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AND TEACHINGS OF

SPIRITUALISM.

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HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW: A MIND STUDY.

Through the kindness of the Editor of "House and Home" we are enabled to present our readers with the portrait of Longfellow, which graces our first page this week.

Portraits of the Poet are frequent, and may be seen in a variety of poses. One of the most interesting we have seen was exposed to view, one day last week, in a shop in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. It is a fine engraving on steel—a side view, published by Ticknor and Field, Boston, 1851. Thirty years ago Longfellow would be in his ripe prime, and such the picture shows him to be, but appearing much younger than his years at that time. The back crown—the location of Approbation and Self-esteem—is low; but the top of the head culminates in a high forward point in the upper part of the brow. The nose looks bold and aggressive, and the whole figure indicates a fulness of habit, coupled with much refinement.

In the man the feminine predominated, though cast in the masculine mould. That portly form, composed of soft elastic tissue, indicated the feeling, sympathetic mother, rather than the brawny, crushing man. Longfellow would not elbow other people out in winning a place for himself; his patrons and admirers clung to him, attracted by the magnetism of love. Like a good and talented mother, he sang nursery rhymes of a high order to the children of earth.

He would be affable, easy in manners, approachable, and communicative. He would have little pride or self-valuation. His ambition was purely intellectual and sympathetic: to do all he could and do it in the best possible manner.

The intellect and moral faculties predominated. They were of the instinctive and intuitive type,—again feminine. He readily placed himself in unison with Human Nature, and that which he made his he always retained. His mind was a vast repository; but he did not lay up his observations in the crude form in which they presented themselves: he passed all mental food, gathered up from the external world, through the digestive apparatus of his inner nature, and transformed and elevated it by the process. All things thus became a part of himself; idealised and beautified when he uttered them, compared with what they were when he took the raw materials into his consciousness.

The knowledge he gathered was subjective: it was the phenomenal life of the human soul. He could read deeply the soul. He could track its footprints, as the Indian hunter follows the trail of the game.

His warm, filial, reverential nature, led him back to live over again the life of the past, as recorded in the relics of buildings, literature, and peoples that yet remain visible amongst us: these remnants he could place together, and endow them with life, so that they acted their parts once again on the world's stage.

Longfellow was naturally a Spiritualist, and that in the highest sense. It was the spirit—the undying inner life that he perceived in everything. A legend, a fragment, a human residue, was to him a "medium," through which he was brought into communion with the spiritual life of the mental worth of the past: a once powerful nation, or the loves, hopes, and struggles of a vanishing race.

To gratify the conceits of a "council board," a London spiritualistic official once impertinently asked Longfellow whether he was a Spiritualist. A dignified and kindly snub was the reply. The sacred convictions of such a soul were not to be hawked about like a worm wriggling on a hook to bait in proselytes to mercenary Spiritualistic organizations; or serve the business necessities of hanky panky adventurers. To reply in the affirmative to the official request would have been to lower himself to the low level of "heroes and martyrs," whose glory is the shame of all well-regulated minds.

The true Spiritualist requires to make no confession

of himself, he need not display any distinctive badge. The Freemasonry of the spirit combines all, who natively possess it, into a compact brotherhood. Longfellow did not need to be told who were Spiritualists of his kind and degree, nor did such require to interrogate him. The open soul-portals,—the glory streaming out from thence, reveals the spiritual standing of the occupant to all who have eyes to see; to the blind vulgar worldlings who have no higher notion of spiritual uses than to make merchandise of them, it is discreet to keep from them that which they have not eyes to perceive for themselves.

That Longfellow was conversant with the manifestation of the spirit he has told us, as only a poet can. His creed on that matter is in the mouth of every sinner in the circle when spirit-friends are expected to appear—

"When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered
To a holy, calm delight:

"Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlour wall:

"Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved ones, the true hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

"With a slow and noiseless footstep
Come the messengers divine,
Take the vacant chair beside me,
Lay their gentle hands in mine.

"And they sit and gaze upon me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies."

"Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer—
Soft rebukes in blessings ended,
Breaking from their lips of air.

THE CLOSE OF AN EPOCH.

Whether Mother Shipton actually said that the world was to come to an end in 1881 or not, there is no phrase of the same number of words that has caused more comment. As a conviction, in some degree, it has been present to millions of minds these few years back.

There are no abrupt changes in nature. The crop of the old year is gathered, and the stubble looks bleak and bare, yet blinks of sunny weather and opening flowers would indicate that Spring was about to unseasonably intrude into the domain of Autumn. The sun enters Aries punctually, but no man can set a date to the coming of Summer or the departure of Winter. So it is in the longer years, the more extended seasons, of the world's higher growth—Humanity. Its ages and seasons come and go like the grass of the field. The History of England—an epitome of that of the world—gives epoch after epoch, each the embodiment of an idea: a revolution, a re-establishment of the national life,—and the advent of men who were the organic instrumentalities of the work and the out-cropping idea.

