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By Joseph Hands, M.R.C.S.

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SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH AND DISCOVERY

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PREFACE.

SINCE we wrote our first preface, ten years ago, this magazine has passed through a career of a length seldom reached by anthropological publications in this country. When we look back upon our course from the first beginning, we are struck with the progress which has been made, and the great number of uses which have been effected. In presenting this volume to the public, there are more than the usual causes for congratulation, inasmuch as in interest and instruction it supersedes all its predecessors. We venture to state that the present volume contains a collection of facts and teachings the like of which is not to be found in the whole range of literature. This assertion is not made boastingly, but in justice to those gentlemen through whose industry and genius it has been possible to collect such an instructive miscellany. Their work has been a labour of love, proceeding from the spontaneous impulses of minds devoted to the interests of science and the welfare of humanity. For their work our acknowledgments are not alone due, but also the thanks of numerous readers who have during the year feasted their minds upon the banquet which has been so abundantly placed before them. We heartily thank our contributors for their conscientious and generous services, and hope they will never see any cause to regret the many hours which they must have spent in the laborious researches which have led to the contents of this volume.

To our readers our acknowledgments are also due. While in literary matters this volume supersedes all others, it has also been progressively popular from the appearance of the first number; and HUMAN NATURE closes upon the eleventh year of its existence in a far higher tide of prosperity than has ever attended upon it at any time in the past.

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BY “M.A. (OXON.)”

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HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

DECEMBER, 1877.

CARPENTERIAN CRITICISM.

A REPLY TO DR. W. B. CARPENTER.

BY "M.A. (OXON.)"

Dr. Carpenter has been playing at nine-pins. He has secured the services of Mr. D. D. Home to set up his pins, and has amused himself by bowling them over. It is to be hoped that he feels better. He has been a good deal aggravated of late, and apparently he is very angry. Some time ago he issued an ukase that Spiritualism should die, and he is very angry that no one has taken any notice of it. Well; I am not disposed to maintain that he does not do well to be angry—with himself. He has coquetted with Spiritualism in various forms for the last thirty years, never going so far as to understand the particular phase with which he dealt, but only just far enough to commit himself to a *sub rosa* complicity. This is the acquaintance with the subject, the "rather unusual power of dealing with it" (he might fairly have said *very unusual*) which he advertises as his claim for a hearing. He has dabbled in many forms of superficial investigation, and is a conspicuous example of the adage that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." He is always dabbling, "ever learning, and never coming to a knowledge of the truth." Mr. Crookes fitly retorts on him, when he finds fault with the former gentleman for his continued investigations, alleging with his usual *naïve* egotism that "I, W. B. Carpenter, have shown beyond all doubt that it (Spiritualism) is all imposture"—"Why then do you concern yourself further?" "If I am to be censured for having devoted time to this subject, such censure must be doubly applicable to a man who commenced the investigation when I was a child, and who cannot let the subject drop whenever a new 'medium' comes in his way."*

* *Nature*, November, 1877.

The fact is Dr. Carpenter has burnt his fingers, and he is shaking them; hence all this pother in *Fraser*. He has a sneaking tendency to dabble in psychical phenomena. When Mrs. Kane came to this country he "investigated"—*once*: when Dr. Slade was here he "investigated"—*once*: and was so impressed that he committed himself to some very fair and reasonable sentiments in favour of further investigation. It occurred to him that such might be desirable. But meantime came the Lankester squabble, and consequent notoriety: and though the offer was made to him of further investigation* in his own house, as it subsequently was to Mr. Lankester, neither of those gentlemen thought fit to carry their investigations far enough to warrant them in offering an opinion on the merits of the subject.

Since then Dr. Carpenter has apparently made up his mind. He will have no more of "the accursed thing": no more paltering with evil: no more coquetting with imposture. And so, like all vacillating

* DR. SLADE'S LETTER TO PROF. LANKESTER.

Dear Sir,—Dr. Slade, having in some measure recovered from his very severe illness, and his engagement at St. Petersburg having been postponed (by desire of his friends there), desires me to make you the following offer. He is willing to return to London for the express and sole purpose of satisfying you that the slate-writing occurring in his presence is in no way produced by any trickery of his. For this purpose he will come to your house unaccompanied by anyone, and will sit with you at your own table, using your own slate and pencil, or if you prefer to come to his room it will suit him as well.

In the event of any arrangement being agreed upon, Slade would prefer that the matter be kept strictly private.

As he never can guarantee results, you shall give him as many as six trials, and more if it should be deemed advisable, and you shall be at no charge or expense whatever.

You on your part shall undertake that during the period of the sittings, and for one week afterwards, you will neither take, nor cause to be taken, nor countenance legal proceedings against him or me.

That if in the result you are satisfied that the slate-writing is produced otherwise than by trickery, you shall abstain altogether from further proceedings against us, and suffer us to remain in England, if we choose to do so, unmolested by you. If, on the other hand, you are not so satisfied, you shall be at liberty to proceed against us after the expiration of one week from the conclusion of the six or more experiments if we are still in England.

You will observe that Slade is willing to go to you without witnesses of his own, and to trust entirely to your honour and good faith.

Conscious of his own innocence, he has no malice against you for the past. He believes that you were very naturally deceived by appearances which to one who had not previously verified the phenomena under more satisfactory conditions may well have seemed suspicious.

Should we not hear from you within ten days from this date, Slade will conclude that you have declined his offer.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

37, Spui Street, The Hague, May 7, 1877.

J. SIMMONS.

minds, he has rushed into the opposite extreme, and has denounced the heresy with all the unction of a 'Vert. For the time at any rate he is to be found fighting strenuously on the side of science against a "most mischievous epidemic delusion."

We must e'en make the best of it; and if we are to have the artillery of the Royal Society ranged against us, we may take heart of grace that it is of such small calibre. Had Professor Tyndall or Mr. Huxley fired a broadside against us, I tremble to think what might have been the effect of such big guns. They would have carried far heavier metal, and have been directed with more skill, no doubt; and their execution would have been correspondingly greater. We can support Dr. Carpenter's wrath, feeling that it is chiefly owing to his own consciousness of having burned his fingers, and are thankful to an opponent who gives us such ample opportunity for reply. In a mere logomachy Dr. Carpenter is sure to lay himself open; for his constitutional incapacity for accuracy is perpetually placing him at a disadvantage.

I have had occasion to refer to this before, and have demonstrated Dr. Carpenter's blunders. I know he does not like that word outside of mathematics, but this a question of logic, to which the term is equally applicable. Mr. Crookes, too—I know that Dr. Carpenter does not like Mr. Crookes being quoted, but I cannot help that—Mr. Crookes, in his late letter to *Nature*, brings the same charge of inaccuracy against Dr. Carpenter that his other opponents have done. "To show Dr. Carpenter's inaccuracies in small things as well as great, I may point out that he does not even quote correctly the title of my article in the *Nineteenth Century*": and he further most justly arraigns him of a far more serious sin in not having gone to the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society for information at first hand, instead of to a brief and imperfect record in the *Proceedings* of the Society.*

The truth is, there is no published letter, treatise, or essay on Spiritualism of Dr. Carpenter's which is not open to this charge of inaccuracy.† What may be the case with his papers on scientific subjects I do not know; but if they partake of the slovenly nature of his published utterances on Spiritualism, one asks in despair, Whence did he get his scientific reputation? I am familiar with records of the phenomena of Spiritualism. I have written many; and have a standing acquaintance with many men who observe and record such phenomena; and I say advisedly that—making all deduction for enthusiastic and gushing letters, for which we are no more responsible than Dr. Carpenter is for the nonsense that is often talked under the

* *Nature*, November, 1877.

† See Note A, p. 20.

name of medicine,—I say that we are precise and accurate in our statements; we weigh our words, and know what we are saying, whereas Dr. Carpenter seems either to write in reckless haste without understanding or grasping his subject, or to answer his opponents without ever reading their arguments. One is tempted to believe that in the penetralia of Burlington House he keeps some scribes, as great painters have prentice-hands to sketch their subjects and to fill in unimportant details, and that to them he relegates the task of sketching his diatribes on Spiritualism. If he does it himself, then he must answer to the charge of very grave “inaccuracy.”

And not only this. These charges have been made and substantiated against him repeatedly. In one conspicuous case he brought a very monstrous charge against a lady which he was forced to withdraw, but we have looked in vain for any fair acknowledgment of his error. In the new edition of his “Lectures” I must presume that the offensive charge will be withdrawn with due apology; but it would have been more graceful, to say the least, if he had appended a slip to the remaining copies of the edition which contains the charge, even if he did not withdraw them from circulation. These questions of inaccuracy—I disclaim altogether any graver allegation, not having it in my mind—are recurrent, and they are notable evidence of Dr. Carpenter’s mental “prepossession” and consequent incapacity (on his own showing) to meddle with a subject which requires above all else a mind evenly balanced and free from prepossession.

DR. CARPENTER’S CHARGES AND CRITICISMS.

In the article under notice, Dr. Carpenter is concerned chiefly with Mr. A. R. Wallace and Mr. Crookes, with a slight incidental reference to my far humbler self. Into his dealings with Mr. Crookes and Mr. Wallace I do not presume to enter—the quarrels of the gods are not for mortal men to meddle with—save in so far as they concern the broad issues of Spiritualism. He will, no doubt, fall an easy prey to either of those gentlemen, should they consider that his allegations—argument there is none—are worth notice.* He has had a taste of their quality before, and, contrary to his usual habit of ignoring inconvenient criticism, he promises us a reply in the new edition of his “Lectures.” We shall await it with interest. For the present we have only such a foretaste as he sees fit to give us in *Fraser*.

The paper is concerned with Spiritualism at large, and its allegations are drawn from three principal sources, viz., 1. Information

* Mr. Wallace replies with great severity in the current number of *Fraser*, Mr. Crookes has totally demolished his opponent in *Nature*.

from an anonymous "friend residing at Boston (U. S.)," who seems to have sent excerpts from newspapers to Dr. Carpenter. (Anyone familiar with American newspapers will know how fruitful *that* field is. I could furnish our critic with several scores of very remarkable extracts.) 2. Mr. D. D. Home's recent book, "Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism," which has apparently been a perfect god-send to him as a ready-made collection of spiritualistic scandal; and, 3. Mr. A. R. Wallace's review of the "Lectures" in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*. Of this last he has not made much use, probably not finding it so conveniently handy as the other two weapons.

I cannot pretend to summarise the discursive article which I am noticing; though, did space permit, I should be glad to reproduce it in all its naked simplicity, as a good example of what the most bitter of our opponents finds to say. I cannot do that, however, and must confine myself to saying that the article opens with a solemn statement that Dr. Carpenter finds himself the fittest possible man to put down "a most mischievous epidemic delusion." "Theoretical and experimental studies, extending over forty years, have given me what I honestly believe (whether rightly or wrongly) to be a rather unusual power of dealing with this subject." This astonishing statement he has reprinted in *Nature*, and one must consider that he really believes it. This being so, it is curious, as showing how far Dr. Carpenter, having mastered the first step in knowledge—*Know thyself*—is capable of going on to deal with other intricacies. Moreover, he has received "a large number of public assurances" that his "Lectures" are, what A. Ward called the Tower of London, "a sweet boon" to his correspondents, and so he is encouraged to go forward. Of course, he receives such assurances, just as I and other people receive them, in a very reverse sense. Opinions differ, and the strife runs high. That is nothing new.

Having published his mission, Dr. Carpenter sets forth his indictment, principally directed against Messrs. Crookes and Wallace, chiefly concerned with the delinquencies of Mrs. Guppy, and with the exposure of one Bishop (a sort of Maskelyne, of whom I remember to have heard somewhat from my friend Mr. Epes Sargent), and with Eva Fay and Mrs. Hardy. There is nothing new to any fairly informed student of Spiritualism, and for most of his poisoned shafts he would seem to be indebted to a Spiritualist and a medium, Mr. D. D. Home. This is not the place to criticise Mr. Home, but it is impossible to avoid an expression of something more than regret that he should have felt himself called upon to gather together such a collection of garbage as that which Dr. Carpenter has not been slow to avail himself of. The work is thoroughly one-sided; it deals with

the evil while it ignores the good, and, however true its stories of imposture may be, it gives them a spurious prominence which is calculated to mislead ignorant persons who are not familiar with the inner working of Spiritualism in its late developments. Circumstances have, to a great extent, withdrawn Mr. Home from active participation in the work of Spiritualism for some years past. He has no personal knowledge of its inner working, or I am sure he would not have published a work so one-sided, so calculated to hurt what he professes to be so near his heart, instead of healing what he rightly deplures. On deeper consideration he must surely feel that the lights of Spiritualism are stronger than he has painted them, and his native modesty might have suggested to him that they do not all stream from himself.

