

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE HISTORY, PHENOMENA, PHILOSOPHY,
AND TEACHINGS OF

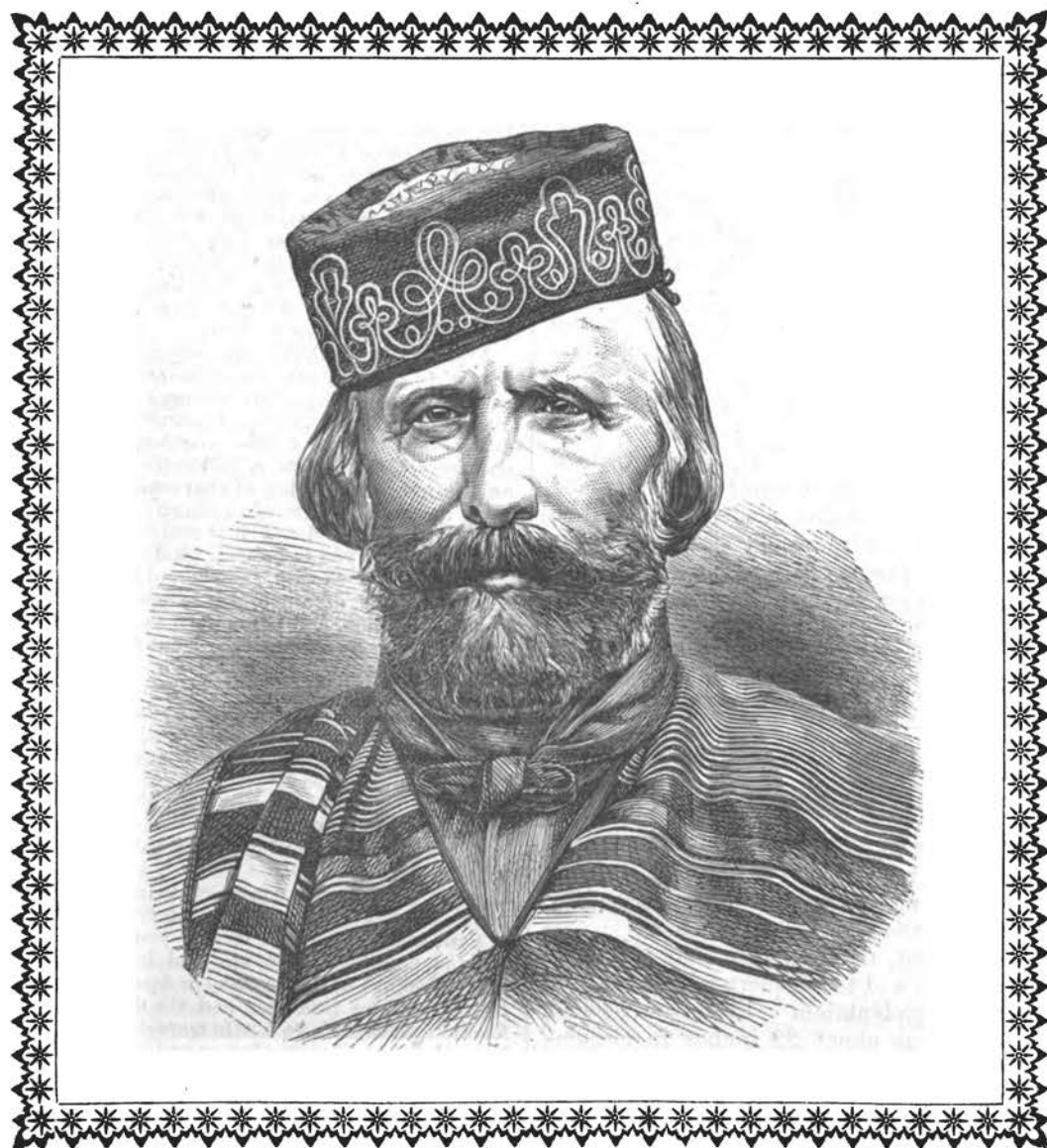
SPIRITUALISM.

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G. Garibaldi Caprera June 1st 1864

GUISEPPE GARIBALDI: A MIND STUDY.

BORN AT NICE, JULY 4, 1807.

DIED AT CAPRERA, JUNE 2, 1882.

The prints teem with portraits of Garibaldi, but not one of them is of much avail for Phrenological purposes. The statuettes and medallions that have been made of him represent the crown of his head so low that they were manifestly false. It was only a few days ago that we met with a reliable portrait. It is a colossal, full-length painting, done by permission of Garibaldi in 1864, for a gentleman at Southampton. This noble picture was exhibited in Meeking's window, at Holborn Circus. Though a front view, looking slightly to the right, yet it indicates the ascent of the head to the point above the ears. The side of the head appears quite flat: no Acquisitiveness, and very little Secretiveness, and not much Cautiousness or Destructiveness. The complexion is given as fair, a tinge of light brown being apparent in the whiskers. These are indications of temperament.

In the "Morning Standard," for Friday last, appeared an extract from the Paris "Temps," being the observations made by Dr. Riboli on the organism of Garibaldi, which we quote:—

Garibaldi's height is five feet five inches. His entire figure is admirably proportioned. His head is remarkably large, with an extraordinary depth of skull; from the ear to the crown the measurement is over seven and three-quarter inches. His special protuberance of the upper part of the head attests to an exceptional organisation, and to the preponderance of all the noble faculties over the instincts. The qualities indicated by the formation of the skull may be thus summed up: Self-abnegation, prudence, presence of mind, natural austerity of manners, meditateness, eloquence, and a dominant loyalty.

It is evident that Garibaldi, was a small, compact, Shakespearean-moulded man; firmly put together, and overflowing with life of a high order, giving rise to action springing from the higher impulses of his being. As a light-house throws its beams over the surrounding dark expanse, so did Garibaldi emit from his organism an ever-flowing stream of nerve-fluid, which intromitted all whom it enveloped into its own sphere, and elevated them correspondingly. This was the secret of his command over men, and his power to organize and direct. His magnetic sphere was of the impersonal quality, and it caused all to forget themselves in the Cause which was at stake.

Garibaldi would be extremely sensitive to psychological impressions; in other words, a normal medium. This is proved by the fact that when at sea he dreamed of the death of his mother: he noted the time, and found afterwards that the event occurred at the time indicated. This impressibility would also explain the influence which certain persons had over him, especially one of such opposite temperament as Mazzini. The two were the complement of one another. It also explains the extreme irritability of Garibaldi in the last few years of his life, when the vital powers flagged, and failed to supply that psychical halo constantly given off. Then the once positive man would become negative, and instead of influencing others he would become the subject of other's influences, which, not being of the same quality as his own, would affect him unpleasantly. Ah! who has the quality of soul to sympathise with those truly divine men who occasionally sojourn amongst us, altogether misunderstood by the numb-nerved men and women around them.

Dr. Riboli's statement, that the depth of the skull, over the ear, was seven and three-quarter inches, surely requires a word of explanation. Professor Fowler says that the head was about 22 inches in circumference; and the measuring rule, applied vertically from the opening of the ear to the level of the crown of the head, would indicate a height out of all proportion, if it extended to the figures quoted. Sir Walter Scott, who had a wondrous sugar-loaf head, did not reach that altitude, if we mistake not. The measurement must be intended to apply to the arch of the

head, following the curve over Cautiousness, from the opening of the ear to the centre of the crown. Thus measured we have an expanse of fifteen and a half inches from ear to ear, which is a great height, but in keeping with the best pictorial representations.

Years ago, when the writer was in the service of Professor L. N. Fowler, a delineation of Garibaldi used to lie on the table of the Examination Room. This now precious document Mr. Fowler has been so kind as to lend to us, from the advanced sheets of the "Phrenological Magazine," to be published in a few days. Garibaldi called on Mr. Fowler, when in exile, in New York, to have an examination, but without giving any name. Seeing that he had hold of an extraordinary character, Mr. Fowler asked him his occupation, when he replied that he was a tallow-chandler. Subsequent events revealed his identity.

The following is this delineation of thirty years ago, which accords strictly with the opinion of the Italian Doctor already quoted:—

CHARACTER OF GUISEPPE GARIBALDI.

By L. N. FOWLER, NEW YORK, 1852.

You have a strong and vigorous constitution, a dense compact brain, hence your mental and bodily powers are well balanced, and you are capable of sustaining yourself when you are required to put forth severe physical and mental effort. You need the force of circumstances, however, and special occasions, to give full development to your powers and bring them into the highest degree of action.

You have a warm and ardent temperament, joined to great tenacity of constitution and power of endurance. It is seldom we find so much ardour, intensity, and warmth of mind.

Your organization indicates the following conditions: First, your brain is of full size, bordering on large. Secondly, you have an uncommon amount of brain in the moral region, thus your power is chiefly derived from the moral and intellectual brain and mind rather than from the selfish propensities. You have both moral and physical courage, but your positiveness of character is sometimes modified by the influence of Benevolence and Approbativeness. You have a strong reasoning intellect and are remarkably clear-headed, original, and qualified to take intellectual views of subjects. You see the most important principles at first, and your mind acts with great vigour in carrying out your plans or maintaining your principles; for Causality is one of your largest organs.

You also have large Comparison, which gives powers of discrimination and criticism. You have great intuition of mind and understand human nature correctly, and very quickly read the mind and motives of others.

You have large Order, are very methodical, systematic, and careful to lay your plans well before you execute them. You have immense will-power; the organ of Firmness is developed almost to an excess, and you cannot give up when you have determined upon a course of action. Your Firmness, Conscientiousness, Cautiousness, and Self-esteem combined, give you an unusual individuality of character, and aid to surround you with an atmosphere of authority, independence, decision, integrity, and prudence that really leads others to lean upon you, and allow you to be their guide and leader.

You are not so vain, showy, and fond of display as you are spirited, manly, dignified, and independent. You cannot cater to public opinion, and act merely to please others; your sense of your liberty is a very prominent feature of your character, and whoever attempts to infringe upon your rights or privileges will find in you a stout opponent.

You have a fair degree of Secretiveness, tact, management, and ability to avoid disclosures; but you are not cunning; will keep your own secrets, but are not deceptive. The base of your brain is also large, which gives you an unusual degree of energy, resolution, force of character, and the disposition to overcome obstacles.

The greater the difficulty you have to overcome or contend with the more determined you are; still Benevolence is decidedly large, and exerts a considerable influence on your character, rendering you willing to sacrifice much for others.

Your social brain is large; you are particularly warm-hearted, cordial, affectionate, and loving. You have the most tender feelings of the husband and parent joined to the stoutest feelings of the protector and the defender. Few prize their female friends, or love a wife more devotedly than you. Your love of home is very strong, and you dislike to change from one place to another. If you should travel it would be more the result of circumstances and for business, than from a natural inclination.

You have not a copious command of language nor a good memory of details and particulars, nor are you remarkable for your mechanical powers, but could excel in inventing and in devising ways and means to accomplish your ends.

To sum up your character in a few words: you have strength

of constitution, balance of power, ardour and intensity of feeling, and a predominance of the higher elements of character; should also be known for your great tenacity of purpose in respect to right and justice, for self-possession, perseverance, moral courage, fortitude, energy, and executiveness, and also for a strong, social, loving and domestic nature.