The last few months have witnessed the passing away of a number of great men, the notable fruits of the brilliant Summer of the Nineteenth Century. Some of them have been noticed of late in these columns: those who have made the most profound impression on the world's life. The man of mind and action is no longer the inhabitant of a country, merely, but he is a citizen of the world. The rapid means of international communication relates nations, so that any sentiment regarding persons or things is consensual throughout civilization.

An epoch, like John o'Groat's house with its many doors, has many phases, or portals of thought. To some extent the whole may be found represented in

five names that now occur to the mind. These names may be arranged in the form of an arch:—

C A R L Y L E

EMERSON

GARIBALDI

DARWIN

LONGFELLOW

These two pillars represent: the one on the left, the cool, calm, intellectual; that on the right, the warm, impulsive, emotional. Carlyle on the top is all-comprehensive. The tendency of them all is—From Matter to Spirit: the motto of the Epoch.

In Darwin and Emerson the mechanical structures and intellect predominated. They were observers: the one perceptive, objective; the other intuitional, subjective. The first delved into the structure of the natural world; the second discussed the methods of the mental world. The one is the octave of the other.

In the second pillar we have the feminine complement of the first pillar. Longfellow expressed human emotions on the perceptive plane; his plea was for freedom and purity in the closer relations of man. Garibaldi possessed those affections, but added to them the most exalted range to which fraternal feelings are capable. He saw a vast field which had to be cleared before Longfellow's aims could be realised.

In Carlyle we have a remarkable man. Though delicate in health and deficient in vital power, yet he lived to a greater age than any of the group. This shows that he was not deficient in life; but it was not vegetative life, or animal life. It was the life of the mind; the constant and victorious struggle of Spirit over Matter. That high arched head and lean body implied a spirit supplied with a thinking and working apparatus, but taking but little pleasure in the animally-derived hobbies of mankind. He was a full-grown man, and had put away many gross and childish things: hence "children" thought he was not "genial," communicative. But to "men" like himself he was a man, aye, and a woman, too, with the simplicity of the child. The inhabitants of the nursery are frequently able to know better than father and mother, and if these venerable persons heard themselves discussed in the infantile parliament, they would, no doubt, laugh good-naturedly at the confiding audacity of inexperience. Of such a childish character is much that passes as criticism on men like Carlyle.

In him we have the science of Darwin, though not satisfied with the Gospel of Mud. He has the intuition of Emerson, but a much more amply developed and harmonious head; a greater logical consistency, and philosophical coherency is displayed in his mental products. He was as tender a man and had as poetical a fancy as Longfellow, but he would have considered it out of his range to have occupied his mind with the other's themes. The Garibaldian spirit he could appreciate and defend: he was a hero of heroes; the historian of Liberty.

These five men have exercised, during the middle-life of the Century, an incalculable influence upon millions of the best minds of the world, extending over three generations. What would humanity have been without them? Their existence and work made the efforts of thousands of lesser minds possible. They were, indeed,

"Representative Men," constituting in themselves a Portal of Thought and action, through which a partially liberated humanity could pass onward to further developments.

There is an All-wise and Omnipotent Providence over-ruling all things, like a loving Mother and strong Father: remember this in the night time of trouble and suffering. The Summer of our epoch has passed, the fruits of Autumn are being gathered, the dark days of Winter already cast their long shadows upon us! The genius of Wickliff and Tyndale preceded the Reformation; the Shakespearean age paved the way for the Revolution. The lights of this century have guided mankind on to a need for great changes, which will pass over the children of earth amidst much commotion, and great trial and suffering. The Garden of Humanity, will be weeded, pruned, dunged, and dug, and the Man of Faith will, during the laborious process, at every favourable moment sow the seed of Truth, and refresh his weary soul with anticipations of the goodly crop that is yet to be.

LONGFELLOW.

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

It is a painful thing to record, if we take a short-sighted view of the subject: the death of a great man. The sympathies of men entwine around the Man of Genius. Their hopes, their aspirations, and, indeed, their worship centre upon him.

America has but recently lost Longfellow. I ought to have said the world; but, individually, he belonged to America: thoroughly a New England production, an embodiment of the piety, the stability, and the wisdom of the New England States. He was not a man definable purely by geographical limits. He grew out of the local New England character, and became a man of scholarship and thought, concerned with the thinking of the world, and recognisable as an identity, figuring even as a Master, among the leading spirits of the age.

