

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way. By "M.A. (Oxon.)".....	63	CORRESPONDENCE (continued):—	
CORRESPONDENCE:—		Dreams—and Something More!	66
Instances of Clairvoyance	64	The Bishop of Carlisle on Apparitions	67
The Sun and the Earth and their Electrical Relationship	65	A Miser Visiting his Hoard	68
The Shropshire Mystery	65	Short Notices.....	68
Conditions Requisite for Successful Spirit-Communion	65	Healing Mediums and the Law in France	69
Numerical Symbolism	65	Second Sight in the Rhondda Valley	69
Mr. G. D. Haughton and Kant ..	66	The Poltergeist in Vienna	70
The Saturday Review & Psychical Research	66	Phases of Materialisation	71
		"You Must Have Patience".....	72

[The Editor of "LIGHT" desires it to be distinctly understood that he can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and courteous discussion is invited, but writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.]

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by "M.A. (Oxon.)"

Some time ago I noticed Mr. Phil Robinson's "Sinners and Saints," a lively and amusing volume. I intended (but the intention went where many a more important one has gone before) to draw special attention to the chapter in which an account is given of one J. Hamblin, and the mysteries he performed. The whole chapter is of great interest to Spiritualists. I may give the following* as a sample of Jacob Hamblin's Spiritualism, premising that he was a Mormon missionary, on friendly terms with various neighbouring Indian tribes:—

"He dreamed that he was walking in a friendly manner with some of the members of a certain tribe, when he picked up a piece of a shining substance which stuck to his fingers. The more he tried to rub it off the brighter it became. One would, naturally, under such circumstances, anticipate the revelation of a gold mine, but J. H., without any questioning, went off at once to the tribe in question. They received him as friends and he stayed with them. One day, passing by a lodge, 'the spirit' whispered to him, 'Here is the shining substance you saw in your dream.' But all he saw was a squaw and a boy papoose. However, he went up to the squaw and asked for the papoose. She naturally demurred to the request but to her astonishment the boy, gathering up his bow and arrows, urged compliance with it, and Hamblin eventually led off his dream-revealed 'lump.' After a while he asked the boy how it was he was so eager to come, though he had never seen a white man before, and the boy answered, 'My spirit told me that you were coming to my father's lodge for me on a certain day, and that I was to go with you, and when the day came I went out to the edge of the wood and lit a fire to shew you the way to me.' And Hamblin then remembered that it was the smoke of a fire that had led him to that particular camp instead of another towards which he had intended riding. By way of a parenthesis, let me remark here that, if there are any Spiritualists among my readers, they should study Mormonism. The Saints have long ago formulated into accepted doctrines those mysteries of the occult world which Spiritualists outside the faith are still investigating. Your problems are *their* axioms. This Indian boy became a staunch Mormon, and to the last was in communion with the other world. Remember, I am quoting Hamblin's words, not in any way endorsing them. In 1863 he was at St. George, and one day when his friends were starting on a mission to a neighbouring tribe, he took farewell of them for ever. 'I am going on a mission too,' he said. 'What do you mean?' asked Hamblin. 'Only that I shall be dead before you come back,' was the Indian's reply. 'I have seen myself in a dream

* "Sinners and Saints," p. 199.

preaching the Gospel to a multitude of my people, and my ancestors were among them. So I know that I must be a spirit too before I can carry the word to spirits.' In six weeks Hamblin returned to St. George's and the Indian was dead."

Mr. Ruskin has been discoursing, with that strange spiritual insight which sometimes characterises him, on "Storm-clouds." Whether he is right in supposing that the storm-cloud of the nineteenth century is a recent development of horror, not "seen by any save living or lately living eyes," I do not pretend to say. He first propounded the idea in the eighth number of "Fors Clavigera" in a characteristic passage:—

"The sky is covered with grey cloud—not rain-cloud, but a dry, black veil, which no ray of sunshine can pierce; partly diffused in mist, feeble mist, enough to make distant objects unintelligible, yet without any substance, or wreathing, or colour of its own. During all this spring, morning after morning has come grey-shrouded thus. And it is a new thing to me and a very dreadful one. Since I was five, I have gleaned the best hours of my life in the sun of spring and summer mornings, and I never saw such as these till now. The bitter wind looks partly as if it were made of poisonous smoke; but mere smoke would not blow to and fro in that wild way. It looks more to me as if it were made of dead men's souls—such of them as are not gone yet where they have to go, and may be fitting hither and thither, doubting, themselves, of the fittest place for them."

And now he stands forth like one of the seers of old to tell us the meaning of this "blanched sun, and blighted grass, and blinded man." England has blasphemed the name of the Deity deliberately, and this atmospheric gloom is but the outward and visible representation of the spiritual gloom that overhangs our souls.

"Of this moral gloom every seer of old time—Greek, Christian, and Jew—predicted the physical gloom, saying, 'The light shall be darkened in the heavens thereof, and the stars shall withdraw their shining.' And is there no fulfilment of the prophecy in the fact recorded not fourteen days ago 'in your own elect journal,' that on the Empire of England, on which formerly the sun never set, the sun now never rises? And what, you may ask me, is best to be done? Whether you can affect the signs of the sky or not, you can the signs of the times. You may not be able to bring back the sun to the sky, but you can assuredly bring back your own cheerfulness and honesty. You may not be able to say to the winds, Peace, be still; but you can check the insolence of your own lips and the troubling of your own passions. And all that it would be well to do, even though the sun were darkened and the moon turned to blood. But the paths of rectitude once regained, may not the promise of old times hold for us also: 'Prove me now herewith, said the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.'"

If an ordinary man said half as much as this his friends would wag their heads over him. But Mr. Ruskin is no ordinary man, and he has hit upon a truth when he proclaims the abiding sympathy between man and nature. "The whole world," says Emerson, "is an omen and a sign."

Mr. Ruskin has fairly frightened "G. A. S." That prolific gossip—his "Echoes of the Week" in the *Illustrated London News* are remarkable bits of usually harmless tittle-tattle—is exercised gravely by Mr. Ruskin's lecture. "Its diction is almost incomparably splendid, but it is beyond my comprehension. . . . It strikes me as being so much

eloquent and inconsequent verbiage." That is unkind of "G. A. S.," for if any man has voided "inconsequent verbiage" for these many years past it has been that typical special correspondent of the organ of verbiage, the *Daily Telegraph*, whose identity is thinly veiled by his initials. He guesses vaguely that Mr. Ruskin thinks war blasphemous, a strange rendering of a strange utterance. "But perhaps he does not mean that war-making is blasphemy. If he does not, what the dickens does he mean?" is his final query. Probably Mr. Ruskin would find it hard to explain to his critic what he does mean. Not because he has not a meaning, but because "G. A. S." could not comprehend it. And Mr. Ruskin has probably not thought out his meaning in its many ramifications; nor, if I may venture so far, has he grasped the full significance of the truth on which he has stumbled. The relation of the microcosm to the macrocosm is a wide subject.

Mr. Charles Bray has been discoursing to the Aristotelian Society "on the analogy between Sir Isaac Newton's universal *Spirit* and the *Force* of our modern discovery." Sir Isaac Newton spoke of "a most subtle Spirit which pervades and lies hid in all gross bodies." The President of the Birmingham Philosophical Society tells us that "the crowning triumph of physical discovery in the last fifty years is the science of Energy, the new revelation of a new *entity* indestructible like matter, and the source and storehouse of all physical activity." This entity, Mr. Bray says, is known to us under various forms "as Light, Heat, Electricity, Galvanism, Chemical Affinity, Attraction, and Repulsion. It has not yet been generally recognised in the departments of Life and Mind," but Mr. Bray agrees with Herbert Spencer, "that no idea or feeling arises save as the result of some physical force expended in producing it." "The brain is a small dynamo-machine, and its powers are as yet occult." Adepts claim to be able to pack this force in the brain, so as to extend the power of Will beyond anything we have yet found possible in Science. "The investigation of Mind as the highest force can scarcely be said to be yet entered on, and the nature and extent of will-power has not yet been determined. I consider the proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, under the presidency of Professor H. Sidgwick, as a step in the right direction." And men who think straight will agree with Mr. Charles Bray.

I am not able to enlighten "F. W. T." on the subject of the Mahedi. I was not a member of the inner circle which received the evidence of that series of materialisations of the "old Egyptian personage." By the courtesy of Mr. Colley I was present on one occasion (perhaps two), and I recorded in *The Medium* what I then observed. To that record I have nothing to add. I do not correlate what I then saw with what is now occurring in the Soudan. But I learn from a friend who has just returned from a visit to Nubia and Egypt that the Mahdi is so far what he pretends to be: one who has lived in seclusion, and has developed the occult powers that are in him: one who believes in his mission as a Prophet and a Reformer: and one who is probably destined to exercise much influence on his co-religionists. The Mahedi whom I saw materialised through the mediumship of F. W. Monck was an impressive and dignified personality. He wrote some hieroglyphics in my pocket-book which no one has been able to decipher. I am uncertain whether they are mere gibberish, or whether I have not got the right man to read them. I incline to the former opinion.

I am glad that Mudie shews some sign of retreating from a position which has been maintained for many years. Spiritualists are subscribers to his library. I have personal knowledge of many such. Yet a book avowedly on the subject that interests them is usually not to be had. Incidental mention of Spiritualism there is, no doubt, in

many books in his library. He would need to exercise a very sharp supervision to exclude it. But what his subscribers, who are Spiritualists, ask is that a suitable number of standard works on Spiritualism should be procurable. If the demand is small, as is alleged, let the supply be small. At present the majority of standard books on Spiritualism are not to be had at all. It is a sign of the times that Mr. Mudie should be willing to reconsider a decision which Spiritualists have felt to be unwarrantable and even offensive.

"M.A. (OXON.)"

CORRESPONDENCE.

[It is preferable that correspondents should append their names and addresses to communications. In any case, however, these must be supplied to the Editor as a guarantee of good faith.]

Instances of Clairvoyance.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

DEAR SIR,—My friend, the late Leonard Wallington, was well-known as a powerful mesmeriser. The question of clairvoyance was often discussed by us. I have heard him several times relate his experience with a youth in the employment of our friend Mr. Slater, of the Euston-road, and I thought I would relate it if you found it suitable for "LIGHT." To ensure accuracy, however, I asked his estimable daughter to favour me with any notes she might have. Fortunately she has been able to furnish me with some, and I subjoin them. My remembrance of his oft-repeated account is in exact accord with them.—Yours faithfully,

8, Great Ormond-street, W. C.

