judicious, but a brief and temperate reply can never be out of place. The letter of "A Spiritualist" was thus occasioned. In a notice of a work relating a very various and extensive series of "experiences," the reviewer pointed out that notwithstanding the wonderful feats that were said to have been achieved by the spirits they had never directed their extraordinary and superhuman powers to any purpose of direct utility except where, in a very few instances, physical cures were said to have been wrought. Even clairvoyance, the most promising power, perhaps, of all, had never been turned to any purpose, legitimate or illegitimate, beyond the satisfaction of an idle curiosity. In the work that was reviewed, too, a few cases of alleged prophecy were related, but they were so vague as to be useless, and I am not aware of any case in which Spiritualism has attempted a public prediction of the future developments of current events, unspeakably valuable as such would be in demonstration of its claims and assertions. In attempting his self-imposed task, "A Spiritualist" has not followed up the line of thought thus suggested, but endeavours to prove the utility of the science on grounds which, if higher, are far less tangible and satisfactory. Some delicacy may very properly be felt in discussing religion in the secular press, but it can no doubt be judiciously done, and one must not hesitate to follow where the subject leads. It is the contention of "A Spiritualist" then, that Spiritualism has revealed a future life as it never has been before (indeed he speaks almost as though the idea were a novel one); that it has "abolished the fear of death;" and has shown (as far as can be gathered from a rather misty phraseology) that a man's future state depends upon his present "inner mind." Now no argument of this sort can be satisfactory which does not take into consideration the alleged revelations upon which Christianity is based, and candidly show the relation of Spiritualism thereto. Had the spirits revealed all this to the philosophers of heathen Rome it would have been justly received with joy, but "A Spiritualist" seems to forget that the doctrines for which he claims a novelty were revealed eighteen hundred years ago by Him "who brought life and immortality to light," who "destroyed him that had the power of death," whose disciples are consequently no longer "through fear of death subject to bondage," but confident that "to die is gain," and who declared that "by thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." It is true that the last text is modified by others, opening up a subject into which it is impossible to enter, but as it stands it may serve, as would others, to show that in this particular as in the rest the doctrines of Spiritualism are not much of a novelty. Is it then but a later version of Christianity? Unfortunately it is rather a miserable parody. It has no sacred literature that may be appealed to with universal consent, no code of morals to which its members subscribe. It will by no means confess the authority of the Hebrew Scriptures—knowing how suicidal it would be to do so—yet draws all its best ideas from that source. Its professed informants are confessedly unreliable, and at no time has any consistent and definite information been obtained from them upon the nature of their existence and employment, upon their relations or our relations to the Author of the Universe, or upon any of the problems that oppress the more thoughtful section of humanity. Utterly destitute of all the ennobling ideas of Christianity, Spiritualism has at best revealed a state of existence, if such it be, which is far more a loathsome parody of the "Christian heaven" than is the most degraded type of monkey of the "human form divine." Its phenomena are, I admit, most mysterious, its existence a most interesting and astounding fact. But there are hypotheses which will account for it in a manner that would utterly rob it of all claim to respect, and which I would at least as readily accept as to prefer the rhapsodical ramblings of some of its leaders to the grand simplicity of

New Testament teaching. At the same time inquiry is not to be condemned; if only some of our leading minds in religion and science would take the matter up, the truth might be more readily arrived at, and the further spread prevented of what I cannot but deem in one sense or another a miserable delusion.

A REMARKABLE MATERIALISATION SEANCE IN NEWCASTLE.

MISS FAIRLAMB'S seances are, in spite of the attractions of the fine summer weather, well attended. On Sunday morning, July 30th, twenty-two members and friends of the Newcastle Society of Spiritualists met at their rooms in Weirs-court.