And it must be further noted that the publication of such a work by a medium so well known as Mr. Home leaves him open to very invidious charges, which, indeed, are freely levelled against him. Had the book been one of any importance to the Movement, had it contained valuable matter which Mr. Home's experiences as a medium enabled him to supply, the case would have been different. He might have demolished imposture while pointing out the truth; but this is far from being the case. The book is useful only to those who need a quiver of poisoned arrows to shoot at Spiritualism; and if it were well that such a work should be done at all, it should have been done by one more disinterested, and with a more careful and judicial handling. As it is, the work is instinct with *animus*; the tones of the special pleader ring throughout it, and it does not escape the charge of one-sidedness and exaggeration. The treatment of recorded phenomena which have developed since Mr. Home's retirement is so unfair—the incredulous astonishment that anybody should believe it possible to transcend the results of his mediumship is so marked—that it is something far more than a joke to say that he believes in nothing that is not *Home-made*.

Such as it is, however, the book has come in very handy for Dr. Carpenter. He quite revels in it; clutches up handful after handful of unsavoury mud, and heaves it about with a gusto which is increased by the knowledge that it was collected for him by one of the camp that he is attacking. So pleased is he with Mr. Home's services in this respect that he graciously refrains from tomahawking him. "I feel that the cause of common sense has been so greatly served by Mr. Home's fearless exposure of the knavery of mediums that I would not here call in question his own belief." Our friend's most redeeming quality is a certain *naïve* simplicity which atones for much of his spite. Just in the same vein he tells us that the production of

flowers, fruits, &c., in dark seances—now, it will be news to my readers, “one of the commonest mediumistic performances”—is completely *ex rerum naturá*,” a piece of jugglery which a thorough investigation must detect: *the fact of its non-detection merely showing that the investigation was not complete*”! Is not this delicious? Dr. Carpenter, knowing all things, knows that Nature does so-and-so, and that invariably. She is simple in action, and Dr. Carpenter has fathomed her principles. “Therefore, *a priori*, this production of flowers is impossible. It cannot be.” “But,” we mildly complain, “you can’t say that. You are not omniscient.” “Practically,” says the great man, “I AM. I, Dr. Carpenter, tell you you are deceived. Not that I have ever looked into the thing myself. But on a *priori* principles, you are wrong.”—Q.E.D. The same glorious egotist as ever, deliciously unconscious that he does not know what he is saying, or, if he does, not measuring his words with any approach to care.

DR. CARPENTER'S VIEWS ON MATTER.

One paragraph in this diatribe is devoted to a paper which I printed in this magazine in the month of May last.* It seems to have irritated Dr. Carpenter. He is quite fierce about it, and not over polite. He commences by telling his readers that “Spiritualism keeps a philosopher” in the person of my unworthy self, just as Moses and Son keep a poet. Well, I don’t know why Moses and Son should *not* keep a poet. I don’t know whether they do, but if they do, I suspect those astute tradesmen take care to get somebody who knows his business, which is more than a large charity can say of Dr. Carpenter, supposing (to borrow his own elegant phraseology) that science “keeps him” to abuse Spiritualism. This philosopher “speculating profoundly on the constitution of matter, has recently announced his conclusion that there is no logical distinction whatever between matter and spirit.” Thus baldly stating a conclusion which causes me profound astonishment, he tells me that “the very foundation of our conception of ‘matter’ is the *sense of resistance* which we experience when we press some part of our body against it; and as we cannot take any such cognisance of ‘spirit,’ we cannot conceive of it having anything in common with matter.” This philosopher, having been thus demolished, is told that “if this be a fair sample of the philosophic teaching imparted by the University of Oxford, the sooner that teaching is reformed the better for common sense and rationality.”

* “Is there any such thing as Matter?” by “M.A. (Oxon.)”

One hardly knows where to begin. In the first place, what has the University of Oxford to do with the opinion of a fifteen-year-old graduate, any more than the University of London has with the vagaries, inaccuracies, and eccentricities of its Registrar? And then, will it be believed that throughout the whole of the paper which Dr. Carpenter alluded to I carefully refrained from putting forward any personal opinion whatever; that I disclaimed any in terms, and that repeatedly? And lastly, will it be credited that the paper is nothing more than a review of a work by R. S. Wyld, F.R.S.E., LL.D., "The World as Dynamical and Immaterial," and that the opinions and conclusions put forward throughout are *his*, not *mine*; my part being confined to summarising them, with some passing illustrations from a paper contributed to the Psychological Society of Great Britain by Mr. Croll, F.R.S.E., entitled "What determines Molecular Motion?" and with some hints of the way in which the theories might fit in with what we have seen of psychical phenomena? Blunderer as Dr. Carpenter is whenever he comes to touch the writings of his opponents, one would have thought that such a bundle of blunders was impossible. Such a method of dealing with serious argument can but recoil on his own head. Of the arguments that the paper contains he says nothing; it is doubtful to me whether he has even read them; and of their applicability to the phenomena of which I wrote he can judge only at secondhand, for his own experience has never gone so far as to show him the bearing of such experiments as those which I quoted, for the very purpose of showing that there are occasions when "the sense of resistance" vanishes, and "our fundamental conception of matter" is at fault. It is not *I* who propound theoretical explanations. I said in my review:—"I suggest: I do not assert. My article begins with a question: It will be found to end with one. I assert nothing but what I can prove: I do but submit the ideas of"—
DR. WYLD.

And it seems to strike Dr. Carpenter that I am the propounder of a new heresy, which one Boscovitch some time ago also leant to. He does not seem to know that these speculations have proceeded from various more or less eminent sources,* nor does he seem to

* While I am on this point, though it has no real connection with the subject-matter of Dr. Carpenter's attack, I may as well append a passing word of astonishment at the ignorance of metaphysical speculation which my critic so naively displays. The very article at which he sneers, but which he does not appear to have read, or at any rate to have comprehended, quotes from Kant, Fichte, Berkely, Lewes, as well as from the works under review. A very slight acquaintance with writers on such subjects as are cognate to this inquiry would have prevented Dr. Carpenter from making a display of ignorance, which, however excusable in an ordinary man, is culpable in so arrogant a critic.

know that the phenomena which turn one's mind to them are not observed and recorded by me alone.

It is not *I* alone who record these phenomena. MR. SERJEANT Cox, to whom Dr. Carpenter is pleased to extend a mild approval as not being quite so foolish as he used to be, records on at least two occasions, taking handcuffs of peculiar construction to a person of the name of Everett, who was exhibiting in London some time ago, and that those locked handcuffs were passed on and off the wrists of Mr. Everett, and also on and off the rail of a chair. And lest Dr. Carpenter should say that it was a trick-chair, let me add that one of these experiments took place at the private house of Miss Douglas, in South Audley Street. And further, lest he should say that the handcuffs were ordinary implements that any key could open, let me add that they were cuffs of special construction which had done good service again and again at Clerkenwell,* whence they were brought by the learned Serjeant, who, moreover, retained the keys in his own possession. These are phenomena to which Dr. Carpenter's attention is drawn; but with what result? He has two courses: one to discredit the record or recorder: the other, to shrug his shoulders and say, "These things are *ex rerum naturâ*: a mere piece of jugglery

* To state my case clearly, I quote from a paper written and signed by MR. SERJEANT Cox in the *Spiritualist* newspaper of May 18th, 1877:—

"I borrowed from the prison at Clerkenwell two pairs of handcuffs, which I was assured in plain language "the devil himself could not get out of;" one of them was of a very special make, not closing with a clasp, but requiring a key to open and close it by means of a double screw, whose effect was that it could be opened or shut only by its own key, and that of so peculiar a make, that no other could be used. It was a special structure to secure an extraordinary criminal. The other pair was of the usual form, closing with a spring, but when closed it could not be opened by any other key than its own. Armed with these two formidable instruments, which had safely held in durance vile many hundreds of criminals, I called on Mr. Everett. To my surprise, he instantly consented to my using them in any manner I pleased.

"The suggestion I had heard was, that he must have so small a hand that he could draw it out and replace it with great rapidity. As this was not impossible, however improbable, instead of putting them upon his hands, I fastened both pairs to the round of his chair, securely locking them, and putting the keys in my pocket. I timed him throughout. In five minutes the handcuffs were taken from the round of the chair and placed upon his wrists, one of each pair being round each wrist, *and the others of the two pairs linked together*. [Observe that they must have been unlocked, or a passage of one solid body through another took place.] All were securely locked as before. In this condition, in sixteen seconds, his coat was taken off. In twenty-two seconds a handkerchief was knotted into nine curious knots, which it took him five minutes to untie. I then proposed to take the handcuffs off with the keys, but he suggested that trial should be made if the power that put them on could not take them off. In eighteen seconds they were taken off, unlinked, and thrown upon the floor unopened."

which a thorough investigation *must* detect," Well then, detect it! But that is precisely what Dr. Carpenter will not do. He will have a medium to his house *once*; will do his best to arrange matters so that phenomena are very difficult of production; and then will turn away. That is the scientific method *à la* Carpenter, which, in his opinion, justifies him in discrediting the testimony of men, who have spent patient years in searching into what he has once deigned to trifle with after dinner, and who have seen over and over again in all conditions of observation what he has only cast one of his proverbially-accurate glances at!

SPIRITUALISM AND MEN OF SCIENCE.

In this connection I am concerned to say something of the general treatment of new truths by men of science. By *new* truth, I mean truth which does not present itself as the necessary development of some previously proven and accepted truth. Science receives and cherishes such, develops it, and sees nothing to shy at. The truth I mean, is one that presents itself as the opponent and antagonist of some received dogma, as Galileo's facts did, and as these very phenomena of Spiritualism do in reference to the accepted views on "matter."

Dr. Carpenter draws a black picture of the literature of Spiritualism which has come under his notice. I am not going to palliate for one moment the miserable cases of imposture and delusion that he lays bare. Such exist, and we who see with clearer eyes and from a more secure standpoint of knowledge are thankful to anyone who will help us to purge away the evil. What we complain of, is that our premises are depicted as *all rubbish-heap*. We know well enough, far better than Dr. Carpenter does, that there is in our back-yard a dust-heap that wants cleansing. We are doing it by degrees; but, meantime, he comes and peeps over the wall, and pokes about, and finds a discontented helper on the premises stirring it up, and then he goes away, holding his nose and saying: "Phew! what a bad smell. Don't go near there, or you'll catch an epidemic delusion."

It is this utterly unfair treatment of the subject by scientific men that has produced the state of which Dr. Carpenter complains. They do their best to make thin-skinned people ashamed of their beliefs, afraid to acknowledge them. They warn inquirers off the premises, and do their utmost to prevent men of character and position from associating themselves with an unpopular subject. Very pertinent in this connection are the remarks of the President of the Psychological Society at the opening of the Fourth Session. Perhaps Dr. Carpenter may heed what this "experienced criminal judge" has to say.

"In all former controversies upon this and kindred questions the scientists have protested, with reason and justice, against the practice of combating facts with *à priori* arguments and answering *evidence* by opinion. Hitherto they have echoed the scornful exclamation of Galileo, 'But it moves for all that.' Opinions and arguments may be suppressed by logic or by prosecution. But a fact is immortal. It is still a fact, though all the world refuses to recognise it. Its existence does not depend upon what this man or that man thinks or desires—no amount of denunciation, or protest, or ridicule, or neglect—no law or abuse of law—no prosecutions nor imprisonments—no judge and no jury—no prejudice—no prepossessions can put it down, or extinguish it, or make it other than it is—a FACT.

"Yet, strange to say, the scientists, who were the first to proclaim this great truth when *their facts* were denounced by dogmatism, are now the foremost to wield this weapon against other asserted facts that conflict, or appear to conflict, with their own dogmas. 'We have come to the conclusion,' they say in effect, 'that soul is a myth—a dream—that, as it cannot be, it is not. There is no place for it in the human organism that we can find—there is nothing in man's mechanism that our theories cannot explain. Theology teaches soul and immortality, but theology is a visionary creed. These are but harmless dreams of poets and sentimentalists, and so they may pass with a contemptuous smile. The psychologists, who hitherto have asserted soul from their inner consciousness, and supported it by argument of possibility and probability alone, we can afford to treat as learned visionaries. But otherwise it is with those who dare now to assert that they can prove the existence of soul by *facts* and phenomena, precisely as our own sciences are proved, and who challenge us to the examination. If they are right, we are wrong. If they can produce a tithe of the evidence they boast—if they can prove but a fraction of their assertions, our doctrine of materialism is scattered to the winds. That would not much concern us; but we shall be discredited with it and the laugh of the world will be against us. How shall this catastrophe be averted? There is but one course for us. We must deny the facts. To discredit the facts we must discredit the witnesses. We must give them bad names—fools of their senses, deluders, deluded. If we are reminded that many of them are men of science and accomplished observers, or men of business, or men trained to try and weigh evidence, in all respects our equals and in many respects our superiors, we must declare that they are suffering from 'diluted insanity,' the victims of *prepossession*, the dupes of their senses, that they do not see with their eyes nor hear with their ears. If it be said that the outside world may

possibly be inclined to listen to them, our course is clear. We must vilify the subject and make psychology unpopular. We must stigmatise the seekers after soul as rogues and vagabonds — we must proclaim the believers in soul insane or idiots. If social persecution fails, then legal prosecution, relying on the prejudice and prepossession we have invoked. If we cannot put down that irrepressible pseudo-science psychology, we can at least limit the number of psychologists; we can deter others from becoming its disciples, and scare them from investigation of facts and phenomena that threaten the fabric of our doctrine of materialism and the permanency of our personal fame. True, there is some awkwardness in their challenge to us to see and experiment for ourselves. But let us be equal to the occasion. We have only to contend by argument *à priori* that according to our notions of nature the facts *cannot* be, and the conclusion is clear; therefore they are *not* facts and therefore we need not give time and thought to their investigation. We deny soul to be, and therefore we should be simply discrediting ourselves by looking for it. If we saw, we would rather say our senses deceived us than confess that we had come to wrong conclusions upon insufficient premisses. Be assured it is easier to put down opposition by ‘Phoo, phoo,’ and ‘Fie, fie,’ than by evidence and discussion.”

