

# The Christian Spiritualist

"Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone—that in all things He might have the pre-eminence."

ST. PAUL.

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Vol. 3. No. 11. NOVEMBER, 1873. Price 2d.

## "THAT'S EXACTLY HOW ITS DONE!"

THE *Morning Advertiser* for October 6 calls our attention to an article, entitled *A Spiritualistic Séance*, which appears in the *New Quarterly Magazine*, the first number of which has just been issued, price half a crown, by the well known publishing house of Ward, Lock, and Tyler. The *Morning Advertiser* says: "*A Spiritualistic Séance* is another really clever attempt at exposing the presumed charlatanism of Spiritualism, which doubtlessly will be answered in due course by the Rev. F. R. Young, the Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*." But for this direct challenge we should have taken no notice whatever of the article in question, and we do so now chiefly to acknowledge the courtesy which has called our individual attention to the matter.

We cheerfully bear witness to the marked ability shown by the writer in his (or her?) narrative; and although we cannot help thinking that he himself must have seen the shallowness of his own argument, yet the details with which he amuses his readers are very skilfully told out; and one who is utterly ignorant of what Spiritualists have to say for themselves, or who has never seen any so-called Spiritualistic phenomena, may perhaps be deceived into believing what the writer of this article certainly would wish him to believe.

The article gives a most elaborate account of certain phenomena, many of which, before you get the true explanation, seem to bear upon their faces a Spiritualistic origin. For what was actually done, and for the mechanical and other means resorted to for producing the phenomena, we refer our readers to the article itself. At the conclusion of the sitting, a Dr. C., "who in his

capacity of physician and man of science is in the habit of carefully noting and correctly recording natural phenomena of all sorts, was requested to draw up a statement of the manifestations which occurred. This Dr. C. very kindly consented to do." Then follows Dr. C.'s narrative, which ends with the following words:—"At Mr. F. X.'s request, I have drawn up this account, and my relation of the occurrences is fully corroborated by the rest of the persons present. I draw no conclusions, and I make no reflections; but I desire to express my certain opinion that whatever of collusion and imposture has been practiced elsewhere, and I fully believe in such practices, was in this case not practised."

Alas for Dr. C.! From this point of the article there begins an account of the machinery and scientific methods used to produce all the phenomena named in Dr. C.'s narrative. We cannot afford the space to tell our readers *what* was done or *how* it was done: for these particulars we refer them to the magazine itself. But does the writer of this article seriously believe, now that he has given us this elaborate history, that he has both explained and exposed Modern Spiritualism? We know quite as well as he does that by the aid of confederates, machinery, sleight of hand, and other appliances, phenomena may be produced so extremely like real Spiritualistic phenomena as to deceive practised eyes, intelligent students, and experienced believers. What the writer of this article has to do is, not to show that spiritualistic manifestations may be simulated, for, unfortunately, that supposition is too often an accomplished fact; but to do, without his confederates and elaborate and expensive machinery, what has been done and is continually being



done in connection with Spiritualists themselves, without any such aids. Dr. Lynn, Herr Döbler, Maskelyne and Cooke, and others in the same profession, can imitate many of the Spiritualistic phenomena, but they do not pretend to be able to produce those phenomena apart from their machinery and the general appliances they use at their entertainments, whereas what we Spiritualists declare, and are able to prove, is that phenomena are continually occurring in connection with ourselves, not only apart from the use of any machinery or confederates, but of such a kind as refuses to be explained by any other than the supernatural hypothesis. We *know*, just as we know that we are ourselves and not somebody else; we know, just as surely as that our consciousness of identity is continuous, or that two and two are four, that we have seen, and conversed with disembodied spirits, and that they have revealed their existence and activity in so many and such demonstrable modes as to leave us no option but to be Spiritualists. We are willing to admit, nay, more, we are careful to contend for the presence in the movement of Spiritualism of a large amount of conscious deception; but just as we know that there are genuine sovereigns, although here and there a few counterfeit ones turn up now and again, so do we know that there are genuine spirit manifestations, in spite of the ability of Mr. F. X. to produce, at great trouble and still greater expense, imitations of them. And this is really all we have to say, or can be called upon to say by way of answer to the article to which our attention has been called. If 500 such narratives were written, and their truth vouched for, they would not in the least degree invalidate the position we take; and if any man can be led by the article in *The New Quarterly Magazine* to believe that Modern Spiritualism is a huge imposture, he is perfectly at liberty to do so. We could only in such a case regret his defective logic, and the easy way in which he had been imposed upon.

## SWEDENBORG THE SEER.

No. 9.

### THE WORD.

IF God be the one moving source of all things, then man but appears to himself to be while God alone really is. The great problem of creation thus becomes, on this theory (as we have seen) to give man that seeming life he possesses. The great problem of creation has been, and is (on this theory) to make man act *as* of himself, think, see, feel, *as* of himself; believe that the trees have stems, branches, leaves, bark, fibres, and power of absorbing moisture from the ground, and of converting the brown earth into the green leaf, all as if it *really*

was, while it is only thus to man. Or, in other words, the great problem of creation has been and is, to create a creature with the faith and belief which man has. The problem has not been to create a mere creature with head, arms, body and legs, who walks erect with green grass under foot and sunshine over head, but to create a creature who thinks, feels and believes, as man thinks, feels and believes. Now faith and belief is created through speech, audible or silent. It is the *language* in creation which gives man his faith and belief; the audible language of birds, beasts, fishes, trees and rain; the silent language of clouds, stars and sun; the chorus of creation within and without. The food the earth produces and the fire cooks, feeds the body; but the Divine voice in the food and in the fire feeds the man. Hence the potency of the *WORD* in the work of creation. Hence that pregnant utterance of the trumpet of God, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made. In Him was life; and the life was the light of men." If, then, when arguing from this world to the other, we conclude that we shall there find scenery and a world like our own, *only more spiritual*, we must assuredly also conclude that the spoken language of creation will there become more directly audible; the dream and its interpretation be found more immediately side by side.

Let us then consult our historian and check the truth of his narrative by our conclusion; and first we read True Christian Religion, 78: "The next day an angel came to me and said . . . I will now show you how all kinds of animals and vegetables were produced by God. And he led me away to a wide green plain, and said: Look around. And I looked around, and saw birds of most beautiful colors, some flying, some sitting upon the trees, and some scattered over the plain plucking little leaves from the roses. Among the birds were doves and swans. After these had disappeared from my sight, I saw not far from me flocks of sheep with lambs, of kids and she goats; and round about these I saw herds of cows and calves, also of camels and mules, and in a certain grove deer with high horns, and also unicorns. After these things had been seen the Angel said: 'Turn your face towards the east.' And I saw a garden containing fruit trees, and orange trees . . . toward the south I saw fields of grain, wheat, millet, barley . . . toward the north I saw groves filled with chestnut trees and palms. . . . Then the Angel said: 'All these things that you have seen are correspondences of the affections of the

Angels who are near.' And they told me to what affection each particular thing corresponded; and moreover that not these only, but also every other thing which presented itself to our sight, were correspondences; as houses, their furniture, tables and food, clothing, and even gold and silver coins, as also diamonds and other precious stones, with which wives and virgins in Heaven are adorned. The angels said: 'We perceive from all these things the character of every person as to love and wisdom . . . . God is Love itself and Wisdom itself: the affections of His Love are infinite, and the perceptions of His Wisdom are infinite; and everything and all things which appear on earth are correspondences of them. . . . The difference [between our world and your world] is that in our world such things are created in a moment by God according to the affections of the Angels; but in your world they were similarly created in the beginning; while it was provided that they should be perpetually renewed by propagation one from another, and that so creation might be continued.'