Miss Fairlamb entered the cabinet, which had been already examined by the strangers present, and after a few preliminary remarks by Mr. Armstrong, the president, Mr. Hare rose and offered an appropriate prayer, which was followed by the company singing the hymn, "Praise ye the Lord." After a few minutes' subsequent conversation with "Cissy," through the organism of the medium, she, according to promise, materialised herself in front of the cabinet, in full view of the sitters. The curtains were pulled a little on one side from the interior of the cabinet, and a small white patch, about the size of a lady's handkerchief, was seen on the ground; it gradually grew larger, till it assumed the size and shape of "Cissy" as she usually appears, viz., a draped white figure, about two-and-a-half to three feet in height, with black hands, arms, and face, more or less covered with drapery, or exposed as the different movements of the figure accelerated or hindered the observations. At one time, as she stood entirely outside the cabinet, a gleam of sunshine, through the ventilator in the ceiling, shone with brilliancy on the black hand and the gilt bell she was shaking, also on the lower portion of the dress. Facilities were also afforded for observation to most of the sitters by allowing them to leave their seats, some to shake hands, others, as in the case of Miss Colman, to kiss her, and, in the case of a visitor from New Delavel, who had not been at a seance before, to go and examine her drapery. In fact, to nearly every sitter some little attention was paid. "Cissy" remained in full view for upwards of an hour, with the exception of retiring behind the curtain for about a couple of minutes, evidently to gain more power, for on re-appearing she was decidedly larger, perhaps an inch or two taller; she handled a vacant chair freely, and, taking the back of it, she lifted it on to her head, legs uppermost. Several other evidences of power were given. Some minor physical phenomena took place inside the cabinet while "Cissy" was outside. She sometimes spoke in monosyllables. The seance terminated at about twenty minutes past twelve by the disappearance of "Cissy," who gradually during the last quarter of an hour diminished in size and stature in the sight of all present. The amount of illumination used on the occasion was that of a ship's lamp, giving a subdued red light, and in addition several streams of sunlight, which made their way through the curtains, sufficient to observe the time by a watch.—J. T. RHODES.

MR. ARTHUR COLMAN, the well-known medium, informs us that he leaves London this week for Antwerp, Brussels, and other parts of the continent.

THE Rev. Thomas Colley, curate of Portsmouth, so well known to many of the readers of these pages, is about to leave his present charge, St. Mary's, of which he has been sole minister for the past two years, and much appreciated, and is seeking an incumbency or curacy where he may have the same liberty of opinion on tabooed subjects which he has enjoyed under the liberal vicar of the parish that now loses him. Is there no wealthy or influential Spiritualist who can further his interest in this respect?

LECTURE IN NEWCASTLE.—On Sunday evening, July 30th, Mr. Mould gave an address on "The Conflict between Science and Religion," in which he endeavoured, by illustrating the theories, life-work and persecutions of some of the great teachers of the world, including Aristotle, Copernicus, Galileo, Martin Luther, and also quoting from Herbert Spenser, to show what science has done for the world. He thought that the world was now more ready to believe with Aristotle that all nature was ever ready to burst into life and development, than with Augustine, that the earth was the centre of the universe, and that divine revelation admitted of no progression or improvement. He (the lecturer) did not wish to set himself up as an authority; he only introduced the subject to enable some who might be there, perhaps, for the first time, to work out their own individuality, and to see whether—if Spiritualists could prove another state of existence—it was not possible to lay up an accumulated fund of knowledge available for a future life of progress.

THE SPIRITUALIST SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH COMMITTEE.—Last Friday evening a meeting of the Scientific Research Committee of the National Association of Spiritualists was held at 38, Great Russell-street, London, under the presidency of Mr. Desmond Fitz-Gerald. The other members present were Mr. W. H. Coffin, Mr. C. C. Massey, Mr. D. H. Wilson, Mr. J. W. Gray, the Rev. W. W. Newbould, Dr. Carter Blake, and Mr. W. H. Harrison. It having been pointed out that the conditions of darkness and of ventilation at a seance influenced both the health of the sitters and the manifestations, it was resolved that two ventilating shutters for the seance-room should be constructed. Two movable ventilating boxes, to be attached to the shutters, were ordered to be made; each box to contain a long slit and air passages permitting air to pass, but excluding light, and giving altogether thirty-four square inches of ventilation. Mr. Coffin was authorised to superintend their construction, and it was supposed that when once perfect working models had been made, others could be turned out on the same pattern at a cheaper rate, so as to become articles in the market suitable for the ventilation of any rooms in which dark seances are to be held. It was also resolved to engage Mr. Eglinton for four seances in October.