Mr. Serjeant Cox can hardly be set aside as a rampant Spiritualist, who need not be noticed; and the complexion of his mind with regard to the whole question of Spiritualism is not so very unlike Dr. Carpenter’s. A fellow-feeling may, therefore, make him, if not wondrous kind, yet more heedful than is his wont. I complain, and I hold that I have a right to complain, of these tactics. Materialists have done all they can to make it impossible for a man to avow his knowledge and belief without being socially injured. It is only here and there a few who snap their fingers in the face of Mrs. Grundy, and proclaim what is in their minds without flinching. And these are harried by foolish utterances such as this of Dr. Carpenter’s, forced to turn aside to drive off some fresh attack every now and again, to the disturbance of their investigations, and to the upsetting of their peace of mind. It is only a few who will allow themselves to be made a target at which anyone who has scraped together sufficient mud may amuse himself by pelting it. These half-truths can, we know, be made so specious, they can be so manipulated, that decent people will turn away, and, knowing only the side that it suits the critics to present, will think that Spiritualists are a mere crew of evil-doers. That is the modern rack and faggot. We don’t burn people now; we set public opinion at them by means such as those used in the article under notice, and the arch-priests and

inquisitors are the Carpenters of science who have run away with the cast-off clothes of mediæval priestcraft, and wear them with an arrogant dogmatism worthy of their original owners.

ESOTERIC SPIRITUALISM.

And this is not all. It results from these tactics that the public has no means of estimating the depth to which Spiritualism has struck its roots in the minds of those who see and know and are familiar with facts which the Carpenters only read of sparsely, or not at all. They—the outside public—are driven for their facts to such books as that of Mr. Home, to the enthusiastic utterances in some spiritualistic newspaper—fanatical enough and wild to *their* mind, but not one whit more so than the utterances of Little Bethel would seem to Huxley or Tyndall—and to any hole-and-corner scandal that circumstances make public property. This is not the platform of knowledge: and from it they are about as well-fitted to criticise Esoteric Spiritualism as a Christian missionary usually is to understand the subtleties of the Brahminical mind. It is literally true that they know nothing whatever about the subject, save in some of its outer deformities.

And they never can know in their present temper of mind. Ladies and gentlemen will not admit to their society, when they assemble for what to them is an act of such spiritual communion as to be a true act of worship, one who brings with him such a mind, such a complexion of spirit, as Dr. Carpenter has betrayed in some parts of his article. What society can a man think himself fit for, to what has he been used, when he can deliberately suggest that ladies and gentlemen should be regarded habitually as perpetrators of the vilest frauds, and that the antecedent ceremony to their seance should be to call in a detective and “female searcher” to remove, from their persons the instruments of deception; which, by the way, if not discovered, would be owing to the fact that the search was not complete? One’s blood boils at the brutal insult that is so put upon thousands of honourable men and women who would think scorn of harbouring in their minds such suspicions of their nearest relations and intimates as Dr. Carpenter seems to cherish, and who are yet quite as wide awake and as capable of judging of a fact as he is. They have at any rate learned from their religion what Dr. Carpenter has apparently failed to learn from his, or even from the brilliant example of his sister, that such a frame of mind is merely devilish, and forms a rude barrier to the acquisition of any spiritual knowledge—makes spiritual growth impossible.

DR. CARPENTER'S MENTAL PECULIARITIES.

This is what rampant prejudice and prepossession can carry a man to. And it is of this that I hold myself entitled to complain. Anybody can see it except Dr. Carpenter himself. Hear again what his friend Serjeant Cox says of his capacity for forming a fair judgment. It is an extract from the same inaugural address before quoted :—

“In pursuing our researches and experiments, we are not unconscious of the difficulties that attend them. We recognise to the full the influence of ‘prepossession’ and prejudice so powerfully asserted by Dr. Carpenter. To none is their disturbing effect upon evidence better known than to myself. It is daily under my notice. Witnesses, the most honest in intent, the most truthful in design, see, or fail to see, according to prepossession. They saw with their prepossessed minds and not their natural eyes. They looked, not to see what they could find, but to find something they hoped to find, and found it. They desired not to see something, and they did not see it—though plain before their eyes. Peering through the fog of prejudice, they could see nothing at all, or nothing clearly. I repeat again and again the wise saying that cannot be too often repeated, ‘Men do not believe what is true, but what they wish to be true.’ The senses are the slaves of the mind, and the mind, as we discover in dream when it is unaided by the senses, cannot tell us what is objective and what is subjective—if the impression is brought from without or created within. It is a humiliating truth that educated minds are more the victims of prepossession than the untaught mind, whose perceptions are often singularly acute and accurate. But of all minds the scientific mind is the most liable to be enslaved and blinded by prepossession, because it is most preoccupied with preformed opinions and theories. There is not a more notable instance of this than Dr. Carpenter himself, whose emphatic warnings to beware of it are doubtless the result of self-consciousness. An apter illustration of this human weakness there could not be. The characteristic feature of his mind is *prepossession*. This weakness is apparent in all his works. It matters not what the subject, if once he has formed an opinion upon it, that opinion so *prepossesses* his whole mind that nothing adverse to it can find admission there. It affects alike his senses and his judgment. The effect of prepossession upon the senses is either to paralyse them, so that they cannot perceive anything that conflicts with that prepossession, or to distort every object presented, or to make the victim perceive a great deal more than is actually presented to him. Dr. Carpenter is by no means a solitary instance of this mental blindness and obliquity, produced by

prepossession—he is only one of the most conspicuous. They who are familiar with our courts of law are aware that of all witnesses the least trustworthy are scientific witnesses—experts as they are called. It is a vulgar error that attributes less of honesty to them than to other witnesses. Their untruthfulness is, in fact, the result of prepossession. They go into the witness box possessed with theories, and, unconsciously perhaps, they measure the facts by their theories. They cannot see facts that tell against them; they transmute or magnify whatever fact supports their preformed views. So it is with Dr. Carpenter. Nobody will deny his honesty. It is impossible to deny that he is the slave of prepossession and prejudice. Psychology, from its very nature, is peculiarly subject to the illusory effects of prepossession, and therefore psychologists will do well to take warning by so eminent an example as that of Dr. Carpenter, and in pursuing their researches to be ever on guard against prepossessions which blind their eyes equally with those that distort, deceive, and multiply.”

And this is no affair of yesterday. Thirty years ago the self-same accusations were made against him. In turning over the fourth volume of *The Zoist*, I found an article in which his then mental attitude is thus described :—

“Dr. Carpenter manifests a strong and deeply-rooted hostility without the manliness of an open foe. He carps and cavils, nibbles a little here and there, detracts, depreciates, and shows unmistakably the *animus* which governs his proceedings. He would *like* to condemn the whole system; but, haunted by a fear of its truth, he condemns with a reservation, critically, judiciously—that is to say, leaving a wide margin to hop backwards and forwards as expediency may in time come to dictate.”*

Dr. Carpenter has not “put off the old man,” and it is too late now to hope that he ever will, until the veil is removed from his eyes, and he sees “no longer through a glass darkly, but face to face.” For men who cultivate the temper of mind that this article betrays, progress is as impossible as for some belated Tory squire. The desire for progress must come from within. Professor Tyndall, in the course of his late brilliant address to the Midland Institute,† says :—

“In his ‘Essay on Circles,’ Mr. Emerson, if I remember rightly, pictured intellectual progress as rhythmic. At a given moment knowledge is surrounded by a barrier which marks its limit. It gradually gathers clearness and strength, until by-and-by some thinker of exceptional power bursts the barrier and wins a wider

* *Zoist*, vol. iv., 1847, p. 517.

† *Fortnightly Review*, Nov. 1877, p. 596.

circle, within which thought once more entrenches itself. But the internal force again accumulates, the new barrier is in its turn broken, and the mind finds itself surrounded by a still wider horizon."

The simile is good, and it may be added to its already quoted application, that this same thinker of exceptional power who makes his breach in the wall is sure to find himself the mark for abuse and ridicule from those less adventurous souls whom he has left behind—if, that is to say, his wider horizon includes any views of truth that they do not like, or which do not square with their prepossessions. Entrenched behind the toppling wall, they will assuredly amuse themselves with throwing at the pioneer the stones which he has dislodged from the breach. It has been the story of all time, and the present advanced age is no exception.

It was so as regards scientific truth when Galileo tried in vain to persuade the then leaders of opinion to look through his telescope. It was so in respect of religious truth when decaying Judaism received with scorn the teachings of a Christ, and treated him and his obscure following with contumely. "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" "Have any of the Pharisees or rulers believed on him?" are, *mutatis mutandis*, the questions that are always asked by the Grun-dytes, whether of scientific, or social, or religious life. "What does the Royal Society say?" "Are you quite sure it is 'good form'?" "Is the devil at the bottom of it?" "Oh, but they are such a curious set of people!" These are the questions and remarks that are asked and made by the thousands who shape their conduct by the fashionable pattern. Few and far between are they who simply ask, *IS IT TRUE?* and having satisfied themselves that it is so, gird up their loins for the thankless task of defending it against popular clamour and ignorant or malicious misconception.

Of these Dr. Carpenter has no idea, of their knowledge he has taken no note, and in so doing he has "reckoned without his host." He can't slay facts: and he ought to know, if he does not, that an argument is not answered till it is answered at its best. A total disregard for this axiom of logic pervades his article. Whether because he knows no better, or to fortify a weak case, he selects always what he can turn to his purpose, or what carries absurdity written on its face. The gutter-ravings which he has gathered together as specimens of spirit-teachings are no more fairly typical of that which is so communicated, than are the crude and often blasphemous maunderings of some wild hedge-preacher characteristic of the cultured gospel of modern Christianity. Both are shocking enough to any cultured taste: both are even grotesquely absurd. I could cull from the storehouse of Christian theology, especially as developed amongst hot Calvinists,

some sentiments which would curdle the blood of any right-minded man whose "prepossessions are not hopelessly enlisted." What then? Is anybody responsible but their author? Surely not. And this may be done with everything, especially with every new form of belief. It is sure to run to excrescences, sure to have its camp-following of eccentricity, sure to give ample opportunity for assault. The wise man who desires to be fair distrusts what lies on the surface. "All experience combines to teach us caution. The history of human error is a history of the taking it for granted that things are as they appear." "All advance in knowledge is a deliverance of man from himself." "Slowly and painfully he learns that he is not the measure of truth, that the fact may be very different from the appearance to him . . . and so, to a truly marvellous extent, man becomes lord of nature. But the conditions of this lordship are inexorable. They are *the surrender of prepossessions, the abandonment of assumptions, the confession of ignorance.*"*

THE INDICTMENT AGAINST DR. CARPENTER.

Dr. Carpenter has never climbed to this eminence, and is incapable of extending his prospect beyond his own experience. He is bound up in self, unable to soar above it even for a moment. He is pleased to say in the course of his article that he shudders at what his doom might be if "put on my trial for my spiritualistic heresy with Messrs. Crookes and Wallace for my judges, and the Oxford M.A. as attorney-general for the prosecution, and Mrs. Guppy-Volekman as the principal witness against me." Dr. Carpenter mistakes. It is not Messrs. Crookes and Wallace who will be his judges. He stands at the bar of history, and not Mrs. Guppy, but his own words, will be his accusers. It is not I who will be called on to prefer any indictment against him, for his own hand is occupied in framing it. He will be judged out of his own mouth. The verdict will be according to the evidence, strictly in accord with the character which is being graven, and from it there will be no appeal.

But if it be necessary to arraign Dr. Carpenter in the present, the materials are not far to seek. I am very far from arrogating to myself any such position as that with which he sarcastically credits me, but if I were disposed to assume the *rôle* that he assigns me, I should arraign Dr. Carpenter on this wise:—

1. That he has meddled with that of which he has no sufficient knowledge—no knowledge at all worth the name.

* "Man and his Dwelling-place." By J. Hinton.