America has been taunted with having no literature, nor any truly great men. The American mind has been put down at the intellectual freezing point, eager and interprising enough, equal to the making of Vanderbilts and Stewarts, but far from having soil enough to produce a genuine man, the real article, a man of world-wide genius, with a reputation capable of living out three centuries. English critics must not always be trusted, especially when they are discussing the talent and the literature of an active national rival.

What was held to be correct forty years ago, in pure Johnsonian criticism, is false to-day. Literature across the Atlantic is adorned with the historic genius of Bancroft, the soft mellow diction and spirit of Edgar Allan Poe, the placid sublimity of Hawthorne, the never-tiring Washington Irving, the spiritualistic Whittier, and the elevated philosophic spirit of Longfellow. These are grand names; they are rich and they stand out above the alpine heights of mediocrity.

The literature of America has its inspiration from democracy. The humanitarian influence pervades it throughout. It is unlike the literature of the old countries of Europe. That of England is a plant of seven hundred years' growth. It has had time to consolidate its charms, to accurately delineate a cultivated ideal, and to polish with simplicity and exactness its phraseology.

England has Shakespeare and Milton blazing like suns in the literary sky: the American parallels of these, possibly, may be coming on somewhere in the silence of nature, to be born in due time; certainly they have not yet written their names. Such magnificent souls as these are not wanted every day: such come, as it were, in an epitomised manner, the essence of the intellect of generations. Great men cannot be ordered as you order a pound of cheese or a new hat. Nature works steadily and in order. When suitable spiritual and physical conditions are produced, you have the true man of genius begotten; but, as a matter of truth, that great work is left to the fortuitous combination of atoms, little attention being paid by mankind in general to the question of cerebral and physiological compatibility. A man is a man, and a woman is a woman; upon these the subtle influences of procreation operate to produce the Man of Genius by chance.

England herself cannot be said to have a patent right in nature to produce great men more copiously than the people of America. Shakespeare and Milton were evolutions out of pre-natal conditions, known when their wisdom had been spoken, and their thoughts consecrated by printer's ink. Their divinity gradually began to be known, but not suddenly. Men had to open their eyes and rub them, too, before they could realize the golden splendour of these men. There is no room, therefore, for boasting. They were Englishmen, and with

equal justness there is no room to censure America because her literary characters have not carried, in the classic emporium, the first prize for their literary wares.

It is not an extravagant supposition to expect that a people, who have the power by mechanical interprise to change the topographical appearance of a continent, will not be long behind the Old World in matters of literary and artistic genius. If we may draw an inference, and institute a parallel from the massive natural developments found in America, consisting of enormous rivers, vast forests, boundless plains, high mountain ranges, enormous lakes and waterfalls,—if we are to take these marvellous natural phenomena as typical and prophetic of what the intellect of the people will become, there certainly is a golden age of literary glory awaiting the emancipated footsteps of the adventurous American citizen.

It is an obvious fact, to those who have thought at all upon the matter, that the superior intellect of Europe is leaving the shores of the Old World and availing itself of the advantages of the almost illimitable and sparsely populated country under the authority of the Stars and the Stripes. In the United States are being gathered together a mixed multitude which in a few generations will be one homogeneous people, in some respects intellectually marked off from the nations they originally left, and from which they took their rise.

I think it a gross aspersion upon a meritorious nation to say they have no literature. In the historic field it will be very difficult in the old countries of Europe to find an abler man than Bancroft. As a careful writer, an accurate observer, and a judicial discriminator you will not find him surpassed. His philosophical deductions may sometimes be questioned, but it must be admitted that his graphic pen is not surpassed by any historical writer of his time, and we should have to look a long while before we could pick up a man like Ralph Waldo Emerson.

I think the writings of Longfellow, upon their merits, will stand comparison with any English poet now living. This is saying a great deal, because we have a light or two of extraordinary brilliancy burning in the intellectual sky of Britain. Tennyson is peculiarly the poet of the Victorian Epoch. His idealism contains a fine vein of gold. The elasticity of his fancy is controlled by a seriousness and a spirituality profoundly sympathetic and exalted. Yet, I think, in his grandest flights he has hardly surpassed the finer creations of Longfellow, the peculiarity of whose muse and the subjects with which it dealt, lie so far away from English modes of thought and manners, that it is wonderful to observe the important strides made by him upon the public opinion of Europe.

Longfellow has tapped new poetic mines in that extravagant legendary lore belonging to the American Indian race. Their floating legends and tales are peculiarly romantic, and expressive of a mode of life outside of the usual experiences of settled and civilised communities. The wandering tribes and nations which occupied the vast territories of that country in ages past, have left a rich store of legend and romance, yet, not so prolific as might have been expected. The intellectual type of the Indian is far removed from the poetical. Very little idealism mixes in the Indian's composition, indeed, he is very deficient; he lacks the power of poetical appreciation. This is the reason why he so slowly, and with so much difficulty, adopts the manners, the customs and language of those who have become his close neighbours. Longfellow grasped, with his poetic sense, some of their rude feelings and uncouth desires. I think he has succeeded with remarkable accuracy in representing the full power of their traditions.