"After this we talked about various matters, and at length about hell, remarking . . . . 'that in their deserts appear birds of night, such as bats and owls, and also wolves, leopards, tigers, rats and mice; also all kinds of venomous serpents, dragons, and crocodiles; and where there is anything herbaceous, there grow brambles, nettles, thorns, and thistles, and some poisonous herbs, which at times disappear; and then nothing appears but heaps of stones and marshes in which frogs croak. All of these things are correspondences of the loves and affections of those in hell, which are the cupidities of evil.' And again Heaven and Hell 488: 'All those who are in evil, and have confirmed themselves in falses against the truths of the Church, and especially those who have rejected the Word, shun the light of Heaven, and plunge into places underground, which appear, from without, to be very dark, and into clefts of rocks where they hide themselves. . . . It is delightful to them to inhabit such places and undelightful to them to dwell in the open fields. Others also who take delight in clandestine and insidious purposes . . . . inhabit vaults and subterranean chambers so dark that they cannot even see one another, and there they whisper in each others' ears in corners. Again, they who study the sciences [only in order] to acquire the reputation of learning . . . . love sandy places. . . . They who are learned in the doctrinals of their own Church, and of others, but who do not apply them to life, choose rocky places, and dwell there among heaps of stones, shunning cultivated regions because they dislike them. . . . They who apply divine truths to promote their own loves,

and thus falsify them, love nasty places and scents. . . . They who are sordidly avaricious dwell in cellars, and love the filth of swine, and such indorous exhalations as proceed from undigested substances in the stomach. They who pass their lives in mere pleasure, living delicately, and indulging in the pleasures of the table, so as to account them the highest good of life, love and delight in dunghills in the other life, because mere pleasures are spiritual filth." Again, 489: "They who love divine truths and the Word from interior affection or from the affection of truth itself, dwell in the other life in light, in elevated places, which appear like mountains, bright with the continual glory of Heaven; nor have they any idea of darkness like that of night in the world. The climate in which they live is spring-like, while fields and vineyards adorn the prospect and harvests wave before them. Everything in their houses is refulgent as if made of precious stones, and when they look through the windows it is like looking through pure crystal. . . . They who apply the doctrinals of the Church derived from the Word immediately to life, dwell in the inmost Heaven, and excel all other in the delight of wisdom; for in everything which they see they behold things Divine. They indeed see the objects, but Divine things corresponding to them flow immediately into their minds, and fill them with a blessedness which pervades every sense, while all things seem to laugh and sport and live. They who love the sciences and cultivate their rational principle by means of them, and who thus acquire intelligence, joined to the acknowledgment of a Divine Being . . . . dwell in gardens, ornamented with beds of flowers, and lawns arranged in beautiful compartments, surrounded by rows of trees which form piazzas and walks. The trees and flowers vary every day, and while the entire view excites general delights, the varieties of every particular continually renew them [and through the science of correspondencies replenish these scientific angels] with new knowledges, which perfect their spiritual rational principle. . . . They who ascribe all things to the Divine, and regard nature as being respectively dead, or but the servant of things spiritual . . . . dwell in Heavenly light, which renders everything before their eyes transparent, and in that transparency they behold innumerable variegations of light, which their internal sight, as it were, imbibes immediately with a perception of interior delights. The furniture of their houses appears to be composed of diamonds. . . . They who do not deal clandestinely, but wish all their thoughts to be known, as far as is consistent with the duties of civil life . . . . appear in Heaven with countenances of shining



light, in which every affection and every thought are imaged. . . . Hence they are loved more than others. When they speak, their faces assume a slight degree of obscurity, but when they have done speaking the whole series of their discourse appears in the face simultaneously. Everything around them also assumes such an appearance. . . . When spirits who delight in clandestine dealings see these ingenuous ones at a distance, they shun them, and appear to themselves to creep away like serpents. They who regard adulteries as detestably wicked, and live in the chaste love of marriage, are above all others in the order and form of Heaven after death. Their beauty is, consequently, surpassing, and the flower of their youth endures for ever. The delights of their love are ineffable and they increase through eternity . . . because that love descends from the conjunction of the Lord with Heaven and the Church." And 270: "The wisdom of the angels of the inmost Heaven consists principally in this, that they see Divine and Heavenly things in every object, and wonderful things in a series of objects; . . . when they see palaces and gardens their view does not close in the objects themselves, but they see also, the interior things from which they originate. . . . Thus they behold innumerable things at once in regular order and connexion, which affect their minds with such delight that they seem to be carried out of themselves."

In such an outer world as is here described, the voice within will assuredly find all the expression—all the speech—in the world without, which our conclusions lead us to expect. The world without is indeed described as created directly and at once, from the world within; its very voice and expression—its spoken and well understood Word, and the wisdom of the angels is declared to consist in their ability to read this Word, and their delight in the joy the reading gives. The evil and insane whom our Observer describes, love, seek, and find appropriate surroundings; the good and wise are envired by the outward beauty and brightness which are the true expression of goodness and wisdom.

And now, turning to Heaven and Hell 457, et seq: we find the very changes referred to by the occurrence of which the spiritual man passes hereafter from his dim earthly expression in countenance and gesture, to a perfect Word telling of the inner man. "When the spirit of a man first enters the world of spirits—which takes place a short time after his resuscitation, he retains the countenance and tone of voice he had in the world . . . afterwards the countenance is changed assuming the likeness of [the man's] ruling affection or love. . . .

I have seen some spirits shortly after their arrival from the world, and knew them by their face and speech, but I did not know them afterwards when I saw them again. They who were principled in good affections appeared then with beautiful countenances; but the faces of those who were in evil affections were deformed. . . . In the other life no one is allowed to put on the semblance of affections which are not properly his own. . . . The faces of hypocrites are changed more slowly than those of other spirits, because the practice of dissimulation induces a habit of composing the interiors so as to imitate good affections; and, therefore, they appear for a long time not unbeautiful; but . . . they eventually become more deformed than others. . . . The human form of every man after death is beautiful in proportion as his love of Divine truths is interior. . . . The angels of the inmost Heaven are consequently most beautiful. . . . I have seen the faces of angels of the third Heaven, which were so beautiful, that no painter, with the utmost power of art, could depict even a thousandth part of the brightness of their light and life; but the faces of the angels of the lowest Heaven may, in some measure, be adequately depicted." Even the inner man himself Swendenborg states (Heaven and Hell, 481), is at times seen hereafter, telling the tale of his own nature still more clearly: "When their thoughts and affections are looked into, the interiors of those who are in Heavenly love appear light—in some cases like flaming light, and their exteriors appear of various beautiful colours, like rainbows; but the interiors of those who are in corporeal love appear black, because they are closed, and in some cases they have a dusky fiery appearance. Such spirits are interiorly malignantly deceitful; and their exteriors appear of hideous and melancholy colours. The interiors and exteriors, which are of the rational and natural minds, are visible in the Spiritual World whenever the Lord pleases."

The garments worn are also vocal (Conjugal Love, 355): "On a time as I was looking into the Spiritual World, I saw in a certain green field some men, whose garments were like those worn by men of this world; from which circumstance I knew that they were lately deceased." In more mature spiritual life garments tell their tale also without subterfuge or disguise. We thus read, Heaven and Hell, 181: "The garments of the angels really are garments, for they not only see them but feel them, and have many changes . . . They told me they obtained them 'from the Lord,' and that they receive them as gifts, and they are sometimes clothed without knowing how. They also said their garments are changed

according to the changes of their state ; that in their first or second states they are a clear, shining white, and in the third and fourth states they are more dim ; and this also is from correspondence, because their changes of state are changes as to intelligence and wisdom." And again, True Christian Religion, 663: "It is peculiar to the Spiritual World that a spirit thinks himself to be such as his clothing would indicate ; this is because the understanding there clothes every one." The language spoken, however, varies in the other world, as also in this world, according to the surrounding circumstances. The evil appear human to themselves till goodness and wisdom approaching reveal their deformity. We thus read Heaven and Hell, 131: "The infernals appear among each other as men, but—most wonderful!—in the light of Heaven they appear as monsters with horrible bodies, the exact forms of their own evils. It is the same with man as to his spirit, when seen by angels. If he is good he appears a man, beautiful according to his good ; if evil, he appears a monster deformed according to his evil."

The language of the other world is, we must expect, universal ; that it is at least expressed in odours as well as sights and sounds, Swedenborg declares, "True Christian Religion," 569: "Every love in man exhales a delight by which it makes itself perceived ; . . . after death man has a full perception of them, and what is wonderful sometimes as odours. . . . The odours into which the delights of love are turned in Heaven, are all felt like the fragrances, sweet smells, pleasant exhalations, and delicious perceptions which arise from gardens, flower beds, fields, and forests in the mornings in spring ; but the odours into which the delights of the loves of those in hell are turned in Heaven, are felt like the pungent, fetid or putrid smells that arise from sinks, dead bodies, and ponds full of rubbish and ordure ; and what is wonderful the devils and satans there perceive them as balsams, aromatics, and frankincense, refreshing their nostrils and hearts." If then, in arguing from this world to the next, our reason guides us rightly, we must expect that world to be a WORD of God telling the tale of the spirit in sight, sound, and smell ; and surely, I may say, the world Swedenborg describes satisfies this expectation perfectly ; while the narrative he gives is full of little incidents which make it truly appear that which he describes it, "A relation of things heard and seen."

To this subject I shall, however, return in my next and concluding paper.

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## MR. YOUNG'S FIRST VISIT TO THE REV. F. W. MONCK, OF BRISTOL.

AT the National Conference of Spiritualists recently held at Liverpool, the Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist* (the Rev. F. R. Young), gave some account of *phenomena* occurring in connection with himself and Mr. Monck. That account was given from memory, and was necessarily imperfect ; besides which, it has since been found that some of the particulars were not exactly correct. To supply deficiencies and correct mistakes, the following account is here substituted. This account was written the very day following Mr. Young's return from Bristol, and when the whole of the facts were fresh in his memory.