2. That he has never taken any sufficient pains to inform himself about the subject on which he has rushed into print.
3. That, having recklessly and rudely meddled with that which does not concern him, he has in his paper displayed lamentable ignorance and incapacity for exact statement and criticism.
4. That in his self-appointed mission, for which he thinks "rightly or wrongly, that he has unusual qualifications" the only "unusual" point to be discerned is that one who knows so little should have thought it well to speak at all.

NOTE A.

In the current number of *Fraser* Mr. A. R. Wallace makes a very damaging exposure of Dr. Carpenter's fallacies, misstatements, and blunders. I have so frequently said,—and have not only *said*, but have *demonstrated*—Dr. Carpenter's incapacity for exactness that I here quote some expressions of opinion from another source in order to show that I am not singular in my views as to Dr. Carpenter's fitness for his self-imposed task of defending the honour of British science. Who is this that comes forward to discharge this knightly duty? *Sans peur* he tells us he hardly boasts to be; *sans reproche* we have already sufficiently shown him not to be. What does Mr. Wallace say of his "unusual qualifications"?

THIS. "I propose to exhibit Dr. Carpenter as an example of what prepossession and blind scepticism can do for a man. I shall show how it makes a scientific man unscientific, a wise man foolish, an honest man unjust. . . . The scepticism of Dr. Carpenter . . . is a blind, unreasoning, arrogant disbelief, that marches on from youth to age with its eyes shut to all that opposes its own pet theories: that believes its own judgment to be infallible: that never acknowledges its errors." (p. 695).

THIS. "Dr. Carpenter is so prepossessed with the dominant idea of putting down Spiritualism, that it seems impossible for him to state the simplest fact in regard to it without introducing some purely imaginary fact of his own to make it fit his theory." (p. 697).

And THIS. "Dr. Carpenter concludes thus: 'If, then, Lord Lindsay cannot be trusted as a "faithful witness in that which is least," how can we feel assured that he is "faithful also in much"?' It will be well,' Mr. Wallace says, "to note the scriptural language employed by Dr. Carpenter in making this solemn and ridiculously unfounded charge. It reminds one of the 'I speak advisedly' (in the celebrated *Quarterly Review* article now acknowledged by Dr. Carpenter) which Mr. Crookes has shown (*Quarterly Journal of Science*, Jan. 1872) to be in every case the prefix of a wholly incorrect statement." (p. 698.)

And THIS. "I have now shown to the readers of *Fraser* (as I had previously shown in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*) that whatever

Dr. Carpenter writes on this subject, whether opinion, argument, quotation, or fact, is so distorted by prejudice as to be untrustworthy." (p. 703.)

I have said both in this article and elsewhere many plain words about Dr. Carpenter's want of accuracy in statement. But I have never brought a severer or sterner indictment against him than that which I here quote, or than that which Mr. Crookes has preferred against him on several occasions. These, in the opinion of those who know what they are saying, are the qualifications of Dr. Carpenter for his Quixotic mission of exposing the fallacies of testimony in respect of the supernatural.

NOTE B.

I had not thought it well to notice Dr. Carpenter's flippant and offensive remarks about my friend Col. Olcott, but the appearance of a statement in the *Spiritualist* of Nov. 30 ult., affords me an opportunity which I gladly accept of putting forward some *facts* as against Dr. Carpenter's *opinions*. As usual the *facts* are against him, and that they are facts is vouched by the name and knowledge of the writer, Mr. C. C. Massey, Barrister-at-law; who has the advantage of personal knowledge of the man of whom he speaks, which Dr. Carpenter has not. I know Col. Olcott myself, though I have never seen him. I know him better than I know many a man with whom I have held formal, personal, intercourse for many years. A regular and most cordial interchange of letters, extending now over a length of time which is not fitly measured by years and months, and an intimate knowledge of his inner mind enable me to speak with "unusual qualifications;" and my speech shall be short. Dr. Carpenter is ludicrously and even stupidly ignorant of the character of the man whom he defames. I append Mr. Massey's statement *in extenso*.

"THE CAREER OF COLONEL HENRY S. OLCOTT.

"BY C. C. MASSEY.

"Dr. Carpenter having spoken (as usual, upon mere hearsay) in terms of offensive disparagement of my friend, Colonel Olcott, in a footnote to his article in *Fraser*, I ask leave to place before your readers some particulars respecting the literary, scientific and public career of this honourable and not undistinguished gentleman, which I obtained from him during my stay in New York two years ago, when I was honoured with his intimate acquaintance. A day or two before I left for England, it occurred to me that before very long the question might be asked here, 'Who is this Colonel Olcott, who makes these amazing statements to the world?' and that it would be desirable that there should be some one able to reply upon the spot. Accordingly I got my friend to give me a history of his antecedents, which he not only did, but accompanied it with plentiful vouchers in the shape of original letters, documents, and other testimonies, understanding my object, and good-humouredly proffering proofs which one gentleman could not ask of another without immediate and business-like occasion.

"At a very early period of life Colonel Olcott was called upon to make his own way, and soon learned that knowledge of the world and of mankind which of all knowledge is the least favourable to a habit of credulity, or to deception by impostors. He travelled, and rubbed shoulders with all kinds of people; and at forty-three, when I made his acquaintance, was about as hard-headed, and as little disposed to an innocently charitable estimate of character or pretensions as anybody I ever met. Agricultural pursuits and inquiries first engaged his attention, and were, I believe, the occasion of his early travels. He became a recognised authority on these subjects, was the author of three works on scientific agriculture; one, on the Chinese and African sugar-cane, which passed through seven editions. He was for some time agricultural editor of the *New York Tribune*, and correspondent of our *Mark Lane Express*. His Government offered him a commissionership of agriculture. While yet young, he became a lawyer, not practising in the courts, but advising and transacting business in chambers. During the war with the South, he was appointed special counsel for the War Department, and was connected with that office for three or four years. In the course of that employment he was largely concerned in the prevention of frauds upon the Government, examined about two thousand witnesses a year, and saved the Government three or four millions of dollars. He was afterwards retained also by the Navy Department. Much of this employment was administrative rather than legal, and such was the reputation he acquired as a military organiser, that, at the conclusion of the war, he was offered the important post of Military Governor of Virginia, one of the chief lately insurgent States. This, however, he declined, preferring the independence of a private career. He resumed his practice as a lawyer, and was elected secretary to the Insurance Convention, a body formed by the Insurance Commissioners of the several States with the view of harmonising the laws and official rules of the States respecting such companies. Colonel Olcott is the author of a Consolidation Statute, and of two large volumes of Reports on Insurance, which have been very favourably reviewed. He is also the author of a work on Genealogy, and is well-known in America as a journalist and pamphleteer on many subjects. He also holds medals from scientific bodies.

"Now I would ask, is this a man whom, if he were an Englishman, Dr. Carpenter would venture to publicly describe as a '*gobemouche*?' or, if he did, would not the offensive attack be reprobated by public and literary opinion? But putting aside the discourtesy, look at the circular reasoning implied in this sort of judgment. A testifies to what B, C, and D consider, without examination, to be incredible. They therefore call A (as they can't doubt his honesty) credulous, or '*gobemouche*.' Then E (Dr. Carpenter), who professes to examine, wants to know what A's testimony is worth. So he goes to B, C, and D, and asks them what sort of a person A is. Of course they say, 'Oh, credulous—a *gobemouche*,' and then he gravely quotes this judgment, or rather makes it his own, as a reason for discrediting A's testimony!

"Hitherto I have spoken no word of disrespect of Dr. Carpenter, unless

to advert to the prejudices and prepossessions under which we Spiritualists all believe him to labour on one subject. I have always felt grateful to him for the physiological information his books have imparted to me, and for making pleasant reading of a hard study. I have also thought he behaved not unfairly to Dr. Slade at the time of our great trouble last year, and have regretted that the introduction by other men of 'science' of the new method of scientific investigation by police-court prosecutions (to which Dr. Carpenter distinctly refused to be a party), prevented his pursuit of inquiries, which I still verily believe would have led to a change in his opinions, and to a very different use of his influence. And no one has more reason to regret this than Dr. Carpenter himself. He publicly admitted (and the admission should be remembered in his favour) that he had become interested in an investigation with Slade, and had that investigation proceeded with success, as it undoubtedly would have done, at Dr. Carpenter's own house, Dr. Carpenter might have had the honour of anticipating the judgment, which, if recent intelligence from Germany be correct, may very shortly rebuke the intolerance and stupidity that have disgraced this country. But unfortunately Dr. Carpenter has missed his opportunity; and preferring the prepossession of a lifetime, and the estimation of his scientific contemporaries to the enduring fame that awaits Mr. Crookes, has devoted himself to a fresh assault upon truth, and to misrepresentations of its upholders. The Englishmen whom he has attacked are well able to defend themselves, and one of them has already given Dr. Carpenter cause to regret some parts of his article in *Fraser*. The short account I now furnish of Col. Olcott may enable your readers to judge whether Dr. Carpenter is more likely to be justified in an ignorant contempt based upon prejudiced reports of an absent foreigner.

"I may add that the reference to Col. Olcott is peculiarly inappropriate, seeing that no one has gone further than that gentleman in public and unsparing exposure and denunciation of fraud, folly, and excess connected with American Spiritualism—a course of conduct that has often brought him into collision with credulous enthusiasm.

"*Temple*, November 26."

ESSAYS ON MATTER, MOTION, AND RESISTANCE.

BY JOSEPH HANDS, M.R.C.S.

(Continued from p. 512).

COLOURS.

104. (s.) Colours have generally been supposed to be merely peculiar undulatory properties of matter, but I am impressed to depart from this hypothesis and incited to place all hues among the imponderable spirito-material elements, like heat, sound, electricity, and certain odours, &c.

105. (*t.*) It is found that when particular colours are intermingled, their distinctness is unobservable or becomes lost, and the result is *white light*, or a hueless mixture. This sequent may be compared to the union of distinct melodious tones, the blending of which creates *harmony*, and makes up the feeling—especially when heard from a distance—as if they were constituted but of one sound. It is also known that when two or more hues are mingled together they form compound tints, producing the effect as if emanating from one pigment. This result may again be likened to certain vocal duets or trios, producing—when not too near—but one harmonious sound.

Colours have been proved to be always undulating or emanating from bodies, whether in the presence of light or enwrapped in darkness.

Proof of the materiality of colours can be demonstrated by intercepting particular rays from the spectrum, and thereby *disjoining* or rather *decomposing* certain of the mixed rays constituting white light. For instance, we cannot separate the *green* rays of the spectrum into *yellow* and *blue* by the refraction of prisms, yet a purplish-blue glass will attract or rather take up the blue rays and thus arrest them in their course and allow the *yellow* undulations only to pass; we are thus enabled to analyse the *green* as effectively as if they—the rays in question—were disunited by refraction. Similar results ensue when *dissecting* other colours.

106. (*u.*) Tinted wines when introduced into small tubes, exhibit no colour. Further, the green of the sea-water is not perceptible when put into a glass vessel. The reason of this result is, that the tinted undulations from the above-named fluids are too few or not intense enough to excite the fibrillæ of the phrenological organ of colour, and hence the inability of detecting the hues of the fluids alluded to. The true condition as to the tints of different bodies, must not always be left to the decision of certain persons, for with many individuals the before-mentioned brain-organ is deficient in development as to its colour-detecting fibres. This is exemplified by the following cases:—A Mr. Harris, a shoemaker, at Allenby, could not distinguish the colour of a cherry from that of the leaves of the tree. His two brothers mistook *orange* for grass green, and *light green* for yellow. A Mr. Scott pronounced *pink* to be pale *blue*, and a full red a decided *green*; his father, uncle, sister, and two sons had the same defect. See other cases described in “Brewster’s Optics,” pp. 311, 312.

107. (*v.*) We often feel the effect of colours some time after the object from whence they emanated has been removed from our presence. The above result ensues from the memory, as it were, of past excitement, which is kept up by the vibratory action of the nerve-

loops, appertaining to that portion of the brain adapted for the reception of tinted rays.

108. (*w.*) The coloured spectrum (according to "The Year Book of Facts") has been engraved on the daguerreotype-plate further demonstrating that colours are effectively material; a nothing could not produce sequents.

Very few persons, if requested to mark with the point of a needle, the limits of the coloured rays, will single out the same spot, and other individuals fail to perceive certain tints. The eyes of these different parties are the same, but not their brain-organisation.

109. (*x.*) Herschel was the first that obtained any good specimens of photographic impressed prismatic colourations. Daguerre had noticed that a red house gave a red image on iodized silver plates in the camera obscura. Fox Talbot, found that a red coloured print was copied of a red hue on paper spread with chloride of silver. A paper prepared by washing it with muriate of baryta and nitrate of silver, and allowed to darken whilst wet in the sunshine to a chocolate colour, was placed under a frame containing red, yellow, green, and blue glasses. After a week's exposure to diffused light, this prepared paper becomes red under that coloured glass, yellow and green, when beneath these latter tints, and light olive under the blue glass.