You may show some extremes of character, but have not many faults. There is some danger of your being too positive, wilful, and rigid in your opinions. You would appear to a better advantage with more perceptive power, knowledge of details, memory of common events, and the ability to communicate what you know in a more fluent manner. You can engage with success in the management and direction of commercial affairs, in manufacturing, in navigation, engineering, teaching, natural philosophy, and mathematics, in law or as a statesman, or soldier. In either of these you might excel. Benevolence is large, and joined with Approbativeness and Adhesiveness leads you to sacrifice more for your friends than anything else.

Though all that we say this week of this man is admirable in its way, yet it takes a Garibaldi fully to comprehend a Garibaldi. The adverse criticisms of him, are the babblings of short-sighted helpless babes. Garibaldi viewed affairs from the ethereal attitude of the mountain peak, while others grope for their facts in the dim valley. His grand acts are applauded now: and why? Because they were successful. If he had failed in them, he would have been condemned, even as he is censured for matters that he took in hand, and could not carry to a successful issue. His motive was just as good, and his purpose as true in the case of his failures as in his successes. Such a man is continually surrounded by traitors, who are afraid he go one step farther than suits their narrow views and self-seeking purposes. The state of the age was such as to enable him to carry through his idea in some cases and not in others; but it would be absurd to assume that the idea was right in the one instance and wrong in the other. This singleness of purpose is what made Garibaldi incompetent as a legislator. He was a wholly honest man, and could only approve of what was right; he was a thoroughly truthful man, and could not say what he knew to be a lie. A "legislator" must not scruple either for the truth or the right, but knuckle down, like a cowed dog, to the strongest party.

It is poetical to talk of the "vengeance" of a hero like Garibaldi, but here again, he is ridiculously misrepresented. No act of his can be traced to that source. It is altogether incompatible with the whole tenor of his life. We might just as well talk of a mother rescuing her child from a mad-dog through "vengeance." Garibaldi came not to destroy, but to restore. In this respect he was scarcely a "soldier." By his acts in Southern Italy, thousands of professional soldiers were done out of a job. Had Garibaldi achieved his ideal, there would not have been a soldier in Europe to-day.

But there is no use in applying "moral suasion" to standing armies. Just as the shoeblack has to apply the hard brush to take off the mud before he applies the polish, so does Heaven send a Garibaldi to wipe out those plague spots, standing armies, before the arts of peace can be applied. "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Garibaldi's will arise who will lead on the People against their foes, the men of war; in other words the power will pass out of the hands of despots, and armies will no longer be needed.

In "House and Home" of this date is a "group of poems" by Gerald Massey on "Garibaldi." One verse explains the source of the Liberator's Power:—

Not only living! but dead men are fighting
For him! thus with few he can scare the great host;
For each one they see an unseen foe is smiting;
Over each head an avenging white ghost!
All the young martyrs they murdered by moonlight;
All the dark deeds of blood done in the moonlight,
Make their hearts reel
With a shudder, and kneel
To lay down their arms and give all up for lost.

One incident gives the key to the man. When in South America, the Argentine Officer, Millan, took Garibaldi prisoner, and put him to the torture of the

cord; that is, tied him up to a beam, hanging by the wrists for two hours. Some time after Millan became Garibaldi's prisoner, but that he might not be tempted to inflict a reprisal on his cruel torturer, Garibaldi at once set him free. No: his object was not ill-feeling, or any kind of self-interest, but the spontaneous effort to relieve those who were the victims of oppression.

It is sacrilege to name any of our Free-thinkers, Radicals, or No-renters on the same page with him. Self is, equally with the classes they oppose, at the bottom of every step they take.

Garibaldi was pure throughout, and hence could be trusted by all. There was no guile in him. The women loved "Dear Garibaldi," equally as the men worshipped the "Brave Garibaldi." The apex of his soul pierced the upper heavens, and from thence there descended that Divine Light, the Guide and Saviour of men.

GARIBALDI.

BY THE CONTROLS OF MR. J. C. WRIGHT.
(Recorded by Mr. J. Fowler.)

This brilliant military spirit has left the solitude of Caprera, where it has for many years now reposed like an extinct volcano. Volcanic, it truly was at the beginning, when poor Italy lay prostrate and trodden under the feet of despots.

Poor Italy! what a chequered history is thine! How brilliant thy colours, and yet how dark! Great men have been nurtured under thy incomparable sky, whose historical careers and reminiscences are undying. Murderers and brigands have crossed thy hills. Conspiracies and assassinations have been carried out within thy romantic cities. Ecclesiastical and political parties have concocted diabolical schemes of oppression. Thy history is crammed full of notable characters, memorable for their aggressions, plunders, oppressions, and crimes. Blackness, like the blackness of night, has settled down and shrouded thee in misery and shame. The spirit of thy people has been broken. The aspirations of thy educated class have been crushed. Centuries of misrule and oppression have familiarized thy people with slavery, but have not irradiated the finer sensibilities of liberty.

There comes a stage, even in degradation, when the degraded will turn and attack the degrader. The spirit of liberty makes many essays before it can consolidate the enthusiasm of a nation. The circumstances and the man come together to do the work. Heaven lets loose its justice and its inspiration, and intensifies the revolutionary spirit to such a degree that the oppressor falls before its volcanic sweep.

Garibaldi was a man matured by the influence of Mars. At the time he came forth Italy was on her back. The Austrian and the Papal powers, with Naples, divided her territory. The dream—the warm dream—of his ardent soul was for the unity of Italy. His spirit was intensely prophetic. He seemed to be framed upon a plan most unusual. He did unreasonable things in the eyes of ordinary men, and what is stranger, he succeeded.

There is another name which blazes brightly in the Italian sky, a name with magical powers; it cast over many palaces deep terror, and when that name was withdrawn, many a crowned head thanked Almighty God that he had taken away Joseph Mazzini to heaven. These two daring revolutionists were about the same age. They were scions of the same hope. Their eyes were turned upon the one object—the Unity of Italy under a Republic of Justice.

If we look closely at these two men, we shall see the distinctness of each personality. The features of Mazzini had a fine perspective development. His nose indicated intelligence and vigour. When a man has a good nose on his face, he may face the world. His noble forehead indicated length of brain fibre. His thoughts had wings of comprehension. His imagination gave forth illuminations. His very soul quivered in his eye. To see his eye revealed a vision full of play. The marionettes of the soul danced there. His manly face, his tall figure, his gentlemanly bearing, with his Italian expression of physiognomy, produced a contour never to pass out of the memory of the beholder. He had almost a miraculous power over the discontented people of Italy. His soul was like an indignant world on fire. He wrote copiously, and his manly eloquence went to the heart of the people. His magic touch called into existence "Young Italy," a party composed of the enthusiastic men of his country.

His enthusiasm and devotion, his intense love of Italy and liberty, set the soul of poor Garibaldi on fire. They came together as if Deity had made them atoms in affinity, with one faith, one hope, and one country. The daring projects of each were discussed in darkness. These conspirators and revolutionists met not to develop murder and assassination. They

held up the white flag of Liberty, untainted with crime. They went further than the "carbonari;" they demanded a "united Italy" under the beneficent sway of Republican Freedom.

To talk about republican freedom forty years ago in Italy, was the best thing to do to get a first class ticket for exile, and they both earned their tickets, and got them, too. Mazzini was a man who fought despotism with an omnipotent instrument—the pen. Whether at home or in exile, the thinker's words were borne along from city to city, from village to village, and from hand to hand. The exiled pen became more powerful because of its exile. Kilmainham always add power to those who may be for the time being safely housed therein. The martyr of popular justice becomes a venerable hero, sanctified in the eyes of the people, to be followed with trust and fidelity.

Mazzini, from his London apartment, illuminated the soul of Italy with the dream of a united country and free government. Garibaldi, externally, was a different man. Nature had given him a magnificent soul of benevolence. Sometimes such powers are bestowed upon men who have nothing to give. I have often noticed that the sentiment of charity is the strongest in the souls of those who stand in the most want. He had the intellect of a tactician, and a geographical instinct most powerful. He loved the sea. He was calm and at home in the tempest. The hoarse roar of the storm made music in his ears. Where other men trembled and ran away, then he began to grow in courage and intrepidity.

The movement with which he was identified had hardly formed itself into coherent shape. The possibility of a United Italy seemed very remote. The tyrants had things all their own way, when he turned his face towards the sea, as an adventurous vocation, in which, as events proved, he had some natural adaptability. However, it is not our purpose to follow him through his nautical experiences. He has many Robinson Crusoe-like adventures, which will read to the juveniles of another generation as charming adventures to be classified with "Gulliver's Travels." In all his maritime troubles he displayed the dignity of a lofty courage, and bravery of a true sort; but a peaceful sailor he could not remain.

He had an inspiration. He remembered the glories of ancient Rome. He travelled over the events of that grand history. He felt the pulsation which revolution and great events inspired. The poetry and the eloquence of the Senator, the glorious Tribunes, consecrated by the vigour of veneration, together with the art and the literature of the mediæval cities of Italy, excited his imaginative enthusiasm, to restore the ancient glories of his country, and bring back the Spirit of Liberty, which lay crushed under the iron heel of Hapsburg, Papal, and Neapolitan despotism. To get rid of these tyrants and enemies of mankind, he consecrated, with Mazzini, the spirit of his youth. Mad young man, intoxicated with the sea sickness of political liberty, he hardly knew the measure of what he demanded.

He had in his soul the fatal error which is found in all revolutionary parties: he thought he could beat by force the enemies of his country. It would be happy—the millennium of political liberty and stability would have arrived. It is a mistake which young republicans of a revolutionary type make. Decapitated despots leave behind the pernicious influence of their rule. Civilization grows from other arts, rather than that of war. The soldier—professional and otherwise—is a political necessity, but not the clean hands of which justice can take hold. He fulfils a place in the mechanical arrangements of humanity; he has no place in the evolution of the divine qualities of our race.

Garibaldi was a soldier as a humanitarian. We cannot give him the highest place. He had a fine soul with noble qualities, but he was too volcanic. He had combativeness and vengeance there, which are not the purest qualities of a grand man. Viewed upon the low plane of a political workman, as the end shows, he played the political draft-board well. He had a bad beginning, but the fates smiled towards the end. Viewing his life in the light of the principles upon which he often fell back in his experience, we must denominate him a composite sort of being, made up of singularly antagonistic elements—incoherent—mad, it seems to me—that in the making of him grand influences were at work, but Mephistophiles put into the composition some drug that interfered very much in after days with the working of his constitution.

To change the figure: his intellectual flying through the atmosphere, indicated that the sportsman of nature had "winged" him. He had an indescribable love of liberty: he was mad upon this; no other idea filled his soul. He lost himself in that indefinable vortex. The theme was "Italy." His ideality clothed the subject with beauty, to his own soul's seeing. An enthusiastic man always becomes contagious. Mazzini, the prophet, made him feel all the patriotic sensations which a true child of humanity can feel for a down-trodden people. I do not blame him for loving Italy, nor for adoring the genius of his country.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own, my native land?"

His sensitive nature looked over the darkness and the suffering which prevailed in it. The infamous rule of the tyrants

had made the people groan under their sufferings. If ever the arbitrament of the sword be just, it is when a people have been patient under the whip, and can bear no more. Nature revolts against the continuity of suffering, and it is just, if ever, then to turn back and rend the oppressor.

Garibaldi drew his sword, and its edge was sacred to the cause of the oppressed. He was not a soldier of destruction, neither was he a lover of carnage. Liberty was his ideal, and the service of humanity his ambition; but, as yet, his early history enters not into the true fabric of Italian independence.