J. DIXON.

"It was in the year 1854, at Mr. Slater's, the optician of the Euston-road, that my father witnessed what he thought the strongest proofs of the truth of clairvoyance. The clairvoyant subject was a young man in Mr. Slater's employment.

"When the mesmeric sleep was induced, he, at request, visited mentally my father's house, described various rooms in it, and their contents. Of the sitting-room he said: 'There is a red cover on the table that has a peculiar look.' He was asked in what way peculiar. He said: 'There's a big stain on it, not much in itself, but it looks a great deal.' 'What is it?' 'Ink.' Being asked if he saw any person there, he described my mother, and went on: 'The lady is sitting at the table, with her head leaning on her hand. She has got something queer on her head—neither cap nor bonnet; it's made of red wool, fits close, and is tied under the chin.' My father came home puzzled. He found that during his absence the inkstand had been upset upon the red damask table cover. With respect to the queer head covering, it was what was then in use, called a 'bonnet preserver'; it was made of knitted wool, and was worn under the bonnet to preserve it from the grease of the hair. My mother was about making a call on a friend in the neighbourhood, and after adjusting the preserver had sat down for a few minutes before putting on her bonnet, in the attitude described by the clairvoyant.

"My father was just then interested in treating the case of an old man suffering from a bad leg. The case was more intractable than my father generally found such cases to be. The clairvoyant was conducted mentally by him to the old man's abode, and he described him, sitting in his little shop. While particularising the condition of the leg, he made a wry face; being asked why, he said 'Nasty!' My father asked if he saw what would cure it? He said, 'Mesmerism will; but it won't.' 'Why not?' 'Because he drinks.' My father said, 'I have seen him at all hours, and he has always been sober.' The answer was, 'You don't go at the right time.' 'What time is that?' 'Eleven at night.' My father made his next visit at that hour. He knocked several times; then he heard staggering steps, and after some fumbling at the lock, the door was opened by the patient, so very tipsy that his speech was quite indistinct. My father had to give him up.

"He once asked the clairvoyant what o'clock it was? He said, 'Do you mean by the time of the day or by your watch?' 'Both.' And he most minutely discriminated the difference between them.

"The sitting for experiments, on one occasion, was on the eve of Derby Day, and someone present said that it would be a fine thing if the clairvoyant could tell the winning horse. The clairvoyant described the horse which he said was the winning one, and the colours of his jockey, but saw no name. He was pressed but still said that he could not see the horses' names. His descriptions, if I remember rightly, tallied with the event. My father told us subsequently that he had been informed that on the day of the race the horses are known by numbers. If so, the interest in the clairvoyant's perception is increased.

"At the height of my father's interest in clairvoyance the young man left Mr. Slater's establishment. My father never heard of him afterwards. It was said that he enlisted for the Crimean war. If so, it must certainly have been when he was not in the clairvoyant condition."

The Sun and the Earth and their Electrical Relationship.
To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—In Dr. Wyld's valuable and interesting paper in your columns of this date, he alludes to the views expressed by me in my essay on the "Astronomy of the Future," published in a work entitled "PRH." Will you permit me to say that these views are much expanded, methodised, and explained in a more recent book, "The New Principia" for particulars of which I must refer the reader to your advertising columns? Some of Dr. Wyld's ideas will be found to be anticipated. I cannot, however, concur in his suggestion "that the centripetal and centrifugal forces of Newton are but other names for the magnetic forces of attraction and repulsion." We might as appropriately liken a screw or a lever to a magnetic battery. Centrifugal force is an effect produced *mechanically* by some power causing a body to revolve round a centre. I cannot, therefore, believe that the dynamic theory of the polarity of the universe can ever be reconciled with the Newtonian doctrine of centripetal and centrifugal forces. In the "New Principia" I have endeavoured to shew (1) that gravitation is not a satisfactory explanation of the phenomena of the universe. (2) That *polarity* and *weight* are a complete interpretation of the phenomena. (3) That the sun is not luminous or incandescent, but that its magnetic current generates light by its action on a rarefied atmosphere, and heat also through a denser atmosphere; and that the revelations of the spectroscope are reconcilable with this theory. I hardly think that Dr. Wyld's hypothesis is tenable, that "the rotatory motion of our planet may be maintained by the sun's rays striking her at a tangent"; because the earth is constantly varying its aspect and position with relation to the sun, causing the different seasons and the diversities of night and day, whereas the rotation of the earth preserves always the same direction and its punctuality to the 100th part of a second! If rotation were sustained by this mechanical violence objects on the earth would, I imagine, feel the leverage. The process is, I believe, entirely electrically dynamic.

Dr. Wyld puzzles me a little by his illustrations of the behaviour of paper, sugar, sulphur, and metal, under stated conditions. He makes cohesion and disintegration equally produce the release of free electricity. If cohesion is due to magnetic attraction—a doctrine I have myself advocated in the "New Principia"—how is it that the exercise of this force drives out the electricity—thus making the result expel and disperse its own cause?

9th February, 1884.

NEWTON CROSLAND.

The Shropshire Mystery.
To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—My attention has been called to the letter of "C.C.M." in "LIGHT" of January 26th, and I should like to state that in my letter which appeared in your paper of the 12th idem. I purposed confining myself to a refutation of the charge brought against Dr. Mackey and Miss Turner (Dr. Corke's housekeeper), of having extorted a confession from the girl, Emma Davies. For this purpose I deemed it necessary to recount the circumstances which led to the girl's confession.

My conclusion on the whole matter, together with a full statement of the grounds on which it is based, has been given in my report to the Society for Psychical Research, and will, I understand, be shortly communicated to the members of that Society. Meanwhile, however, to prevent misconception, I ought to state that I have no doubt the confession was only made with reference to the manifestations, which took place at the doctor's house, and has, therefore, only an indirect bearing on the question of the genuineness of the manifestations at Wood's Farm and Weston Lullingfield; of which, even at the time of the confession, she denied having voluntarily been the cause.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

1, Clifford's Inn,

FRANK T. HUGHES.

February 4th, 1884.

Conditions Requisite for Successful Spirit-Communion.
To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Having just read in "LIGHT" of January 26th Miss Dale Owen's letter, headed "Séance with Mrs. Jencken," allow me to say that I can testify most emphatically to the truth of the argument contained in that letter, viz., that sympathetic kindness of feeling and purity of motive are the only TEST conditions required for successful spirit-communion.

Under these simple conditions, I have for years past sat with a dear (private) lady friend; and our spirit-friends come and converse AUDIBLY with us by the hour together, giving us most heavenly and sublimely beautiful teachings.

We are always in our perfectly normal state, so that we can both thoroughly enter into and enjoy these sacred hours of converse with our beloved friends, thus proving that the possibilities Miss Dale Owen's father says may be accomplished, under the above conditions, have already for years past been matters of fact, in the presence of my dear friend and myself.

Should you think the insertion of this letter in your journal may be of service to your many readers, I beg you will make use of it.—I beg to remain, sir, faithfully yours,

February 7th, 1884.

Authoress of "Golden Thoughts."

"LILY,"

Numerical Symbolism.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Of the many ways used by unseen intelligences to communicate with us, that of symbolic numbers seems comparatively infrequent, but though this means of communication is perhaps unusual, occult significance has been for ages associated with certain numbers, as is evidenced by the common notion of seven being a perfect number, and by the equally prevalent belief in the fatality attaching to the number thirteen, while we all know what a delightful stumbling block has been the "number of the beast" in the Revelation. Saint Martin has, moreover, written profoundly as to the significance of numbers in his correspondence with Kirchberger on Mystical Philosophy.

As some very curious incidents connected with this mystical meaning of numbers have of late occurred to me, it may be of some interest to give an instance or two, as thereby there may be elicited from the readers of "LIGHT" occurrences of the like kind in their own life experience, and a somewhat uninvestigated branch of mystical phenomena may have yet some light thrown upon it. Before I narrate these, to me, very singular experiences, I will state what led me to attach any significance to numbers at all. First of all, I am used to numbers,—as a pupil of Dehurgan, numbers, as products or sums, fractions or integers, infinitely great or infinitely small, have always been to me full of meaning, though not in my earlier apprehension of them occultly so. Thus the channel of communication had been very well prepared. Again, as a physicist, the laws of regular vibrations were not unknown to me, and when I found, in my own life, changes occurring at almost exactly fixed epochs, I was not surprised, though the meaning of causation began to assume singular proportions. My habit of adding together the digits of numbers, however, led me to a still more curious result; for I found that certain cardinal epochs of my life corresponded to the same sum when the digits of the number making the year were added up, as, say, 1845, 1854, and 1872 would correspond to very important events of life-history, the sum of the digits in each case being eighteen. But, as no wave theory that I know of will fit in with this, the meaning goes out from the domain of the so-called material into that of the so-called spiritual.

Within the last two years, as from many causes a great quickening of spiritual life has fallen to my lot, the interpretation of the meaning of numbers has developed very largely, and some few months ago I became conscious of the presentation to me in various ways of the number "eleven" especially, either as a multiple, as in forty-four, thirty-three, seventy-seven, &c., or as a sum of digits in sixty-five, seventy-four, ninety-two and so forth. This number "eleven," had indeed been originally suggested to me by my birthday being on the eleventh of that month, and my marriage age being twenty-one. The way these numbers presented themselves too was curious; on tramcars, standing out largely over shops (the number eighty-three I may mention as standing over the door of a music-hall), with no apparent purpose, in every way that numbers can be used, not looked for by me, but ostentatiously shewing themselves to me. And this was not all; the numbers presented themselves under the form of words in this way: let *a* represent units, *b* represent two, *c*, three, &c., and every word then has a numerical value. Now for some time, words, whose values were of the kind mentioned above, presented themselves to me, generally when I was thinking of something else. I now began to think about forming some kind of code, and passing from the number eleven, I evaluated certain words, going thus from the words to the numbers, and endeavouring to get at some means of symbolical communication thereby, and it is to this that I particularly wish to draw attention.

Being in great anxiety owing to the sudden and unexpected illness of a member of my family, I evaluated the word "happiness," the numerical equivalent of which is 107—this number turned up in the most extraordinary ways—one of which seems to me very striking. I was looking over some examination papers, when the candidates signed their initials at the end of each paper—the number 107 again presented itself as the total marks of one paper. Now I thought, if my theory be correct, the initials at the end of the paper should give 49—the number equivalent to Yes—the initials were M.M.W—making M 13 and W 23, 13+13+23=49.