On June 20, 1872, Mr. Young received a letter from Mr. Monck, in which it was said : "I will meet you on the platform. I feel quite sure I could pick you out of a crowd of a thousand, our friends the spirits having given me a vivid sketch of you." On the following Tuesday, June 25, Mr. Young went to Bristol. The following particulars are taken from the account written immediately on his return home :

"As Mr. Monck had mistaken the time of the train's arrival, he did not meet me at the Bristol station. I, therefore, hired a cab to take me to his residence, New Walls Road, Totterdown. On going in that direction, there were several cabs and other conveyances doing the same thing ; but half-way between point and point, Mr. Monck and another gentleman were coming down the hill, and instantly as my cab neared them Mr. Monck broke away from his friend, and, darting into the middle of the road, stopped my cab, saying, 'How do you do, Mr. Young ?' I said, 'How do you do, Mr. Monck, for it can be no one else.' Mr. Monck responded, 'Some one touched me on the shoulder the moment you turned yonder corner, and I was physically impelled to your cab.' He then jumped in with me, and knocks were instantly heard on the cab door. We had not been in his sitting-room many minutes, before the unmistakeable spirit raps began to be heard in different parts of the room. Many of them were in response to portions of our conversation, and at one time, when I was more than usually animated, the raps had all the animation which would naturally belong to the expressions of a human being. Mr. Monck said that he saw dim, shadowy figures floating about the room, some of them standing beside me, and some at the back of my chair. Evidently he saw my deceased father, who died in May, 1852, but of whom Mr. Monck knew positively nothing whatever. The figure he saw was described, and tallied in every particular with my father's

*physique*, which was a peculiar one, owing partly to an accident late in life. In the course of our conversation Mr. Monck related many striking *phenomena* which had occurred to him, but the recital of which need not here be given. (I may just say, by way of parenthesis, that Mr. Monck has a relative living with him, named Rollings, who is a medium; and that the familiar, or guardian spirit of Mr. Monck is called 'Sam,' known to both parties while in earth life as an uneducated, but very earnest and good, Baptist preacher). After tea Mr. Monck and I went to his place of worship, Union Chapel, Totterdown, when I preached for him from 17 Luke, 5v., "And the disciples said unto the Lord, increase our faith." After service, Mr. Bradshaw, the congregational treasurer, joined us at supper. Mr. Bradshaw is a Swedenborgian. He listened with evident interest to some of my expositions of Spiritualism, and we parted with mutual congratulations on our having met. He appears to be a thoroughly worthy man, who has, I am told, always proved his faith by his works. After his departure, Mr. Monck suggested that we should have a quiet sitting, and see if Sam would come, and keep his promise to do several things, especially for my sake. To this I assented. Presently the raps became very loud and frequent, giving us the impression that Sam was rather impatient. I asked, 'Are you here, Sam, and if so do you wish to show us something of your power?' The questions were answered firmly and intelligently. There was a table in the centre of the room—a heavy, unwieldy, old fashioned piece of furniture, without castors, and only moved by being pushed violently. Mr. Monck put his hand on one corner of the table, when the table moved in different directions, at once and frequently. He then put the tips of his fingers on this table, and asked Sam to move it, when it was moved still more decidedly. There were glasses and other articles on the table. At one time the top of the table was moved separately from the frame, and to such an extent that we thought it must overbalance, and shoot everything off the table. But it did not do so, although it was kept only on the very verge of safety. The movements of the table were varied in almost every possible way, and in such forms as to satisfy me entirely that no human agency was at work. I was then suddenly impressed to ask for spirit lights. At the same time, and merely as a coincidence, Mr. Rollings went to bed. The candles were then put out, and in a minute or two a large number of spirit lights were seen dancing about the room, and lighting on all sorts of places. Neither of us moved a single inch from the position we had taken when the candles were extinguished. The lights appeared,

in any places where I asked for them, and were bright or dim according to my wish. I now took an ordinary wine glass, which had been on the table during supper time, and filled it with sherry out of a decanter standing on the table. I then fastened a string round the bottom of the stem of the glass. Then I placed the glass on the floor, between Mr. Monck's feet, he taking off his slippers, and putting his feet on the foot of the glass. If the glass had moved in the slightest degree I must have known it, for I held the string tightly so that I might know in an instant if the glass were being tampered with. Having satisfied myself that the wine was in the glass, the glass on the floor, Mr. Monck's feet on the foot of the glass, and that I held the string quite tightly, I blew out the candles, and asked Sam to reduce the quantity of the liquid in the glass, or empty it, as it might please him. In about a minute, certainly not more, and while I kept the string stretched at full tension, and my ears were in an acutely sensitive state, Mr. Monck said, 'Someone has opened my mouth and the sherry is going down my throat,' adding, soon after, 'I must have drunk it all.' At the same instant that these last words were spoken the tension of the string was suddenly, and by no act of mine, relaxed, and the glass came violently and quickly to my feet. In a moment I lighted the candles, and took up the glass, in which there were perhaps ten drops, but all the rest had gone, and not a single drop was spilt anywhere. Knowing that Mr. Monck had taken a glass of whiskey and water after supper, I asked him to allow me to smell his breath. I did so, and it smelt unmistakeably of sherry wine. We again extinguished the candle, and saw spirit lights floating about as numerous and vividly as before. Feeling somewhat tired I lay down on a sofa in the room, at full length, on my back, with my arms under my head, and looked about the room, watching the spirit-lights as they made their appearance. Mr. Monck was sitting close to me, and perfectly still. On the other side of the room was a tobacco pot, with a leaden top to it. In a moment, and without any warning, the top of the tobacco pot was thrown at me, hitting the cap of my left knee violently, and with force enough to have broken it. Now considering the direction in which this lid came, and its velocity, it would naturally, after striking me, have buried itself in the sofa, instead of which it seemed to reverse itself, and dart under the table, resting there with its flat surface downwards. Immediately I jumped up from off the sofa, and lighted the candles, when to my extreme surprise the tobacco pot itself was seen balanced on Mr. Monck's head, but balanced on its edge! It was now an hour and half past midnight, and Mr. Monck and I went



to bed. There were two beds in the room, Mr. Monck sleeping in one, and Mr. Rollings and I in the other. The space between the two beds would be some three or four feet. We kept a light burning until it was broad daylight; and when everything could be seen perfectly distinctly by natural light. We had not been in bed many minutes before one of the pieces of chamber ware was moved away from the washing stand, and put by the side of Mr. Monck's bed, for no reason that we could see. Very soon after, Mr. Monck's waistcoat and trousers, lying on a chair on one side of his bed, were disturbed, and the trousers taken and held upside down by invisible hands, when every one of the contents of the pocket emptied themselves out on to the floor. One of the knobs of my bedstead was screwed off, and Mr. Monck's nose rubbed with it. At this juncture, and in the twinkling of an eye, the whole of Mr. Monck's top bedclothes were taken off, whipped up into the form of a ball, and thrown out into the centre of the room. Mr. Monck jumped out of bed, untwisted them, and put them on to the bed again. About five minutes after, the bolster upon which Mr. Monck's pillow rested was taken right from under him, and thrown on to the floor, followed after he had replaced it by the pillow being treated in the same fashion. During the whole of the *phenomena* which took place in the bedroom, I was sitting up in the bed, and leaning against the wall, for the purpose of observing what actually occurred, and of testing what I saw. At one time in the course of the night Mr. Rollings said, 'Sam, please to move our bed out from the wall.' (Mr. Rollings and I were lying on the same bed, it will be remembered). In a moment, the bed was moved away from the wall about a foot. I instantly said, 'A queer position for a bed, Sam might have put it rather more squarely;' on which the bed was instantly put in a perfectly square position. So we remained for perhaps an hour, hearing raps, whispers, and the rustling of dresses, and seeing spirit lights; and Mr. Monck every now and again telling us that he saw clear outlines of human forms. At last I said, 'Mr. Rollings, would you kindly ask Sam to put our bed right again?' The request was made, and the bed was at once re-adjusted, far more quickly than human hands could possibly have done it. The bed on which Mr. Monck was lying was several times moved about in an eccentric fashion, and his body lifted up right off his bed, turned round and round, and then flung so that the upper part of the body might rest on our bed. Mr. Rollings then asked Sam to sing a little, when there were rapped out, as if with the end of a dry stiff rope, the tunes of 'Cheer boys cheer,' and 'Pop goes the weasel.' The notes were very distinct, and formed

a tolerably decent accompaniment. About six o'clock in the morning the *phenomena* subsided, but there was no sleep for me or Mr. Rollings. Mr. Monck, however, was suddenly sent into a profound sleep, which lasted until between 9 and 10 o'clock. After breakfast Mr. Monck and I went to Clifton, and saw Mr. John Beattie, whom I had known 24 years ago, and who showed us three series of Spirit Photographs, produced as he told us in a circle composed of men of unquestioned position and high literary character, living in Clifton and Bristol. While there, Mr. Monck incidentally told me he had been informed by his Guardian Spirit, Sam, that my letters to him were not written by myself, but by a lady, a member of my family, whom we all called 'Daisy,' and who acted as my secretary. So ended, as far as Spiritualistic experiences are concerned, my first interview with and visit to the Rev. F. W. Monck."