The idea of the unification of Italy, at the time when Garibaldi was a youth, seemed supremely ridiculous. The binding together, into one homogeneous unity, the people of the Italian Peninsula, was an idea totally outside the heads of European statesmen. The cold-hearted representative of Austrian despotism, Metternich, sarcastically said, "Italy is not a country, but a geographical expression."

Naples and Lombardy were in the hands of the Bourbon family; Tuscany, Modena, Parma, etc., were under the protection of Austria. Sardinia occupied the North-West part of the Peninsula, with Genoa, Piedmont, and the Island of Sardinia. The "Holy Alliance" rested like a black cloud upon the aspirations of Italian patriots. The Bourbon dynasty was hateful to its subjects. The terrible state of its prisons and criminal laws were pointed out and censured by the honest and fervent heart of W. E. Gladstone. The Austrian power kept the King of Naples on his throne.

In 1833, Garibaldi met Joseph Mazzini at Marseilles, where the revolutionist had retired for shelter. They fraternized, and learned for the first time how they each loved Italy. They planned a rising of the people at Genoa. Mad, helpless, it seemed, but it was the initiatory, the mechanical phase, of what had in the end to be, to perfect the new epoch of independent national action. Failure led on to flight and exile. Garibaldi retired to South America, where he passed through some of the most extraordinary experiences and dramatic episodes in the whole range of his wonderful life.

1848 brought him back again to Italy, the sad year of European revolutions. Italy tried to cancel the bonds of the oppressor. A provisional Government was formed at Milan, which gave Garibaldi the dignity and rank of General. He raised a body of Lombard Volunteers, but jealousy and divisions kept the real hero back, till the more startling events of next year. 1849 found Rome in the hands of Mazzini. He sent for his friend Garibaldi, who was speedily upon the spot. The Pope sought and obtained the aid of Austria and France. The President of the French Republic, Louis Napoleon, to win the support of the clerical party in France, supported the cause of the Pope. Liberty has been lost many a time by the apostasy of the clerical party in many countries. This extraordinary man made terrible efforts to hold his grip of Rome, but before the soldiers of the French Republic he had to give way. Rome was lost. He now took to flight. During the retreat his wife died in his arms, from sheer exhaustion.

I cannot help but take down the harp of Tasso, for an—

APOSTROPHE TO ANITA.

Fame to Anita! dying in the arms
Of him who faltered not in war's alarms:
Grand in the eye of him who fled,
When Liberty lay prostrate—dead.
Her soul gained freedom in that Rome above,
Where spirits live in harmony and love.
The poor tired warrior sank upon her breast,
His tears pursued her to her peaceful rest.
Sublime the love that nerves the heart so brave,
That fights for right and rests upon the grave!
Ah! when the cannon's loud destructive roar,
Thus echoed o'er the land from shore to shore,
Anita fair from yonder happy clime,
Has watched her hero in his work sublime.
The heavenly lattice she has put aside,
And seen the battle surging like the tide.
When death and danger hovered in the field,
She raised her wand her hero's life to shield.
She called the Romans from their deepening sphere
Those hoary veterans bounded with a cheer
Upon the foes who held the walls of Rome,
The seat of greatness, and once Freedom's home.
Now sad Niobe dries her weeping eyes,
"United Italy" ascends the skies;
By right of history and a noble race,
Amongst the nations now she takes her place.
Anita sings her heavenly serenade,
And welcomes him who has a Kingdom made;
Together they shall live in endless peace,
The stretching line of life shall never cease:
Immortal, will their mental scene unroll;
Poor earth could hardly spare this worthy soul;
But she has stood in battle's stormy tide,
A guard and inspiration by his side.

Anita had a deep soul of coherent and consistent love. Garibaldi even more than adored her. His indignation and despair, provoked by this event, were almost uncontrollable. His

passions, like giants fought in his soul. Not yet shall the curtain rise and let in freedom to Italy. Up and down through the weary by-ways of the world he must walk awhile yet. His friend, Mazzini, must get on with his writing. He must, review books, write newspaper articles, and dream on. His time has not yet come.

I will just here turn to what I may call the spiritual side of this man's nature. We are not aware that he had his name down in any church book. He never obtruded his religion upon the world; that cannot be reckoned as one of his crimes. He was free enough to be out of theology. If he hated anybody it was a priest. There have been and are priests of merit, good men, independent of their theology; but, alas, bad men with their theology. The Church of Rome sends the soul of a Protestant to hell, to burn there till doomsday. The Protestant clergyman, from his quiet parsonage, draws a dark picture of the priesthood of Rome. He hates the Romish priest with the hatred of a grocer towards his brother in the same trade. He damns him and burns him, too: they fight out the theological problem in the infernal regions. Garibaldi got out of the way of them both, and, verily, he has gone right away to heaven without their permission.

This is a sore place; we like to touch it because of that. What a great number of people are "lost:" Good, respectable people, with kind hearts, who have not, according to circumstances, the opportunity of shaking hands with the village curate, and receiving his final benediction. If theology be true, what a lot of grand men are down below. I will try to name some: I mean the conspicuous men of this and the last generation, not to name the classic barbarians of antiquity. They are innumerable: George Henry Lewes is down there; Charles Dickens is down there; John Stuart Mill is down there; Thomas Carlyle is down there; the Opium Eater is down there; Leigh Hunt is down there; Charles Lamb is down there; Keats, Shelley, and Byron are down there; Dr. Brewster is down there; Sir C. Lyell and Darwin are there, too. I think I hear of Shakespeare being there as well. Hell has got all the talent of the Nineteenth Century: the effective talent which guides and impels the spirit of progress. A few dogmatic intellectual candles are burning in the Church, but they are hardly Al at Lloyd's; not true men of "light and leading." These names are culled at random from the honoured ranks of science and literature.

Now I don't believe that these men are in hell. I will contradict all the parsons in creation, before I will believe that these intellectual gems and world saviours are with the cursed murderers and cut-throats, the enemies of the good and of humanity; ay, and with Garibaldi, the friend of liberty, the servant of oppressed nationalities.

What a grand realisation! to know that the virtues and the useful qualities in humanity survive and are immortal.

These sinister, churchian influences are the forms which next will have to disappear from Italy, and all countries. The slavery of the mind is more to be dreaded than the slavery of the body.

Garibaldi was a consistent friend, a sincere patriot, and a thorough republican. His mind got out of the groove—the strict groove of nationality. He became cosmopolitan in his aims. To him all the nations of the earth were made of the same flesh and blood. Countries and governments defined not the extent of his affections. It requires a free soul to attain to his standard. National statesmanship cannot touch it. Such a spirit will put an end to the rivalry of states, and the jealous fire of international empire.

In religion, his broad sympathies had no partizanship. His mind, his aims, and his love belonged to humanity. Not strictly, in the popular sense, a religious man, yet, perhaps, he understood Christianity better than those who are supposed to understand much of Christian life and theology. In Christ he saw a man with deep reasoning power, and insight into the great soul of mankind. Garibaldi got out of Italian prejudices of nationality, as Jesus got out of his. Both men were the friends of liberty; each yearned for the uplifting of the race, not for the domination of any selfish authority. Practical, moral work he did. He had a very tolerant heart. Having passed through terrible vicissitudes of fortune, he picked up a broad experience and knowledge of human nature. He found it hard to make people see eye to eye with him; but none doubted his earnest sincerity and irreproachable character.

He lived to realise the accomplishment of his Italian labour. He saw the power of Austria crushed, and the extinction of the temporal power of the Pope. He never liked the Pope, and the Pope did not like him. The Church of Rome did not care to patronise revolution, nor strengthen the hands of a man who was seeking to give more liberty to the people. No one knew more of the dreadful state in which the Papal States were than he. Those Papal States were a disgrace to the Pope and Europe. Cardinals, bishops, and priests make bad legislators. Their minds are too much pre-occupied with the politics of another world, to be proficient in the politics of this: that may be the reason, but it stands on clear record, provable at any time, that the Papal States were badly governed. Hence, when he swept out the streets of Rome of her enemies, he set to to bring about a happier state of things there. He has done so: his ameliorative work has been successful in that direction.

A new dynasty, or a revolution introduced into a country, produces a general spirit of activity and progress, and it was soon felt in Italy that the downfall of the Pope just meant the getting up of the people.

When ten years more have run away, he appears once again on the boards of Italian politics. The useful biographer will find very much interesting matter lying in these ten years of exile. Almost, the dream of Unity is approaching the sphere of practical politics. Victor Emmanuel, the most prominent monarch in Europe, attached to liberty! Italian affairs had developed into new lines. Progress had not been even suspended in the terrible years which embraced the Russian war: but that war, for the time being, enlisted all eyes and drew all hearts away from the internal to the external questions of the time.

The practical genius of Count Cavour began to have telling power in the councils of the King. This statesman had seen aforetime that the military ability of Garibaldi was something more than tinsel and glitter. He saw that he had a wonderful influence over the mob—over the awkward squad, and raw recruits undisciplined to the sight of carnage and blood. He sent for him, and engaged his services against Austria. He emerged from his Island Solitude at Caprera, where he had been busy cultivating his little farm. His prodigious powers before the defeated Austrians will pass into history.

In 1860 he left Genoa for Sicily. The Neapolitan troops fled as if under the spell of some supernatural incantation. His name, dash and intrepidity swept away all obstacles. Sicily was conquered. Hostile countries are not easily conquered. He came to the people as their friend and liberator. He came to them to break their chains and not to forge them. When a people are weary and exhausted with despotism, they are ready to co-operate with the invader. But this does not detract from the ability of Garibaldi, but rather, on the other hand, displays the heart of the philanthropist quite as much as the power of the warrior.

He surrendered Sicily and his Dictatorship into the hands of Victor Emmanuel, and retired again to his Elba of Caprera.

It was a grand moment in the career of our hero, when he rode side by side with the King into Naples. The people with their eager faces, the guards, the soldiers, and the panoply of war: a day of universal rejoicing. The people had come out to see and hail the Liberator of their country.

In his Island Home he felt that even yet he had not done all his work. Rome still was in the hands of the enemy's of liberty. Venetia, too, shared the same fate. His ill-advised escapade at Aspromonte, where he was wounded in the foot, provoked the regret of all his friends, and from which he but slowly recovered.

His visit to this country will be remembered. How he was idolised by the people of England! Monarchical England was jubilant. Ah! the oligarchic faction soon took fright, and packed him off again. A preacher of democracy, an enemy of crowned heads, was proselytising by contagion. Official circles inspired his speedy return.

The steady march of the logic of events had opened the gates of Rome. The collapse of Sedan did many new and eventful things; amongst the rest, it caused the withdrawal of the French troops, and then the Ancient City fell into the arms of a Free Italy, to become once more its capital.

As a soldier Garibaldi was a prodigy of courage and valour. The meanest soldier in the ranks worshipped him. In his honour and command he had the complete respect of all. He was not in any sense a ginger-bread warrior. He would not ask any man to dare what he durst not dare himself. If a desperate charge had to be made against an enemy's position, he was willing to lead it. He defied the bullets: he rode recklessly about, careless, apparently, as if some fated angel seemed to preserve his life, and bring him out of every danger. He was preserved to see the realization of his dream, and the development of an Italian nationality. There must have been abundant satisfaction in his heart, yet he sought no ostentatious display. Like Cincinnatus, when he had saved his country, he threw away the sceptre of control, put it into other hands, and in his Island Home cultivated the arts of peace. His garden, his house, and his farm, found him occupation, kept him from the tumult and the turmoil of a boisterous political life.