SPIRITUALISM AND PHYSICISTS.

THE main point in a letter in this number of *The Spiritualist*, by Mr. Charles C. Massey, in favour of inviting men of science to *séances*, in spite of their reprehensible actions in the past in relation to Spiritualism, is that the conditions have changed, and that now in broad daylight we can present to them inexplicable phenomena, whereas the power of doing so with precision did not exist before. From Mr. Massey's point of view that position is a true one, because he and some who think with him have had but two or three years' experience, while a wave of materialisation and dark *séance* manifestations has been passing over this country. Before that, Mrs. Mary Marshall gave regularly in the strongest daylight a number of *séances*, in which phenomena occurred quite as powerful and inexplicable as those now seen through the mediumship of Dr. Slade, but, as usual, when she had too many sitters, or when she sat in the dark, the manifestations were more open to cavil. It was then a common incident for tables to run about the room in daylight with nobody touching them, and sometimes to rise in the air with such power, that excited and perspiring disbelievers with all their pressing could scarcely force them down to the floor. On more exceptional occasions Mr. Marshall would sit playing a fiddle, while a small table would in daylight, through the mediumship of his wife, dance to the tune without being touched by anybody. Mr. Benjamin Coleman, of Bernard Villas, Upper Norwood, took a hard materialist—Professor Huxley's father-in-law—to see manifestations like these; he *did* see them, and promised to bear witness to his well-known relative of the facts which came under his observation, and to our knowledge other eminent men of science were made aware that such phenomena were to be seen in broad daylight. Did they then attend to investigate? Not a bit of it. Where then is the foundation for Mr. Massey's argument, that the conditions have now changed? To some extent we admit that they have altered, for Spiritualism has since then grown more powerful and more popular, so that the scientific world cannot so well afford to taboo it. For example, in St. Petersburg the professors at the university are by no means to be envied for their recent flippant and hasty action in relation to Spiritualism; instead of being applauded for the same, the Russian press has censured them, and Spiritualism having spread largely among the nobility, the professors are now at variance in this matter with the highest powers in the Russian Court, and find themselves in a veritable hornet's nest. Like causes will tend to produce like effects in England. If we let English men of science alone, they will continue to be the laughing-stock of the ever-increasing number of persons who nightly observe the phenomena in their own homes. The keeping up of such an example before the eyes of the public seems almost a moral duty, for most people pay too much deference to the authority of great names, and it is a good thing to establish in every home evidence to show that it is most dangerous to the interests of truth to trust either to the priests of science or religion.

Whilst there are thus certain great advantages in the ignoring of the existence of the scientific world by Spiritualists, there are, on the other hand, also many reasons why an opposite course should be pursued towards them as set forth with much power by Mr. Massey. Perhaps, on the whole, his case is the strongest; with an overwhelming victory founded upon the irrevocable facts of nature lying before us in the future, it may be the more magnanimous course not like Shylock to exact the "pound of flesh," but to let bygones be bygones, remembering that we are all more or less the children of error. After all, when the ice is once melted Spiritualism will spread with more celerity, and gain for itself more influence in the scientific world than anywhere else, wherefore we now yield to Mr. Massey, and will assist in doing everything possible to give facilities for observation to men of science.

MRS. KATE FOX JENCKEN has been on a visit of more than a week's duration to Mr. Martheze, of Brighton, and many *séances* have been held there. Mr. Martheze writes to us: "The principal fact is that we received a communication by direct writing, signed 'B. Franklin,' on private matters. It was written with pen and ink, while all present were holding each other's hands."

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS IN DAYLIGHT.