Our readers will be so kind as to accept this amended, and more correct, report of what actually took place on the occasion of Mr. Young's first seeing Mr. Monck. It need scarcely be said that Mr. Young pledges his sacred honour to the truth of all that is here stated, and that he is quite willing to abide by any consequences that may result from the publication of these details. The public can now judge how far the engraving in the *Illustrated Police News*, of August 30, is correct. Spiritualists, and especially mediums, must always be liable to have the recital of their experiences placed in comic lights; but the liability ought not to induce them to withhold what they know, for all well accredited accounts only serve to spread and confirm our faith in the supernatural.

### WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

"He never did lack advice so much."

—*All's Well, &c.*

**H**UNGER and a strong craving, but without means or food to appease them, and an abundance without an appetite to relish it, are all bad in their way, but perhaps the former are the most distressing and formidable, and would receive the most sympathy from the world; since a little temperance and fasting in the one case might soon effect a remedy, whereas in the other an antidote seems remote since it hangs upon a positive possession, and not on a negative absence. "What's to be done," then, where faith is stronger than the judgment, or credulity is greater than the evidence; or where no clue or reasonable manifestation appears to dispel doubt, and to feed hope and expectation? The man who lost his head, because he proclaimed in the East what he had often seen and felt in the North—and that merely the simple and well known fact of frozen rivers and duck ponds, and sliders and skaters upon them—might not seem more wild or extraordinary than if we announced frequently what passes under observation at the Cape, namely, snow on the distant mountains during an English harvest, and the "dog-days" here when the "cat's ice" and hail storms are prevalent at Swindon, Wilts. We should not have far to travel without being able to find sheep with tails weighing from five to twenty pounds, and a

picture wherein is seen a man wheeling a barrow with one of these monstrous caudal appendages in it, and the owner of it panting on before. Nor should this be deemed an exaggeration, since "Herodotus," in his description of Arabia, gives a wood cut of a "Large-tailed Sheep-ram," with his heavy tail carried by himself harnessed to a small car or carriage (see "Cassell's Historical Educator," page 145). By looking round we might also find—where weeping willows are drooping over the water—many nests hanging pendant from the lowermost twigs; but with the entrance upwards, and the chambers turning downwards within, thus securing both eggs and the callow ones. We should find also many birds without song, and flowers without scent (because the heat has silenced and absorbed them); sable men and women shuffling and clattering along a hot and dusty road in wooden clogs, secured to their feet by a wooden button between the fourth and fifth toes; muslin shawls round Malay and male shoulders, peeping through their arm holes; and straw hats conical shape like a bee-hive or inverted funnel tipped with colored velvet, and secured from south-east winds by long ribbons held in the hand. There goes a Cape Venus to a wedding adorned in gossamer finery; but she wears white satin shoes without stockings, and a strange contrast is visible, looking like misery and vanity, or poverty and superfluity. Her head is shining and conspicuous, being adorned with heavy coils of black hair, redolent of cocoa-nut oil, or sheep's tail fat (which melts and shines in the sun) and a gilded arrow is thrust through it, resembling a fillet of veal ready to be served up, only of another shade.

Descending in the scale of humanity, and marking strange customs, and the force of habit, we perceive Coolies and Hottentots open little tin snuff boxes, and thrusting in a forefinger, bringing it out well charged, rubbing it round the mouth and gums, instead of its ordinary receptacle, the nose. And where a dram is requisite to be shared (in occasional instances, and glasses are scarce) mouths are joined, and an equal division insured.

But why, it may be asked, are such incongruous and strange matters introduced in a "Christian Spiritualist" magazine? Merely to show if such few trifling points of natural history—selected at random from hundreds of others more startling and uncommon—should foster scepticism or create a doubt at a distance or in the North, what must those marvellous accounts of Modern Spiritualism (wherein truths are said to be told when speaking of stout ladies and gentlemen being carried through ceilings and windows, and from a distance without visible causes, writing without hands, and music without performers) produce in the South?

"What's to be done," then, to insure belief, to pluck a hateful doubt from the mind, where *mediums* are more rare than "Queen Anne Farthings," and where physical or mental manifestations are unknown, and unheard of?—where "Union" is *not* "strength," for lack of willing amalgamation, and where "distance" does *not* "lend enchantment to the view," because it is removed from the senses altogether, and "out of humanity's reach"—at least African. And here we may repeat the "Steward's" letter read to the Countess in "All's Well that Ends Well,"—and quoted at the head of these lines. "We never did lack advice so much" as at the present moment, or wonder "what's to be done?" Is climate always character? Does that heat which silences the birds, and evaporates the perfume from "the sweet scented scabious," keep back the presence of "the shining ones" and repel their visits? Or does the fault or obstruction lie in the recipient stripped of reflex power, or wanting in that odd *Old* that immortals weave into a garment, and so render themselves visible? Not his own maker either in mind or envelope, brain or bone, or capable of changing "the skyey influences," and yet conscious of a particular Providence as well as a general one, "What's to be done" when man can make no sign and yet is not lacking in

credulity? Is he to rest satisfied with the "Laws of Permission" and interpret them against himself, believing that to some spiritual gifts are given the lacking faith or gratitude? Or is he to hope against hope, and fish in a well, when he perceives there is nothing in it, and can clearly see the bottom—so far as his licence and limits extend?

"What's to be done?" If there be no royal road to some domains and countries, are there no short cuts, or finger posts erected by stumblers and once bewildered ones that may prove safeguards to the "Delectable Mountains" and help an old traveller over the stiles to "Spirit Land?"

W. L. SAMMONS.

Cape Town, South Africa.

## THE IMPROMPTU MESMERIST.

ONCE and only did I try to effect a cure by mesmerism. I had never supposed that I possessed much mesmeric power, nor do I now imagine that I have; but on one particular occasion I felt a strong impulse to attempt a cure by mesmeric action. I believe this impulse was originated by good spirits, and that they through me worked and effected the cure. The occasion was this. Some years ago Mrs. Howitt and myself thought we would go down to Aldborough, on the Suffolk coast, simply because it was the birthplace of Crabbe the poet, and the scene of his poem "The Borough;" as well as the surrounding country and coast being in a manner photographed in his verses. We had no idea that the old fishing town had become quite a little fashionable watering-place; but such we found it, a great resort of Londoners especially. Numbers of London lawyers we discovered had houses there, and went down regularly every year, amongst these Sir Roundell Palmer. We found already there our old friend Mrs. de Morgan with her family. She had already excited quite a stir about Spiritualism. Numbers of people were flocking to her out of curiosity if nothing more; and of course we immediately became involved in the proceedings. There were as usual, when this grand subject of wonder, sarcasm and abuse drops down into a fresh place, some curious exhibitions of character, and curious motives of action developed. One fine fellow, a surgeon, was very eager to get at the bottom of the mystery. Why? Because he had an idea of making money by brick-making on a large scale, and hoped the spirits would tell him beforehand whether he should succeed in his speculation. I told him that if those were his best reasons I should not condescend to sit with him, on which he manifested much astonishment; and on a clergyman coming into the place who banned the thing lustily as the devil's very school of necromancy and blasphemy, the worthy surgeon, who began with hope of much profit from bricks, speedily ended with flinging stones and showing a most righteous disgust at the abomination of brickyard desolation. Another medical man, the late worthy Dr. Milburne, showed a real and noble nature. The moment he sat down to the *sténce* with his daughter, there was given through the indicator what had not been said of any of the rest "Here you have true enquirers." Dr. Milburne became a genuine believer, a strong medium, and maintained, shall I say his faith? No, his knowledge, which went on increasing till death suddenly translated him into the midst of the immortals, who, from the hour when Mrs. de Morgan introduced him to them, were his staunch friends and guides, rendering him utterly regardless of the sneers, witticisms, and wonders of his fellow physicians who could not heal themselves. But this is a preface; now for the story. In our frequent walks up the shore from Aldborough we passed the fishing village of Thorpe, about a mile and half from the town. There we frequently saw a whole family come out to meet a fisherman as he came in with his boat. The fisherman was a tall, amiable looking man of the name of



Alexander. He had medals and certificates from the Humane Society for saving people in wrecks on that coast. His family consisted of his mother, his wife, a daughter of about sixteen, and some lesser children, the least a stout, handsome, healthy boy of perhaps two years old. We were interested in the family affection that evidently prevailed in this group, and the activity displayed by them all in receiving the fish from the boat and making it ready for market. We often stopped to talk to them. One day about noon as we were returning from our walk, we saw Alexander alone about to put out his boat, but he looked pale and woe-begone. We asked if he were ill. He said no; but that the little boy whom we have often noticed admiringly was dying.