It has been said that education gives an unfavourable condition for the development of poetic genius. It is alleged that the best poetry has been produced in an age of superstition; that a cultivated intellect, being negative to all those influences which produce a complete illusion of the imagination, entirely subdues fancy, and puts him down on unadorned matters of fact and experience. It may be true that in an age of credulity and ignorance the imagination is more prolific and vigorous, but it by no means follows from that, that it is more poetical than in an age of intellectual culture. All nations have had a poetical epoch, in which the wildest frenzies joined a hearing, and came out and aired themselves.

If you take the history of England as an example, what poetry had England before the time of Geoffrey Chaucer worth speaking about? There was the old legend of "Peter the Ploughman," a crude, barbarous, and, I may say, a very dull production. With the coming of Chaucer appeared a new era of poetical development. As soon as he had broken the way came Sir Philip Sidney, with a muse full of music and imagination; then Spencer launched upon time his "Faery Queen," a poem of great length, exalted inspiration, and accurate delineation of life,—not equal to the masterpieces of antiquity, but a fine effort in the direction of them. Then came Shakespeare, a man with more genius than learning. It appears that he never studied in the University, but was a plain Stratford-upon-Avon sort of man; but, to anyone conversant with the plays of Shakespeare, there is clearly depicted a creating mind, familiarised with the devices and the intricate windings of the human heart. His knowledge, like his intuitions, seemed to be boundless. Though not classically educated, he had what was of more value—Genius. Then we have, coming after him,

John Milton, a man of fine culture, trained in a University under the influence of distinguished preceptors. He possessed the best aids to the bringing out of his mind. If education destroys the poetic power, then, Milton ought to have been extinguished. In his case there was nothing incompatible between his poetry and his learning. His ideas were of the grandest description; the grasp and the sublimity of his diction added a charm to common things. The education bestowed at a university acts upon the intellectual faculties; they become very active and refined, and when the imagination is weak the spirit of poetry is repressed, if not altogether, to such an extent that the creations of the imagination never become a perfect hallucination; without this hallucination poetry has no influence, and will not be esteemed.

In devoting attention to the education of the intellect to the neglect of the imagination, leads to the false conclusion that poetry can only flourish in an age of indolence and superstition. Some of the best poetry in the language could not have been created but by educated men. The poetry before the days of Chaucer is read now only by the curious. Its incorrectness almost destroys our literary veneration. He is adored by the lovers of antique forms of thought and expression; we prize him because of his age and associations.

The poetry of Northern Europe during the Twelfth Century is full of romance and chivalry, outrageous and improbable in incident, and inaccurate in the delineation of passion and character. The *Neibelungen Lied*, a collection of romantic tales, supposed to have been written between the sixth and the twelfth centuries, were much commented upon forty years ago, but these fragments are not like the poetry contributed by Schiller and Goethe. These cultivated poets excelled in their knowledge of nature; they painted in harmonious tints the life and the man; they cultivated the imaginative faculties, and sought the principle of harmony between internal and external nature.

The Scottish poet, Burns, had genius of so exalted a nature that it almost took the place of knowledge. His inspiration being lyrical he swept the octave of harmony. He felt first the poetry of interior self, begotten of love, come out through him and become a charm, because it conveyed the feelings understood by all, and which had in him an interpreter. Every mind has more or less of poetry in it, and he, who can truly describe his interior personality, is a poet, who will be beloved and admired, because of his common sentiment and reciprocal idealism.

The poetry of Longfellow depicts the mental atmosphere of the man. He followed Nature with a grammatical accuracy. He never allowed his fancy to hold the reins and run riot, but his cultured reason held with a firm grip the lines of inspiration. His mind had moods peculiar to himself. Sometimes the racy lines of harmony would flow easily, at other times he was as dry as the Arabian Desert. He had freaks and fits of inspiration. His lyre had not the rhapsodical chords of Byron; he did not soar into the ethereal realm with Shelley: he flew low and glided upon the surface of poetry with a captivating flight. What an Arcadian sweetness about his "Evangeline": with just and masculine fullness he describes individual character like a true painter. No one can read that production, without rising from the exercise with feelings peculiarly elevated and noble. It is a grand production; perhaps, if there be a fault in it, it follows too slavishly the character of the intellect, rather than the imagination.