It has happened since all this that within the last few weeks, I have had to send this same member of my family away to South Africa for his health. He arrived at the first stage of his journey, that is the first place from which we could get news, on January 12th. The numerical value of January is 90, 90+12=102. Now the words, "Good news," have also the value of 102. The letter, which was indeed full of hope and "good news," arrived in Plymouth early on the morning of February 6th, and was delivered in London on the same day—the numerical value of February is 96, and 96+6=102. The mail steamer bringing the letter was the Drummond Castle—as "Castle" is an epithet belonging to the whole of the Currie Line, the word Drummond only is significant, and Drummond = 102.

I could multiply these instances, and new combinations and presentations are constantly occurring, but they go somewhat into private matters, and these will, I hope be sufficient to interest your readers.—I am, faithfully yours,

W. P.

Mr. G. D. Haughton and Kant.
To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—It is apparent to me from Mr. G. D. Haughton's recent letter in reply to "C.C.M.," that he neither properly apprehends the Eastern Metaphysic nor its objective realism in any true sense. He clearly regards the sensible world as the only legitimate object of the categorical intellect, or Ego, that determines it, and which he maintains is determined in turn thereby; whereas philosophy long ago, and always professes to have, experimentally, proved that the true object of this imperial intellect is not here, but is rather to be found by a conversion of the criterion to its antecedent whole.

The reason of this life, say the Platonists, finds its object and completion only in the divine Gnomon whence it derives, and its union with this constitutes the Divine Eye which, as Plato says, is worth a host of corporeal eyes, for that, through this, when it is purified and strengthened by appropriate aids, the truth appertaining to all existence is perceived. For this pure eye regards the empyreal world, not temporal phenomena but an eternal life; and has for object and determinant the formal principles which constitute such a life, and which it beholds identically and, as a true countersink, recognises being the thing itself without alloy.

But Mr. Haughton appears to confound a claim of this kind with morbid introspection and visions of the lower understanding and phantasy when entranced and shut away from the corrections of sense, and which philosophy equally deprecates and condemn us as more dangerous and delusive than even the corporeal images with which sense is conversant.

It is necessary, therefore, to distinguish between the anagogic Ego which is not yet developed perhaps, and its hindrances, which are wide awake, if anyone believe in the discovery of the fundamental truth at all. The *Ding-an-sich* will always appear to be an arch-fiction to the understanding of the *Zeit Geist* until he is in turn laid asleep, differentiated, promoted, so to say, and his latent promise fulfilled through a higher demonstration of life.

NÖEMON.

The "Saturday Review" and Psychical Research.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—In your issue of the 2nd inst. "M.A. (Oxon.)," refers to the notice of Emerson in the *Saturday Review*, and speaks in irony of the impartial spirit of this paper in regard to things psychical.

It seems to me that such an article is hardly worth the notice bestowed upon it. The *Saturday Reviewer* takes the common-place view of spiritualistic and psychical matters, and writes exactly as we should expect him to write, with considerable ability but with a want of sympathetic comprehension of the subject he is discussing. I confess that I cannot quite understand why "M.A. (Oxon.)," feels indignant at a moderate attack from a quarter so notoriously hostile.

This surprises me the more when I recollect that no notice was taken of a really most important article in the *Saturday Review* of the 5th ult. It is called "More Ghosts," and is in the main a notice of Mr. Melhuish's compilation "The Truth about Ghosts." This book has no literary or scientific pretensions and would furnish plenty of material for a slashing article. But strange to say the *Saturday Reviewer* proceeds to attack the sceptics after the following fashion:—

"Mr. Melhuish furnishes the 'unequaled body of evidence' with a preface, in which he disputes the ordinary sceptical arguments with the ordinary replies.

"That all apparitions are hallucinations is an axiom of science, says a modern sage, and certainly the hallucination theory has not always been quite fairly pressed. We blame believers for the staleness and paucity of their arguments. If we do that, it is scarcely fair to be always trotting out Sir David Brewster's 'Mrs. A.' and the Berlin bookseller, Nicolai. In the first place, who was Mrs. A.? We don't like Mrs. A.'s security. Mrs. A. certainly would not be accepted as evidence for a ghost. Why should Mrs. A. be accepted as evidence for an hallucination? Again, even if Mrs. A. and Nicolai were real trustworthy people, we get no forwarder. 'Here we are,' say these authorities, 'we were always seeing hallucinations, and we never saw a ghost.' 'But how does that affect our position?' the seers reply. 'We are not in the habit of being hallucinated: we have only seen one ghost apiece. It is not a practice with us as having hallucinations is with you. And our vision of the ghost coincided with the death of the person whose apparition we beheld, whilst your visions coincided with nothing.' Let us be fair, and admit that Mrs. A. and her backers have not the better of this controversy. We may deny that the seers ever saw anything abnormal. But, if they did see things, then their position is not on a footing with that of Mrs. A., about whose credibility or even existence we have no precise information. Perhaps her name was 'Arris. Or, finally, and this is a favourite Spiritualistic argument, it may be as fairly alleged that Mrs. A. and Nicolai saw ghosts and thought them illusions, as that the true seers beheld illusions and took them for ghosts."

* * * * *

"The believers argue that the 'coincidences' between apparition and event are too numerous to be explained as mere chance coincidences. Here again, if proved true, their argument is not without weight."

Such an article in such a paper seems to me one of the most striking of many signs, that the opinions of educated people are changing in respect of ghosts and of psychical research in general. The *Saturday Review* has been wont to revile believers in the past, and no doubt it will revile them again. But it has not been accustomed to laugh at the failings of sceptics, or joyously to point out the flaws in their logical armour. Such conduct is a novelty, and I think it ought not to pass by unnoticed.—I am, &c.,

A READER OF THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

London, 5th February, 1884.

Dreams—and Something More!

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—One night having just returned from business, tired and weary, I stretched myself upon the sofa while my wife put the children to bed, and must have fallen asleep. It seemed that in a moment I was conscious that I was lying on the sofa asleep, or rather, that my body was what I will call asleep, but my spirit much awake, for I distinctly saw and felt myself lying there, and yet, I was hovering in a reclining position over, and striving to obtain possession of, or re-enter my body, but by some means was unable to accomplish this.

I became very uneasy. I knew that if I did not in a few moments regain possession of my body I never should do so. Every instant's delay rendered the operation more difficult.

I could hear my wife overhead, walking about and talking to the children—could hear their laughing prattle and noisy gambols; the thought of dying was agonising, and I redoubled my efforts to enter my body, but it was all to no purpose; I despaired. A strange sensation began to steal over my body (my thinking faculties seemed to predominate in my psychical body, while the physical part seemed to retain its sensation of feeling). I felt that I had lost all muscular control over the eyelids and jaws, and asked myself the question—Is not this death? Just then my wife was bidding the children good night, and the thought of the shock that she would experience upon finding me a corpse was more than I could bear. I determined to make one final struggle for life, and concentrating all my energies into one mighty effort of the will, dashed, so to speak, at my body, lost all consciousness and awoke with a shock.

I have often been conscious of being in a dangerous state while asleep, or partially asleep, in bed, and of making unavailing efforts to awaken my wife, so that she, by some movement, might arouse me, and have succeeded in doing so only by an extraordinary effort of the will.

I believe that I can voluntarily enter this state.

An acquaintance of mine one day informed me that he had that morning experienced a strange thing. He said his wife had awoke him during the night, and told him that she had just dreamed that his pet canary was dead; that she had got upon a chair to give it some water, when, on stretching out her arm, she beheld the bird topple lifeless from its perch. My informant paid no attention to this apparently childish tale, but composed himself to sleep, when he was again awoke by his wife asserting that she had a second time dreamed the same thing. He impatiently told her to go to sleep and let the bird alone. After a time that seemed to him very short, he was, in spite of his irritability, a third time awoke by his wife assuring him that she had again dreamed that the bird was dead, and suggesting that he should rise to see if it was all right. But he, although now feeling somewhat disturbed by the repetition of the dreams, did not feel disposed to forego his sleep, and so again composed himself.

On awaking in the morning, finding himself rather late, he forgot the bird until he had started the fire, when the remembrance of the dreams came to him: he sprang upon a chair to look at the bird and to give it water, when, behold! as his head came to the level of the cage, he saw his pet in the act of dropping from its perch, dead, just as his wife had seen it in her dream.

A friend has several times detailed to me a dream that occurred to him a few years ago, and to whose influence he not unreasonably considers he owes the safety of limb and life.

He dreamed that, having occasion to visit a pointsman, engaged on the North Stafford Railway, he stopped chatting to him a considerable time, when he noticed that the evening was rapidly drawing near; it was mid-winter, and being near-sighted, he at once departed, feeling somewhat anxious to get across the labyrinth of rails; to make matters worse, he found on leaving the box that a thick fog had fallen, and he could scarcely distinguish objects more than a couple of yards distant.

As he scuffled along, he was much alarmed to hear the noise of an advancing locomotive; not knowing on what line of rails it would be, he stopped, and, casting his eyes around, discovered the monster upon him. Not having the faintest idea how to act for the best, my friend threw himself forward, but, with a terrible crash, the engine caught him. . . . and he awoke.

Some weeks passed, and the painful impression left by the dream had worn away. My friend, being an insurance agent, had to call in the way of business upon a pointsman on the North Stafford Railway, at S. It was a cold raw afternoon in winter, and the pointsman having no duties for an hour or two, my friend stopped chatting to him in his warm cosy box, until

the increasing gloom warned him that it was time to think of departing, knowing the defective state of his vision, and the numerous lines of rails that he would have to cross before he got out of the yard; he hastened away, his peace of mind not being increased by the fact of finding that all mundane things were almost invisible by the dense fog that had fallen. While carefully picking his way over the metals, he became aware of an approaching engine; stopping, and hurriedly looking around, he could perceive it was but several paces from him, and upon the same line of rails that he was crossing. For the moment he was paralysed, but gathering himself together was about to make a plunge forward, when the recollection of his dream flashed upon him; in his dream, he threw himself forward and was caught by the wheels and crushed. He at once flung himself on his back as the engine rushed by at his feet.

My friend, rationally enough, I think, attributed his deliverance from a shocking death to his dream, and wended his way home with feelings better imagined than described.

T. OUSMAN.

The Bishop of Carlisle on Apparitions.
To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Enclosed please to receive a copy of a letter addressed by me to the Bishop of Carlisle, relative to his article on apparitions in the *Contemporary Review*.

If you think my letter can in any way be made useful in "LIGHT," I shall be pleased for you to do so.—Yours faithfully,

ARCANUS.