"Impossible!" we said, "a child so healthy so suddenly to be dying." He said it was too true. The day or day but one before, he had fallen from the dinner table in a fit, had never spoken since, and the doctor said he could not live many hours. We were very much grieved and astonished, and asked whether we might go in and see him. He replied, "By all means." We went in and found the family all sitting round the bed on which the child lay. We expressed our great sympathy and regret to see the poor child so ill, and expressed a hope that he might yet be saved. The grandmother and mother shook their heads, and repeated that the doctor said there was no hope, and that they were praying that he might be released from his suffering.

On observing the child more closely, I saw that his eyes were turned up in his head, the whites only visible; there was a flush on one cheek, he ground his teeth, but there was no fever. I asked to what the doctor attributed his fit. They replied that he had not said what caused it. "But," I observed, "it is clear to me that he is suffering from the difficulty of cutting a double tooth on the side where the flush appeared, and that this was irritating the brain." The grandmother instantly exclaimed, "Why his father nearly lost his life from that cause at about the same age!"

As we were speaking, in came the doctor, who looked at the child, felt his pulse, and without making any remark, was going away. I followed him to the door and said, "Doctor, I hope you will be able to save this child, he is such a nice little fellow." "It is impossible," he replied, "it is altogether hopeless; it is too late," and he went away. On returning into the room, and seeing the lovely little fellow with his sunny cloud of hair about his handsome, innocent face, and the sorrowful group seated round in expectation of his last hour, I felt an intense grief and sympathy for them all, and at the same time an overpowering impulse to try the effect of mesmerism. As I have said, I had never dreamt of such a thing in my life; but now at once I took off my coat, and commenced making passes from the crown of the head down to the child's feet. I observed to the relatives that they would, perhaps, wonder at my proceedings; but the daughter of sixteen said she had been in service in London, and had seen this done there. I continued my exertions, praying inwardly and earnestly that the child might be spared. In about ten minutes his eyes began to return to their natural position; he saw his mother and smiled. "There!" they all said, "he has never done that since he was taken." In a while he ceased to grind his teeth, looked more calm, and at length turned on one side, and with a most natural motion laid his head on one hand. "There!" said the mother, "that is just like himself." "Yes," I added, "I believe we shall now cheat the doctor; but I should be delighted to see him go to sleep; for then I should know that the irritation of the brain had ceased."

After half-an-hour's active continuation of the passes, we left, promising to go up and see him in the evening. As we went out of the town on the way back in the evening we observed, in a confectioner's, grapes, and went and bought some, and some biscuits. On arriving at the cottage, we found the child asleep, and they told us that

he had dropped asleep just as we left the house. We asked them not to disturb him, but let him sleep as long as he would. We were going to leave the next day, but told them we would come up in the morning before leaving, and bade them, if he awoke in the night, to give him some of the fruit or biscuits, both if he liked.

As we went thither in the morning we observed the doctor coming away in his gig, but he was too far off for us to be able to speak to him. He looked, however, so gloomy and sad, that we were afraid he had found the little boy dead. On entering the house all was so still that it added to our forebodings; but the moment we caught sight of the mother's cheerful face, we knew that all was right. They were still because the little boy was still asleep. We found that he awoke in the night, was very hungry, ate some soaked biscuits with evident pleasure, and again fell asleep. We were now confident that he would recover. I mesmerised him again for a quarter of an hour, and finding that the mother could write, I gave her our address, and begged her in ten days to write and inform us how he had continued, for by that time we should be at home. Punctually on the tenth day I received a letter from the mother saying that the child had continued to improve from the time we saw him, and was now to all appearance as well as ever, except that he was rather sooner tired by his play. She expressed the great gratitude they felt for my endeavors on his behalf, and added that the doctor had appeared himself extremely astonished at the turn the child had taken. Whether they had ventured to tell him by what means, I do not know. One thing, however, I do know, that the doctor from his ignorance of, or prejudice against mesmerism, would have let the child die, and I am quite as confidently persuaded that many patients die from medical men sticking fast in their old groves, and not adding to the cycle of their remedies those newer means which magnetic and spiritual science have disclosed. As in opening this narrative, so I close it with the fact so curious to myself, that as never before this very successful operation, so never since have I felt the slightest impulse towards a similar experiment, or the slightest demand of duty in that direction;—to me a decisive proof that the power on this occasion did not exist so much in myself, as it came through and from beyond me, thus demonstrating mesmeric, or if Sergeant Cox will, the psychic force, to be not merely a material, but also a spiritual power.

WILLIAM HOWITT,

Dietenheim, Bruneck, Tyrol.

## NOTES FROM MANCHESTER.

THURSDAY, October 16th.

"Herr Döbler, the Wizard!" Such is the legend which fills line upon line of our newspapers, occupies all the blank spaces on our walls, and looks down at us at all heights from all manner of hoardings. There has been a *dark séance* at the Albion Hotel, and there Herr Döbler has been bamboozling stout aldermen and a crowd of reporters for the Press. "He has done all the tricks of the Davenport Brothers and more," say the papers; "he has exposed the mummery of Spiritualism," they affirm. Especially is the *Free Lance* jubilant—"The *Free Lance*, the watch-dog of the town! "If there had ever been any absolute necessity that the spirit world should be bothered and unsettled, and made once more to visit the glimpses of the moon in order to do feats of jugglery and prestidigitation, their vocation, poor ghosts, must certainly be now gone, since Herr Döbler, the veritable wizard of the world, can perform all these important functions hitherto assigned to them, twice as quickly, thrice as cleverly, and never make the least fuss about it in the world." "There is this great difference between any prominent Spiritualist and Herr Döbler—the former is a humbug, but certainly no conjuror; while the latter is a conjuror, but not the least bit a humbug."

There is the blindness of the mole and the blindness of the owl, one can't see for excess of light, and the other can't see because it has no use for eyes. Which kind of blindness affects the *Free Lance* who shall declare?

But to descend from these heroics. Dr. Sexton's three lectures were, as they deserved to be, the best attended and most remunerative lectures which have yet been delivered in Manchester. The lecturer's varied culture, and splendid abilities, have gained him a wide circle of admirers here, and these, together with his recent change of opinion, combined to secure him good audiences. To say that he was listened to sympathetically would be almost too much. Opposition to Spiritualism is altogether too wide and too deep to allow of the gathering of sympathetic audiences. But that they were powerfully affected by the lecturer's talent, eloquence, and evident earnestness was beyond question. In his more impassioned moments Dr. Sexton was listened to with such a silent and absorbed attention as only eloquence can command, and the play of light and passion, as he appealed alternately to the feelings or to the reason of his hearers was distinctly visible on the faces of the audience. As these lectures have already been very fully reported, I need not refer to the course of Dr. Sexton's arguments, or the nature of his illustrations. They are both of them such as are peculiarly fitted to carry a subject home to the understandings of an audience, and, from some expressions which I afterwards heard, I am led to believe that in this case they induced a good many prepossessions in favor of the subject. There was very little opposition at any of the lectures, and what there was, was remarkably deficient of spirit and vigor. Some of Dr. Sexton's old friends spoke at the third lecture, and feebly hinted that they thought he had gone mad; but beyond that, there was nothing worthy of note, unless a challenge made by the manager of Herr Döbler's entertainment is worthy of that distinction. Dr. Sexton had referred to the Herr and explained the manner in which he did his tricks, ridiculing, at the same time, the wonder which they excited. At the close of the lecture Döbler's manager stated that the tricks were not done in the way stated, and offered to lay a hundred pounds against a similar amount that Dr. Sexton's man could not do the same tricks in the same time.

At his first lecture on Sunday morning there was manifested a disposition to draw out the doctor as to his past and present opinions. The questions were impertinent enough, but they led to a most interesting declaration. *Dr. Sexton affirmed that he was now a Christian, and that he had been led to a belief in Christianity, through the gateway of Spiritualism.* It was the first time he had made that declaration in public; and, as may be supposed, it elicited no small amount of surprise.

Dr. Sexton's visit was the occasion of another interesting addition to the ranks of Spiritualism. Mr. Thomas Ellis was seated on the platform at each of the lectures, and by that means formally avowed himself a Spiritualist. The circumstance was feelingly alluded to by Dr. Sexton, who expressed his pleasure that a man who had so often sat beside him in the other camp should also sit beside him in the camp of Spiritualism. Mr. Ellis's change of opinion has been a serious blow to the Secularists; and, I think, it is likely to be followed by more conversions. If I am not mistaken Mr. Ellis will be the means of infusing that new blood into the Spiritualist movement here of which I spoke in a recent communication.