Among the large pieces which he has written, the most noble, undoubtedly, is "Hiawatha." It is an Indian tale, simple, primitive, rugged and wild. The versification is a little tricky and monotonous, but it is like the monotony of the sea: it is pleasing of its kind. It is unique. I agree with John Bright, that it is his best production, and its simplicity and grandeur, will be more appreciated in the future, than the past. The tale is simple, but the reflections branch off into the softer hues of an Indian spirituality. It is a very successful attempt to depict the life, manners and thought of a race fast disappearing.

With what charm and rugged influence do those old stories come. This production shows Longfellow to have possessed great elasticity of thought and style. Of course he has mannerisms and peculiarities of style, like every other writer of celebrity. He proved conclusively that an educated man can write and feel the spirit of poetry.

Though not one of the greatest of poets, he had a genius accurate and concentrated but destitute of towering passion. He had no wildness in his soul. He never, ranted: precise, finished, and sometimes a little laboured. His writings will be popular with the young principally. He studied a simple style. I wish all men did so. He grasped the idea thoroughly, that to be a good writer he must write so that people could understand him. He had not the power over human fancy and sympathy equal to the prose of Washington Irving. He had not that playful and graceful humour which make the imagination of the author of the "Sketch Book" so fascinating. He has not written a poem equal in natural veneration and pathos to Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night." I find nothing in his pages comparable, for sympathetic diction, with the same author's lines to a "Mountain Daisy." The fact is

Longfellow never assumed to be a lyric poet. He was himself. His marble is unlike any other marble in the world. He had not a bit of tinsel. He was perfectly genuine. If not 18 caret, he had no dross. His meat was all enjoyable substance and extract. Has not every heart been touched with pleasurable emotion by the "Village Blacksmith," and have not thousands of hearts been enflamed with ambition and enthusiasm as they have watched that youth who "bore midst snow and ice, the banner with the strange device: Excelsior."

That "Excelsior" was cut out of himself. It is the same still, as his spiritual eye penetrates the mazy grandeur of Celestial States; he beholds sphere on sphere and glory upon glory. On the ramparts of each he sees "Excelsior." How beautiful his Muse touches the spiritual. He brings the spirits gloriously from their homes above. Who can read his "Voices of the Night," without realizing that this man knew some of the inhabitants of the Better Land, and that he was even in rapport with some of its inhabitants. If there can be one pleasure more than another to a man of sober aspirations, it is to hold an hour's sweet converse with the dead. The battles and struggles of the world fade. The rivalries and the jealousies of common life melt like alpine snows, when the beloved spirit touches the chord of memory and revives the fond recollections of by-gone days, and with solemn emphasis turns the hopeful eye to those sweet and everlasting scenes where tribulation and sorrow find no place. The mind of a poet is in wonderful harmony with the unseen world.

Longfellow, in the experiences of spiritual phenomena he had, discerned that he and all were surrounded with a world of mind, beating like the waves of the ocean on the sandy shore. Each man receives his quota of that atmospheric influence constituted of the spirit of humanity. None are left without a fair guardian, conditioned by natural law to receive this spiritual presence. There was an educated solemnity in the tone of the Poet's mind. What a noble "Psalm" you sometimes sing—

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream."

There is grand thought and melody of diction written down in that worthy "Psalm." This man's life is an illustration of that "Psalm." When he wrote it he dipped his pen into his own soul. Like that "Psalm," his life echoes—

"Lives of great men all remind you,
You may make your lives sublime,
And departing leave behind you
Footprints on the sands of time."

The spirituality of this poet will be better appreciated when the true worth of spiritual communication is understood.

We must not part with this man without saying that his life is a model, honourable in all its traits,—courageous, generous, conscientious and merciful: a lover of his country and of humanity too. From a study of his literary work, the influences belonging to a great continent, but yet beginning its historical career in the great theatre of the world, throw upon the mind charms and beauties which are little felt on this side of the Atlantic.

MEDIUMSHIP.

THE FLORENTINE WRITING MEDIUM.

To the Editor.—Sir,—I lately told you of a young Italian, a Florentine, named Gino Fanciullacci, who had written a long Dantesque poem in the sight of others, in broad day-light, "without blotting out a line," like Shakespeare with his plays, as Ben Jonson tells us. I have just got the book. In the commencement he makes the following:—

"DECLARATION TO THE READER.

"I cannot claim the paternity of this poem, although it was written by me. It was dictated to me by a spirit.

"GINO FANCIULLACCI."