110. (*y.*) The elements constituting colours may be conjectured to exist in the atmosphere and throughout all space and should be ranked with light, heat, and electricity, being, like them, a subtile unparticled imponderable material ether. These colour-principles can only be made evident to our senses when in union with atomised gravitating matter, which, accordingly as bodies change either in quality or composition, will radiate or undulate different tints. Thus there is no discoverable relation between the colour of a ponderable compound and that of its elements. For instance—iodine is of a deep iron grey hue, its vapour is violet, it forms beautifully white salts with the alkalies, a splendid red compound with mercury, and a yellow one with lead. The salts of iron vary from white and yellow to green and dark brown. Those of copper (a red metal) are of a beautiful blue and green colour.

111. (*z.*) Different coloured glasses transmit dissimilar quantities of heat. Thus red admits the passage of 17 deg.; orange, 27 deg.; yellow, 45 deg.; green, 42 deg.; blue, 47 deg.; indigo, 70 deg.; violet, 15 deg.

When wood or ivory is burnt or oxydised by electricity, the spectrum is crimson; silver and leather produce green by electrical ignition; and powdered charcoal yellow.

112. (*aa.*) The blind youth couched by Chesselden thought scarlet the most beautiful of all colours, but black was painful to his feelings. He fancied every object touched him.

113. (*bb.*) Claudet states that blue proved to be the most able photographic agent, and yellow the weakest. He threw the prismatic spectrum on paper, and also on the silver plate, the colours being marked on the paper, and the effects remaining on the photographic plate. He thus showed that the photographic prism presents results different from the apparent intensity of the prismatic spectra. He further observes that the rays which make the photographic picture are *different* from those of light.

114. (*cc.*) *Light* has been said to be a great mystery. Spirit itself is not more incomprehensible. It is a principle that makes all common matter visible, therefore it must be matter itself. Mysterious as this spiritous principle is, it can be analysed, and is found in combination with many other elements. All *colours* are associated with it, and they are almost innumerable. Heat travels along with it, and also another substance called *actine*, or actinism.* These principles—light, heat, and actine, &c., are perfectly distinct, and they can all be separated. Thus rock salt transmits 92 and alum only 12 per cent. of heat, and yet the same substances are permeated by a like amount of light. Again, black glass, which gives passage to a very small portion of light, allows 90 per cent. of heat to go through it. Yellow glass, that intercepts little or no light, but preserves the full glory of the sunbeam which has passed through its substance, changes altogether the chemical character of the light, for the actine has been stopped at the outer surface, and can be no longer discovered. This actine is the element which produces the chemical changes on coloured substances, and is therefore supposed to be indispensable to the production of daguerreotype likenesses. Hence it follows that in a room with yellow window-glass the portraits are not forthcoming. No impression is made on the iodised plate, not even by the image of the sun itself. Nay, the picture of the solar luminary, received through yellow glass, even protects the otherwise sensitive plate from change, thus proving that it is not light, but the influencing actine of the solar ray, that produces these exquisitely delicate and accurate pictures. They can even be taken in the dark, for actinism can penetrate black or deep blue glass, which shuts out light, and it can be introduced without light into a room with the dark or blue end of a solar spectrum refracted by a prism, and the actinism is all that is necessary for the action of the daguerreotype.

* From the Greek word *actin*, signifying a solar ray, and implying an active principle.

115. The three principles found in a sunbeam will be actine, heat, and light, and are divided between three colours—blue, red, and yellow. Blue contains the actine, red the heat, and yellow the light, in the largest proportion. If you decompose a *compound* ray of light by means of a prism, you find that the colours will separate in the following manner:—Yellow occupies the middle, blue one side, and red the other. These are all the original colours of light. The rest are compounds, made up of one ray overlapping or rather intermixing with another. Thus the spectrum reads from above downwards, thus :—first, the heat ray ; then, second, red ; third, yellow ; and fourth, blue colour-beams ; and lastly, fifth, the chemical or actinic ray. Actinism prevails in spring, light in summer, and heat in autumn. Now actinism belongs chiefly to the blue rays. It follows, therefore, that a plant which is covered with blue glass in the spring of its existence is placed in more favourable circumstances than one that is covered with yellow glass ; for yellow vitreous substances prevent almost entirely the transmission of the actinism. Under the yellow glass the young plant will not germinate. In the summer of the plant's life, however, when light is principally required for the selection or *creation* of the carbon, which increases the bulk of the plant the yellow glass becomes more favourable. In the autumn, red glass is conducive to the transmission of heat, which is chiefly required for the ripening of the fruit. It is owing to the abundant supply of actinism in the polar regions that vegetation during summer progresses with such singular rapidity in those cold climates. The deficiency of heat prevents the growth of innumerable plants which can only be reared in temperate and tropical climes ; but the vegetation that can be reared in cold regions comes quickly to maturity, and spring, summer, and autumn are all compressed within the small compass of two or three months. In tropical regions, on the other hand, the heat is more abundant than the actinism. This condition of things is favourable for fruit and plants, but not for daguerreo-typing. It has been proved that under a clear tropical sky no pictures could be taken, but no sooner does the rainy or winter season set in and the light diminish, than the actinism is increased, and the photographic plates and paper become sensitive to its influence. This is the season when Nature in the East shoots forth her buds and covers the ground with grass in a few days. It has hitherto been supposed that this luxuriant effect is the sole product of heat and moisture, but it is now demonstrated that the actinism in the light is an indispensable agent, without which the radiant heat and moisture operate in vain. This actinic agent, working in darkness or defective light, also accounts for the rapid progress which in moist summer-weather all

sorts of plants generally make in the night and morning, for, though light and heat are necessary to the strengthening and ripening of vegetation, the shooting and opening of the bud is the work of the actine, and so averse are flowers, which are fruit in embryo, to the mere principle of heat, that they naturally avoid the red rays and turn round to the yellow and the blue.

116. Baron Reichenbach's clairvoyant subjects could discern different coloured undulations bursting from all bodies, but especially the magnet. These latter resembled the *aurora borealis*, and extended a long way from the object, and were white, yellow, red, &c. Further, each metal was perceived by the Baron's patients to throw off particular and characteristic undulations all differing according to the substance from which they emanated.

(To be continued.)

EFFECT OF PENMANSHIP ON THE NERVES.—It is proverbial that great authors are rarely good penman. They write their fine thoughts in the poorest chirography. One reason of this is because great care and precision in writing consume nerve force very rapidly. A copyist can write three times as long when he writes what is called a slovenly hand, than when he writes with great precision. So an author who writes when composing a clear, beautiful hand, will exhaust himself sooner, or his thoughts will suffer, or both, more than one who writes more fluently. It is much better, then, when the brain is acting powerfully to let the penmanship take care of itself. If necessary it may be dressed up afterwards. Writing-masters teach all of us properly the same handwriting, and they have a certain way to hold the pen; but men of any genius break away from set methods of forming the letters and holding the pen, and establish a way of their own which suits their style. If they did not do this, the strain on the nerves would be too much for some of them. That kind of penmanship most easily and best adapted to authors, should be as simple as possible, as free from flourishes as they can make it, and made with the least movement of the hand. In other words, it should be a handwriting that can be executed involuntarily, that is, without an effort of the will, or care as to how the letters are to be made. Those authors who write a laboured hand had better give it up. It is a strain on the nerves, and retards the natural forcible flow of thought.—*Herald of Health.*

LATER PHASES OF MATERIALISATION,

WITH REFLECTIONS TO WHICH THEY GIVE RISE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS COLLEY, M.A., LATE OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

"Form-manifestations in some of their more recent developments" might have been the title for the subject to be treated of, but I adopt in preference to this the one above given, because what I have seen in what I have to describe is materialisation and nothing short of it. "Form-manifestation" may be medium dressed up, or dummy ghosts pushed forward for recognition on part of the credulous as spirit-friends: and when medium and figure presented do not appear together it *may* be "form-manifestation" only. But this has never been the case in my investigations of the matter with Dr. Monck: and inasmuch as he and the living, moving, breathing, eating, speaking, writing, manly-muscular or womanly-beautiful form have always been seen together, and the two from one been companions with us; as also when the second, issuing from the first, has completed the process of mysterious evolution—and, before my very eyes, stepped forward into being, led by the medium towards us for social introduction and the closest acquaintance, I cannot do other than call it materialisation, and must repudiate the ambiguous term "form-manifestation," which may mean anything, and most certainly does not cover the wonderful phenomena I have recently been privileged to witness through Dr. Monck.

The first, and in some respects most striking phenomenon of unquestionable materialisation I have lately seen through my friend, was that of Tuesday, September 25th, reported both in the *Medium* and *Spiritualist* of October 5th. I have nothing to add to, or take from it, and therefore give it entire as it appeared.

Springs the immortal from the mortal,

Heaven is twin with earth:

Man is made the spirit's portal

And th' invisible hath birth.

THOS. COLLEY.

I have just witnessed the most marvellous materialisation phenomenon I have ever heard of or can conceive. About half-past six o'clock this evening Dr. Donald Kennedy, of Boston, U.S., with Dr. Monck, called on me to accompany them to a hastily improvised and telegram-arranged sitting at the house of a friend near London.

First we sat—four men only, with our wits about us, I hope—for preliminary manifestations in the light, consisting of test slate-writing. Dr. Kennedy was instructed to write a question, secretly, on one slate, and then tie it over another with a bit of pencil placed between, so that by invisible power the spirit-answer might be given. This was done, the slates being tied up in a handkerchief and placed for a moment on the carpet, in the shade, under the table, all hands being

visible while the writing was in audible process. The answer was pertinent to the question put, a communication to Dr. Kennedy also being added, which had in it the nature of a test, inasmuch as it bore reference to a matter of private interest and importance to the gentleman named.

After this, some writing-paper was placed between the leaves of a book, and, with a lead-pencil, these were put beneath the table, Dr. Kennedy instantly placing his foot upon the volume to secure it. "Samuel," Dr. Monck's control, then requested him to name the number of the page, and line, for an extract, and page 20 and line 10 at random were suggested, and quickly the mystery was accomplished; Dr. Kennedy removing his foot for a moment for the book to be handed up. The extract was literally and correctly given, and a further message to Dr. Kennedy was found, consisting of fifty-six words over and above the thirteen transcribed answering to the number of the page and line desired; making, with the slate and other direct-writing yet to be noticed, one hundred and four words in three totally different styles of hand-writing, each communication being consistent as to style throughout.

And now a small bell, placed on the table, was seen to rise from and float over it, and hang suspended in space, then dip obliquely, and ring several times—we surrounding it, passing our hands above and about it, to be perfectly sure that no hair, or wire, or thread, magnet below, or fraud from any place still lower sustained it; as in wicked opposition to known laws, it acted in a manner frolicsomenely contumacious of scientific propriety, and was sadly regardless of what might have been expected from it on score of gravitation.

Then a lead-pencil, placed on some paper, got up, sloped itself to the writing angle and with no hand visible to guide it, wrote with considerable pressure, manifest from the depth of colour, and indentation of the pencil-point in the paper, a sentence of five words. The surpassing swiftness with which these few words were written was amazing. I tore the paper, and placed it under the pencil, which latter had no sooner raised itself to the proper pitch to feel its point, than with electric speed it moved, and the sixty-eight separate movements of the pencil necessary to write the five words were effected instantaneously.

But yet another slate-writing test was to be given. Two slates were placed together, with a splinter of slate-pencil between them, and Dr. Kennedy, resting his hand with force with Dr. Monck's upon the upper one, dictated that the word "Remember" should be written: and while so held in this manner, precluding all possibility of deception, with six eyes watchful to detect, and six ears acute to discover anything like hanky-panky, no sooner was the word given, than the sound of writing under Dr. Kennedy's hand was heard, and instantly the unpremeditated word was written.

Then having half-an-hour still to spare, the two ladies of the house joined us, and we sat for materialisation. The back-room, divided from the front by folding doors (one shut, and a curtain partly covering the other), formed the cabinet, which was little needed; for

Dr. Monck, under control of "Samuel," was by the light of the lamp—the writer not being a yard away from him—seen by all to be THE LIVING GATE FOR THE EXTRUSION OF SPIRIT-FORMS FROM THE REALM OF MIND INTO THIS WORLD OF MATTER: for standing forth thus plainly before us, the psychic or spirit-form was seen to grow out of his left side. First, several faces, one after another, of great beauty appeared, and, in amazement, we saw, and as I was suffered to stand close up to the medium, even touching him, I saw most plainly, several times, a perfect face and form of exquisite womanhood partially issue from Dr. Monck about the region of the heart. Then, after several attempts, a full-formed figure—in a nebulous condition at first, but growing solidier as it issued from the medium—left Dr. Monck and stood, a separate individuality, two or three feet off, bound to him by a slender attachment as of gossamer, which, at my request, "Samuel," in control, severed with the medium's left hand; and there stood embodied a spirit-form of unutterable loveliness, robed in attire spirit-spun, a meshy web-work from no mortal loom, of a fleeciness inimitable, and of transfiguration whiteness truly glistening.