Cambridge, February 5th, 1884.

MY LORD BISHOP,—Having read with great interest your article, "On Apparitions," in the *Contemporary Review*, I trust you will not deem me intrusive in thus expressing my gratitude for the moral courage you have displayed in publicly acknowledging the existence of a basis of fact for, and logically reasoning upon, what has been a most unpopular and illiberally treated subject in this very materialistic age.

Will your lordship permit me to say I am fully convinced that the time is fast approaching when the clergy must thoroughly grapple with this subject, if they wish to retain their hold on the affection and intellect of the people? Secularism is fast spreading amongst all classes. Even amongst those who are regular attendants at places of worship, there are many who while they profess with their lips deny in their hearts. Why is this? I think it is because the Church has lost very much of its spirituality, and has replaced it with simply dogmatical teachings—dry bones—which Secularists cannot accept. How many, may I ask, who profess to believe in the authenticity of the Scriptures, really believe in dreams, apparitions, miracles, healings, speaking with tongues, the handwriting on the wall, the fiery furnace, &c., as therein described? Do the clergy ever enlighten their hearers upon these subjects? Or can they do so, unless they themselves study the question to a far greater extent than they appear hitherto to have done? On the contrary, we find them now-a-days in league with conjurers, denouncing Spiritualism, and endeavouring to convince the people that all present day spiritual manifestations are mere conjuring tricks, and that Spiritualists are either rogues or fools.

Now, my lord, I trust you will forgive my saying that I believe this to be a very mistaken policy on the part of the clergy, and one calculated to make people think that such things when recorded in the Bible, were either mere conjuring tricks, or that they never happened at all. I think, my lord, that you will allow that if the various spiritual appearances and phenomena as recorded in the Bible, ever did occur, it is quite possible that they, or rather, similar occurrences may happen at the present day; and that they do so occur is testified to by tens of thousands of reliable witnesses in all parts of the world.

All Christians must admit that Moses and Elias did return to earth some centuries after their translation to the spirit-world; and that they were seen as men by Jesus, Peter, James, and John, and moreover that Jesus talked with Moses. Thus the possibility of spirit return is firmly established to the satisfaction of every real Christian.

If Christians will admit—as to be consistent they must do—the possibility and reality of spirit-return 1,800 years ago, may I not ask, upon what authority they deny the possibility of spirit-return in this nineteenth or any other century? If they are content to believe, upon the recorded testimony of men living in a semi-barbarous age, men whom they have never known, or seen, why should they disbelieve the sworn testimony of men whom they both knew, and have seen, and who are ready to be cross-examined upon any of the points of their evidence; men well known to be at least as honest, intelligent, and trustworthy as themselves? Surely the inconsistency is most glaring; and no lawyer would prefer the former evidence to the latter in placing his case before a jury.

Christianity, my lord, appears to me to be founded entirely upon Spiritualism, and if all the Spiritualism of the Bible were to be eliminated from it, we should have little left, except a few moral precepts and a Jewish history.

I write, my lord, in the fervent hope that you may find it consistent with your duty and pleasure to investigate thoroughly this question of Spiritualism, as it appears to me that your theory of a mental impression becoming optical is far from

accounting for all spiritual apparitions or phenomena. Mesmerism certainly proves most conclusively that one embodied spirit can communicate thoughts, or even words, to another embodied spirit, without the use of any means cognisable by any of our five senses. Now, if embodied spirits can thus hold communion with each other, what proof have we that disembodied spirits cannot hold communion with each other, and even—under favourable conditions—with embodied spirits also? This fact I conceive may agree with your lordship's proposition that the spiritual mental impression may become optical, but this theory will not by any means account for the great variety of spiritual manifestations which are now of daily occurrence, although the great majority of them are not made public.

If "Angels are but men in lighter vesture clad," the angels, or men, who appeared unto Abraham and Lot were not merely subjective, but distinctly objective. (See Gen. xviii. and xix.) In the nineteenth chapter these appearances are called indifferently "lords," "angels," and "men." Lot not only saw them, but baked unleavened bread for them, "and they did eat." If all appearances of departed spirits or "apparitions" are to be considered as merely subjective, and not at any time objective, it is certainly open to sceptics to assert that the appearance of Jesus to His disciples in a room where "the doors were shut, for fear of the Jews," was merely a subjective vision, and that the whole of the disciples were simply hallucinated.

But your lordship will doubtless recall to mind many instances where the theory of inverted vision will not afford an explanation of cases of apparitions where tangible tokens have been left behind, shewing that—unless everything is illusory—some actual and living reality had appeared.

In order to shew that Spiritualism is not the Satanic thing which it is—by many—represented to be, permit me, my lord, to quote the words of Mr. S. C. Hall, F.S.A. (lately the much-beloved and venerable editor of the *Art Journal*), as they appeared in "LIGHT" for 19th January, 1884. He there says:—

"First, it should be recorded that I have been a believer in the phenomena of Spiritualism more than thirty years. . . .

"During nearly three years I have had copied into a book the various 'messages' I have received from my wife, Mrs. S. C. Hall, since she was removed from earth, on the 30th January, 1881. They are in number about 140, delivered to me through five or six mediums, but some twenty-five of these 140 are by 'direct writing,' written, that is to say, not by a medium, but by herself, under circumstances when delusion or deception was a sheer impossibility; generally they are brief, but some consist of over 100 words. I recognise the handwriting of my wife; I cannot be mistaken. They are conclusively convincing to any person who will examine these 'direct messages' side by side with letters of hers, written while she was in 'life.' They contain frequent references to persons and incidents that could have been by no possibility known to any one present" (at a sitting) "except myself, and there are other, but less obvious means of identification. In short, I am as sure as I can be of any simple act under the guidance of my will, that these messages 'direct,' and those dictated to a medium, are what they profess to be—communications from my wife, intended and calculated to be for my instruction, as to what I should think and do; my comfort in sorrow, my consolation in trouble, and especially designed to stimulate and encourage faith and trust in Providence, and submission, with confiding hope, to the Divine Will.

"But that is not all; more than once my wife has been permitted to prescribe medicine for me in illness, and to relieve me when suffering from accidental ailments, to strengthen failing eyesight by applying moisture of some kind to my eyelids, dispelling apprehensions on that score, and in other ways making it manifest that she is, by Divine permission or appointment, the minister to my natural requirements and needs.

"But she has a far higher and holier mission; its nature, purpose, and end will be better understood and appreciated by those who read the 'messages' than they could be by any explanations I might give."

Mr. Hall then gives a few of these "messages"; I append here the latter portion of one of them, thus:—

"Remember we are not, cannot be parted! Let your dear heart rest peacefully on God, and bide His time. Human wishes are blind, and we must trust to His goodness, Whose wisdom is infinite, whether He make your time long or short on earth. Let us pray morning and evening, you in the shadow and I in the light, that we may be both moulded according to His most perfect will."

My lord, I think no one who knows Mr. S. C. Hall, either personally or by repute, will doubt his perfect truthfulness and sincerity; I would, therefore, merely point out that neither "Thought-reading," "unconscious cerebration," "hallucination," nor any other of the numerous theories yet propounded—except Spiritualism—will account for the facts thus recorded by Mr. Hall.

Trusting that your lordship will pardon my presumption in addressing you at such a length—which I have felt impelled to do solely in the interests of truth—permit me to subscribe myself your lordship's very obedient servant,

ARCANUS.

January 26th, 1884.

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Carlisle.

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NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

Special attention is directed to the change in the address of the offices of this paper. They are now situated at 3, GREAT JAMES STREET, BEDFORD ROW, LONDON, W.C., and for the future all communications should be so addressed.

Light :

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH, 1884.

A MISER VISITING HIS HOARD.

The following story was communicated to me by Miss Black, of Mayville-gardens, Edinburgh, who took it down as nearly as she could in the words of an old and much respected friend, the actual witness of the occurrence. Having submitted the narrative to her friend for her approval, she received her full permission to publish it, with only a trifling correction. "I don't remember," she says, "his hair being red; I rather think it was gray; that, however, is a matter of small importance." I have made the correction accordingly.

H. WEDGWOOD.

In the year 1839 or 1840, when I was a young woman, my brother took a country house in the south of Scotland on account of his wife's health. Not long after they had got there two of the children took the measles, and my brother wrote to me to ask me to come and help. He had taken the house from an agent, and knew nothing of the former owners. The day after my arrival we sat up late, going to bed about half-past eleven. Though I was tired and got quickly to bed, I could not sleep, feeling anxious about the children. I had been in bed about an hour, when the glimmer of a light apparently coming up-stairs, attracted my attention. Thinking that it might be the nurse coming to tell me something about the children, I sat up to listen. The light stopped at my door, the handle of which slowly turned and there entered the strangest figure I ever saw. A little old man with one shoulder higher than the other, and a large head with rough hair beginning to turn gray, came into the room with a careful limping step. He had an old brass candlestick of a curious form in one hand. Without looking at the bed, he went straight to the corner of the room close by my head. Then he slipped back a sliding panel in the wainscot and began to count gold pieces which were arranged in little piles in the recess, muttering to himself and shaking his head as he did so. More amazed than frightened, I sat up watching him till the clock in the hall struck two. Then he closed the panel, drew his flowered dressing-gown around him, and began to shuffle slowly out of the room. I sprang out of bed and followed him to the door, but I could not speak to him, for my tongue seemed dried in my mouth. Still muttering to himself the old man descended the stairs and I followed him. When about half-way down he suddenly disappeared, and I

met the under-nurse hurrying up with a very white and scared face. "Did any one pass you, Jane?" I asked. She said not, she was sent to call me to one of the children who was taken with convulsions. The next day he died, and I did not again sleep in that room, having changed my bedroom. The evening after the funeral I told my brother the occurrence, and we both agreed that it must have been a curious and remarkably vivid dream. I stayed with them for several weeks, and one evening when the village doctor was dining with us he told us that there was a belief in the village that the house was haunted by a former owner. He was slightly deformed, and was said to have been a great miser, and was supposed to keep watch over a hidden hoard. The doctor remembered him and described him as closely corresponding to the figure I had seen.

My brother quitted the house after a few months, and some years afterwards, accidentally saw in the papers an announcement that on executing some repairs when the then proprietor came of age, the workmen had found a treasure in gold pieces behind a sliding panel in the wainscoted room, and, strangely enough, besides the gold, mention was made of an antique brass candlestick, corresponding to that which I had seen in the hand of the apparition.