This book contains more than four hundred pages. It is written, not in blank verse, like Milton's great works, but in "terza rima" or triplet rhyme throughout, like the works of Dante. I have had a letter from this wonderful young medium, who, in answer to my playfully telling him that he should not have told the world about the source of his poem, for that the world only likes inspiration at a distance, returns me the following well-deserved and pertinent rebuke:—

"I beg you not to write of my ingenuousness in having announced the work as the product of a spirit, it was my duty to speak the truth, the judgment of others being of little importance to me whether favourable or unfavourable; and besides, imagine the ridicule that it might have brought upon me."

He tells me that he has "written other works wait-

ing to be published, obtained by the means of other mediocrity."

In the "Revue Spirite" for June, 1881, there was a critique on this poem by Signor Tremeschini, an Italian Engineer and Astronomer at the Pantheon in Paris. He says:—

"One half of this poem is golden, struck with the seal of Dante; a quarter is silver; an eighth is aluminium; the other eighth is of clay. As a whole it is an immortal work. I defy contradiction."

As far as I have read of it, it is highly moral, and also stamped with Christianity. I have tried to translate the first few lines of the poem. Thus:—

"My verses say, how short the life
That man is heir to in the fragile flesh,
And of his future, too, I something tell.
By every road I pass from door to door,
To waken slumbering, dull humanity
To purity of thought.
To you I come, ye careless sons of men,
Who to your passions blindly give the rein,
Who doubt the power of the Primal Mind,
And, all distrustful of the holy word,
Never to high and holy thoughts aspire,
Tho' ever prone to evil; hating truth.
O sons of men, raise then your thoughts on high,
And call to mind the good wrought everywhere,
By that same Love of whom I erstwhile sang."

By this last line, I think, we might imagine that the controlling spirit would assume to be Dante himself, were it not that the spirit, in a short dedication of the book to its writer, says:—

"Do not desire to know my name, such as it is pronounced by men incarnate. I am one of the many spirits who encompass humanity in its painful passage. As interpreter of my wishes you have corresponded with your faculty. I will not eulogise your patience, for that would hurt your delicacy of mind; I only return thanks for the labour lent, and bless you. Adieu."

I may at a future time be able to give further details. The style of the commencement of the poem is not the less Dantesque from being somewhat severe. SENEX.

PHENOMENA AT MR. AND MRS. HERNES' PRIVATE CIRCLE.

8 ALBERT ROAD, FOREST LANE, STRATFORD, E.

[Our correspondent has sent us a long report of a series of sittings. We select the last, as most instructive and comprehensive.]

On the Thursday following (8th instant) we resumed our seance. You will forgive my digressing for a moment just to say, that many times between the Sunday and this Thursday I found myself asking this question: Can it be that after this mortal shall have put on immortality, and my freed spirit enters the Sphere which is its destiny; can it be that I shall meet those who were friends, relatives or acquaintances, on the earth-plane, between whom and myself there was no affinity? If so, rest and peace and happiness would be invaded and our ideal of the "spirit-home" would not be that which we had most fondly hoped and dreamed it was! And the "inner voice" which replied to this, and for the instant seemed to absorb my whole soul, said distinctly: Your belief is right; there is no such thing as an inharmonious sphere; all the dwellers in their several spheres are in perfect affinity: in our Father's House are many Mansions,—hold fast to this most sublime truth.

You will now see the reason for my digression.

As soon as the light was out and our hymn finished, friend "Peter," who appears to have constituted himself "Master of Ceremonies" begins the discourse in his humorous fashion, making way suddenly as it were for "Father Robinson," whose words of consolation to me are ever gratefully treasured. He commenced by urging me not to grieve that my loved one had been taken from me, but to rejoice in the truth of that knowledge—which was mercifully given me in the spiritual communion we were privileged to enjoy,—that all our beloved ones who have gone before us are happy in the spiritual consciousness of life eternal, and are preparing the home of spiritual joy and everlasting peace to which they will take us when God pleases;—and then he said: "You often ask yourself the question, and we are many times asked it also,—Shall we in our spirit-home and life meet with those relatives, friends or acquaintances we have known in the earth-life, and between whom and us there is no affinity? My dear Brother, be assured by us who are all spirit—freed from all which surrounds mortality, that in the sphere to which your loved ones shall take you—their own and your home,—you will meet none but those

who are in affinity with you. Nothing is out of harmony in the spheres. Thank God we are permitted to come to you, and do not desire the change from earth to spirit-life before the time appointed; for the longer you are here in the present world, the riper and more fitted will you become for the glorious change. And now I must not keep you longer, for there are many waiting to manifest themselves, beside those you have seen. Good night, and God bless you all!"