On Sunday, October 5th, Mrs. Olive held a *séance* in public for the benefit of the Manchester Society of Spiritualists, which has been for a long time in an almost cataleptic condition. Mrs. Olive is a very interesting lady, with a fine head and impressive features. As a private medium I have no doubt that she is more than ordinarily successful, but in public, it must be admitted, that she worse than failed. Her voice would scarcely fill an ordinary drawing-room, and that, combined with her

imperfect articulation, made her *séance* in public annoying to Spiritualists and ludicrous to strangers. There were nearly 300 persons present, and for two hours the place was one scene of disorder; the audience leaping on forms, shouting at the chairman, and being intractable generally. The prevailing impression seemed to be that the *séance* was a pre-arranged piece of "humbug."

A certain Madame Card is in Manchester just now, pretending to clairvoyant faculties. Her advertisements are simply outrageous. One is headed "Magnetic Spiritualism," whatever they may be, and purports to be an appeal from a gentleman who has studied Spiritualism for a long time, and who pretends to have found the medium of mediums in Madame Card. A friend of my own went to see her performance, and came back satisfied that she was a genuine clairvoyant—an opinion that he held until he had bandaged his own eyes in the same way, and found that he could read by holding a book in the same position.

AARON WATSON.

64, Regent Road, Salford, Manchester.

## SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

LETTER NO. 20.

To the Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*.

DEAR SIR,—I was accompanied to Mr. Hudson's on September 18th by a friend from the country, when we obtained several very interesting pictures. On the first, there is a female spirit facing her, whom she does not recognise, but in whose unveiled features there seems to be a family resemblance to herself, but she may possibly be of many generations back, as she wears round her neck a kind of old-fashioned frill, while a bonnet is placed upon the drapery on her head.

On the next there is no spirit, but she seems to be seated within a grotto. Mr. Hudson now brought down the stereoscopic camera, and I stood by the sitter, when again we obtained the portrait of the same spirit as in the first negative, but her face is more fully shewn instead of being in profile as before. She stands a little in front of me, so that her veil is partly upon me.

For the next slide I was impressed to lean rather forwards, having one hand on my friend's chair, and resting the other on the chair by her side, so as to steady myself in the difficult attitude. On the negative being developed, my head appears to be resting on the shoulder of a female spirit who is standing slightly in advance of me. She has long flowing hair, surmounted by a sort of pointed coil, and the white cape hanging over her shoulders is beautifully transparent, and is gathered into graceful folds. There is a scarcely perceptible outline of skirt, for, like the generality of the spirit photographs that have been taken for some time past, only the upper part of the figure is given, which may partly be due to a desire not to use more than is absolutely indispensable of our illuminating vital power, but still more, I think, as an unmistakable evidence that *no mortal* form is there represented. The group is altogether an effective one, and I have had some copies of both this and the former one printed in carte-de-visite size, for those who do not care for the stereographs.

After Mr. Hudson had dined, my friend wished for another *séance*, and that Mr. Hudson himself should be with her in the picture, so he rested his arm on the high chair by her side, and he appears to be in earnest conversation with a spirit who seems to have his elbow on the other end of the chair-back, so that his draped hand is laid on Mr. Hudson's shoulder. The face is a well defined one, with the dark hair swept off at the side of the brow in a sort of curve, and he has a full, dark moustache. I then asked Mr. Hudson to go by himself into his dark room, to try for information as to who the spirit might be, and he was told he was the one who assists him in his work as a photographic medium. The

name was not then given, but on my last visit to Hollo-way, I again requested him to enquire, and Thurston was spelled out, but there was no additional information, so we do not know whether the said Mr. Thurston was a photographer in the earth-life, or (which I consider the more probable), one of those energetic laborers in the beyond, who are striving by every means to unite the two worlds, and in those efforts have inbreathed to inventive mediums the ideas which have been gradually developed to photography as it now stands. But for the purposes of spirit portraiture there must yet be many improvements, which are still delayed for want of means, for every one knows that chemical experiments are costly. I trust, however, that the time may come when funds may flow in to Mr. Hudson to enable him to bring this marvellous work to perfection, for it assuredly is the most convincing evidence of our being surrounded by a host of invisible witnesses, with organs and faculties similar to our own, and when we see that some of them prove to be those dear ones whom death has withdrawn from our gaze, we receive a complete answer to the question—If a man die, shall he live again?

On the next plate there was no spirit, but at the level of Mr. Hudson's head and shoulder, at the right hand edge of the picture, is unfurled a broad, deep-toned flag, signifying power, from whence issues an influence seeming to bathe his head and face, which is turned towards it, as if he felt the genial flow.

Miss Wreford had a sitting on the 25th of September, and on the first plate is a male spirit with a high crowned hat, and a very filmy veil which does not at all conceal the well-cut features, but, when she wrote to me, she had not recognised the likeness either of that, nor of the second spirit, a female, with pretty, delicate features.

In one of my stereographs, I find placed within my hands, on my lap, either a thick book, or a box, but I rather think it is the latter, and it is about the size of the one held above my head by the little winged angels, in the photograph I described in my February letter of this year. In my last Thursday's stereoscopic picture, there is a very clear spirit, but as I have not yet seen the proof I cannot describe it.

On the 7th of October, I had an appointment with Captain Fawcett, R.N., whose daughter has been well known to Spiritualists through her mediumistic writings, as she has published several works, the first of which was entitled "An Angel's Message," and she passed from our world about three years ago.

Captain Fawcett had good prospects in his naval career, for he served under Nelson, with many noble mess-mates, but while a young man, he fell in love—a love so real that he willingly gave up ambition to dwell in retirement with his sweet wife, and although she has for many years been nominally parted from him by death, those true souls have never been divided, and the communion between them has been unbroken.

He is now in his eighty-third year, and came up from Hastings principally for the purpose of a *séance* with Mr. Hudson and myself, so I was most anxious that it should be a success, and the issue was beyond my most sanguine hopes, for the first picture is, I think, the clearest that has yet been taken. Directly facing him stands a handsome young man, with dark whiskers and moustache; his head is encircled by something like an earthly coronet, with projecting ornaments at the upper part, over the back of which is thrown a kind of broad scarf, which, on the side nearest to us, flows quite down to the ground, but is brought across from the other side, partly under some dark part of his garment, and passed through the velvet chair-back; both the ends appear to be embroidered, and there is a curious effect, which may also be a worked edge, where it passes down by the side of his face.

In the second picture Captain Fawcett rests his elbow on the Bible, supporting his head on his hand, in an attitude of deep thought, and as if yearning for the time

when he may again behold her whom he so fondly loves, while close behind him stands a sweet female figure looking tenderly down upon him. The drapery that covers her head is drawn tightly to fit it, but leaves the forehead free, so that her face with the hair at the side is clearly seen; it then flows in graceful folds as a mantle over her form. There is a veil, but I do not think it is over the face, but we see its transparent folds beyond it. In her hand she holds a flower, and she seems to be considering whether it might perhaps startle him too much to let him inhale its fragrance.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W., October 13th, 1873.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

DEAR SIR,—The story of a feather may seem to your readers a *light* matter, yet as lightness is sometimes a desirable quality even in literature, I, therefore, venture to relate my story. A few weeks ago I sent a request to your well-known correspondent, Miss Houghton, to send me a copy of the very beautiful spirit photograph of Mottée, the spirit-daughter of Mrs. General Ramsay. On the receipt of the card, I was so much pleased with it that I requested Miss Houghton to forward me a few others, which she did; and along with them a feather out of a dove which was brought to her by the spirits in March, 1871, an account of which appears in the *Christian Spiritualist* of a later date. Prizing the tiny gift above the value of a feather, I placed it with its envelope in my pocket book.