THE FREE DISTRIBUTION OF SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

We have, at the present moment, no less than thirteen applications for parcels of Spiritual literature for distribution to those known to be seeking for information. This demand we are unable to meet, no response having been made to the statement made in our last issue. We await the pleasure of our readers in this matter, and, trust what we know to be a very useful work may not languish for want of support.

SHORT NOTICES.

"Called Back" * is a powerfully written story, the chief interest of which hinges upon the exercise of the faculty of sympathetic clairvoyance or transference of impressions between one person and another. How Mr. Conway deals with his subject must be learned by a perusal of the tale itself. Suffice it to say that the narrative is of thrilling interest, and contains abundant evidence that the writer is no novice either in occult lore or in the art of telling a story gracefully and with effect. He has made good use of that knowledge and art in the book under consideration.

"Aleriel, or, a Voyage to Other Worlds," † is another work of fiction in which mesmerism, or something akin to it, stands the author in good stead more than once as a convenient *deus ex machina*. The principal object of the work, however, is, under the guise of fiction, to picture the life of other worlds than our own. This question is an old one, and as Mr. Szyrma rightly says an affirmative answer is rather supported than overturned by the discoveries of modern inductive science, which he claims he does not transcend in any respect. Anyhow, the result is an interesting narrative of supposed journeys to several of the planets of our planetary system, in which are described the nature and conditions of life, and the manners, habits, and modes of thought of the sentient beings with whom the celestial traveller comes in contact. We may mention the author is a member of the S.P.R.

The first number of the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research* now lies before us. It has been established with a view of "giving members of the S.P.R. information of the business transacted at the Meetings of the Council, and of the work going on in the various Committees; and to ensure to our Members and friends a speedier knowledge of matters of interest which might otherwise have to wait for the next publication of 'Proceedings.' Reports of Committees and other papers of importance which will subsequently appear *in extenso* in the 'Proceedings' (to be issued as usual), will only be given in abstract in the *Journal*, but communications of minor importance will appear in the *Journal* exclusively. The Circular letters of the Council, which have hitherto appeared in loose sheets, will here also find a place, together with correspondence, as far as space permits." It is edited by Professor Barrett.

* "Called Back." By Hugh Conway. Tenth to fourteenth thousand. Paper. 1s. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith, or may be obtained direct from this office. Postage 2d.

† "Aleriel, or a Voyage to Other Worlds." A Tale. By the Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma. Price 6s. 6d. London: Wymann and Sons; or may be obtained direct from this office.

HEALING MEDIUMS AND THE LAW IN FRANCE.

M. Jacob is a healing medium: he is called the Zouave Jacob from having, many years ago, retired from the French regiment of Zouaves to give himself exclusively to the practice of healing, of the gift of which he found himself possessed.

By the *Chaine Magnétique* of last month, just received, we see that a charge was raised against him some months ago, that in his treatment he had broken the left arm of a woman, Madame Duvillars, who went to him last May, to be cured of a weakness in that limb.

The cause came before the Correctional Tribunal last November. The evidence was very conflicting as to the real condition of the arm before submitting it to Jacob's treatment; there was a fracture, not a recent one, but there was no evidence that it was he who caused it. An expert was called, Dr. Langier, who was of opinion that there was chronic partial ankylosis (stiff joint), and that some attempt had been made to reduce it; he could not say that the fracture was the result of that attempt. Dr. Auger, in whose service the woman had been, threw no better light on the case; with respect to the hospital diagnosis brought forward, he said he could give no credit to it, averring that the heads of Paris hospitals took the diagnoses of the house surgeon (always made in haste, and often wrong) as correct, seldom verifying them.

The prosecution demanded that an old law against unlicensed practice in medicine and surgery should be applied also to the practice of magnetism.

The eloquent defence of Jacob's advocate had no weight with the court, whose judgment was: for injury done through imprudence, 100 francs damages and six days' imprisonment; and for illegal practice of surgery, five francs fine and 500 francs damages.

La Lumière, a Spiritualist journal, after expressing the belief that the Zouave Jacob will, on principle, appeal, says:—"It is well that our healing mediums should know to what they expose themselves in cases of accident. It is well known that Jacob has cured thousands of hopeless cases, but that did not save him from having this old law, at the first chance, being brought to bear against him. This may happen to anyone not armed with a diploma from a college whose professors might learn from Zouave Jacob how cures are obtained which they, by their art, cannot obtain."

The *Bulletin de la Société d'Etudes Psychologiques* has the following reflections upon the case:—"We bow before the decision of a tribunal, but at the same time protest against the law under which Jacob has been made to suffer. This old law attacks the most precious of our liberties, that of protecting ourselves, according to our best lights, against the dangers of sickness and death. Let the Government furnish the community, by all means, with licensed physicians and surgeons, but let it not force us under pains and penalties, to put ourselves under them for treatment. This would be a violation of the right and duty which every one has to govern himself in the sphere of his own personality.

"Jacob has practised magnetism for more than a quarter of a century without injuring a single one, while he has relieved and cured thousands. How many licensed practitioners can say the same? We shall return to this subject, in the hope of rousing public attention to securing liberty in this matter."

HEALING MEDIUMSHIP.—At Figers there is a good circle of Spiritualists, one of whom is a healing medium, Charles Bonyer, to whose house there is a daily procession of invalids. He gives up a good portion of his time to the exercise of his medial gift, and the cures effected are numerous, including cases of epilepsy and obsession.—*Revue Spirite*.

SECOND SIGHT IN THE RHONDDA VALLEY.

Extraordinary Experiences of a Colliery Manager.

By MORIEN.

A few days ago I was seated in the lodge-room of a Rhondda colliery in the society of a late colliery manager. He is well-known in the district where he resides for his extensive reading and general intelligence, and he is a thoroughly trustworthy individual. He made statements to me of an astounding nature, which would greatly interest the society which was recently formed in London for the purpose of psychical research. He told me that on a Sunday morning he and three others had gone down one of the collieries with which he was connected. The four, having visited their respective districts in the interior of the workings, returned to a small lodge-room within a short distance of the bottom of the shaft. They were alone in the colliery, and nothing but the murmurings of the air current as it winged its way into the workings and their own voices broke on the stillness of the silent mine. Suddenly an irresistible impulse to ascend the shaft took possession of my informant, and he hurriedly said to his companions, "We must ascend the shaft immediately!" They were startled by his abruptness of manner, and the earnestness with which he spoke. But one of his companions replied, "No, I will not ascend until I have done my work." He had hardly finished speaking when a drop of water fell from the roof, and entering the gauze of his Davy lamp at the top, put out the light. All the lamps were, at this colliery, locked in the lamp-room, situate on the surface near the mouth of the shaft; and the owner of the lamp proceeded to the cage, signalled, and was drawn to the top. He soon descended again with his lamp re-lit, and again took his seat in the lodge-room with his three companions. The impulse to ascend came again on the manager, and this time he almost concluded that a voice called upon him to ascend. He instantly spoke authoritatively, "We *must* ascend immediately." The words were hardly out of his mouth when a drop of water again put the light out in his companion's lamp. All four jumped to their feet, and the manager signalled to the surface with all his might to be drawn up immediately. It was inferred by the engineman at the winding-engine on the surface that something had happened below, and they were drawn up the pit—between 400 and 500 yards—at full speed. They had barely stepped from the cage to the surface when all four beheld flashes of fire playing about the summit of the lofty stack, which had a subterranean communication with the shaft through which they had just passed. The next moment a loud report was heard, and the stack was rent in two; the shaft also was shattered, and such quantities of rubbish from the sides and brattice boards fell to the bottom of the pit that it occupied two months of incessant labour to clear it away, and to enable any one to descend to the bottom. It has not been ascertained whether the strange accident was due to lightning or to a gas explosion. Since then two out of those four men have lost their lives in pit accidents. The other two are still living. What was the mysterious agency which agitated the manager? All readers of Plato's discourses remember that Socrates fully believed he was incessantly attended by a supernatural being. My informant mentioned several other most strange incidents of a similar character which had occurred to him indicating that future events casting their shadows before are more real than a poet's day dream.

On the morning of the recent explosion at Penygraig my informant said that his little daughter, four or five years of age, who was in bed with him, called him several times. He, wishing her to go to sleep, did not answer her. But the next moment the explosion took place, shaking the house. The little one said instantly, "I could see it coming, dada: and I wanted to tell you it was coming, but you didn't answer." What "was coming"? She was too young to know what had taken place, and yet she said to her father, "I could see it coming." Did she, by the aid of some undiscovered power, behold the explosion taking place, and then darting with inconceivable speed towards the two shafts, and that this she meant by "wanting to tell it was coming"?

The same individual mentioned the following:—One night six men were employed by him at the bottom of the drift. The trams were let down, and, when loaded, pulled up again by a wire rope attached to an engine. There were two water-tank trams employed in conveying water from the men. One night he saw in a dream the two water tank trams becoming detached from the rest of the team on the top of the drift, and darting down the drift towards the six men below. He awoke in a great fright, and instantly sprang out of bed. Hurriedly putting on some clothes, he ran through the darkness in the direction of the drift, falling down several times in the course of the journey. When he came in sight of the lights at the mouth of the drift he shouted as he ran, "Stop! stop! stop!" When he came in view of the team he saw the two water tanks in front of the team, and the foremost in the act of passing from the flat to the descent into the drift. The workmen, hearing the shouts of "Stop!" instantly spragged the wheels of the water tank tram, and looked amazed at the excited manager, who now bounded into their midst. "You have not attached the two water trams," he thundered forth, "to the

rest of the train?" This was found to be true, and, had the manager not arrived, the six men would inevitably have been killed.