Roman citizens did, however, honour him by electing him to the Legislative Chamber, but he was not a legislator. His power lay not in the Senate; his genius belonged to the Field and the Camp.

To lay down well-earned prerogatives voluntarily seemed to the majority of men a most foolish act; but he felt himself that power would rather degrade him, and diminish his authority rather than sustain him as the friend of liberty. Power acted not upon him as a bribe. Though he might have been charged with ambition and selfishness, he was destitute of selfish considerations. His public spirit was of the highest order. His great soul-stirring idea was the benefitting of mankind not self. Few men are to be found in this world so disinterested and generous, but this has been the man all through the piece. His character has always retained a perfect consistency.

Our only regret is that he was a soldier, but he was the best sort of a soldier; the unmistakable brand of the hero was upon him. He had not an ounce of little-souledness in his whole being. He gained his influence over the people by these admirable traits. He never kept his mind at all in a state of subjection to the tempting influences of wealth. His red shirt and intrepidity went together without a blur. The effect of the revolutionary work with which he is identified has led to the development of other mechanical agents.

Men are now about to see the shell of this man put away. The enemies of humanity will dread him no more; but he has left something behind that the world can never lose. He has brought a public opinion to the fact that earnest men of honour can make themselves felt, and can let daylight into the abuses of society. For all time he will be a hero, whose achievements honour liberty, and enhance the moral worth of mankind. While Europe is celebrating the great virtues of this character, let us chime in, too, and wish that the fine souls of his people in his own land may retain the fidelity of their love to liberty, and carry forward with redoubled force those remarkable influences which tend to ameliorate the state of the human family.

In saying farewell to Garibaldi, we are saying farewell to the most prominent actor in the drama of this age. The curtain has fallen now upon this stage-play. Now, what does it all mean?—To you fools of despotisms?—To you surfeited and bloated aristocracies with your plethoric money-bags?—To you red-faced well-fed minions of the Court?—To you oppressors of the poor? This life means—and it is eloquent upon it—that human right cannot be defied forever! There comes a day of reckoning to nations, governments, and to individual men and women. In the very soul of Oppression grows the seed of Liberty. Watch, then, ye demagogic spirits—with your “caucus,” and Morison’s pills, and all the sick nostrums for the political body in the State Cabinet-chest;—mind, with your Birmingham ware, that you do not kill that Liberty you seek to preserve. Look on this pictured life, and see the devil’s work. Behold the war-cloud lifting. See the powder-begrimed steed, the broken rank and file, torn epaulets, and broken swords,—ah, and broken heads, too. Open your ears: groans, shrieks, hell-opening scenes; fiends and devils at work; cutting throats, and carving here and there; human shambles; broken limbs, howlings of despair. This is chaos work; it belongs not to order and civilization. This is ground work,—pigment upon which life, security, and liberty have to rest. Can Heaven be secure if it rest upon Hell? No. War and the war hero are but make-shifts. There is another man I must glorify. He is the real educator—the developer of the soul,—let us help him to do his work. He brings out the ideal against the mere brutal.

Between 1830 and the Sedan catastrophe, in the history of Italy lies the struggle for liberty. Liberty when won is only worth what it can bring after. Mistake it not: It means being free to work, buy, sell, think, and speak. These are the helps,—nay, what have to be weighed hereafter—against the blood-and-thunder horror: dead men’s bones, uniforms, tinsel, gewgaws, nicknacks, mother’s hearts and tears, gaunt poverty and taxes! Dear is Liberty when purchased upon these lines. That Liberty is my angel, which springs naturally from the hands of Industry and Peace; evolved by the natural processes of society.

In passing Garibaldi, I send him on with a Second Class Certificate—a Soldier’s glory. I like far better the honest, industrious, and wise soul, doing its work peaceably in this world, however humbly. ’Tis nobler far, and a grander preparation for the Life which is to Come. He cut out his work and did it. He is now starting upon higher work, and he will do that too. Let every man mind his own.

GARIBALDI’S DREAM.

The light on the Bay of Rapallo was breaking;
The fair maids of Nice were inviting the morning;
Both the tide and the storm-cloud were slowly retreating,
As wandered a youth, meditatively scorning
The thralldom which long on his Country had rested,
Where heroes had memories which never would die;
Where Liberty once, with her charms well-attested,
Shone forth on the nations like a sun in the sky.

His hair was dishevelled, his brain was excited!
What romance of youth to this bleak spot has brought him?
These words to his soul came in tones uninvited,
As if Fate at that hour for a Hero had sought him:—
“Thou Land of my Fathers; Oh, why art thou broken?
Thy palaces and temples all gone to decay;
The Soul of my Country to me hath now spoken:
Go bring back her glories; she will have no delay.”

A light shone in Heaven, and a Genius divine;
With sceptic and sword round to Italy turned:
“Young man, now take these, go perform the design,
And win back that Freedom cold despots have spurned.
O’er Italy soon shall thy glorious flag wave;
Her enemies shall die in the trench and the field;
Her freedom return with the breath of the brave:
This is thy commission, like a warrior be steelled.”

THE HAUNTED BOARDING SCHOOL IN SUSSEX.

In the MEDIUM for May 26th, we gave some account of the history and circumstances of this case, written on the spot as received from the inmates of the School, and also stated that the matter was being investigated by Spiritualists. The present writer spent some eighteen days in the troubled house, and I feel it is due to the readers of the MEDIUM that some particulars should be given concerning the result of this investigation. I will begin by saying that there is every reason to believe that the chief objects aimed at have been attained; whether that be so or not, some particulars of the investigation will be interesting and valuable, if only as illustrating the facts, methods and results of communication between earth and the spirit-world.

Leaving Plymouth on Thursday the 18th ult., I proceeded to Newton St. Cyres, to break my journey by spending a night at home with my friends. On Friday morning prior to leaving, I sat a while with the medium, Mrs. C., thinking that perhaps some spirit-friend might like to control and give me an encouraging word. I had not the remotest expectation of anything in particular, but in what spontaneously transpired, I had abundantly reason to rejoice at being able to spend a few hours at home. The medium was controlled by a spirit whom I soon discovered to be her sister, and leading guide, “Mary Ann.” She commenced by saying, “I see a room full of spirits; there seems to be great excitement; they are thronging the place; I see a multitude going and coming there. There are three spirits specially prominent, a man, woman and child. The man is tall, and of gentlemanly appearance; he has a pen in his hand and is looking very earnestly this way, as if expecting you. There seems to be a kind of lawn adjoining the house, and I can see a green-house. In this green-house I can see a box buried, a white, deal box with pieces of iron screwed at the corners, and with a cornice around the bottom part. The box is about this length, (holding out the medium’s hands to indicate about three feet);—I can see marks on the top, as of a name. (After a pause) I see the box again; I see it opened, there is money in it, and plate, and rings, and papers; one large document I can see plainly, with the large writing upon it. (After another pause) I see the box again—it seems to be in two places, or there are different boxes at two different places. I see something buried under some evergreens—what do you call them? (hesitating a moment) laurels. Yes, I can see things buried at two different places, in the green-house and under the laurels.” The control said, “There is property in that box and important documents—deeds, etc.; there are persons kept out of their rights because the deeds cannot be found.” (After a brief interval) “I see the box again, and—Oh what is that! I see a hand; I see blood!” Then with great earnestness and excitement, “Oh I shiver with horror! I feel as though I were stabbed with a knife; some fearful tragedy has been committed there.” The control continued, “I see you lifting that box, you will find something there you will not like to see; I see a lady standing by you looking pale with horror. All will be brought to light, but not just yet, not in connection with this visit. We shall be able to take the medium to the exact places where these things are buried.” The spirit-friend then earnestly addressed me as to the mode of procedure. “Enter that circle with fervent prayer, as we know you will; let no one sit with you that is frivolous, nor anyone that is afraid; be very careful to observe the communications given you through the table.” When the medium came to herself she felt as though she had received a fright or had experienced a feeling of horror, and a “box” lingered in her vision for some time.

After hearing this, I proceeded on my journey with feelings more serious in reference to this case, and with deeper sympathy for the inmates of that school, than I had felt at any time. On arriving at C—, it was not without a feeling of awe that I crossed the threshold of the dwelling, neither was I, notwithstanding all my experience of intercourse with the spirit-world, without some slight apprehension as to what I might see or hear during my stay.

We commenced our investigation on the evening of my arrival, by forming a “circle” with as many persons as we could command; sitting round a little table, with our hands thereon. We first explained to the sitters our view of this case, the results to be sought for, and the conditions required for communicating with the spirits. We most earnestly and respectfully addressed the invisible company presumed to be surrounding us, stating the object of our visit, the results we desired, and appealing to those who had so long disturbed that house to do their utmost to clear up the mystery, and give relief to the disturbers and the disturbed in that house. We finally united in addressing the Supreme Being, appealing for divine aid and guidance in our solemn mission.

We then invited the invisible ones, presumed to be around us, to give proof of their presence; and to respond to our inquiries through the table. To this an immediate response was given, and we then proceeded to ask the following questions. Do you wish to enter into communication with us? Yes. Will you kindly do so by means of the usual signals? (naming them?) Yes. Have you heard what has been said to you; the appeal we have just made? Yes. Do you recognise the

purpose of the present visit to this house and effort in this case? Yes. Is it a satisfaction to you that we are here for such a purpose? Yes (emphatic). Have you important communications to make to us; have you important information which you desire to make known? Yes (emphatic). Then do you solemnly promise to give us as you have opportunity, all the information you possess, and do you pledge yourselves to co-operate with us to the utmost in clearing up this mystery, and giving relief to this house? A very emphatic affirmative response was given to this. We also obtained satisfactory replies to our questions respecting the identity of the invisible intelligence whom we were questioning. In particular the gentleman with pen in hand, of lawyer-like appearance, spelt out his name W—, and acknowledged the correctness of the description; and I here repeat what has been mentioned before, that the W— brothers were lawyers, who formerly owned and occupied that house, one dying very mysteriously with pen in hand, in the very room where we were sitting, when about, in a fit of anger, to sign his will cutting off property from his brother, who had displeased him.

I would remark that this preliminary sitting was a most satisfactory one, and, following upon what had been received through Mrs. C., nearly two hundred miles distant, on the morning of that day, a very remarkable one. I was glad to be so promptly and heartily welcomed to that house by the invisible ones, and to receive such straightforward and emphatic replies to all my questions. The ground was now clear for regular communication and mutual co-operation.

The second evening we gathered from the spirits, through the table, that there were amongst the sitters, those whom they could use as mediums, and they requested us to supply the conditions, and devote our attention and sympathy for their development, which we agreed to do. To this object, our subsequent sittings were directed, but I am not free to say more concerning this than that some gave evidence of possessing great mediumistic power, and that considerable progress was made in their development.

Meanwhile, I received letters from home, stating that a stranger had controlled Mrs. C., with such strangeness and agitation as to alarm the circle. The spirit, however, bade them not be alarmed, as he was only the unhappy one who had so long taken the lead in the disturbances at the School; that he was the spirit who had been described of lawyer-like appearance, with pen in hand, etc., that he had been for many years in spiritual darkness, fettered and bound by the remembrance of injustice and crime committed; and that he had been enlightened, and to an extent liberated, through the influence, sympathy, and prayers of the young minister who had visited the School.