A week having elapsed, Miss Lottie Fowler arrived from America; and during a private interview with this justly celebrated clairvoyante, it occurred to me that I would send forth my dove on the waters of second sight speculation. I accordingly handed Lottie—or rather Annie—the feather. "O," she said, archly, "you've brought me a feather from a hen with a sore throat, and want me to cure it? Eh! you try to make a fool of me. O dear, sometimes people bring me dog's hair to try and fool me." "Well, Annie," I replied, "I have not given you the feather in a joke; but if you can't give a test from it, I will put it away, as you have quite satisfied me in other matters." However, woman-like, Annie was not to be beaten, and I, having resolved to give her no clue, held my tongue. Up goes the feather to the forehead; anon it is gently and softly fingered, and Annie becomes loquacious. "This feather has been sent you from a lady—she does not live in this city—it came in a letter with some ghost pictures—the lady who sent it is stout—about 40 years of age—very good natured and kind. She is an artist, and has been in better circumstances; her name seems to be the same as the lady you took my medium to see yesterday." The day previous I went with Miss Fowler, to see a lady in Southport named Houghton. Annie further stated that at the time we were then sitting, Miss Houghton was dressing to go out. This I have not proved. When I had written to Miss Houghton a week previously I said that I thought it unlikely that I should ever see her in the flesh; but Annie said that I should see her soon. Quite unexpectedly to myself, since then I find myself obliged to go to London, and am now arranging with Miss Houghton for a sitting. Other matters were spoken to by Annie, to relate which would be to tell tales out of Court; but which I hope to submit to Miss Houghton for proofs, and which I have no doubt will be found satisfactory. I might relate many interviews with Lottie Fowler of a similar character; and if you will kindly permit me, I will do so. In the meantime, I beg to subscribe myself,

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN LAMONT,

3, Nursery St., Fairfield, Liverpool.



## THE GLEANER.

Miss Lottie Fowler is now at Liverpool, but will go to Manchester shortly.

A very useful article on Spirit teachings is given in the *Spiritualist* for October 15.

The weekly publication of the *Spiritualist* is announced to begin early in November.

Several articles are crowded out : in fact we could easily fill double our space every month.

Old and New for October contains a remarkable paper, entitled "Is Seeing Believing," which we commend to special notice.

The St. John's Association of Spiritualists has taken the Goswell Hall, 86, Goswell Road, for free Sunday evening meetings.

Mr. Peebles and Dr. Dunn have paid a flying visit to their friends in London, on their return, from their world tour, to America.

A portrait and memoir of Dr. George Sexton will appear in *Human Nature*, for November. Mr. Burns is the publisher.

Mr. Williams, the medium, has gone to Holland for a few weeks, and Mr. Gerald Massey has sailed from Liverpool for New York.

The discussion on Christian Spiritualism considered as connected terms, continues to drag its slow length along the pages of the *Medium*.

Persons who may desire Mr. Monck's services as a lecturer, are requested to address him to the care of Mr. Burns, 15, Southampton Row.

Particulars of an interesting *seance* held at Mrs. Guppy's on October 16 have reached us, but too late for this number. They shall appear in our next.

The *Medium* for October 17 announces the conversion to Spiritualism of a Mr. Harry Herman, a member of the press, and speaks of him as "an eminent adherent."

Dr. Sexton has recently lectured at Brighton and Eastbourne, to both of which places we think he should return as soon as arrangements can be made for his doing so.

Mr. W. T. Harvey, 159 Albany Road, Camberwell, would like to hear from persons wishing to hold a *seance*, or to form a circle at the above address every week.

A lady who is possessed of healing power will attend at the Psychopathic Institution, 254, Marylebone Road, every morning from 11 to three o'clock, to treat members of her own sex.

M. Alexandre Aksako', of St. Petersburg, has recently arrived in London. He is a learned Spiritualist, and has done very much to disseminate a knowledge of Spiritualism in Europe.

On and after this date "our own correspondent" at Manchester will be Mr. F. Silkstone, 5, Elbow Street, Manchester—to whom information can be sent, and of whom enquiries can be made.

One of the most compact and well-considered masses of evidence that Spiritualism is true is No. 59 of the *Spiritualist*, price 4d., or 4½d. post free. It is published by E. W. Allen, Ave Maria Lane.

Would it be possible to get a sixpenny or even a shilling edition of "Hints for the Evidences of Spiritualism, by M. P.?" It is a book that should be circulated broad cast through all our Christian Churches.

Booksellers, newsgents, and others, who order the *Christian Spiritualist* through the usual trade channels, should ask to be supplied with contents bills, which are sent to our publisher month by month.

Mrs. Jackson, widow of the late J. W. Jackson, has taken No. 3, Torrington St., London, W.C., and furnished it in a comfortable manner for Spiritualistic visitors to London. We wish her all success.

Mr. George Tommy reports in the *Medium* for September 26 a *seance* held at 7, Unity St., College Green, Bristol, at which 16 persons were present, including the medium, the Rev. F. W. Monck, F.A.S.

Mr. H. W. Howell has delivered a lecture on mesmerism, to the Dalston Association of Spiritualists.

The *Medium* says that Madame Louise has taken a house at 16, Brunswick St., Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester, where she is prepared to hold sittings on her own account, as well as to let rooms to others.

The *Medium* for October 10, gives a remarkably well-executed wood engraving of our friend Gerald Massey, whom we knew very well 20 years ago. The same number contains a long and interesting notice of the poet.

It is said that Spiritualism is thriving in Belper, and that its supporters have set apart a large and convenient house for their use, in which *seances* are held from time to time. There has been one instance of levitation.

The question of Spiritualism has recently formed the subject for debate at the Crown Debating Society, Dick's Hotel, 8 Fleet St., London. It has also been discussed by the members of the West Ham and Stratford Debating Society.

Some remarkable manifestations, a portion of them through the mediumship of the Rev. F. W. Monck, have recently taken place at the house of Mr. Morell Theobald, Hendon, and are narrated at length in the *Spiritualist* for October 1.

Mr. Coleman is getting up a testimonial for presentation to Judge Edmonds, of New York. Subscriptions are limited to five shilling from each contributor. Mr. Coleman's address is No. 1, Bernard Villas, Upper Norwood, London.

A post-card, just received, advises us of the formation of the "Spiritualist Institute of England. Commenced 17th September, 1873. J. Enmore Jones, Esq., President, Enmore Park, S.E. Henry Bielfield, Esq., Hon. Sec., Euston Road."

Dr. Sexton is evidently having his time well occupied in lecturing on Spiritualism, in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and other parts of the country. The more the better for the cause of Spiritualism. Dr. Sexton has not his equal as an advocate of the cause.

Mr. A. Kyd, of Baden, says that Spiritualism is unsectarian, and objects to coupling Christianity with it. But Spiritualists themselves form a sect. What else are they? Much of the cry against what is called sectarianism is simply cant, and nothing more.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of three copies of a reprint : "Musical and other Manifestations in Boston, U.S.A." This tract should be issued at, say, a penny, and have a London publisher. The printer is Thomas Scott, 1, Warwick Court, Holborn, London.

Mrs. Tappan, of New York, has removed her Sunday evening lectures from St. George's Hall to the Music Hall, in Holborn, where, we understood, she will be located for some months to come. Her reception by the general press has been a very fair one, upon the whole.

Mr. Shorter continues to give us in the *Spiritual Magazine* notes of *seances* taken from his own note book, and bearing the imprint of his careful mind. Mr. William Howitt has also contributed a long and valuable article on "Trance and its Suggestions," based upon "Memorials of a Quiet Life," that is of the life of Mrs. Augustus Hare.

The Rev. Canon Kingsley, at the Annual Meeting of the Working Men's College, said "he believed that it would require nine table rappers to make a man." Mr. Kingsley knows quite well that a sneer proves nothing, and we are sorry to find so good and true a teacher following an example always to be avoided.

As we suggested in our last number, the correspondence consequent upon the purchase of Mr. Howitt's portrait and its presentation to Mrs. Howitt, appears in the *Spiritual Magazine* for October. We sincerely congratulate all parties concerned, and tender Mr. Coleman, of Upper Norwood, our thanks for the trouble he took in the matter. The correspondence likewise appears in the *Spiritualist* for October 1.

A series of four public conferences on Spiritualism, on successive Wednesday evenings, at Lawson's Assembly Rooms, 145, Gower St., Euston Road, commenced on September 17, and were concluded on October 8, when the Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist* delivered an address on "Ministering Spirits," which was followed by a short discussion. For extended particulars see the *Spiritualist* for October 15.

Mrs. Tebb, 7, Albert Road, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park, N.W., writes to say that she has received a letter from Mr. Spear, 1, 114, Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, in which he acknowledges the receipt of £26 2s., forwarded to him a few weeks ago. Mrs. Tebb adds that she has £10 still in hand for Mr. Spear, and that any additional subscriptions will be duly forwarded. God bless Mrs. Tebb for all her labor of love for the poor old laborer. Amen.

A conference was held a short time since at 24, Lower Stamford Street, Blackfriars, London, to decide upon "the best modes of diffusing spirit teaching amongst the poorer classes of London." Persons who may be willing to give money or tracts, or in any way help in such a movement, should put themselves in communication with Mr. George Farmer, Emlyn Cottage, Sunny Gardens, Hendon, who says that all gifts, money or otherwise, will be acknowledged in the *Medium*, in which from time to time reports of progress will appear.

Some Spiritualists in Birmingham are endeavoring to establish a central propaganda of Spiritualism for the Midland Counties. About £250 is the minimum sum required for establishment and general expenses for the first year, towards which, according to a circular we have received, about £30 have been promised, and further aid is asked for. Address Mr. John Collier, 100, Suffolk Street, Birmingham. Mr. Collier commenced a series of popular Sunday services at the Athenæum, Temple Street, on October 12. The bill announcing it was headed "Music, Speech, and Song."