On night he dreamed that a great stone had fallen on a workman named Abraham Price. As that man was leaving work on the following morning he, in the presence of others, mentioned to him his dream. That evening, when he (the workman) had returned to go to work, the manager cautioned him in the presence of others, and repeated what he had seen in his dream. Some hours later the manager saw a light in the distance coming out of the drift. The moment the workman carrying that light emerged from the drift he said, "Come into the works at once; a great stone has fallen on Abraham Price." The manager and a party of workmen immediately hurried in and liberated Abraham, who afterwards recovered from the effects of the injuries he had sustained. On another occasion he saw the roof of the stall of a man named William Thomas (Wil Gläs) falling down. He hurried to the works, and met the said William Thomas leaving it, the roof of his stall having fallen a few minutes before. This manager lived at one time at Pontyeats, and he had a son at a school six miles away. One morning he dreamt that he saw his son with a wound over one of his eyes, and blood streaming over his cheek. He lost not a moment before starting to see his son. He ran nearly all the way. After reaching the school he mentioned to the schoolmaster why he had come, telling him what he had seen in his dream. The schoolmaster laughed and said, "Your son is all right. This minute he left me." In less than five minutes the son entered the room with a small hole over one of his eyes and blood running over his cheek. The son is still living, and the scar is still to be seen over the eye. He had struck his face against a nail, which had penetrated under the eyelash. One night he dreamed he was in the level with the night shift, when he felt the air current beating against his left cheek. This would have implied that the air current was going in the wrong direction. He awoke and told his wife what he had dreamed, and that he feared the air was "going wrong" in the works. and that he would go into the workings at once. "I will accompany you," said his wife, and away both went. When they reached the workmen he asked them "How is the air with you to-night, boys?" One of them held up his lamp and said, "Goodness me," or words to that effect, "the air is going in the wrong direction." It was found to be so, and all hurried out of the works as fast as possible. It is impossible to account for these things, but they can be fully verified.

Iolo Morganwg was a firm believer in what is called "second sight," and many instances similar in their nature to the above are recorded by tradition and otherwise—some are given in his biography by Waring—which occurred to himself. While on this subject I may mention that a shopkeeper—a deacon with the Calvinistic Methodists near Pontypridd—dreamed one morning that a man named John Jones was giving out the number of a hymn at a prayer meeting. Then correcting himself, he gave out another number, and then said the hymn from memory. The singing in dreamland awoke the sleeper. At the breakfast table he mentioned the dream to his wife and the Rev. William John, Bridgend. The following day a message came to the deacon that John Jones had been found dead that morning at a well near Cymmer, and that it was desired to bury him at the chapel with which the deacon was connected. The deacon went to meet the funeral, and when near Pontypridd he saw the funeral coming to meet him. When the front rank of the procession came opposite to where he stood by the side of the road, one of the leaders gave out to be sung the identical hymn that my friend, in his dream, had heard John Jones giving out in the prayer meeting.

Verily, there are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.—*Western Mail, February 4th.*

A WARNING OR WHAT?—The following extracts are from the *Scotsman* of the 4th inst:—"STORNOWAY, Thursday.—Information has been received from Arnol and Shader, Barvas district, respectively fifteen and sixteen miles from here, of the finding of the bodies of the two missing young men from these villages who had left for the moors to look after sheep on the morning of Saturday, 26th January. The remains of the Arnol young man were found near a loch, face downwards, and partly covered with snow. His name was Donald Macdonald. He was aged twenty-two, and unmarried. The body of Donald Macleay, Shader, who was aged nineteen, was found under a wreath of snow about eight miles from home. Roderick Martin, his companion, who, it will be remembered, was discovered alive, had fixed the deceased's staff, with the bonnet on the top of it, in the ground near the body when he left it, and it was by the help of this mark that the body was found. John Macfarlane, Upper Shader, the man who found Roderick Martin, relates that before daylight on the day when Martin was found he was awakened by three distinct knocks on the door of his house. Thinking it was some of his neighbours, he got up, but found no one. After partaking of food he felt (he says) an indescribable desire to proceed at once to the moor without waiting for any of his neighbours. Having gone a considerable distance, he came upon the footprints of a man, and following them he came upon Martin lying in the snow."

THE POLTERGEIST IN VIENNA.

Under the heading "Es spukt!" (spirit pranks) in the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* of January 20th, that journal says that unless the police come that day to a thorough explanation of the mystery in the *Grenzgasse*, it solemnly apologises to the *Spiritists* for all the scorn it has poured out upon them! but supposes that Professor Hermann (probably a noted Vienna conjurer) has opened a private entertainment in the quarter!

No. 4 in the street named, the house of Herr Straka, engine driver on the Western Railway, was the scene of the disturbances; a great crowd of several hundred persons being drawn to the street in front of it by the report of them. For three days in the first floor rooms of the house had been experienced the most "unheard of" (!) things. The floor shook, boxes travelled about as if alive; a picture raised itself from the nail, where it had hung quietly for years, and wandered along the wall, and to the middle of the ceiling, then back again to the nail; a bird-cage on the table suddenly hovered in the air, then the table fell down and slowly picked itself up again, the bird-cage resuming its place upon it uninjured, as though nothing had happened; the people being at dinner the table began to rock; they seized the plates and took flight, whereupon the table laid itself down on the floor; a mirror fell and was broken to pieces.

Mrs. Straka, whose husband was absent from Vienna, in her perplexity sent for a priest to exorcise the thing, but he referred her to the worldly powers as better able to cope with single "spirits" who still, now-a-days, venture into the light. Accordingly, a commission of the district magistracy, consisting of Dr. Barth, Director Beer, and Engineer Mayer, came yesterday evening (19th) to investigate. The son of the owner locked up one of the rooms,* after they had satisfied themselves that no one was inside; then, on opening the door, they found the arm-chair upset, and the bed-things thrown from the bedstead. The table rocking, the "dancing bed," everything was witnessed by them without their being able to discover the cause.

According to the report of the mistress of the house, far worse things took place; "it" had torn the neckerchief off the neck of a girl, and her shoes off her feet, the shoes being afterwards found in the passage. "It" lifted the children from the chairs, so that they ran crying in fright to their mother. The engineer made the best examination he could; and the commission finally decided to leave two unprejudiced men in the house as observers of whatever might occur.

What they saw, made them no wiser. A small ball (a plaything of the children, which was kept under the chest) rolled suddenly to the feet of one of them; the lid of a wash-stand, which had been fastened by a clamp, opened and shut and was refastened of itself; the cover of a bed in which lay a man suffering from epilepsy,† rose and fell inexplicably, without the man, so far as could be observed, having moved a limb. The watch was a very uncomfortable one, and at half-past ten in the evening Mrs. Straka sent them away.

It will be seen that the "Kobold" amuses himself quite according to rule, with all the puerilities which orthodox Spiritism regards as the highest expression of spiritual force, and it is, perhaps, the strangest thing of all that the inmates of the house had by yesterday already accustomed themselves to the silly spook. They remain quietly in the dwelling, which, to the astonished public, seems a residence so little agreeable. Even the care-taker reports as a good joke that yesterday the bedsteads followed him about the room!

In the neighbouring houses all is quiet.

As mentioned, the affair will be investigated to-day by a police commission, and they may possibly at the same time discover what was and is the cause of the mysterious stone-throwing in the *Millergasse*, for the girl who was for some time imprisoned as the personator of the "spirit" has been since discovered to be innocent,‡ and has been released.

The foolish story naturally causes great excitement in the district.

[No later report has come to hand. It would be interesting to learn the result of the investigation by the police.—TRANS.]

It is a fact, which should claim consideration with materialists, that while thousands of materialists have, after careful investigation, become Spiritualists, not one of these has been converted to Materialism, for the reason that argument is powerless against what one knows through having seen, heard, and felt.—*Spiritual Record.*

THE *Dietetic Reformer* (Pitman, London) is a two-penny magazine, issued monthly, which aims to render important public service by calling attention to the facts of our national food supply, and to questions affecting the diet, and therefore, the health of all classes. It appears in an attractive dress. Its contents are varied, readable, and instructive. Some eminent names occur among its contributors. In these days of high prices and luxurious tastes, and, in too many cases, of limited incomes, we should all do well to acquaint ourselves more fully with these primary matters affecting our daily food.

* Why was this not done by one of themselves.—TRANS.

† The connection of this species of affliction with disturbing forces has often been remarked.—TRANS.

‡ I suppose by the stone-throwing contingent.—TRANS.

PHASES OF MATERIALISATION.

A CHAPTER OF RESEARCH
IN THE
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BY "M.A. (OXON.)"

(Continued from page 62.)

II. Appearances of detached hands under special conditions which rendered the identification of them, as distinct from the hands of the medium, a matter of certainty.

(a) ABNORMAL FORMATION.

As far back as the year 1851, Daniel Knowlton being the medium, Adin Ballou* records the appearance of a hand which Hervey Chase identified as exactly similar in form to that of his late wife. The fingers were bent inwards, and the nail of one finger was peculiarly formed, in consequence of a severe burn in childhood. The narrative is worth reproducing:—

"After being seated a short time, the rapping and other manifestations were made, and several questions were put and answered, before making the object of our visit known. I then put the question, 'Are the spirits present who promised to take me by the hand?' The answer was, 'Yes.' I then held my hand in open space, where it was not possible to be reached by any one present without altering their position, which they did not, or I must have seen them. I felt a hand as perfect as that of a living person; the touch and separation of the fingers was plainly perceptible. It purported to be the hand of my former wife. One of her hands was deformed by being badly burnt when a child. Two of her fingers were bent inward toward the palm, and the nail of one finger was very short and thick. I then asked her to put her deformed hand into mine, which she immediately did, and then passed her finger with the thick nail over the palm of my hand, as if to convince me of her identity."

Then we have Dr. Wolffe testifying† that after recognising his mother's face, Mrs. Hollis being in the cabinet, he asked that her left hand might be shewn. That hand in life was of peculiar formation, the forefinger being shut at the middle joint in consequence of a burn. In a brief space of time precisely such a hand was shewn at the aperture.

"I said, 'Mother, please materialise your *left hand*, and present it at the aperture.' In a very brief space of time a left hand appeared at the opening, *with the forefinger shut at the middle joint*. My mother had just such a finger on her left hand; when a child she received a burn, which contracted the tendon and fixed the forefinger of her left hand permanently in that position."

Mr. Tapp records among other experiences of his with Katie King the following very remarkable one:‡

"'Katie' has frequently stood by me, and leaned against me, at sances, for several minutes together, permitting me to thoroughly scan her face and figure in a good light. I have also been permitted often to touch (but never to grasp) her. At one sitting she laid her right arm in my outstretched hands, and allowed me to closely examine it. It was plump and shapely, longer than that of the medium. The hands, too, were much larger, with beautifully shaped nails. I may here state that Miss Cook, ever since I have known her, has had a bad habit of biting her nails almost to the roots. I then held the arm lightly in one hand, and passed my other hand along it from the shoulder. The skin was beautifully—I might say, unnaturally—smooth, like wax or marble; yet the temperature was that of the healthy human body. *There was, however, no bone in the wrist*. I lightly felt round the wrist again, to make sure of this beyond doubt, and then told 'Katie' that the bone was wanting. She laughed, and said, 'Wait a bit,' and after going about to the other sitters, came round and placed her arm in my hand as before. Sure enough *the bone was then there!* I joked her on this point, and also said what fine finger nails she had got. She took hold of my hand, turned it quickly round, and gave a vigorous scratch on the back of it that raised

the skin and drew blood. This excellent test has also been given to other sitters. I have had it on two occasions. One evening recently, I made some jesting remark to 'Katie,' who stood near me, when she suddenly struck me heavily in the chest with her clenched fist. I was startled, and, indeed, hurt by the unexpected blow; so much so, that I inadvertently caught hold of her right arm by the wrist. Her wrist crumpled in my grasp like a piece of paper or thin cardboard, my fingers meeting together through it. I let go at once, and expressed my regret that I had forgotten the condition, fearing that harm to the medium might ensue, but 'Katie' reassured me, saying, that as my act *was not intentioned*, she could avert any untoward result."