He informed the circle that when he and his unhappy companions first saw me, they set themselves to oppose, supposing I had come to "put them away;" but that when they discovered that I had come as their friend, to help them by love, advice, sympathy, and prayer, a revulsion of feeling took place, and all agreed to help me. He said, moreover, that the first prayer offered entirely disarmed their opposition, inspired them with a new and unknown feeling, and they had now attained a spiritual freedom they had never known. He also said that he had been introduced by sympathizing spirits to that circle, and was permitted to control the medium, and that it was he who had made such a startling noise in the medium's room a few nights previously, and blown out her candle as she had stated.

He bitterly lamented the wrong he had done, and repeatedly stated that his soul was deeply stained with guilt, for which he must suffer. He begged the prayers of those present, and vowed to do all he could to bring the hidden mysteries to light. He confirmed what had been said concerning the box of treasure, and the remains of crime concealed about the place. I learned, by letter, that this spirit controlled on different occasions, throwing further light upon the case, and always leaving a sensation of depression and sorrow with the medium. At the School I asked if we might rely upon the communications which had been given through Mrs. C., and received an emphatic affirmative response. Here, then, we have the ring-leader in the disturbances at the School controlling a medium, and "giving an account of himself." Last Tuesday evening, whilst sitting with Mrs. C., this spirit controlled her and spoke to me personally, and from what he said I have no doubt about the identity.

Meanwhile, at our sittings the work of development was going quietly but surely on. At my last sitting with the family on Monday evening, June 5, I naturally wished to have some message from the invisible friends, to give me an assurance that some good had been done; when they simply spelt out, "ALL IS WELL." Truly, *multum in parvo*! The nett results of our investigation I consider to be these. The unhappy spirits so long earth-bound and in darkness, ("spirits in prison") have obtained a measure of light and liberty; the disturbing influences have been soothed; an important clue has been obtained to the sources of the "haunting." Then a "circle" has, to an extent, been formed in the home, and communications established between friends in the body and those out of it, by means of which the friends can themselves interrogate the spirits and enjoy communion with their invisible

friends; lastly, a start has been made in the development of the native mediumship, which will be a source of incalculable enjoyment and blessing to the persons concerned.

This view of the case seems to justify our statement at the commencement—that the grand object sought for had been attained.

Concerning the supposed hidden treasures, etc., we must wait for further light; meanwhile, the house was perfectly quiet during the whole of my stay, and I think we may confidently hope that it will so continue. OMEGA.

WILLENHALL—AN UNDERGROUND GHOST.

About two o'clock yesterday morning a man employed at the colliery of Mr. James Bickley, at Little London, applied at the Police Office at Willenhall for a constable to go with him to his employer.

According to the man's statement he was at work alone in the pit pumping water, when Mr. Bickley's brother, who died a short time ago, came to him and stood watching him. The apparition so alarmed him that he at once signalled to be drawn up the shaft, and made his way to the police office, where he asked that a constable might be permitted to go with him to convey the intelligence to Mr. Bickley. The man appeared to be quite sober, and said he was thoroughly convinced that "his master" had "come back," and nothing the police could say could shake him of this belief. Ultimately he was induced to go home.

[The above appeared in the "Birmingham Daily Gazette" of June 13. The man is simply a seer. If a knowledge of Spiritualism were more general it would not be necessary to testify to a man's sobriety in such cases, nor would the seer be all frightened at such an experience. A good medium in a pit would give warning of explosions and many preventible accidents. ED. M.]

MAN'S PHYSICAL CONDITIONS.

MEDICAL TESTIMONY AGAINST POISONING WITH BOVINE VIRUS.

Dear Mr. Burns,—Arduous as is the task we have undertaken, which is in reality nothing less than the physical redemption of humanity from that supreme form of adultery as applied to the blood of the race by vaccination, and their emancipation from the fetters of that political crime Compulsory Vaccination, we are much encouraged by the evident awakening of the public conscience in the matter, and in the accumulation of facts which must ultimately condemn the whole system.

A lady writes me from Akron, Ohio, U.S.A., that a relative of hers, whose unvaccinated children had been excluded from the public schools, recently brought an action against the State Board of Education, obtained a verdict in his favour, and compelled the authorities to re-admit his children. Another citizen, encouraged by this decision, has gone a step farther, and for a similar usurpation of his rights, has instituted an action for DAMAGES; the result of the trial is being awaited with intense interest. As your Journal circulates largely in the States, I ask you to give publicity to these facts, that others may be encouraged to follow the same patriotic cause. Yesterday I received a letter from a physician, Dr. E. M. Ripley, of Unionville, Conn., dated May 29th, the following extract from which, as showing the dangers of "Bovine Virus," will be interesting to your readers:—

"I am in entire sympathy with you and all others who are trying to suppress the pernicious practice. As a physician, I am constantly meeting with cases of grave disease in various forms, directly traceable to vaccination. I have a case of Epilepsy in a beautiful girl of six years who, up to four months ago, was in perfect health. She was then vaccinated with 'pure Bovine Virus' by a skilful surgeon, and with the working of the poison came the dread disease. I am personally acquainted with several physicians who positively refuse to vaccinate, and with others who only do it under protest. I vaccinated for four years after commencing practice, but, becoming alarmed at the results, particularly in my own family, I renounced it. I have been a conscientious student of the subject, both for and against, and my convictions are based upon a practical knowledge of its inefficacy as a preventive of Small-Pox, and of the manifold evils it produces."

WM. YOUNG, Secretary.

The London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination,

114, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.

June 10, 1882.

M. Delaunay ("Les Mondes") makes some remarkable statements concerning dreams. By covering the forehead with a layer of wadding, dreams can be rendered sane and rational. The position of the sleeper is also of importance. If he lies on his back the dreams will be sensorial and erotic. If on the right side, they will be mobile, full of transition and exaggeration, absurd, and relating to old events. If on the left side, they are intelligent, reasonable, and refer to recent affairs.

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The MEDIUM is sold by all news-vendors, and supplied by the wholesale trade generally.

Advertisements inserted in the MEDIUM at 6d. per line. A series by contract.

Legacies on behalf of the Cause should be left in the name of "James Burns."

SEANCES AND MEETINGS DURING THE WEEK AT THE SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION, 15, SOUTHAMPTON ROW.

THURSDAY.—School of Spiritual Teachers at 8 o'clock.

Tuesday.—Mr. Towns, Clairvoyance, at 8 o'clock.

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1882.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

We give a very full account of Garibaldi this week; which speaks for itself, so that comment is unnecessary.

The control recorded by A.T.T.P., again demonstrates the influence of the educated sphere upon an uneducated spirit, during communication. The statements made appear to have been given at such a time that no one concerned could have become acquainted with them. The incidents illustrate the interblending of interests between those on earth and in spirit-life.

We hope to give the concluding chapter of "Geozonic Spheres" next week. They have given much pleasure to many readers. Mr. Thomas has now many correspondents who appreciate him highly. Subscriptions have been sent in spontaneously to bring out the work in book form. His next series of papers will be on "The Stellar Orbs, and their Mystic Influence."

A communication from "Confidence," on Mr. Herne's seance, and much other matter is unavoidably held over.

Dr. Babbitt's statement that Cincinnati contains 20,000 Spiritualists and yet no organization, should be pondered. This grand result was achieved by mediums working heartily in their own sphere. This is the only ultimate method of promoting Spiritualism, whether there be organizations or no organizations.

CIRCLE & PERSONAL MEMORANDA

Mr. J. C. Wright will speak at Belper on Sunday. He has almost recovered from a very severe illness that threatened him.

Professor Kershaw, the celebrated Lancashire Mesmerist, will commence his Winter's tour at Batley Town Hall, about the last week in August.

Professor Fowler, Phrenologist, has had a highly successful provincial tour. In need of a change, he starts for New York on Tuesday next, and will return to London in October.

Mr. T. M. Brown will remain in Belper another week, care of Mr. H. Wheeldon, Builder, Bridge Street, Belper. He will then proceed to Nottingham, and South to London and other places.

Will Mrs. Wright, formerly of 3 and 5 Queen's Road, Peckham kindly favour us with her present address? If any reader can furnish us with the information we shall feel obliged.

LIVERPOOL.—On Sunday June 18th, Mrs. E. H. Britten will give two orations in the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson Street. Morning at 11. Evening at 6.30.

Mrs. Thompson Nosworthy will speak at Leeds on Sunday, on "Spiritualism." This will be her first public utterance since the departure of her father, George Thompson, for the higher life. He now guides her in this work.

We are informed that Mr. Charles Baker recently delivered a lecture in the Exchange Buildings, Walsall, on "The Future Life proved by Actual Experience." Unfortunately the evening was wet and the audience small.

The June Number of the "Phrenological Journal" (New York) completes the 74th volume,—rather a respectable stage of maturity to have reached,—and still graced by the imprint, "Fowler and Wells." Professor Fowler, Ludgate Circus, is the agent for Britain. Specimen Numbers post free 1s.

Mrs. Davenport has removed to her own house, 61, Mayland Road, Shepherd's Bush, W., where in future she will receive patients for magnetic treatment. Thursday afternoons, treatment free. Patients received to board. Mr. Champernowne has reported to us great relief afforded by Mrs. Davenport in the case of a lady with bad breasts. A friend of ours was greatly benefitted some time ago by Mr. Johnstone. "Gathered breasts" would not be dreaded if magnetism were employed. There are so many good healers now that no one need suffer unduly.

QUEBEC HALL, MARYLEBONE ROAD.—Mr. MacDonnell's address on Sunday was on "The Irish Question," which he treated from the standpoint of an enthusiastic Hibernian who understood the question historically and philosophically. Landlordism he denounced as a feudal institution continued into civilized times, which had no moral right to exist, and he claimed honour for the country which has taken on itself to open a new system of warfare and tactics fully equal to bewilder and paralyse the greatest power in the world. All he asked was that Ireland be allowed her natural right to manage her own affairs, which centuries of evidence show England cannot do. A very interesting discussion followed during which some excellent speeches were made.—Cor.

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER'S VISIT TO LIVERPOOL.

ARRANGEMENTS IN LONDON.

Miss Lottie Fowler's intimation that she contemplated visiting Liverpool has brought her enquiries from Ireland and other places where friends reside, who desire to visit her when she arrives in that city. Friends are kindly making such arrangements as will enable her to publish her Liverpool address in advance, and thus enable sitters who reside at a distance, to shape matters so that they can pay her a visit. During her stay in London she will give sittings at 7, Gower Street, on Wednesday evenings, at 8 o'clock, admission 5s. On Friday evening she is at home to receive friends socially. Private sittings daily from one till 8 p.m.

MR. T. M. BROWN'S FAREWELL TOUR.

The idea thrown out in these columns last week, that the places visited by Mr. Brown invite him to a farewell benefit meeting, has been warmly received, and arrangements are already in operation. If some kind friend will come forward as a general secretary to make the arrangements, we will place our columns at disposal for announcements. Then a secretary is required in each place, to get up the meeting and turn it to account for Mr. Brown's benefit. Such hearty social gatherings would stir up the fire in the souls of all, and do the Cause great good. We hope to receive announcements for next week.