It has been said that Charles Dickens, or a spirit claiming to be that writer, was completing his unfinished "Mystery of Edwin Drood," through the hand of a young man, of humble position and education, in an obscure American village. The *Springfield Daily Union* of July 26 gives an elaborate account of the whole affair, which in its turn is reproduced in the *Spiritual Magazine* for October. It seems strange, if Dickens wished to finish his work, and had the power of doing so, that he did not finish it for his English publishers, who, one would think, were first of all entitled in all honesty to have the remaining chapters offered to them!

The study of Spiritualistic phenomena has at length found its way into the village of Billingshurst, in Sussex, at the General Baptist Chapel in which place the Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist* recently preached Anniversary Sermons. There are hundreds of private circles, scattered throughout the country, engaged in a similar work, of which one hears nothing except by accident, but which are contributing their quota of labor and interest to the good of the cause generally. Many of the manifestations refer to matters almost entirely personal to the sitters, and which cannot, therefore, be so well reported; but which are not less valuable as evidence on that account.

On Sunday, September 21, the Rev. J. Morgan delivered a sermon in Montague St. Chapel, Blackburn, on "Spiritualism—true and false," in which he alluded to the report of the Rev. F. W. Monck, of Bristol, being carried a distance from his home by Spiritual agency, and which Mr. Morgan stigmatised as being "a delusion and a lie." Some one wrote to Mr. Monck, who replied, and the reply appeared in the *Blackburn Times* of October 4. It has since been printed in the *Medium* for October 17. Articles on Mr. Monck's Flight, with the report about which we are necessarily mixed up, appear in the *Christian Spiritualist* for September and October, to both of which we call our readers' renewed attention.

In our last number there was an article entitled "A written Message through the Rev. F. W. Monck." Reference is made to that message in the *Medium* for October 17, where it is said: "Mr. Monck promised us a copy of this remarkable writing, but the original fell into the hands of the Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*, and it has only appeared in the issue of that publication for October." From the very first of the production of this message Mr. Monck promised us a copy of it for insertion in our periodical, and on Sunday, August 17, while we were preaching in Ireland, and Mr. Monck was supplying for us at Swindon, he dictated the message which appeared in our last number from the original manuscript. It was in that way that the message "fell into our hands," and in no other.

NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS, &c., &c., RECEIVED—WITH THANKS.—*Christian Leader*, for September 13 and 20.—*The New Era*, for October. Edited by Dr. Sexton. Price: twopence. London: James Burns.—*Christian World*, for October 3, 10, 17. London: James Clarke and Co.—*New Quarterly Magazine*, No. 1. Price half a crown. London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler.—*Morning Advertiser*, for October 11.—*Truthseeker*, for August. Price twopence. London: Trübner and Co.—*Old and New*, for September and October. Price, 35 cents. London: Sampson, Low, and Co.—*Bristol Daily Post*, for October 15.—*Does Spiritualism demand Investigation? The Anomalies of Spiritualism*. By William Carpenter. Price fourpence each. London: F. Pitman.—*Revelation considered as Light*. Thirteen sermons by the late Bishop Ewing. No price given. London: Strahan and Co., 56, Ludgate Hill.—*East and South Devon Advertiser*, for October 4, 11, 18.

## POETRY.

### SHADOWS.

I KNOW not whence ; I know not why ;  
A sound I sense, as of a sigh  
Breathed anear, my wondering ear,  
As all alone I sit—a sound of Fear,  
As though, unseen of me, some living Thing were near.  
Aroused at night, I see a light  
As of a spark, that in the dark,  
Hung in mid air, I may not choose but mark ;  
And in a sickly glow, that from it seems to fall,  
I see—or deem I see—a Shadow on the wall.

It is a Chamber dark, wherein I see this spark,  
And hear this sigh ; in many a deep embrasure,  
Window and door are set, with moulding fair and fret,  
Made rich with remnant old, of color and of gold,  
Where Man has writ his life for Time's erasure ;  
There, as I sit, in daylight and in dark,  
In musing mood, I may not choose but mark  
How, o'er my shoulders, something seems to fall,  
Hanging around them even as a Fall,—  
Or as I feel—yet fear—that Shadow on the Wall.

Old Lives speak often to the eye and ear,  
By sight and sound, we may not choose but hear,  
May not refuse to see ! They make their mark,  
As of a Shadow when the soul is dark.  
In the old Chamber where it sojourneth,  
They rise to claim their part ; and Life and Death  
Meet fairly at such moments, face to face ;  
And gathering round the Present, the old Race  
Steal back to see, as are, the things that were,  
And faintly sigh, and make a sign as there,  
Where their feet trod, their ghostly Shadows fall,  
On Shoulder or on Wall.

Why fear the sigh ! The spark, why dread to see !  
We to whom such things are ! such things must be !  
Give sigh for sigh ; and, as their life is dark,

Yield we, as best we may, one little spark  
 To lighten up their darkness from our light  
 (Our thoughts they see, as we see sparks at night) ;  
 A little dust, a little light give we  
 Of human thought and human sympathy !  
 One moment from ourselves, our Spirit spare,  
 One moment's tenderness ; one moment's care ;  
 And on their Chamber let our sunlight fall,  
 As Shadows on the Wall.

## OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

No 35.

"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus how He said,  
 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'" 20 Acts,  
 35 v.

1. About 40 years ago, there died in Paris one of the most remarkable men of modern times, Baron Cuvier. It was said of him, so exact was his scientific knowledge, that if you showed him a bone, a single bone, however small and apparently insignificant, he could tell you with certainty to what form of organised life that bone had belonged.

2. A similar power of identification belongs to the true Christian, in relation to "the words of the Lord Jesus." For his words were but a medium for revealing Himself. Through them he showed the spirit of His life, that which made Him, and for ever makes Him, man's great and all-sufficient Master, Teacher, and Saviour (14 John, 6 v.)

3. The Apostle calls upon his hearers to "remember the words of the Lord Jesus," words which St. Paul alone has handed down to us. The moment we read them we feel how like Christ's words they are ; Christ who was continually receiving out of the fullness of God, but Who received only that He might give out of that fullness to His brethren (17 John, 8 v.). The Father gave the Son : the Son gave Himself.

4. Because man lives in society, there must always be giving by some and receiving by others. But "It is more blessed to give than to receive." To give may not bring more or any profit, or immediate happiness ; but to give, in other words, to be unselfish, is to be more like God, the ever "blessed" One.

5. The text cannot be proved. It is a fact to be learned, as many other facts are, only by experience. There are many truths which we must first of all practise before we can know that they are truths. The soldier, the sailor, the mechanic, the artist have to learn, and test before they can know. To know the blessedness of unselfishness we must first of all be unselfish, and live unselfishly.

6. It is more blessed to pay debts than to receive them, and to an honest and generous man this is always so. It is more blessed to impart knowledge, than to acquire it. It is more blessed to relieve the distress of others, than to have our own distress relieved. It is more blessed to give, or to be unselfish, because unselfishness is the essence of all true religion. It is more blessed to give than to receive because it is more in harmony with the nature of God, the nature of Christ, and Christ's teachings (1 John, 3c., 16v. ; 5 Matt., 45 to 48v. ; 3 John, 16v. ; 8 Rom. 32v. ; 2 Cor., 8c., 9v. ; 7 Luke, 47v. ; 13 John, 34 and 35v.).

7. It is more blessed to give than to receive, because the memories of unselfish deeds, thoughts, and feelings, will be more peaceful, pleasant, and satisfying. Who are our loved ones ? "Loved," I say ; not the celebrated, admired, respected, merely or chiefly. No, but such as we feel to have been unselfish in heart and life. Why do we love Christ ? Not so much on account of His nature, rank, power, and wisdom, but His loving heart and loving life.

8. If the sentiment of the text, the blessedness of an unselfish life, were believed in and acted upon, how long

think you would there be such evils in the world as disease, ignorance, crime, drunkenness, prostitution, pauperism, &c. ? Christ is the true Solver of life's problem, and the problems of society.

9. Pity the selfish, and honor the unselfish ; for selfishness is Satan, Judas, Hell ; and unselfishness is God, Christ, Heaven.

10. What do you, in your heart of hearts, believe about the text, because your belief about it determines what you are.

F. R. YOUNG.

(Preached at Newbury,\* Yeovil, Mansfield, Crewkerne, Trowbridge, and Swindon).

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Printed for the Proprietor (FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG), at the North Wilts Steam Printing Works, Swindon; and published by FREDERICK ARNOLD, 86, Fleet Street, London.—NOVEMBER, 1873.