But Dr. Kennedy was now invited to draw equally near and realise more closely with me the marvel of the separate identity of the spirit-form from the medium, and as we stood, looking with all our soul upon the mighty fact of *spirit-birth from mortal man*, Dr. Monck, still entranced, placed the lovely visitant from the inner world between us, and, affording it the support each of an arm, we advanced with our sweet spirit-companion some steps further into the room. Meanwhile, holding the hand of the spirit-arm that rested on mine, I felt the wrist, palm, fingers, and finger-nails; it was in every respect a living hand, answering to my touch, yielding to pressure, having natural weight and substance, and all things pertaining to humanity, but it was damp and stone-cold; and the thought passed through my mind, how, like steam, first invisible, congealed, is then seen as cloudy vapour, which, precipitated, may finally take solid form in ice, this figure at my side had, by a somewhat analogous process, been rendered visible and tangible from the vital force, viewless and imponderable of the medium, being, under the chemistry, not yet understood of the higher life, congealed into the nebulous condition instanced of the form's first appearance, further to solidify into the lovely creature we supported and wistfully beheld.

But, not to theorise, I now come to the climax of the night's most wonderful phenomena.

When the form at last retired, I was, as an extreme favour which might cost the medium great prostration, permitted to accompany it, and draw near with it slowly and cautiously, until I came again close up to Dr. Monck, as he, still entranced, stood forth full in view of all, waiting to receive back unto himself the marvellous æon, phantasm, or emanation that we *must* call angel or spirit. As it neared him the gossamer filament again came into view, its attenuated and vanishing point being, as before, towards the heart. By means of this subtle cord, I noticed how the psychic figure seemed to be sucked back into the body of the medium. For like a water spout

at sea—funnel shaped—or sand column, such as I have seen in Egypt, horizontal instead of vertical, the superior vital power of Dr. Monck seemed to absorb and draw in the spirit-form, but so gradually that I was enabled closely to watch the process; for, leaning against and holding the medium, with my left arm at his back, and my left ear and cheek to his breast, his heart beating in a most violent and alarming way, I saw him receive back the lovely birth of the invisible spheres into his very person, and, as I gazed for the last time on the sweet face of the disintegrating spirit, within three or four inches of the features, I marked its fair aspect, eyes, hair, and delicate complexion, and kissed the dainty hand, as, in process of absorption, it dissolved, and saw the angel face disappear and fade, as it was drawn, positively, into the bosom of the medium. Gazing thus closely, with awe and breathless interest, did I, therefore, watch the departure of our angel-friend, and through the living gate and avenue of the medium's very self, did I, with feelings indescribable, mark the steps of her progress to regain, through the living organism and body of Dr. Monck, her home in the viewless spheres.

The next sitting for materialisation was that of Monday, October 8, and was, like the one above described, hastily improvised and accidental, though I believe spiritually appointed. My report of it appeared in the *Medium* of October 12, and is as follows :—

Bewildering phenomena; yes, says the self-satisfied cynic, bewildering to those whose wild fancies suggest a wilderness where common sense has never farmed the mental waste, where brain-capacity is small, and proper discipline, thoughtful application, diligent study, and the observant powers never had scope to bring to cultivation the rational faculty—bewildering not, else.

Well, I have written some, and seen much, and pondered more, and yet I am puzzled still. A fool quickly settles a matter, but a matter last night settled me, unless a fool, in the conviction that as things go, the time is not far off when the invisible will be very clearly seen, and the intangible very sensibly felt; when matter will rarefy to spirit, and spirit solidify to matter, and a strange metempsychosis not unfrequently take place, wherein one of earth, properly qualified, may go on a spiritual excursion into the realm of mind, and one of spirit, rightly conditioned, be able to come on a visit to us for a few days into this world of matter; the one using the life-atoms and bodily constituents of the other adapted to his temporary need, while he from us, taking on the nature of spirit, shall occupy the place in the unseen of our mysterious guest, and as a *locum tenens* tentatively do his duty in the higher life, the thread of his life here, and its obligations and divine purposes, being taken up and observed and outwrought for the time by the angel incumbent with whom he has made spiritual exchange.

Now, if this is not the wildest stuff ever written out of Bedlam, it is a sane prophecy of future possibilities; and last night's experience warrants me in thinking it rather of the latter. Dr. Monck was again medium. Four of us constituted the circle, all in perfect

rapport with our instrument, having that confidence in him which is of knowledge, which yet, for the sake of others, and the better to observe what transpired, did not prevent us from taking every care in the application of tests that should answer for the genuineness of the manifestations and satisfy the most exacting.

The sitting was wholly for materialisation, and the first form that appeared was that of a child, as it were, as we on this side of eternity would say, about six or seven years of age. This figure in view of all grew out of the medium's left side as he stood entranced before us. It had all the actions and ways of human childhood; clapped its little hands, pursed its mouth to kisses, and spoke in pretty accents, Dr. Monck, under control, speaking to it and instructing it like an elder brother. Then after a few minutes further stay, sliding back into the medium, it gradually disappeared.

The next form was none other than Dr. Monck's old earth friend, fellow student, brother minister, and chief spirit-control, "Samuel Wheeler." When he in like manner issuing forth first stepped from the medium into separate being, Dr. Monck was unconscious, under control of "Lily," and her voice through him contrasted very markedly with the voice of the materialised form—it, to the very syllable, being the voice of "Samuel" as when speaking through the medium. But this did not satisfy our spirit-friend, for the marvel of the night's effort had yet to culminate. Conditions being so good, "Samuel" thought he might dematerialise and awake Dr. Monck, and then be able to rematerialise with the medium in his normal state, fully alive to all that transpired, and conscious of the astounding fact we were to witness; and successful, beyond all conception of the mystery, was this most unique experiment, for after the first alarm of Dr. Monck had passed away, and after the pain and nervous snatchings he felt in the process of his friend's evolution from himself had subsided, medium and spirit-form conversed naturally together, and the astonishment and glee of the former were only equalled by our profound sense of inability adequately to grasp at first the vast significance of this amazing demonstration of occult power. Equally with the child-form did "Samuel Wheeler" show all the attributes of humanity, and, in his case, reason and ripe manhood, as in hers girlishness and simplicity. He was not unlike the medium in stature, form, and bearing; and one of our company having intimately known "Samuel" in the earth-life (being frequently one of his congregation when our spirit-friend was as our medium also was, a Baptist minister), unhesitatingly declared that *this* "Samuel Wheeler" was *that* Samuel Wheeler, and none other.

So for some time the spirit, temporarily clothed with earthly elements, molecular agglutinations, and atomic gatherings, that thronging in from spirit-attraction and life-magnetism, clinging round the soul—Deity's central fact—form the visible man, the spirit thus endued, compacted, and embodied, stayed and talked with us, walked about with his old friend Dr. Monck, and greeted his other friend joyfully, and did many other things to show how perfectly he was a man, and then at last, psychological laws (about which we are alto-

gether in the dark) compelling, reluctantly retired, and drifting back into the medium, threw him into trance and resumed control.

And now a new sensation was in store for us. A spirit-form, eight inches taller than Dr. Monck, grew from him by degrees, and building itself up into giant proportions with muscular limbs developed like statuary of bronze, and of the colour, there came into disconnected, independent, vigorous life, apart from the medium, an ancient Egyptian. From its general aspect, dress, and manner, I addressed it as such at once without a moment's doubt or hesitation. For Ancient Egypt has been a favourite study with me, and in modern Egyptians I have, when in the East, endeavoured to trace the ancient masters of Israel and the sciences, and have dreamed amid the ruins of the Temple of Isis, and sketched the blue tuniced and turbaned descendant of the Pharaohs, and have pleasant recollections of an Egyptian Fellah, Zozab, who used to accompany me through the bazaars, and pioneer me through the intricacies of Suez; and if ever Bulwer's Arbaces the Egyptian, in the "Last Days of Pompeii," had existence other than in the mind of the author, it was here embodied in the materialised form I handled and closely scrutinised last night.

The vitality and power of this spirit were remarkable; it walked with manly step and dignified carriage round and about the room, before and behind us, without fear or hesitation; appeared curious about, and leisurely inspected, the furniture and ornaments of the room; took up a chair and placed it on the table; brought us books and other things, and then, taking the chair from the table, placed it close to mine and sat down at my side. Meanwhile I closely introspected it, and felt its anatomy, the medium standing at my left side while "Mahedi" (the Egyptian) was seated at my right. I now got the spirit to measure hands, placing its palm on mine. The hand (stone cold, while the medium's was burning hot,) was small, like all Easterns, and the wrist was also small, but the arm was massive, muscular, bronzed, and hairy. Its eyes were black and piercing, but not unkindly; its hair lank and jet, and moustaches and beard long and drooping; its features full of life and expression yet Sphinx-like. Its head-dress was very peculiar, a sort of metal skull-cap with an emblem in front, overhanging the brow, which trembled and quivered and glistened. I was suffered to feel it, but as I did so it seemed to melt away like a snow-flake under my touch, to grow solid again the moment after.

Altogether our mysterious visitant was a weird and everlasting puzzle. But for the sake of an inner circle studying with me the correspondence and causative philosophy of these mysteries, I am instructed to say that "The Mahedi" is the "Coming Phase," and that what I have thus been the first to witness has yet to develop to something out of all proportion to anything at present experienced or even dreamt of.

But other matters of moment transpired too recondite to be lucidly recorded, and at last our new acquisition from the "Grand Man" through mortal man retired, and bowed a silent adieu, and as I had done with other spirit-forms in their exeunt and exit, I, at

the distance of a few inches only, watched "The Mahedi's" absorption into the body of the medium, and his gradual disappearance, till he was merged viewless into the boundless hereafter through this mortal gate of access to the mysteries of the other life.

The next sitting was that of Friday, October 19, reported by "M.A. (Oxon.)," an account of which appeared in both the *Medium* and *Spiritualist* of October 26. I will here incorporate with an addendum I made to that report, what of it only is necessary to make my appendix clear.

After describing the growth and projection of a child-figure from Dr. Monck's side, united, as it appeared to be, to him by a line of white mist, and recognising the child as an undoubted separate entity, that moved, and spoke, and clapped her hands, and remained for some appreciable time, an individual embodiment several feet from the medium, he under control talking to her, till gradually the form vanished, leaving a misty appearance only on Dr. Monck's left side. "M.A. (Oxon.);" goes on to describe further, how, at the medium's side, the same misty appearance was again seen, which rapidly developed, till there stood before us a man of considerably taller stature than the medium, swarthy and oriental in type, with large black beard and moustaches, and dusky arms and hands, and on his head a glistening ornament or emblem, and says "M.A. (Oxon.);" further:—

"In this case, again, there was no room for doubt that the figure was separate from the medium, and was endowed with vitality and volition. At request 'The Mahedi' (such is his title) took up a chair and put it on the table, removed it, and sat down upon it with the clumsy, jerky movement that I have before noticed in these forms; wrote some hieroglyphics in my pocket-book, and moved round to a remote corner of the room while the medium was by my chair. In this position Dr. Monck, under control, grasped both my hands, and placed his lips on the back of one of them; and under these conditions the form spoke, and moved round to the table. At request the medium held one of my hands, while the form touched the other. The medium's hands were very warm; that of the figure cold and almost clammy, and very lean and dusky in appearance.

"While the child-figure was before us, I noticed that the little hand given to me was life-like and natural to the touch. Not so with 'The Mahedi's' hand. Its deathly coldness sent a shudder through me."

Then after other matters of moment pertaining to these materialisations, "M.A. (Oxon.);" says, in conclusion:—

"As to the separate existence of the forms, the *bonâ fides* of the medium, and the straightforward character of the whole seance, I have no doubt."

My additions to the above were as follows:—

"The words spoken by the figure, when the medium's lips were pressed on the back of the hand of 'M.A. (Oxon.),' were to this

effect, 'Tell Osiris, this is due to him.' Our inner circle will understand it.

"The Mahedi,' as an Egyptian, could not speak English at a previous sitting; and at it and this, seemed slow to understand what 'Samuel,' in control said to him. At the past sitting, however, after much trouble on 'Samuel's' part and mine, we got him to write these words which I dictated, 'An Eastern spirit,' and then it struck me as absurd that any earthly or spiritual being could write in a language it could not understand, but holding the pencil clumsily (more in the way that a stylus would be held) it made very rapid snatching movements, jerks, and circular twists, and then dashed off suddenly the words I desired twice over. The character of the hand-writing was the same in both cases, but the first attempt was less free and flowing than the second; both were written with great power and speed, and it struck me that the arm of 'the Mahedi' was, controlled by some force extra of itself, as in writing mediumship and not of its own volition.