One evening, says Wm. Howie Wylie, at a small literary gathering, a lady, famous for her "muslin theology," was bewailing the wickedness of the Jews in not receiving our Saviour, and ended her diatribe by expressing regret that He had not appeared in our own time. "How delighted," said she, "we should all be to throw our doors open to Him, and listen to His divine precepts. Don't you think so, Mr. Carlyle?" Thus appealed to, he replied: "No, madam, I don't. I think that, had He come very fashionably dressed, with plenty of money, and preaching doctrines palatable to the higher orders, I might have had the honour of receiving from you a card of invitation, on the back of which would have been written, 'To meet our Saviour;' but if He had come uttering His sublime precepts, and denouncing the Pharisees, and associating with the Publicans and lower orders, as He did, you would have treated Him as the Jews did, and cried out, 'Take him to Newgate and hang Him!'"

HOW THE HELP COMES IN.

"A friend," at Birtley, remits 2s. towards our "Tool Fund," being the results of a half-shift extra work on which he was detained. He writes of the kindly way in which he was received at Weir's Court, Newcastle, on the occasion of his first visit. Mr. Gray, who lectured there on "The Aims and Teachings of Spiritualism," was listened to with great attention. Our correspondent states that this gentleman is no stranger in the surrounding district.

We have also received the following contributions: Mr. J. Smedley, 10s.; Mr. Hawkins, 6s.; Mr. J. B. Fisher, 2s., 4s. 8d.; Mr. T. D. Blackburn, 5s.; Miss Ottley, 14s. 5d.; Mr. H. Gray, 5s.; Seance at Mr. Hawkins's, 9s. 1d.; for which we thank the kind friends.

A WORD FROM AMERICA.

Prof Babbitt, M.D., of Cincinnati, Ohio, writes the following:—

Cincinnati is a most picturesque city of about three hundred thousand people, nearly eight hundred miles, or a good day's ride inland, from New York. It is somewhat famous for its school system, its great organ of 6237 pipes, its musical culture, its school-book publishing-house, the largest in the world, which issues five million books a-year, and its manufacturing interests generally.

We are not entirely hide-bound in our creeds here, as such a man as Ingersoll will be reported in all our papers, and read by many people. It is estimated that there are over twenty thousand Spiritualists in the city, although until lately there has been no formal organization for many years back, except such minor centres as have been kept up by a goodly number of excellent mediums. A few months since we organized the Society of Union Spiritualists, and are holding our meetings in the beautiful Odd Fellows Hall, twice each Sunday. At the present time we are having a month of lectures from Dr. Peebles, the Cosmopolitan Pilgrim. Dr. R. W. Sour, one of the most remarkable of mediums, won a great triumph over fourteen members of the Literary Club of this City. These members consist of Judges, Lawyers, Doctors and Literati, and are about as acute as men get to be, so acute in fact that they laughed at the idea of there being anything in spiritual phenomena. They required Dr. Sour to come to the appointed place, without any outside friends, so as to keep clear of confederates; would not allow him to wear a stitch of his own clothing, having stripped him to the skin before and after the seance, and required him to materialize in the light, with only a small curtain put up at a corner of the room. Sitting there in a trance without anything as large as a thimble of his own, out of which to construct the form of a spirit, it was not long before a full-sized form came and shoved aside the curtain, so that the know-it-all savants could see not only itself but also the medium simultaneously. Several other spirits both male and female appeared, and when he got through, the audience considered it sufficiently remarkable to be worth fifty dollars, which they handed him.

Under such mediumship some of our most prominent men are becoming converts to the divine truths of spirit-communion. Dr. Sour and myself are to become members of the Faculty of the American Eclectic Medical College of Cincinnati, and together with the Dean and some other professors who are Spiritualists, hope to make it one of the most useful and progressive institutions on our planet. We are to eschew poison remedies; take food-medicines, gentle and safe curative drugs; the new science of healing by light and colour, called chromopathy, by which marvellous effects have already been achieved; psycho-magnetism and manipulation; Hydropathy, Homœopathy, electrology, and the various other departments of a medical education, including hospital clinics, etc. Those wishing further information, can address me at 200, Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, (U.S.A.). E. D. BABBITT, M.D., D.M.

We have a copy of the "Rock," in which there is a long and able paper by the Rev. G. W. Weldon—who is, we believe, a brother of our respected Commissioner of Police—on "The Dark Side of Nature, or Evenings Among the Spirits." The paper begins:—"I am no Spiritualist in the modern sense of the word, but I am a lover of truth. Hitherto I have endeavoured to account to myself for what are called 'spirit manifestations' either by jugglery or imposture; but from what I saw and heard at several séances lately, I confess candidly that I am not able to explain some of the phenomena I witnessed, either by fraud or by sleight of hand." Mr. Weldon thinks the spirits are evil. It is not often such papers are published in the "Rock," and it shows great fairness in Mr. Weldon to state his facts, as he does.—"Echo," (Dunedin, New Zealand.)

TO GENERAL GARIBALDI.

[Mrs. Cox, Folkestone, sent us the following poems, copy of a letter, and particulars, desiring that they may be inserted in some "Spiritualistic Newspaper."]

Dear Garibaldi, welcome here,
Welcome thou bold and free!
England re-echoes with thy name,
All throng thy face to see.

I saw thee on this very day,
It made me strangely glad
To gaze upon thy kind, calm face,
So joyous, yet so sad.

I felt that I could speak to thee
As to a father dear;
And hard 'twill be, when thou art gone
To stay the starting tear.

Dear Garibaldi, linger here
In Albion's peaceful home!
You seem so very far away
Across the ocean's foam.

JULIA WICKHAM.

Copy of letter received from General Garibaldi, June 1st, 1864, in answer to the above verses:—

"Caprera.

"I accept, with many thanks, the beautiful poetry that you are kind enough to send me, and I feel great pleasure in complying with your request.

G. GARIBALDI.

"To Miss Wickham."

GARIBALDI.

[Mrs. Cox says:—"I send a few lines to his memory. The words seemed spoken to my mind, in a very short space of time, the day after his decease:—"]

Gone from all toil and strife,
Gone to a higher life!
Brave Garibaldi!

Darkened, his azure eyes:
Many the tears and sighs,
O'er Garibaldi.

Dead, in his island fair,
Lying so coldly there,
Our Garibaldi.

Yet, in a brighter land,
Led by an angel band,
Lives Garibaldi!

There, where all tumults cease,
Ever in perfect peace,
Rests Garibaldi.

All the war's crimson stains,
Changed for triumphant strains;
Sings Garibaldi.

Gladly the palm-branch, he
Bears o'er the Jasper Sea:
Freed Garibaldi.

Saved by the "God of Love,"
With him he reigns above:
Christ's Garibaldi!

On earth the people weep,
That calm in death doth sleep,
Italia's King.

In heaven clear music sweet,
The new-born soul doth greet!
Of Garibaldi!

J. C.

The Autograph of Garibaldi, placed under his portrait, is taken from his letter to Miss Wickham, (Mrs. Cox).

A newspaper correspondent reports, that at the time of Garibaldi's death a little bird flew to the open window where it alighted and twittered for a few moments.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Teal, of Oasett, passed on to the Higher Life, on Wednesday of last week. She was an ardent and progressive Spiritualist, always ready to receive higher spiritual teachings, and much respected by all who knew her. Her last words to the friends around her bed was, "I shall soon be with Polly"; meaning a daughter, Mrs. Hallgath, who left earth-life over two years ago. They were very much attached to each other.—C. HALLGATH.

THE SPIRIT-MESSENGER.

"ELIZABETH JANE WILLIAMS:"

THE AUNT OF THE GIRL WHO WAS TRIED WITH THE TWO EVERITTS AND GORDON FOR ROBBING, AT THE SURREY SESSIONS ON THE SAME DAY AS THE SEANCE.

Recorded by A. T. T. P., June 7, 1882.

The Sensitive in trance said—

"How bitterly she is sobbing. Is it not strange, that such an appearance as she presents, is not of itself sufficient to prove that sorrow and tribulation can and are expressed after so-called death? Look at her, even as I do. This is no vain vision; to me she is as real as I myself am. Sorrow is shaking her from head to foot. Her sobbing distresses me. She comes with no tale on her spiritual lips, of what should be her teaching, nor will she weigh her words. What matter is it to that sorrowing soul, whether Christ, or whether God in his unity be preached?—neither theory would take away from her sorrow; nor whether anything has been found out—some new plan that will lead to success under presumably an abler presidency of Spiritualism,—this has no interest for her. She comes for sympathy: would that I could give her more of the sympathy of my heart, whatever may be her trouble. She says—rugged Cornwall was her birthplace; rugged Cornwall was the scene of her marriage; rugged Cornwall the place where her child was born; and Cornwall that child's burialplace. Then the great love of that maternal heart had centered on that niece, her sister's child. What has gone wrong with the child of your adoption, that your form is convulsed with violent sorrow? Tell. She is bending towards us like a reed, asking our compassion."

He then went under control, and in a very dejected and troublous manner, half-sobbing, spoke as follows:—

Sorrowful day: I would rather poor Bessy were laid in her grave, where her cousin lies. She has chosen a path leading to moral degradation, and yet, O God, how I love her. I would save her; I would have saved her; but I could not. I asked God in supplication, in prayer, why I could not, and got no answer. You, that can argue and reason, may understand why my prayer remains unanswered.

Bessy, when you left home, your face was genial in its virtuous beauty, and the parting kiss was as fresh as the dew-drops, on thy lips; and how good a home God had given her! A mistress whose hand was always an open one; whose footsteps were on the verge of the grave, and whose trust in the unhappy girl was unlimited. A revelation has been made public that I have long sorrowfully dwelt on. Fresh from the country, unversed in lying arts, she meets with a fellow maid-servant too much used to London ways, and in trembling surprise, ere a week had passed, is introduced to that fellow servant's young man and his companion, those two soldiers of the Grenadier Guards, well educated, well informed young men,—Apollos in form of beauty.

Poor Bessy! I could have killed him as he bent over my poor girl, whispering his honied words with a devil's subtlety. I would have warned her; I would have begged of her to consider where her actions were taking her to; and then came the fall. And then as month succeeded month the fruit of her fall became her chiefest trouble, and praying to be restored to the ranks of virtuous women, she parted with her all, her little enough all, but still all she possessed, and with that little purchased him his civilian suit of clothes. To-day he was condemned in that suit, the clothes of a gentleman.

Gordon Davis,—you were a soldier with the education of a gentleman, and your companion a darker villain, if possible, than yourself. He, too, had the other fellow servant under his thumb. True, his introduction was the means of Gordon Davis deserting; he himself had donned civilian's attire previous to that introduction. Once when the hesitating whisper reached his ears that she was likely in time to bear a child to him, I thought he showed the semblance of his love, but his companion was always at his elbow, ready to change love into a desire for robbing; but Bessy, heaven bless her, had no thought to rob her kind mistress, and never for one moment did she entertain the idea of doing so. On the contrary, with a resolution born alone of honesty, she prevented her lover's companion searching the house; but, still, at last came the special pleading of the loved one, that he must leave her company, that it was already known that her lover was a thief.

This, the stolen property too surely proved, and jewellery, valuable dresses and furs were purloined by these men, and what was worse, Everitt goes, with a ready made lie on his lips, in his civilian clothes to his sire,—a retired superintendent of the County Constabulary, one whose character for honesty and probity had never been doubted, one who had been living with narrowed means and in straitened circumstances for the last year or two,—and with a ready lie, the son informed his father that he had been bought out of her Majesty's service through the kindness of a soldier friend, who had had left to him some money by his grandmother, and some jewellery and clothes in the shape of furs and dresses, which were of no use to him: would or could he dispose of them for him? He said—"Father, my story is a true one; I would not, you know, get you into trouble." The lying scoundrel; what a bait to offer to a needy father. Whether the father believed this story, lies between him and his God; suffice it, that he stood side by side with his son in the dock to-day.