Colonel Olcott testifies* to a special test, which may find a place here, Horatio Eddy being the medium—

"Various detached hands were shown through the aperture in the shawls, and among the number that of the boy Michalko himself, which Madame Blavatsky recognised by some peculiarity, as well as *by a string of amber beads wound round the wrist*." [It is a custom among the Georgian peasants to wear a string of amber beads upon their arms, hence the test, which is also mentioned by Dr. Peebles.]†

I remember in early days of my investigation that I saw a hand of abnormal formation, more like a claw than a human hand, protruded from a cabinet in which Herne and Williams were sitting. It was apparently attached to one of the speaking-tubes used in that circle, and was as white as if made of plaster of Paris. The claw-like fingers were in constant motion, and the thing presented a most uncanny appearance.

(b) IMPRESSION OR MOULD TAKEN.

There are several cases recorded in which the idea derived from a cursory view was confirmed by obtaining an impression of some of these fugitive hands. Dr. Wolffe records several cases in which he obtained such impressions in a dish filled with flour. In no case was there any resemblance between the impression so obtained and that made by the hand of the medium. This evidence is important,‡ and I reproduce the material portion of it.

"It was not five minutes after Mrs. Hollis was closed in when the hands began to appear at the aperture. These varied in size; one especially was noticeably large. . . . I filled a dish with flour and set it before the aperture, sideways. The hand changed the position of the dish, and commenced a kind of magnetic manipulation of the surface of the flour, which lasted several minutes. . . . It settled on the dish, till the hand and fingers were buried in the flour. . . . At the conclusion of the sance there was not a hand in the circle that could fill the well-preserved matrix in the flour; and Mrs. Hollis' hand could very little more than half fill it."§

"The next experiment, at the table, was with a dish of flour. This I placed on the chair. . . . In two or three minutes a slender, delicate hand came out, and, after hovering over the flour a few seconds, retired. In five minutes it re-appeared and settled deep in the flour, leaving a perfect imprint of itself. I then procured another plate of flour by request; and this time 'Jim' put his hand into it. The matrix left was half as large again as the first. After closely inspecting Mrs. Hollis' hand, to discover any flour-dust there might be upon it, but in vain, I requested her to place her hands in the imprints, which she did, and had in the first room enough to receive two hands the size of her own; and in the second enough and to spare. The imprint which she subsequently made of her hand in flour was smaller and entirely different in structure."||

Mr. Plimpton testifies:—"Dr. Wolffe procured a platter of flour. . . . The request was made that the doctor would hold it at the corner of the table farthest from Mrs. Hollis. He did so; the hand appeared and, after indescribably fluttering over it with a rapidity of motion that seemed electric, rested in it for a moment. Mrs. Hollis was requested to place her hand in the print; the finger marks were half an inch longer than her fingers."¶

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‡ *Spiritualist*, Vol. iv., No. 6, p. 69.

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‡ *Spiritualist*, Vol. iv., No. 6, p. 62.

With Slade Zöllner* reproduced the experiments of Dr. Wolffe with perfect success:—

"I proposed to Mr. Slade to have placed under the table a flat vase filled up to the edge with wheat flour, and that he should then request his 'spirits' to put their hands in the flour before touching us. . . . I fetched a large porcelain bowl of about one foot in diameter, and two inches deep, filled it evenly to the brim with flour, and placed it under the table. We did not trouble ourselves at first about the eventual success of this experiment, but continued for over five minutes the magnetic experiments, Slade's hands being all the time visible upon the table; when suddenly I felt my right knee powerfully grasped and pressed by a large hand under the table for about a second, and at the same moment, as I mentioned this to the others, and was about to get up, the bowl of meal was pushed forward from its place under the table about four feet on the floor. Upon my trousers I had the impression in meal of a large strong hand, and on the meal-surface of the bowl were indented the thumb and four fingers, with all the niceties of structure and folds of the skin impressed. An immediate examination of Slade's hands and feet shewed not the slightest traces of flour, and the comparison of his own hand with the impression on the meal proved the latter to be considerably larger."

With the same private medium whom I have mentioned before, and whom Zöllner designates by initials S. E., Professor Wagner obtained impressions of a hand and foot.†

"We took an ordinary folding slate with clasps; on each side within was fastened, by means of wax, paper blacked with soot. . . . We closed it, bound and sealed it with seven seals. The signet I took away with me. At the following sitting violent movements of the slate occurred, and finally I was directed to lay the slate on my knees. . . . We struck a light, opened the slate, and perceived an impression on each side; on the right that of a hand; upon the left that of a foot. . . . All three mediums and E— at once recognised in the impression the hand of Catherine L—, which had characteristic peculiarities. . . . For greater certainty this impression was shewn to a sculptor who well knew the hand of the deceased, and he at once asked—'Is this an impression of the hand of Catherine L—?'"

(To be continued.)

"YOU MUST HAVE PATIENCE."

(A Message given at a Séance with Mr. W. Eglinton, February 9th, 1884.)

"Let us be satisfied to obey, to pray, to love, and to wait."—Golden Grains.

A Prayer.

Give me, my God, that sweet content
Which comes to those who learn to wait;
Who take the trials that are sent
As needful in our mortal state;
Who murmur not, nor turn aside
Though all their hopes are crucified.

Oh, keep alive that faith in Thee
Which makes it easy to obey,
Though not one glimmer can I see
To light the darkness of my way.
Let me but feel Thy guiding hand,
Through storm on storm, I'll reach the strand.

Give me, I pray, that love for all
Which brings a blessing from the skies;
The choicest gifts on mortals fall
Whose ways are watched by angel eyes;
For guardians on their steps attend
Who seek the good of foe and friend.

To love and wait, obey and pray,
Will bring the patience that I need:
Though cruel wrongs beset my way
I know that Thou my steps doth lead.
Through tangled paths my footsteps roam,
But each day brings me nearer home. C.J.M.

NOTICE TO READERS OF "LIGHT."—We shall feel obliged to any of our readers if, when they come across facts of interest or allusions to Spiritualism or Psychical Research in local or other journals, they will communicate them to us. Of late the attentions of our friends have from some reason or other rather fallen off in this respect.

* Zöllner, p. 49.

† Zöllner, p. 143.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mr. Alderman T. Barkas will lecture at Weirs Court on Sunday next, the 17th inst., his subject being "The Spiritual Teachings of Bailey's Festus."

BRIGHTON.—Spiritualism in this fashionable resort is again looking up, the revival taking shape in a very marked interest in mesmerism and Thought-transference. A discussion in the *Brighton Figaro* has done much to fan the flame.

PLYMOUTH.—The services at the Richmond Hall on Sunday were all well attended. In the morning Mr. Clarke gave an address on "Psychometry," followed by several readings of character and mediumship, and in the evening delivered the first of a course of inspirational lectures on the philosophy of Spiritualism, the subject more especially dealt with being the "Spiritual Universe." The hall was crowded to excess.

MARYLEBONE.—Miss Rosamond Dale Owen will lecture at the Temperance Hall, 52, Bell-street (near Edgware-road station), on Sunday evening next, the 17th inst., on her grandfather, Robert Owen, and his Socialistic Experiment at New Harmony. She will in the course of her lecture detail some of his and her own experiences in Spiritualism, and would be pleased to be supported by the presence of London Spiritualists. The meeting is convened under the auspices of the Marylebone Association of Spiritualists, and commences at 7 p.m.

COLONEL OLCOTT.—We learn that Colonel Olcott intends paying a visit to this country and that, as a matter of fact, he is already on his way.

"THE DEBATER," a weekly journal of public discussion and organ of local parliaments takes some interest in matters psychical. Reports of the meetings of the S.P.R. have occasionally been published in its columns. It is owned, we believe, by a well-known Theosophist.

SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.—"Occasional Meetings" will be held at four p.m. on Wednesday, February the 20th, and on Wednesday, March the 19th, at the Garden Mansions, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W., for the purpose of informal discussion and conversation on any matters connected with the Society's researches. The meetings are open to members and associates, who are at liberty to introduce friends.

EMERSON, in a letter to Thomas Carlyle, dated Boston, 14th May, 1834, said: "Evermore thanks for the brave stand you have made for Spiritualism in these writings ['Sartor Resartus']. But has literature any parallel to the oddity of the vehicle chosen to convey this treasure? I delight in its contents; the form, which my defective apprehension for a joke makes me not appreciate, I leave to your merry discretion. And yet did ever wise and philanthropic author use so defying a diction? As if society were not sufficiently shy of truth without providing it beforehand with an objection to the form."

LEIBNITZ ON MATTER.—"As to the question whether there is extension outside of us, or whether, like colour, it is only an appearance, you are right in thinking it not an easy one. The notion of extension is not so simple as one might imagine. We should have to determine whether space is something real; whether matter includes something more than extension; whether, indeed, it is itself a substance. To explain myself fully upon this subject would take long, but I hold that we might come to a decision upon it."—From a letter by Leibnitz to the Abbé Foucher, 1686.

THE BRAHMO-SOMAJ.—COMMUNION WITH DEPARTED SAINTS.—Mr. Giles B. Stebbins contributes the following to the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Chicago:—"I have just examined the Brahmo-Somaj Year Book for 1880 and 1881, carefully prepared by Sophia Dobson Collet, an English lady, and full of statements of the condition, work, and views of these Hindoos. She quotes from the *Sunday Mirror*, a Calcutta Somaj paper, as follows: 'It is proposed to promote communion with departed saints among the more advanced Brahmos. With a view to this, ancient prophets and saints will be taken, one after the other, and made subjects of close study, meditation, and prayer. Particular places will be assigned, to which the devoted will resort as pilgrims. There, for hours together, they will seek to draw inspiration from particular saints.' The narrative shews their method as like that of a spiritual séance in some leading respects, and also plainly indicates their idea of communion with the departed—a spiritual idea."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications received, but too late or crowded out, from Hon. Roden Noel—G. D. Haughton—S. E. Gay; also "White Lady;" "Normal Sensitives," &c.