"So in the present case where the figure spoke the words, 'Tell Osiris, this is due to him,' it again seemed very absurd that an Eastern spirit could speak English when it had manifest difficulty in comprehending it when spoken by us, and it struck me, and my wife also, that 'the Mahedi' spoke under control, the passive instrument merely, momentarily oracular, for the use of some other intelligence: for the words were uttered much in the same way, and with the same tone and emphasis that 'Samuel' has occasionally to adopt when there is a lack of power.

"THOMAS COLLEY."

The next sitting was that of Friday, October 26th, reported in the MEDIUM of November 2nd, and my account of it is as follows:—

I dread having to write a report of this evening's seance. The facts that in the interest of truth call for the most sober and serious record, must, in the telling to outsiders, seem such wild, romancing, mad, and monstrous (though charitably they may say unconscious) perversions of that truth in whose interest alone I write (and this at no little risk of my clerical reputation, and position, and hope of future advancement), must, I say, appear so incredible, and utterly beyond possibility of belief, that did not some force, compulsory of utterance, irresistibly drive me to make public my recent experiences in Spiritualism, and beget in me a supreme indifference as to the consequences of my boldness, I should stubbornly observe silence regarding these things, and say in my heart, "Let the world play the fool, and shut its eyes to the existence of all else beside it, and its vanities, lies, fashions, and fopperies." But, as with the prophets of old, when the burden of the Lord was upon them, and they could not choose but speak, so now, as aforetime, I cannot, as I could not, choose but pen what I have seen, though I be quoted a fool for my pains, if not worse (at a safe distance).

Almost every succeeding seance with our inner circle is an advance on the preceding, and develops some new phase of materialisation peculiar to itself. Wonder eclipses wonder, and the mind staggers

under the weight of evidence demonstrable of the fact that spirit-birth from mortal man is a tremendous truth, and afterthought but increases the profound feeling of astonishment at what we ourselves have witnessed, and our hands have realised, and other powers verified, as to the existence of the dead, so called, restored to life, not as ghosts or vampires, but as substantial, living, moving, breathing, thinking, human beings, endowed with all the attributes of humanity, able to reason, speak, eat, walk about, and write. This increase of astonishment of which I speak (subsequent and permanent after the marvels which give rise to it have been pondered and thought over seriously, and sifted in every way) is chronic with us of the inner circle, and common to all who may have joined us. "M.A. (Oxon.)," writing to me two days after the sitting he reported last week, says—

"It struck me very forcibly that what we saw the other night is a fact so tremendous, so far-reaching in its issues, that the mind almost refuses to contemplate it. Two new creations in an hour! Two births and deaths, so far as earth is concerned. Whence came they? Whither have they gone? It seems to me that if this is to become (as you suspect it will become) frequent, if it is to be anything more than a most rare and exceptional phenomenon, we shall enter on a totally new epoch, where a new order of thought must prevail. The facts seem to me to transcend any I have seen of the same kind, and are of imperial import."

Three of us sat with Dr. Monck this evening. I had induced him to observe some important matters that appear to aid in the production of the facts to be recorded, the neglect of which last week, when "M.A. (Oxon.);" was with us, told somewhat against our experiments. But to-night everything was as it should be, and the light by which our observations were made was found to be endurable by our spirit-friends beyond precedent, amounting, as the seance progressed, to the full power of the unshaded lamp on the table, not two yards from the medium where the psychic figures came into view, showing most clearly at times the mystic cord that fibred the spirit-form and medium together, till severed by the arm of the latter under superior control. At times also, the lamp was held within a few inches of the faces of the materialised forms, so that, to all present, a long inquiring oft-repeated look has stamped the features, skin-marks, colour of the eyes, beard, complexion, and general aspect, so strongly upon the memory, that the faces might be recognised a year hence anywhere.

All that forethought could devise was done to exclude the remotest possibility of anything unfair, for though my long and large experience of Dr. Monck has rendered quite unnecessary, and even repugnant to me, the application of tests, yet for the sake of others who do not know him as I do, and for his own sake also, I never scruple or neglect to impose conditions that make cheating and charlatany an absurd impossibility.

Thus conditioned, therefore, we sat, and the first form that

appeared, led forward by the entranced medium, was a woman figure, draped from head to foot, with face so covered that I could not see the features. One of our company, however, whose mother this was said to be, affirms that the general appearance of the figure, dress, and manner were the same that attended its coming on a previous occasion elsewhere. But the light seemed to cause it great discomfort, and it drew back, whispering its name, as if anxious that its identity should be recognised, and the name was correct.

The next form was the undetached coming of the spirit we know as "Lily," but from some cause or other her materialisation was stayed in process of development; left side, arm, and half face, as it seemed, waiting for the other half, unseen, to glue up to it, which it did not; for soon the process of evolution from the medium, which thus had pause, quickened, and, as it appeared, under a change of first intention, a bearded, robust, middle-aged man stepped forward, and leaving the medium walked round us and about the room. I had been looking for "The Mahedi," but this new visitor wanted his great height and bronzed skin; his light olive complexion, and the general appearance, answering rather to what I have seen with the Parsees in India. Yet I was forbidden to be too sure that it was not "The Mahedi," though outwardly it was in no sense whatever like him. The explanation given was, that it was one and the same spirit in another degree. However not to drift into speculations too transcendental for general apprehension, I may say that this new friend, or old in a new form, was unable to speak English, and barely could comprehend it. The entranced medium ("Samuel" in control) having by action and dumb show to indicate what we wished it to do. When thus it understood what we wanted, with great amiability and courtesy the psychic figure permitted, and, in every way encouraged, our closest scrutiny; so at leisure I observed its features, and nose to nose I peered into its dark eyes, and got the mysterious being to open and shut them repeatedly; felt its black beard, touched its face and lips, and felt its breath on the back of my hand, and so thoroughly explored its visible anatomy, that I have not the shadow of a doubt that it was a living entity, not of this world, yet natural; the medium, remember, all the time under control of "Samuel," standing apart, but aiding my researches in every way possible, by suggestion and example of what I desired. The light of lamp was at its full during this prolonged and near inspection of our mysterious visitant, and not three feet distant from the figure the whole time. The same opportunity for close scrutiny on part of my two companions was given, and after staying with us for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the spirit thus temporarily housed in temple of a fleshly body, gotten and got rid of so mysteriously, retired.

And now the medium became subject to the control of "Lily," and our old friend "Samuel" built himself up into temporary earth-life, and, as on a former occasion, made himself one with us freely and sociably. For the first part of "Samuel's" stay with us Dr. Monck was unconscious, and stood near me under entrancement of "Lily,"

while his chief spirit-guide, thus embodied, walked about and talked, and mended a musical box that I had previously in vain tried to set right. But after a time I got "Lily" to relinquish control of the medium and awake him; and this was done too suddenly, and I see there may be danger in it unless warily accomplished; for, when Dr. Monck, starting as from deep sleep, saw the psychic form standing near me, he gave a great bound, and uttered a cry as of pain and fear, and appeared for the moment as if he were about to swoon; but, as I was hastily explaining matters to him, he recognised his old earth-friend, and rushed forward to embrace him with exclamations of astonishment and joy, and the two conversed with each other as naturally as they could have done before the one departed this life, thus for a little time to be able so inexplicably to return.

And now the marvel of the evening grown to its full, with harmony, and plenitude of power, sufficient to keep "Samuel" in full muscular condition, there seemed scarcely any limit to what might not be attempted and successfully done; and when one feat was accomplished another was proposed, and another, and another, till suggestion well-nigh gave out. For instance, I requested "Samuel" to get some grapes I had with me, and though Dr. Monck objected to it, on the score of its not being a nice experiment, yet, in the interest of this new science of Spiritualism, I persisted, and induced "Samuel" to take a grape from my fingers into his mouth, and eat it as I faced him, and then spit out into my hand the chewed skin. (I find that in the process of deglutition by the materialised form, Dr. Monck tasted the grape his spirit-friend was eating.) Dr. Monck then took up the lamp, burning at its full, and rushed it close up to "Samuel's" face, but there was manifest inconvenience, if not pain, on the part of the spirit when this was done, and it seemed with great effort only to be able, without flinching, to bear the full glare. When we have patiently experimented, and learnt what sort or colour of light the psychic forms can best endure, another grand step will have been made in the study of these mysterious things.

And now Dr. Monck (whose excitement, and delight, and almost boyish way with "Samuel," suggesting this, and requesting that, were amusing, and would have carried conviction of his *bona fides* to the most Carpenterian mind) would have no nay, but that his embodied chief control should show his muscular power, in lifting first one, and then another, entirely out of their chair; and not satisfied with that, he insisted on himself being lifted, as he stood upright, six or eight inches off the floor; and though it was not wanting in some elements of the ridiculous, it certainly at the same time had abundant matter for thought, and inquiry, and was a phenomenon, of no little significance, to see the medium, in his normal state, lifted by the materialised form.

But, I must not omit to notice how the voice of "Samuel" in the temporary form, was exactly the voice of "Samuel" when in control of the medium; and the contrast between the voices of the two friends was very marked. But I also observed this fact, that, when "Samuel" began to lose substance and power, he (as "M.A. (Oxon.)

has called attention to) drew near to Dr. Monck, and in that way seemed to gather renewed vitality. I moreover perceived, that when his voice grew faint, a moment's approach to his medium again gave him lung-power, compass, volume of tone, and strength of articulation. Many other particulars, and things of moment occurred which I must for the present reserve; but at last, after remaining bodily with us for nearly half-an-hour, "Samuel" retired, and resumed control of Dr. Monck, and then told us some of his sensations in the temporary form he had built up and tenanted; and so, at a late hour, another most marvellous seance was brought to a close with the direct-voice of a power understood only by those of the inner circle, and the swift controls through the medium, of the spirit band that forms the unseen circle correspondent with ours, each greeting us with its part of the benediction, which, of the several powers combined resting on us, speaks of still greater wonders swiftly travelling on, and shortly to transpire.

The following is from the pen of Hensleigh Wedgwood, Esq., Justice of the Peace, who was present at the seance above reported:

"I was present at the sitting described above, and entirely agree with Mr. Colley's report. "H. WEDGWOOD."

Now one of our company present at the seance last described, held on Friday evening, October 26, was astonished to see one of the psychic forms on retiring from the room, which was not quite dark—by reason of the blind of the large window not being drawn down, light from workshops opposite streaming in—was astonished to see the figure in bold relief opposite the window, throw away its cap or turban, taking it from his head and with demonstration of energy casting it from him. Now did we not know the positive genuineness of the manifestations, and utter impossibility of fraud, this would have looked queer. But "Samuel" in control at the time spoke of several spirit-forms being in the room, perfect or in stages of formation. Not mentioning this, however, to the medium in his normal condition, I inquired of "Samuel," entrancing Dr. Monck two days after, about this cap or turban-throwing spirit, and he then entered into a long correspondent explanation and symbolical treatment of the subject: from which I gather that those of our inner circle, according to their degree, contribute to build up the materialised forms, the vital force of which mysterious visitants, is mainly and sometimes altogether from the medium: those of the inner circle assisting when in perfect accord with him, and in the same spiritual degree and sphere. But those who are not of this inner circle, and not so perfectly in unison with the spiritual influences of the seance, at times give off the power that is used for the spirits' dress. Hence, according to the spirituality of the sitters, the perfection, imperfection, form, appearance, and dress of the embodied entities that walk among us is in a measure determined.

Some of us, therefore, according to our lack of the proper sort of stuff for form-building, are not life-makers, and body-builders, but simply *spiritual clothiers*. Thus, most likely, the element given off on

the occasion I speak of, by our stranger-friend with us, as an intellectual man, outside our inner circle, went to form the head-dress of the figure. For just before the cap-throwing form appeared, "Samuel" in control had placed the medium's hands on the head of our friend, saying I want some power from you, and then went and stood before the black curtain until the figure grew into being and stepped forth. According, therefore, to the intellectual status of our friend, by the law of correspondences (ruling in these wonders to a greater extent than we dream of) the head-dress, cap, or turban, made up from the power he gave off would be more or less perfect.

Hence, when these forms are dissipated, none of the disintegrated dress, if the elements that formed it were not *from* the medium, can ordinarily be absorbed *by* the medium or it would probably injure or kill him. So in the return of the materialised *form* to its earth-source *in* the medium, and the *spirit's* return to its inner sphere *through* the medium, what it had, outwardly, from other sources must first be put off; and this accounts for the spirit-form or psychic figure flinging away the cap or turban.

But, it is suggested, on high occasions, when the inner circle is strongly present, conditions are such that the form is altogether celestial, and then the extrusion from the medium and absorption into the medium of the spirit is perfect: and the drapery, likewise, on such an occasion, is of the nebulous and unearthly texture I have reported, the restoration of which, through the medium, to its proper place, would in no way injure him.