I think if eloquence could have prevailed, it would have done so in that of the lawyer of poor Bessy. He said, "Where is the other servant girl? Why is she not in the dock instead of in the witness box? Is it because it is said that she professed information, whilst my client, Elizabeth Williams, declined, or asserted her non-knowledge. Gentlemen of the Jury, look at her; five or six months ago a light-hearted, happy, country girl; and now, bearing what will be a child of sorrow and shame. Look at him, who has so tempted her; young and handsome, even now fearless of consequences, without one spark of love in his bosom for his unhappy victim. For he saw my client, after her struggle with Everitt junior, when he wanted to find her mistress's money, and although he knew of this attempt, it is in evidence that he still courts the society of a companion whose attempt at robbing had upset her whom he professed to love. That she has been guilty of a fearful breach of trust is beyond my power of denying. That she had no right to have a soldier coming to her mistress's home, eating her mistress's food, and sleeping in her mistress's house; but this does not constitute her a thief, or an accessory in thieving. Her very struggle pleads in her favour; and think of this, she is by far the greatest sufferer throughout. She would have been standing in that witness box, but her child that will be, and her position with regard to Davis, restrained her, silenced her, and so she is made a victim in a double sense. Gentlemen of the Jury, she is standing there ruined for life; a few months will see her become a mother, and the father of her child stands there unmoved and unconcerned, and she knows, although her trust has not yet cooled outright, that even now, before her child has seen the world's light, she is an abandoned woman. Have mercy on her, I ask you, for this great trouble that has come on her."

Then came the decision of the Jury, and a verdict of "guilty" was given against Gordon Davis, the man who had betrayed my poor niece; A verdict of "guilty" against Everitt, who had been the man who had been the primal means of this great trouble and misfortune; and then a verdict of "guilty" against the father who hitherto had held up his head proudly amongst men. I seem now to hear the poor child's despairing cry as the sentence on her passed his Lordship's lips; who took, as he said, (and God only knoweth whether he did take) into consideration the advice of the Jury, when they recommended her to mercy. His mercy was "six months imprisonment with hard labour." I hear, again, her shriek—and he, Davis, still stood unmoved—as she was carried down by the jailor, crying: "Come to me Gordie, come." But Gordie stood unmoved, waiting for his own sentence; and it came. His Lordship, a "Nemesis" in look and gesture, said to him:

"Davis Gordon; you are now standing in as despicable a position as any man has ever stood. First you break your oath to your Queen and Country, and then basely betray a hitherto innocent girl, and she becomes the victim of your baseness. Your defence generally, and your address to the Jury particularly, prove you to be aman of education. There is but one reason why I restrain sending you both to penal servitude; that is your extreme youth, and I cannot in accordance with my wish forget your youth. It has pleaded effectively for you both throughout this trial. The sentence on you and your fellow prisoner, Everitt junior, is that you severally be kept in prison with hard labour for two years. As for you, Everitt senior, you knew well that a common soldier had no right to jewellery like that displayed there, and pledged by you. Your son was in the ranks, and yet bringing to you costly sables, furs and silk dresses, rings and massive gold chains. True, your character is without a flaw; true, for thirty-five years you have served and reached a high position in the police, therefore, I am the more merciful to you; sentencing you to six months hard labour."

God only knows whether that old man was guilty, or whether he believed the specious tale told by his unhappy son. He loses a well-earned, and until now, a well-deserved pension: his conviction at once places him in that position. At one time in his life he was jealous of every passing moment, and in every month, that passed him by, was broadly written

* Rather curiously I had in conversation been asserting an hour or two previously that "Nemesis" always came after a wrong.

his strength of resolution. Then he was conscious of his short-comings, and careful of his conduct. God knows whether he is a guilty man. If he is innocent, great sorrow, shame and degradation have visited him, a degradation which he will never thrust into oblivion. May this hard experience prove efficacious for him.

And now as for her, whom I love with more than a mother's love; there are many that call a mother's love an animal instinct. I do not know; I think it is a God-given inspiration, and a heavenly one. Many mothers are sorrowing over their dishonoured sons who promised once so fair to become honourable men; but their prayers have failed, for honour is lost to them. To-day the world will know them as thieves. Let me not judge them; God forbid that I should. Two years is given them, to pause and consider their past life, through a strange experience. They have forsaken the ranks of honest men, and become thieves and been found out. Now their punishment begins. They are now in the solitude of their cells, in felons garb, and left to their own consciences; may they pause on the threshold of crime. As for my child, the child of my adoption, the child of my heart, may she pause also; ere she is restored to liberty, a child will be born to her; a child whose father will then be a convicted felon, and whose birth will be within the prison walls. I cannot realize that God will allow a child to drift utterly into degradation, but these experiences and trials were, perhaps, in his wisdom necessary. May God in his mercy stretch out his hand again and take her back into the walks of rectitude, and make her once more the associate of those who are virtuous, and who serve Him. Tell the Sensitive that I felt his sympathy when he spoke to me in semi-trance. I also feel your sympathy for which I sincerely thank you.

I certainly did throughout feel a deep sympathy for the poor sorrowing spirit, humble as she appeared to be. At a very early period of the seance I had no difficulty in realizing who she was and what she was referring to, and my thoughts carried me to former doings in my professional career, when I little thought that—bitter as I have seen the anguish and despair of relatives in Court witnessing the conviction of a child, perhaps, tenderly nursed and cared for—there were others, though unseen, suffering quite as much; hoping against hope, and finding excuses and extenuating circumstances for the dearly beloved, yet degraded one. Perhaps it was as well that then I had no such thoughts. I could not, in all probability, have battled so well for the client if I had known.

Now, that I am leaving life; I am just beginning to live and learn that all is not gold that glitters, and that justice is, too often, blind in her attempted impartiality and endeavour to do right. Neither Judges nor Juries are omniscient. Spiritualism will certainly help to more equal justice and nicer discriminations in the amount of guilt. If it be true that of two female servants, one was an old London stager, having a soldier for her fancy man, and the other a young girl fresh from the country, introduced to another soldier, I think, that the relative occupancy of prisoner's dock and witness box should have been changed; that is, if it were at all necessary for the ends of justice to use an approver.

This is the relation, by a spirit, of a trial that had taken place on the very day. The Sentence could only have passed the Judge's lips but a short time before the controlling spirit told her story.

THEOSOPHY.

PRESSURE AND PERVIOUSNESS.

(Concluded from page 345.)

Try, dear Reader, and grasp the idea I here wish to convey. The difference in quality between one inch from the centre, and one half-inch from the centre is three units of Quality, and the difference between one-millionth part, and one-half-millionth part of an inch from the centre, is three trillion units of Quality, which, divided by the three units of quality, the difference between one inch and one-half inch from the centre, gives a difference of one-trillion units; that is, in this minute ring surrounding the nucleus of our Atom, with an internal diameter of one-millionth part of an inch, and an external diameter of two-millionth parts of an inch, is contained a graduation in quality, one-trillion times more than is contained in the ring whose internal diameter

is one inch, and external diameter two inches, and at the very centre the difference is infinitely greater, that is, the Pressure, and, therefore, the Quality, is infinite.

This graduation of qualities, outward into space from the central nucleus, is the condition of Power to project the qualities into a lower condition, through the central nucleus, resulting in an extension in Quality, or degrees of Perviousness downward, or degrees of Pressure upward: the lower through its Perviousness to the higher, permitting, without violation of law, the various degrees to occupy the same position in space; the Pressure of these degrees varying inversely to the square of the difference in Quality, as in the other they varied inversely to the square of the distance. This second condition is the condition of Power, to project the Energy into a higher condition: from blossom on the higher to blossom on the lower, and from blossom on the lower to blossom on the higher, is the swing of the spiritual pendulum,—each condition, in passing to the other, becoming inverted, through having first to culminate in a germinal condition, that is, become a centre of clear light in a sphere of darkness,—that is, a darkness that is almost wholly *pervious* to the light, not being illuminated thereby, and a light that is almost wholly *impervious* to the Energy, of which the darkness is the outward expression,—giving the extreme condition of extreme Perviousness and extreme Imperviousness, or Soul and Spirit unconnected by degrees of Quality.

This condition in spirit-life corresponds to the condition in earth-life where the body is lean, bony, and sinewy, and the soul cold, pure, and intellectual. Indeed, the will that results in this extreme spiritual condition—did the necessary mediumistic chain exist—would result in a body of this description. In this condition the qualities are not graduated outward into space, neither are they graduated to a lower condition: the Quality has no Extension, and the Spirit no Resistance, but at a point, which is the culminating point, where Perviousness ends and Pressure is infinite; now *form* is the result of Perviousness, and *quality* is the result of Pressure, and both culminate in the germinal point.

It may help the Reader to grasp the idea if he picture in the mind any angular form, such as a triangle, from the periphery of which, imagine lines converging to a common focus. If we give to the triangle a degree of Quality, these lines would represent the Form and Quality converging to a point. The culmination of any Form is a homogeneous point, and likewise the culmination of any degree of Quality, (that is, size reduced to the infinitesimal by Pressure) would be a homogeneous point of Quality.

Such is the nature of the Germ; the points of light of which it is composed are the culminating point of Form and Quality, and the darkness in which they exist is a homogeneous substance (Energy) that has neither Form nor Quality, yet becomes the contrast of whatever resists its contracting power, and the complement of that which does not resist its contracting power; and, therefore, it is the complement and contrast of that which partially resists its contracting power. When the spiritual Germ is in this condition of imperviousness, it is the infinitesimal point of light in an infinite sphere of darkness,—that is, the contrast of the infinitesimal is the infinite extension, and the contrast of the light is darkness, and the contrast of Imperviousness is Perviousness.

Now, this point being the culminating point of specific Form and Quality, can the Reader perceive that its instantaneous penetration by the surrounding Energy is the instantaneous creation of the complement to this contrast—that is, the form with its degrees of quality; and, further, that the penetration of the form with its degrees of quality is the instantaneous creation anew of the culminating point of Form and Quality.

This brings us face to face with the great mystery of life. The culminating point is a point of stillness; the form, with its degrees of quality, is a less degree of stillness—that is, some degree of motion. Motion and duration are one and the same. That which endures the longest, is that whose motion is regular and greatest. This is true on all planes, only that above the lowest there is always some degree of attraction for the higher, so that, the form is always a little above the plane, which, by its motion, it should occupy. The form is the lowest point of the arc of the spiritual pendulum. Here, where the motion is greatest, the qualities endure the longest. True, the period of their endurance,

as a part of the form, may be almost infinitesimal, nevertheless it is never so brief as the duration of the spiritual germ, which is unfolded and created anew many times, while the form, with its myriads of points, or germs, of a less definite, because more spent condition, passes through but one renewal, thus causing many unfoldments of the germ—in different stages of unfoldment—to fill up the gap in Quality, between the germ and the form; and, by their unfolding, causing a complimentary halo to surround the form, more especially the head, within which is the centre of the soul's power. This halo may extend outward from a few inches, to as many miles, depending for its extension on the condition which the soul for the time being may occupy.