BACK NUMBERS OF "LIGHT."—SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Editor will be obliged if any subscriber, having copies of the following numbers of "LIGHT" to spare, will kindly forward them to the office. They are urgently required for sets. Full price will in each case be given for them.

No. 105 for January 6th, 1883.
" 106 " " 13th, "
" 128 " June 16th, "
" 127 " August 18th, "

TESTIMONY TO PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

The following is a list of eminent persons who, after personal investigation, have satisfied themselves of the reality of some of the phenomena generally known as Psychical or Spiritualistic.

N.B.—An asterisk is prefixed to those who have exchanged belief for knowledge.

SCIENCE.—The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, F.R.S., President R.A.S.; W. Crookes Fellow and Gold Medallist of the Royal Society; *C. Varley, F.R.S., C.E.; A. R. Wallace, the eminent Naturalist; W. F. Barrett, F.R.S.E., Professor of Physics in the Royal College of Science, Dublin; Dr. Lockhart Robertson; *Dr. J. Elliotson, F.R.S., sometime President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London; *Professor de Morgan, sometime President of the Mathematical Society of London; *Dr. Wm. Gregory, F.R.S.E., sometime Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh; *Dr. Ashburner, *Mr. Rutter, *Dr. Herbert Mayo, F.R.S., &c., &c.

*Professor F. Zöllner, of Leipzig, author of "Transcendental Physics," &c.; Professors G. T. Fechner, Scheibner, and J. H. Fichte, of Leipzig; Professor W. E. Weber, of Göttingen; Professor Hoffman, of Würzburg; Professor Perty, of Berne; Professors Wagner and Butleroff, of Petersburg; Professors Hare and Mapes, of U.S.A.; *Dr. Robert Friese, of Breslau; Mons. Camille Flammarion, Astronomer, &c., &c.

LITERATURE.—The Earl of Dunraven; T. A. Trollope; S. C. Hall; Gerald Massey; Captain R. Burton; Professor Cassal, LL.D.; *Lord Brougham; *Lord Lytton; *Lord Lyndhurst; *Archbishop Whately; *Dr. R. Chambers, F.R.S.E.; *W. M. Thackeray; *Nassau Senior; *George Thompson; *W. Howitt; *Serjeant Cox; *Mrs. Browning, Hon. Roden Noel, &c., &c.

Bishop Clarke, Rhode Island, U.S.A.; Darius Lyman, U.S.A.; *Professor W. Denton; Professor Alex. Wilder; Professor Hiram Corson; Professor George Bush; and twenty-four Judges and ex-Judges of the U.S. Courts; Victor Hugo; Baron and Baroness von Vay; *W. Lloyd Garrison, U.S.A.; *Hon. R. Dale Owen, U.S.A.; *Hon. J. W. Edmonds, U.S.A.; *Epes Sargent; *Baron du Potet; *Count A. de Gasparin; *Baron L. de Guldenstübbe, &c., &c.

SOCIAL POSITION.—H.I.H. Nicholas, Duke of Leuchtenberg; H.S.H. the Prince of Solms; H.S.H. Prince Albrecht of Solms; *H.S.H. Prince Emile of Sayn Wittgenstein; The Countess of Caithness; Hon. Alexander Aksakof, Imperial Councillor of Russia; the Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan, sometime Minister of U.S.A. at the Court of Lisbon; M. Favre-Clavairoz, late Consul-General of France at Trieste; the late Emperors of *Russia and *France; Presidents *Thiers, and *Lincoln, &c., &c.

Is it Conjuring?

It is sometimes confidently alleged that mediums are only clever conjurers, who easily deceive the simple-minded and unwary. But how, then, about the conjurers themselves, some of the most accomplished of whom have declared that the "manifestations" are utterly beyond the resources of their art?—

ROBERT HOUDIN, the great French conjurer, investigated the subject of clairvoyance with the sensitive, Alexis Didier. In the result he unreservedly admitted that what he had observed was wholly beyond the resources of his art to explain. See "Psychische Studien" for January, 1878, p. 43.

PROFESSOR JACOBS, writing to the editor of *Licht, Mehr Licht*, April 10th, 1881, in reference to phenomena which occurred in Paris through the Brothers Davenport, said:—"As a Prestidigitator of repute, and a sincere Spiritualist, I affirm that the *medianimic facts demonstrated by the two brothers were absolutely true*, and belonged to the *Spiritualistic* order of things in every respect. Messrs. Robin and Robert Houdin, when attempting to imitate these said facts, never presented to the public anything beyond an infantine and almost grotesque parody of the said phenomena, and it would be only ignorant and obstinate persons who could regard the questions seriously as set forth by these gentlemen. . . . Following the data of the learned chemist and natural philosopher, Mr. W. Crookes, of London, I am now in a position to prove plainly, and by purely scientific methods, the existence of a 'psychic force' in mesmerism, and also 'the individuality of the spirit' in Spiritual manifestation."

SAMUEL BELLACHINI, COURT CONJURER AT BERLIN.—I hereby declare it to be a rash action to give decisive judgment upon the objective medial performance of the American medium, Mr. Henry Slade, after only one sitting and the observations so made. After I had, at the wish of several highly esteemed gentlemen of rank and position, and also for my own interest, tested the physical mediumship of Mr. Slade, in a series of sittings by full daylight, as well as in the evening in his bedroom, I must, for the sake of truth, hereby certify that the phenomenal occurrences with Mr. Slade have been thoroughly examined by me with the minutest observation and investigation of his surroundings, including the table, and that I have *not in the smallest degree* found anything to be produced by means of prestidigitative manifestations, or by mechanical apparatus; and that any explanation of the experiments which took place *under the circumstances and conditions then obtaining* by any reference to prestidigitation is *absolutely impossible*. It must rest with such men of science as Crookes and Wallace, in London; Perty, in Berne, Butleroff, in St. Petersburg; to search for the explanation of this phenomenal power, and to prove its reality. I declare, moreover, the published opinions of laymen as to the "How" of this subject to be premature, and, according to *my* view and experience; false and one-sided. This, my declaration, is signed and executed before a Notary and witnesses.—(Signed) SAMUEL BELLACHINI, Berlin, December 6th, 1877.

ADVICE TO INQUIRERS.

The Conduct of Circles.—By M.A. (Oxon.)

If you wish to see whether Spiritualism is really only jugglery and imposture, try it by personal experiment.

If you can get an introduction to some experienced Spiritualist, on whose good faith you can rely, ask him for advice; and, if he is holding private circles, seek permission to attend one to see how to conduct séances, and what to expect.

There is, however, difficulty in obtaining access to private circles, and, in any case, you must rely chiefly on experiences in your own family circle, or amongst your own friends, all strangers being excluded. The bulk of Spiritualists have gained conviction thus.

Form a circle of from four to eight persons, half, or at least two, of negative, passive temperament, and preferably of the female sex; the rest of a more positive type.

Sit, positive and negative alternately, secure against disturbance, in subdued light, and in comfortable and unconstrained positions, round an uncovered table of convenient size. Place the palms of the hands flat upon its upper surface. The hands of each sitter need not touch those of his neighbour, though the practice is frequently adopted.

Do not concentrate attention too fixedly on the expected manifestations. Engage in cheerful but not frivolous conversation. Avoid dispute or argument. Scepticism has no deterrent effect, but a bitter spirit of opposition in a person of determined will may totally stop or decidedly impede manifestations. If conversation flags, music is a great help, if it be agreeable to all, and not of a kind to irritate the sensitive ear. Patience is essential; and it may be necessary to meet ten or twelve times, at short intervals, before anything occurs. If after such trial you still fail, form a fresh circle. Guess at the reason of your failure, eliminate the inharmonious elements, and introduce others. An hour should be the limit of an unsuccessful séance.

The first indications of success usually are a cool breeze passing over the hands, with involuntary twitching of the hands and arms of some of the sitters, and a sensation of throbbing in the table. These indications, at first so slight as to cause doubt as to their reality, will usually develop with more or less rapidity.

If the table moves, let your pressure be so gentle on its surface that you are sure you are not aiding its motions. After some time you will probably find that the movement will continue if your hands are held *over* but not in contact with it. Do not, however, try this until the movement is assured, and be in no hurry to get messages.

When you think that the time has come, let some one take command of the circle and act as spokesman. Explain to the unseen Intelligence that an agreed code of signals is desirable, and ask that a tilt may be given as the alphabet is slowly repeated at the several letters which form the word that the Intelligence wishes to spell. It is convenient to use a single tilt for No, three for Yes, and two to express doubt or uncertainty.

When a satisfactory communication has been established, ask if you are rightly placed, and if not, what order you should take. After this, ask who the Intelligence purports to be, which of the company is the medium, and such relevant questions. If confusion occurs, ascribe it to the difficulty that exists in directing the movements at first with exactitude. Patience will remedy this, if there be a real desire on the part of the Intelligence to speak with you. If you only satisfy yourself at first that it is possible to speak with an Intelligence separate from that of any person present, you will have gained much.

The signals may take the form of raps. If so, use the same code of signals, and ask as the raps become clear that they may be made on the table, or in a part of the room where they are demonstrably not produced by any natural means, but avoid any vexatious imposition of restrictions on free communication. Let the Intelligence use its own means; if the attempt to communicate deserves your attention, it probably has something to say to you, and will resent being hampered by useless interference. It rests greatly with the sitters to make the manifestations elevating or frivolous, and even tricky.

Should an attempt be made to entrance the medium, or to manifest by any violent methods, or by means of form-manifestations, ask that the attempt may be deferred till you can secure the presence of some experienced Spiritualist. If this request is not heeded, discontinue the sitting. The process of developing a trance-medium is one that might disconcert an inexperienced inquirer. Increased light will check noisy manifestations.

Lastly—Try the results you get by the light of Reason. Maintain a level head and a clear judgment. Do not believe everything you are told, for though the great unseen world contains many a wise and discerning Spirit, it also has in it the accumulation of human folly, vanity, and error; and this lies nearer to the surface than that which is wise and good. Distrust the free use of great names. Never for a moment abandon the use of your Reason. Do not enter into a very solemn investigation in a spirit of idle curiosity or frivolity. Cultivate a reverent desire for what is pure, good, and true. You will be repaid if you gain only a well-grounded conviction that there is a life after death, for which a pure and good life before death is the best and wisest preparation.

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