THE success attending the *séances* of Dr. Slade proves what a demand there is in this country for a few simple physical manifestations taking place in daylight, free from dubious conditions. This example should be an encouragement to English mediums to sit for manifestations of a somewhat similar kind, and to strive for quality rather than quantity. If, for instance, a medium would sit daily for a few weeks, to obtain with precision and certainty the floating in the air for half a minute in broad daylight of any small object upon the table—a spoon, fork, inkstand, or anything else—there would be more demand for his services, and more remuneration, than if he obtained a large variety of manifestations in the dark which drew from him ten times more vital energy. At present physical mediums, generally speaking, try to get too much; they should endeavour to get only one or two manifestations with precision and certainty, free from doubtful appearances; they would then suffer less in health, in annoyances from disbelievers, and in pocket. If two mediums would sit to get letters written by sceptics, regularly carried in a few minutes between circles many miles apart, as Baron Kirkup, of Florence, once did, it would be a most useful manifestation, and a death-blow to the psychic force theory.

The phenomena evolved at dark and materialisation *séances* have been of much value in throwing light upon the philosophy of spiritual manifestations, but have not been of corresponding value to the outside public, or for proselytising purposes. Hence a reaction is setting in, and an increasing demand is springing up for manifestations in daylight; those mediums who first sit for and obtain such manifestations, will therefore rise correspondingly in public request and estimation. If physical mediums would sit for only half the various manifestations they obtain at present, and gain them with correspondingly increased power and precision, they would suffer less in health. Any medium who sits for entirely opposite kinds of manifestations, such as clairvoyance and physical phenomena, appears to present neither of the two classes of manifestations in the greatest perfection; such seem also to suffer in health, and to lose cheerfulness. It is best to keep to one class of manifestations, and to obtain the said manifestations in daylight.

SPIRITUAL LECTURES IN LIVERPOOL.

OWING to the continued indisposition of the Rev. William Mellone, and the unavoidable absence of Mr. John Priest, the platform at Meyerbeer Hall, Liverpool, was twice occupied last Sunday by Dr. William Hitchman, the president of the Liverpool Psychological Society. In the afternoon he discoursed upon the interesting subject of "Spiritualism a Necessity," and the audience seemed highly pleased with the original and forcible illustrations he gave of the new revelation, as supplying a moral want of our nature, in the absence of which there seemed an incompleteness of Divine purpose in man's spiritual capacity. He traced the growth of Spiritualism, from the ancient Indian faith, the Egyptian mysteries, antiquity of the Cross, as its real symbolic expression, through Greek and Roman paganism, Druidical teachings, Scandinavian mythology, Mohammedanism, Brahminical transmigration of souls (metempsychosis), and the Buddhist doctrine of Nirwana—showing that then, as now, mankind needed it, to satisfy the longings of the universal heart.

In the evening his subject was, "What is salvation?" A momentous question, he said, but one which, fairly represented, is full of reason, science, justice, and truth, apart from the horrible dogma of everlasting torments, or what the lecturer characterised as "the ledger-dominion of priestcraft, to secure a chance of initiation into the heaven of orthodoxy." Salvation, he pointed out, concerned the present, as much as the future life, involving deliverance from danger, moral, intellectual, social, and physical; in the performance of those duties which pertain to God and the rights of humanity. He protested that much might be said for Secularism, since it was a monstrous error to suppose that the organic life of man was to be mainly devoted to superstitious, ascetic exercises, and contempt for bodily welfare. He added that fastings, stripes, prayers, ceremonies, or ritualism, were mischievous delusions, if held to have a prior claim to the divinely appointed work of self-culture, by virtue of which our souls were enlightened, our bodies made more healthy, our characters purified, and our spirits brought nearer to the world of angels. Such was salvation—religious, scientific, true, and cosmopolitan.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. BOWMAN, of Newcastle, writes, in relation to the facts stated by Mr. Pearce, that the sitters at Miss Nicoll's circle did not know that the clapping of hands was a method of summoning attendants in the East, neither did the medium.

BOOKS ON SPIRITUALISM, PSYCHOLOGY, MESMERISM, ANTHROPOLOGY, AND BIOLOGY,

Representing the English and American Literature of Spiritualism, obtainable of W. H. Harrison, Spiritualist Newspaper Branch Office, 33, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.

[For purposes of mutual convenience the above office has been rented on the premises of the National Association of Spiritualists, but the Association and The Spiritualist Newspaper and publishing business are not in any way connected with each other.]