Then friend "Peter" requested the lamp might be lit. This having been done, materialization began—my darling "Clara" came splendidly arrayed in white. She came accompanied by her dear sister "Selina" also arrayed in masses of beautiful white. This was her favourite sister, who passed into the higher life five or more years previously to herself. I have often mentally wished "Clara" would bring her dearest "Selina" with her, and my ardent desire has been gratified, and which I am sincerely thankful to the Father of Mercies for granting. As they both approached in nearness to Mrs. Herne and myself, "Clara" held down her face for Mrs. Herne and myself to see, when a sweet voice coming from "Selina" said, "Rich in Spirit." Then, kissing her hand in answer to me, they both gracefully retired, leaving me overwhelmed with joy and gratitude to the Infinite Spirit of All Good. Next came (I believe) the mother of Mrs. Abbott, and spoke to Mr. A—and herself in a subdued tone. In deep thought I happened to sigh; when "Peter" reproved me saying, "He would not have it." I replied, "I could not help it, it was natural." Then he said—"you must not be natural!"

Suddenly "Peter" said, "Charlie, you are fiddling about that hat on your lap" (a velvet cap which Selina and Clara made): "What is the meaning of this? Why Clara has got a hat here which she says is yours. Have you two hats; because it seems as if she was going to take this one away with her, and I shouldn't like the poor boy to go home 'bald.'" I explained that I left my hat I wore in travelling on the table in the room beneath the seance room. "Well," says "Peter," "I'm blessed if Clara has'n't brought it up from the table below." Then suddenly, a tall and majestic looking spirit emerged from the curtain, and walking straight up to me presented me with my hat and bowing retired! Mrs. Herne asking if this was an Indian friend of mine, "Peter" said, "Yes it is." "John King" then came and released the medium; wishing us all "good night—God bless you!"

And so ended what to me was indeed a glorious spiritual privilege: praise be to God from whom all blessings flow!

CONFIDENCE.

MR. A. DUGUID AS A SPIRITUAL TEACHER.

We receive hundreds of letters to which we have neither the time nor the ability to reply, and we frequently find ourselves in a position requiring light and comfort, which it is almost impossible to find for oneself. In these straights we have sent to Mr. Duguid, Kirkcaldy, a piece of magnetised paper, and have had back from him in return the true words of a wise counsellor and the kindly intentions of a brother; and when these cheering words, amidst the gloom, have reached our souls, we have wished that others could partake of the same advantages in times of doubt and trouble.

We therefore suggested to Mr. Duguid that he should allow himself to be put into communication with earnest inquirers, whose object is spiritual light and direction, and not fortune-telling tests. A long experience firmly convinces us that the spiritual state and the motives of the querist have much to do with the nature of the reply. To humour correspondents in their abnormal moods and desires to create "business" for the "seer," is most disastrous to all parties and to the Cause of Spiritualism. We believe the time is coming when a higher form of spiritual work will be required and appreciated, and we, therefore, call attention to the step which Mr. Duguid has consented to take. A few extracts from his letter will be interesting:—

"I have a strong desire to promote the interests of Spiritualism, and although it is a name that is in many quarters abhorred, still I consider it holds in its grasp the very elements of true reform, and is the most effectual agent in breaking up the old and conceited notions of our fellow-beings in their conceptions of truth. I hold to it with no idea of pecuniary advantage, but having got a taste of the water of mental freedom, I would like to see 'wells' established for the good of everybody.

"I have always considered it a duty to stand by the colours of the MEDIUM; not that its Editor agreed with me on all points, but that he was fighting for Truth against his own convenience and worldly advantage: so like myself, and, therefore, deserving a brother's sympathy and help as much as lies in his power to give. I felt constrained to speak out the loudest when others condemned the Editor; because I saw that the vessel which held the Master's form, Truth, would get through all storms. It is a fact, I have gone up and down with every wave that beset the editorial bark, and felt pleased at every blink of sunshine. We look forward to the consolidation of a spiritual structure in this country,—a Jerusalem which will be the joy of the whole earth, with its temple and glorious Shekinah, the ever-abiding presence of the Eternal.

"As you desire, I am agreeable to invest my stock of spiritual experience in the building up of this city, and give of the gold of spiritual life as far as my ability commands."

Isolated Spiritualists who would like to exchange thoughts with a true brother, and derive light and information from the process, may correspond with Mr. Duguid, not forgetting to enclose the necessary half-crown to pay him for his time in giving a reply. A genuine interest in the progress of truth will make such correspondence deeply interesting, whereas narrow personal motives will lead to disappointment. We would warn both sides on this point.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

PRESENTATION OF PORTRAITS IN OIL AT KEIGHLEY.