But, again, it is suggested, when the inner circle is but weakly present, and the medium is not in full power, only part of the life-form is compacted. And when there are not the requisite elements present in outsiders to clothe *spiritually* what is formed,—trust (misnamed gullibility), lack of suspicion, love, and our proper share of heaven—when these are not forthcoming, then the power of inferior quality we may have on stock is permissively used to bring borrowed earth-fabrics from some wardrobe, or warehouse, or shop, or anywhere, where for the moment they can most easily be loaned. And when, under these imperfect conditions, any upset in the circle occurs, and the form (which may be *real* as to its person, though *got up* as to its clothes) is rudely seized, then the pencil-ray of magnetism being lost, and the electric chain being broken, there is not left sufficient force to restore the borrowed articles to their proper place; and the medium, as the last remaining link of the spiritual cable that has snapped, is found dressed in the garments he never had on, till the instant when the rush of the psychic form to the inner world back through him (to save his life) left the borrowed robes on him—a mere unconscious clothes-peg—he, though perfectly innocent, the while being ignorantly abused as a trickster and cheat.

I look for the time, very near, when spirit-forms will come dressed in the fashion of the period of their earth-life: but the extrusion and absorption phenomena will then, for some time, and to some extent, have to give place to the compacting and dissipating *modus operandi* of their coming and going. For the first is the rarer and the result

of higher conditions. The second will, I believe, even as predicted, be possible in view of thousands—the mysterious appearance on some public platform of a psychic lecturer from other spheres—Washington, Shakespeare, Cromwell, or Thomas A'Becket, as the case may be or the occasion may require: and their say said, or their work done, quietly shall they dissolve, dissipate, or exhale. Verse 20 and chapter 13 (all through) of the Book Judges will tell the orthodox that I, and others who look for this, are no more mad than the Scriptures approve.

But, again, touching the drapery of the materialised forms, when conditions are not perfect. I have known articles of attire, to which I pinned a letter requesting a telegram acknowledgment of their receipt, and one written in Greek characters, to be apparently absorbed into the body of a friend, and within a few minutes to be in the possession of others seventy miles away. I, and one other friend, being the sole persons concerned in this strange transference. At the distance of less than two feet I saw the white articles of dress, resting on the knees of our entranced friend (placed under the most rigorous test-conditions) melt gradually away, and disappear, as though sucked into our friend's body. The telegram I desired shortly after apprised me of the fact of the coming of these things, by this new sort of spirit-parcels-delivery, within from three to five minutes of the time when, thus, seventy miles from the place of their consignment, they vanished from our sight. The experiment of their strange sending was unpremeditated, and altogether out of the power of being known by those to whom the articles were so mysteriously sent.

Now I mention this to instance the fact of the possibility, at times, of ordinary articles of dress being absorbed into the bodies of our mediums; and, therefore, though the dissipation theory must, as yet, be the most common in practice, the occasion waits only for right conditions; and then, through the disciplined and properly prepared medium, sitting with others no less qualified and disciplined (and it is imperative on all who venture to attend seances for any good—not vulgar curiosity—to be in the holiest state of mind, and condition of body, for “this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting”) then, these things being observed, our spirit-friends will come with a rush, painless to our instrument, and where one living being stood but a moment before, two living beings will be seen to stand, as I have seen; the second, whose coming with lightning speed has outstripped the rapidity of thought, will be the earth-revisiting spirit, clothed in the manner of his former life, to teach us earth-bound spirits something that 'tis proper we should know quicker than the slower process of knowledge can convey: and, this effected, with electric rush returning, the spirit teacher will, through the body of the medium, have backward sped to his higher home, and regained his place in the spheres.

But again, it also appears, that when there is not power to materialise a form separate from the medium, there may be power to transform the medium, so that unconsciously he may be made to per-

sonate some spirit who has come to sit for his portrait, which may be modelled, moulded, and by unseen agencies outwrought and masked upon the natural features of the entranced sensitive. And, as we know, with borrowed drapery, this natural get-up by spirits ready to impose, or else too wishful to oblige (where there are not the requisite conditions for genuine materialisation all through) is brought forward to be recognised for the spirit behind, who wishes by proxy resembling him, to give proof, perhaps, to friends of his still continued existence. And, as we know, from occasional unhappy experience, when such form is seized the medium only is found. But it was not the medium only who has been grasped. It was the medium, but *plus* something else, namely the life-power attaching to the medium that made him other than he really was, which adapting power upon him has suddenly disappeared, and is instantly dissipated, for healthful restoration to the persons contributing it, though in many instances they know not of its loss or its return.

Now this is transformation, or strictly, "form manifestation," in contradistinction to genuine materialisation; which imperfect stage of spirit-phenomena (call it adaptation) if boldly, as it should be, and honestly, and in the most open manner, stated by all mediums as possible, and very likely at times to occur, when they and the form are not seen together, this, candidly admitted, would exculpate them from all blame in the amiable, and not fraudulent endeavour to personate, and would remove many difficulties and misapprehensions and suspicions from the minds of investigators and earnest inquirers.

I look upon the clothes business, dress, or get-up of the personating medium, as the very *crux* of the matter that shall establish or make doubtful his *bona fides*. If the articles of dress have not beforehand been provided, and secreted near at hand for intentional deceptive use (and we are to blame if we have not rendered this impossible), I hold the medium to be altogether guiltless of wrong-doing, and innocent of fraud, even though caught dressed up, and acting so suspicious a part in the manifestations; he being simply the lay figure unconscious, the spirit-artists behind are using for their purpose, good and earnest if they declare it openly, and make no pretence; or else the plaything or victimised toy of less desirable intelligences who abuse his mediumship from reckless frivolity and love of mischief: which latter ought to be (unless they amend) instantly driven off. But in either case the medium is not to be condemned, but so treated, and looked kindly after, that these of the latter sort shall have no access to him, and that the former shall not hesitate to take us into their confidence and show us how their mystery of transfiguration is accomplished.

But the clothes business in genuine materialisation is infinitely more important than this character-costuming, or covering up of the adapted medium for mere effect. For natural articles of dress, and fabrics wrought at Manchester may, I believe, clothe and aid the get-up of a living spiritual creation. But then, as when under best conditions, together with the figure they are positively materialised for the time from the subtle elements of nature, these are used to hide the imperfections of the spirit-form-builder's work; but more particularly, I

think, to protect from the magnetism of the eye, and the disintegrating power of the light, those parts of the materialised human form, that (from lack of, or to economise, power) have to be left skinless, and otherwise physiologically incomplete.

It is known what dreadful pain attends vivisection, and to skin cats alive for their fur, or to skin eels alive for our eating, or to flay the Vikings of old for their piracy, is equally monstrous, and rightly sends a thrill of horror through us at the thought of such inconceivable and fiendish cruelty. And when we remember that the skin (the ultimate of man, so wisely adapted to lead forth the soul from within to sensible apprehension of outside nature, and make acquaintance with things of earth) is best fitted to impinge on matter and rub against the visible universe, and is threefold, and of growing sensitiveness as it loses its outer, to be painfully more so as it loses its intermediate, and to be unbearably painful as it loses its last, we can readily conceive what it must be for the naked nerve to be exposed to outer influences it was never meant to come in contact with.

So, I opine, the dress, natural and borrowed, or supernatural and spirit-spun, is with profusion wrapped round the genuine materialised forms, and parts imperfectly formed, to serve the double purpose of hiding a not anatomically correct skeleton—the roughly improvised, unfinished, framework of the psychic figure—and to protect from the burning power of the eye, and actinic power of the light, the naked nervous system, that may in part be formed, and unprotected by the skin, which—as the ultimate of the body so fearfully and wonderfully made—is here lacking, and most of all, perhaps, difficult to make.

I was on Southsea beach at Portsmouth last year when the *Thunderer* explosion took place close by, and know the agony of the scalded who were running about the deck with skin hanging down loose in shreds; and a brother officer, on board at the time, told me how, with difficulty, some of the sufferers were scarcely prevented from throwing themselves into the sea. For, the skin destroyed, the soul that quivered in the nerves was whipped to torment indescribable by the action of the light, and air, and outside forces which the skin is mercifully provided to defend the quick spirit against.

We can, therefore, from these things, see how necessary is the abundant drapery in which earth-revisiting spirits in the materialised form come vested.

So, thoughtfully considering these very important matters, not being mere phenomenologists or wonder-mongers, crying out continually for a sign, chopping, and changing, and running about from one circle to another, and from one seance to another—this medium to-day and that to-morrow till we have exhausted their power, and depleted them of manhood, and wearied of them, then, like a sucked orange, thrown them away—not after this too common sort, playing with so serious a subject, but with solicitude for their welfare, and kindness, and forbearance towards our medium-ministers in these mysterious things, thoughtfully investigating should we closely observe and ponder the matter, with all courtesy, and charity, and gentleness, and wise reflection, and not be in haste to arrive at conclusions: then, from a

studious and patient consideration of the whole subject—with love to the fore in the treatment of our mediums, and scientific exploration, with delicacy of feeling towards our human instruments—we may soon come at a sound knowledge of the truth.

THREE SONNETS.

I.

Ye bow down to the idol ye have wrought
 Out of your own wild fancies, and would fain
 Make men believe the fruit of your distraught
 And frenzied brains—a being callous, vain,
 Unjust, unmerciful, less kind than man—
 Were he that lives in all things, rules o'er all.
 Infatuate men! How paltry, yea, how small
 Would ye make both the ruler and the plan
 Of this vast universe! Methinks that He
 Must oft-times smile, nay laugh outright to note
 How mortal things, vain creatures of an hour,
 Puff their weak sides, look big, talk loud, say “we
 Know this, judge that,” and with their puny thought
 Would scan His mind and mete His wondrous power.

II.

Whene'er I hear your dogmas and your creeds,
 The product of the learned and the great,
 Who in their pride and would-be wisdom prate
 Of God, His attributions and His deeds,
 As though His mind were legible as are
 Your school books, I could laugh but that the thought
 Of those who grope through life, sunless, distraught,
 Whose heavenward hopes your teachings blight and mar,
 Doth make my heart bleed, and indignant ask—
 And can it be that He, the good, the great,
 The all-foreseeing Father, should create
 Myraids of human beings in joys smile to bask
 One jot, then pine in endless punishment?
 Such power were fitter a devil omnipotent!

III.

I'd not be one to mount a pulpit stair,
 And mule and pule to teach such threadbare creed,
 While sleepy people sit and yawn or stare
 At all about them, giving but little heed
 To all my dronings—no, not for the wealth
 Of India, or the gold of Austral isle;
 I'd rather be a hind and plough the tilth
 My life long than I'd stoop to life so vile
 For bed and board: if teach I must, why then
 Nor pope, nor counsel, bishop, nor synod stern,
 Should shape my creed or circumscribe my ken;
 Free from my heart the fervid truth should burn,
 Setting men's thoughts in motion, and their lives
 Freeing somewhat from custom's cankering gyves

C. N.

Review.

THE FOOD THAT WE LIVE ON : INSTRUCTIVE, ASTOUNDING, TRUE.
Second edition, greatly improved. By SIR CHARLES ISHAM, Bart.,
Lamport Hall, Northampton. Post free, 1s. 6d., for Northampton
Orphanage.

The first edition of this unique work was very successful. It sold off in a few weeks and realised £13 to the funds of the Northampton Orphanage. The manner in which the book is got up is worthy of remark. It is not printed from types, but is designed and lithographed by the Author. Every page has a floral or geometrical design down the left hand margin. There are also some illustrations. The text is written in a round hand with bold capitals as easy to read as ordinary type. The whole is exceedingly well executed in uniform style, and must have entailed on Sir Charles a great deal of labour and care.

The question "What shall we eat?" is answered in verse. Vegetarianism, cleanliness, and purity of food are enforced and illustrated. Adulteration and gross habits of diet come in for playful ridicule, and the manner in which the subject is treated is calculated to excite disgust at unclean food and incline to a search for better fare. The familiar, humorous style adopted will succeed in these respects when a more pretentious form of disquisition would fail. The moral enforced is honesty in stating what the articles really are which find sale as food. The Isham motto: "I show, I sham not" (*Ostendo non ostento*) is the beginning and ending of the chapter.

The second part discusses the question: "What shall we drink?" From the adulteration of alcoholic liquors and the effects of dirty housekeeping, mirrored forth in the case of "Mrs. Mould" who infused a toad in her tea-pot, the author passes on to the general question of cleanliness, even to the extirpation of

"B flats, F sharps, and those that bite,
And give no pleasure or delight."

The question of diet is so beset with difficulties, especially when the microscope is brought into requisition that the author appeals to the "cute Yankees" to help us out of our despair and teach us how "to live on air." Here is the concluding reflection:

"Then seeing what our food contains,
No wonder we have aches and pains,
And all the varied kinds of ills,
And have to swallow many pills."

The reading of this poem cannot fail to make people more mindful in the selection and preparation of their food, and thus tend to diminish the manifold sufferings to which flesh is heir. We may add that the proceeds of the sale of this work are for the benefit of a deserving charity.