THE DEBATABLE LAND, by the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, formerly American Minister at the Court of Naples. A standard work containing interesting and well-authenticated facts, proving the reality of spirit communion. It also contains an elaborate essay defining the author's views of the relationship of Spiritualism to the Christian Church. 7s. 6d.

FOOTFALLS ON THE BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD, by Robert Dale Owen. An excellent book of absorbing interest, replete with well-authenticated narratives, describing manifestations produced by spirits. 7s. 6d.

REPORT ON SPIRITUALISM, by the Committee of the Dialectical Society. This committee consisted of literary, scientific, and other professional men who investigated Spiritualism for two years without engaging the services of any professional medium, after which they published the report. Original edition, 15s.; moderately abridged edition, 6s.

RESEARCHES IN THE PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUALISM, by William Crookes, F.R.S. The best work ever published to scientifically demonstrate the reality of some of the physical phenomena of Spiritualism. 5s.

MIRACLES AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM, by Alfred Russell Wallace, F.R.G.S. This book contains a masterly argument in reply to Hume's "Essay on Miracles." It also records a large number of interesting spiritual manifestations, and contains some of the personal experiences of Mr. Wallace. 5s.

PLANCHETTE; OR, THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE, by Epes Sargent. A book rich in descriptions of well-authenticated spiritual phenomena. Information about the relationship of Spiritualism to Religion and Science is also given. 5s.

CONCERNING SPIRITUALISM, by Gerald Massey. A brilliant well written little essay on Spiritualism. Neatly bound, with gilt edges. 2s.

LETTERS ON SPIRITUALISM, by the late J. W. Edmonds, Judge of the Supreme Court, New York, U.S. This book consists of essays on the Social, Moral, and Scientific aspects of Spiritualism. 3s. 6d.

WHERE ARE THE DEAD? OR, SPIRITUALISM EXPLAINED, by Fred. A. Binney. A practically useful work for inquirers, giving general information about English professional and non-professional mediums, also about the periodical and other literature of Spiritualism. 4s.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND, by Benjamin Colman. Contains important facts connected with the early movement in this country with which the author was identified, and an account of some of the most remarkable of his personal experiences. 1s.

WHAT AM I? Vol. II., by E. W. Cox, Serjeant-at-Law. An Introduction to Psychology. This book admits the reality of some of the Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism, but argues that they are produced by an alleged Psychic Force, unconsciously governed in its action by the thoughts of the medium or the spectators. 3s. The first volume of this book, which deals chiefly with Psychology, is out of print.

GLIMPSES OF THE SUPERNATURAL, by the Rev. F. G. Lee, D.C.L. This newly-published book contains Facts and Traditions relating to Dreams, Omens, Apparitions, Wraiths, Warnings, and Witchcraft. The author admits the reality of Spiritual visitations, but considers modern Spiritualism to be diabolical. He, however, gives valuable facts, previously unpublished, and prints the only authorised and complete account of the Apparition seen by one of the ancestors of Lord Lytton. 2 vols., crown 8vo., 15s.

REAL LIFE IN SPIRIT LAND, Given through the mediumship of Mrs. Maria M. King. This book professes to give life experiences, scenes, incidents, and conditions illustrative of spirit life. The preface says—"Experienced spirits state propositions to man in the flesh as they would state them to each other, expecting or hoping that they will not be taken for granted because uttered by a spirit, but will be fully weighed in the light of all the reason and experience possessed by those who receive their instructions." 5s. 6d.

PROOF PALPABLE OF IMMORTALITY, by Epes Sargent. This work, by an American author of acknowledged ability, gives an account of the materialisation of Spirits in England and America during the past few years in the presence of famous mediums, and, as a rule, before educated witnesses of more or less literary and scientific ability. The work also contains remarks on the relations of the facts to theology, morals, and religion; and it is prefaced with a portrait of the materialised spirit Katie King, copied from a photograph of her taken by Mr. Harrison by the aid of the magnetism light. 5s.