But to return: the penetration of the culminating point by the surrounding Energy, is the almost instantaneous unfolding of its pent-up qualities, (not by motion, remember, but by inoculating the contracting energy) into the blossom, or the perfected form. This unfolding, though almost instantaneous, is, to the omnipresent Energy, a gradual process. Every degree of the unfolding is penetrated by the ever-watchful Energy—from the circumference inwards—each becoming pregnant with a germ, that, with the infinite sphere of Energy, is the contrast to its mother's compliment. By the unfolding of the first germ is created a second. The first was a point of infinite Pressure, in a sphere of darkness,—a point of clear light, with a sharp and quick blending through a deep blue into the darkness. This is the appearance of a spirit when its will is positive, and is the condition of Power, which is that of contrast. The second germ, caused by the unfolding of the first, is graduated from a higher to a lower; because, the compliment of which it was the result, was the unfolding of the first germ, which was an unfolding from a higher to a lower condition, so that the result of the penetration of this unfolding by the surrounding Energy, is a germ graduated inversely to the unfolding. The last degree but one is the least spiritual, and is the complement to the most spiritual portion of the second germ. The last degree of the unfolding of the first germ, is the perfected form, which, penetrated by the ever-active Energy, culminates in a germ, that like the others, or graduated germ, is, with the infinite Energy, the contrast to its mother's compliment, and, therefore, exactly similar to the first—a point of light in a sphere of darkness. This last and masculine germ penetrates the graduated qualities of the second and feminine germ, repelling those qualities outward in rays of glory, while it, the masculine germ, remains master of the situation; but only for a brief duration, for his mother—the external form—has almost shed her glories o'er the surrounding space, in creating the compliment of light, of which she, with the surrounding Energy, was the contrast. His life must again be shed to succour his dying parent. Again the omnipresent Energy prevails, and again is created the feminine germ, from the voluntary death of the masculine. He being infinite in Quality, can hold his own with infinite Extension, and yields his life at will. Indeed, it is from him that free-will is derived. Myriads of such atoms compose the little sphere that, when in the extreme condition of will, is our soul; waiting only the release of our will; ready, each within their own sphere, to unfold the compliment to their contrast: all the forms and scenes of memory; all feeling of love or friendship; all "the lost of long ago," forms of beauty and scenes of harmony, in every blending of tone and colour, await but the magic release of our Will, to infuse into the darkness and seeming void a universe that we ourselves have made.

It may be there is some unbidden guest there, that we would exclude, but cannot,—of hate, or avarice, or pride, or tyranny,—throwing its baleful contrast o'er the otherwise fair compliment of our soul; but each time the inner germ of our being is renewed, which is often, being billions of times in one single throb of the heart,—when it, the germ, is at the zenith of its Quality, it attracts from that inner and still mysterious realm, a little of that spiritual pollen, which, through being often repeated, soon gives to our soul's compliment a rosier hue: banishing farther and farther into the infinite extension of our being, those dismal conceptions; filling their place with the sunny skies of a purer love and a warmer friendship.

The perception of these truths so unfolds the qualities of our own soul, that our Atom, like a ray of sunlight, darts towards us, becoming lost for the time in our dawning glo-

ries. And, as germ after germ unfold their compliment, and as compliment after compliment unfold their secondary and tertiary—each becoming pregnant at the centre of our being with a germ, ready to unfold its pent-up qualities, and keep intact the harmony that prevails—forms of beauty surround us on every hand. Those loved and dearest, are nearest and most palpable to sight and touch. Our bosoms glow with a rapture that no words can express or pen describe; and through the accumulation of germ after germ, at the centre of our being, so quick and fast that the harmonies without cannot diffuse their glories quick enough to receive their new unfolding, the almost infinitesimal period between the beat of our soul—as germ after germ comes into being—grows less and less, at last ceasing to beat, by reason of the unbroken union with that inner Realm, which now begins to unfold its glories to our enraptured gaze.

Reader! it is not mystery—nor is it the deep reverence I feel for the Truths of God that keeps me from going farther: it is the deep sense of my inability to express in words the infinite perfection to which the simple principle of Energy, in its threefold condition of contrast and compliment, (or, energy; energy resisted; and, energy spent) points. Sister, Brother, toil on! The road may be rough, and the way long, yet think of the glorious ending. And though loved ones are called from your side, making the road seem longer by reason of its loneliness; when your eye glistens with the gathering tear, and your soul yearns for their love and sympathy,—keep still; for then they are near, and their kindly faces may gleam through the seeming void, smiling you onward and upward.

Sister, Brother, toil on! The whirr of the loom and the ring of the anvil will soon be exchanged for the glorious symphonies of that Inner Realm, where infinite Extension ends, because excluded by infinite Quality; where the Past and Future meet in an everlasting Present. There Matter and its compliment, Darkness, end; there Time and its compliment, Motion, end; and from which it may begin, but can never enter. Straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to this Inner Realm: the Gate is the culminating point of Form and Quality; which is infinite in Quality, because infinite Extension ends in a point of infinite Quality.

JAMES McDOWALL.

124, West Street, Calton, Glasgow.

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUAL WORK.

QUEBEC HALL, 25, GT. QUEBEC ST. MARYLEBONE RD.

Sunday, June 18th, at 7 p.m., prompt, Mr. Whitley on "Dreams."

Monday, the 19th, at 8.30: special general meeting of Comprehensionists.

Tuesday, at 8.30, a lecture by Mr. Wilson, "The Withinment of Ideas."

Wednesday, 8.30, a Developing Circle, a good Clairvoyant Medium attends.

Thursday, a Physical Seance; Mrs. Cannon, medium, previous arrangement is requisite to be present at this seance.

Friday, at 8.30, an address by Mr. Dunnage—"Christianity Rational;" discussion to follow.

Saturday, at 8 p.m., a seance; a good clairvoyant medium attends, Mr. Hancock present half an hour previous to speak with strangers.

J. M. Dale, Hon. Sec.

LEICESTER—SILVER STREET, LECTURE HALL.

After an absence of two Sundays from the Society, Mr. Holmes gave a Normal Address on Whit Sunday evening. The subject was, "A Review of the Correspondence in the 'Free Press,' between Dr. Nichols and Mr. Gimson."

On Whit Tuesday, a Tea Meeting was held, when forty-two sat down to tea; it being a good gathering considering the great Holiday that was in Leicester, by the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

On Sunday evening, June 4th, Mr. Bent gave a Trance Address; subject was, "the Pilgrims of the Night," which was continued on Sunday evening, June 11th, under the title—"The Pilgrims of the Light." It was very interesting, and much appreciated by the audience present.

56, Cranbourne Street, Leicester. B. WIGHTMAN, Sec.

GOSWELL HALL SUNDAY SERVICES.

290, Goswell Road, E.C., (near the "Angel").

Mr. Wilson gave us the fourth portion of a most interesting lecture on "Comprehensionism" last Sunday morning. It will be concluded next Sunday morning. In the evening Mr. J. Veitch delivered an eloquent address, very successfully showing the futility of Orthodox Christianity at the present day. It was very warmly appreciated.

Next Sunday evening will be occupied as an "Experience Meeting." Our last one was very interesting. We hope some of the friends will attend and relate their own experiences.

R. W. LISHMAN, Corres. Sec.

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W. LANG, Sec. West London Spiritual Evidence Society.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The above Society intend holding a district camp or conference meeting, the second Sunday in July, at Farnworth, near Bolton; in consequence of which there will be no service at the meeting room, Mechanics' Institute, in the evening,—only the morning service will be held. Mr. Cross of Farnworth, an earnest worker in the Cause, has kindly promised to entertain with tea as many as feel disposed to accompany us there. The object is to introduce Spiritualism in the surrounding districts of Manchester and Bolton, with a view to assist our friends both there and elsewhere in making more public the grand principles of our Cause. We trust our friends will muster in strong force, so that we may present a power, and use an influence, that will do justice to Spiritualism. The train the Manchester friends intend going by will leave Victoria Station about 2 o'clock p.m. Wm. HALL, Sec.

TEACHINGS OF THE HIGHER SPIRITS.

It is easy to distinguish between good and bad spirits. The language of spirits of superior elevation is constantly dignified, noble, characterised by the highest morality, free from every trace of earthly passion; their counsels breathe the purest wisdom, and always have our improvement and the good of mankind for their aim. The communications of spirits of lower degree, on the contrary, are full of discrepancies, and their language is often commonplace, and even coarse. If they sometimes say things that are good and true, they more often make false and absurd statements, prompted by ignorance or malice. They play upon the credulity of those who interrogate them, amusing themselves by flattering their vanity, and fooling them with false hopes. In a word, instructive communications worthy of the name are only to be obtained in centres of a serious character, whose members are united, by an intimate communion of thought and desire in the pursuit of truth and goodness.

The moral teaching of the higher spirits may be summed up, like that of Christ, in the Gospel maxim, "Do unto others as you would that others would do unto you"; that is to say, do good to all and wrong no one. This principle of action furnishes mankind with a rule of conduct of universal application, from the smallest matters to the greatest.

They teach us that selfishness, pride, sensuality, are passions which bring us back towards the animal nature, by attaching us to matter; that he who, in this lower life, detaches himself from matter through contempt of worldly trifles, and through love of the neighbour, brings himself back towards the spiritual nature; that we should all make ourselves useful, according to the means which God has placed in our hands for our trial; that the strong and the powerful owe aid and protection to the weak; and that he who misuses strength and power to oppress his fellow-creature violates the law of God. They teach us that in the spirit-world nothing can be hidden, and that the hypocrite will there be unmasked, and all his wickedness unveiled; that the presence, unavoidable and perpetual, of those whom we have wronged in the earthly life is one of the punishments that await us in the spirit-world; and that the lower or higher state of spirits gives rise in that other life to sufferings or to enjoyments unknown to us upon the earth.

But they also teach us that there are no unpardonable sins, none that cannot be effaced by expiation. Man finds the means of accomplishing this in the different existences which permit him to advance progressively, and according to his desire and his efforts, towards the perfection that constitutes his ultimate aim.

Such is the sum of Spiritualists' doctrine, as contained in the teachings given by spirits of higher degree.—"Echo," (Dunedin, New Zealand.)

RENAN ON RELIGION.—If religion was but the fruit of the natural calculation by which man desires to find again beyond the tomb, the result of the virtuous investments which he has made here below, man would be principally inclined to it in his moments of egoism. Now it is in his better moments that man is religious, it is when he contemplates things in a disinterested manner that he finds death revolting and absurd. Let us say, then, with assurance that religion is a product of normal man, that man is most in the right when he is most religious and most assured of an infinite destiny; but let us discard all absolute confidence in the images which serve to express this destiny, and believe only that the reality must be vastly superior to that which it is permitted to the sentiment to desire or to the fancy to imagine. It was thought that science was going to belittle the world. In reality she has infinitely enlarged it. The earth similar to a disc, the sun as large as the Peloponnesus, the stars rolling at the height of a few leagues, upon the grooves of a solid vault, a universe closed in, surrounded by walls, arched over like a trunk—such was the most magnificent system of the world which man had been able to conceive. . . . Let us believe with confidence that the system of the moral world is equally superior to our symbols. . . . Who knows if the metaphysics and the theology of the past will not be to those which the progress of speculation will one day reveal, that which the cosmos of Anaximenes or of Indocleustes is to the cosmos of Laplace and of Humboldt?

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