MIRACLES, PAST AND PRESENT, by the Rev. William Mountford. The author is an acute and vigorous thinker, and a writer of unquestioned ability. Contents: "The Anti-Supernaturalism of the Present Age; Science and the Supernatural; Miracles and Doctrine; Miracles and the Believing Spirit; The Scriptures and Pneumatology; Miracles and Science; The Spirit and the Prophets Thereof; Anti-Supernatural Misunderstandings; the Last Ecstasie; Matter and Spirit; the Outburst of Spiritualism; Thoughts on Spiritualism; A Miracle Defined; Miracles as Signs; Miracles and the Creative Spirit; Miracles and Human Nature; Miracles and Pneumatology; the Spirit and the Old Testament; the Old Testament and the New; the Spirit; Jesus and the Spirit; Jesus and Resurrection; the Church and the Spirit. 12mo., 500 pp. Cloth 10s. 6d.

ALLAN KARDEC'S "SPIRITS' BOOK" (Blackwell), 7s. 6d.

THE SOUL OF THINGS, by William Denton. In this extraordinary book the author, who is a Professor of Geology in America, employed clairvoyants to reveal to him by vision events connected with the early history of geological specimens; these sensitive thus saw the Mastodon and other extinct animals as if living and moving before them; they likewise saw the scenes by which these prehistoric animals were surrounded. The author also sent his clairvoyants to examine portions of different planets, and they gave descriptions of the inhabitants, physical geography, and vegetation of each. The book is illustrated with numerous engravings, drawn by the sensitive as the visions passed before their eyes. The substance of a review of this book in "The Spiritualist" was to the effect that there is no doubt as to the integrity of the author, who also possesses sufficient intelligence to select clairvoyants who would not cheat him. The question as to the reliability of the narratives therefore narrows itself down to the question of the reliability of clairvoyance, which, when employed to gain information about distant places on earth, has been found sometimes to give accurate results and sometimes inaccurate results. The review further expresses the opinion that if ever interplanetary communication should be established, it will be by means of clairvoyance or some other of the latent and little understood spiritual powers in man. Three Vols. 24s.; or 8s. per single volume.

POEMS OF THE INNER LIFE. Given by Spirits through the mediumship of Lizzie Doten. The accusation is sometimes made by disbelievers that spirit messages are of a trumpery character, but these beautiful poems give evidence that all spirit utterances are not so. "The Prophecy of Yala," published in this book, and professedly given by the Spirit of Edgar Allan Poe, is better than any which that poet wrote during the whole of his life on earth. Best edition, gilt, 10s. 6d.; cheap edition, 7s. 6d.

POEMS OF PROGRESS. Given by spirits through the mediumship of Lizzie Doten. This, like the preceding work, is a collection of beautiful poems. 7s. 6d.

PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD, by Col. H. S. Olcott. Profusely illustrated. This book is dedicated to Mr. William Crookes and Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace. The author is a literary gentleman of high standing in New York, and the book consists of descriptions of seances at which materialised spirits appeared under test conditions, in the presence of the author and other witnesses. Pictures of the Eddy Brothers, their homestead, and the phenomena presented at their seances, are included in the work. 12s. 6d.

NATTY, A SPIRIT; HIS PORTRAIT AND HIS LIFE, by Allan Putnam. 4s.

BIBLE MARVEL-WORKERS, AND THE POWER WHICH HELPED THEM TO PERFORM MIGHTY WORKS, by Allan Putnam. 6s.

PSALMS OF LIFE. A collection containing 150 pieces of music, and 550 Spiritual hymns, compiled by John S. Adams. 6s.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST, by Washington A. Danskin, 4s. 6d.

POEMS BY ACHSA W. SPRAGUE, for many years a public trance speaker on Spiritual Philosophy. 5s.

THE FUTURE LIFE, as described by Mrs. Elizabeth Sweet, with an introduction by Judge Edmonds. 7s. 6d.

THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE, given inspirationally through the mediumship of Mrs. Maria M. King. 7s. 6d.

THE ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY OF PHYSICAL MAN SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED, by Hudson Tuttle. This book argues that man is contemporary with the Mastodon, and details the history of his subsequent development. 7s. 6d.

THE IRRECONCILABLE RECORDS; OR, GENESIS AND GEOLOGY, by William Denton. 3s.

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