A few weeks ago Mr. Joseph Smith, the Secretary of the Keighley Spiritualists, stated in these columns that oil paintings were being prepared of Mr. D. Weatherhead, and two trance mediums, Messrs. Wright and Shackleton, who may be regarded as the pioneer workers in the Cause of Spiritualism in this country. We regret that the Committee in charge of the arrangements have not kept the matter more prominently before the Movement: many would have been glad to have taken part in such a commemoration and testimonial, either by being present or by contributing something towards the £30 necessary to procure the paintings. Those who desire to aid in that matter, should remit to Mr. Joseph Smith, 5, Princess Street, Keighley, Yorkshire.

Mr. Smith now desires us to make known that the presentation and entertainment will take place on Saturday, July 8; but no further particulars are given.

Our reminiscences of Mr. Weatherhead are of the pleasantest. He was a grand old man; a noble patriarch, and a credit to any Cause. He was the embodiment of liberal ideas. He knew no distinction between Secularist and Spiritualist; and yet no man was a more staunch and immovable upholder of what he knew to be true. David Weatherhead was no time-server; and yet he was the kind friend of all however ignorant and bigotted. He was a rigid vegetarian and teetotaler, and his genial life-giving magnetism was food for the weary soul.

Aftering a long wearing tour, it was a grateful halt to stop a few hours in the midst of that good old English family, and partake of the pure vegetarian fare so abundantly and heartily placed on the table by Mrs. Weatherhead. In good Yorkshire fashion, Mr. Weatherhead would kindly urge the visitor to spare nothing placed before him. The playful reply: "No danger of that; I've been coming all day on purpose," would cause the host to laugh with good-natured expression, which showed how pleased he was to have a temporary enlargement to his family.

We remember officiating at the opening of the Lyceum, some twelve years ago. The crowd was great. Both rooms were filled. In the evening the yard was used as a place of assembly, and the speaker stood on the stairs.

Mr. Wright and Mr. Shackleton are worthy lieutenants of such a general as Mr. Weatherhead. They have worked faithfully for many years, and well deserve any honour or consideration placed upon them. We hope Mr. D. Richmond, of Darlington, the Apostle of the work, will be present at the Jubilee. In the good old days when Mr. Weatherhead was treasurer, these matters were easily and quietly accomplished. We hope his successors are worthy of the honour of following in his footsteps, and that Mr. Richmond will be enabled to be present without any tax on his means or loss to himself.

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

We have been instructed by Mr. Joseph Gibson, 3, Clyde Terrace, Bishop Auckland, to announce that he is most happy to act as Honorary Secretary in the matter of arranging Mr. T. M. Brown's farewell meetings in all parts of the country, as far as time will permit of his visiting them, prior to his departure for Australia. It speaks well for the esteem in which Mr. Brown is held, that Mr. Gibson, who has known Mr. Brown from the beginning of his mediumship, should thus heartily take hold of the arrangement of these meetings. Bishop Auckland is close to Mr. Brown's home, and it is an excellent centre for any good spiritual work. We name these matters for the encouragement of Mr. Brown's friends everywhere, that they may do their utmost to make this final effort on behalf of their respected friend a grand success, of which all will be honestly proud.

Mr. Gibson writes:—

"Will you be so good as to announce in the next issue of your valuable paper, that societies or others who may be wishful to engage the services of Mr. Brown, should write to me at once, so that the necessary arrangements may be made. Mr. Brown, with his large family, will stand in need of all the pecuniary assistance they can get, the expenses of such a long journey being very heavy; I, therefore, on behalf of Mr. Brown, appeal to the generosity of Spiritualists generally, and shall be pleased to receive whatever they may be disposed to give."

Contributions from those who cannot be present at these farewell benefit meetings will be thankfully received by Mr. Gibson.

We have pleasure in printing the following excellent letter from Middlesborough:—

"Mr. Burns.—Dear Sir,—There is a feeling in this Borough, among the Spiritualists, that we ought to be one of the fifty places to give Mr. T. M. Brown a FAREWELL PARTY before he leaves England. Mr. Brown is highly respected in this quarter. It was he who gave us the first 'Trance Address,' at which I had the pleasure of taking the chair. I have consented to act as Secretary, and do all I can towards getting up the party. Will you, Mr. Burns, kindly inform the public, through your excellent paper, the MEDIUM, of such fact. I had a letter from Mr. Brown this morning, and have replied stating the above. I am, dear sir, yours etc., THOS. F. CHARLTON.

"Vice-President of Middlesborough Spiritualists' Institution.

"12, Yew Street, Brentnall Street, Middlesborough.

"June 20, 1882."

It will be in order for local secretaries to communicate their announcements to the Hon. Sec. Mr. Gibson, but we shall at all times be glad to receive such letters as the above for publication.

THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUALISM.

AMERICAN ADVERTISING MEDIUMS.

The logic of events furnishes a curious commentary on the "progress of Spiritualism." We have seen the following announcement cut from a Rochester, New York, paper, under the head of "Amusements":—

"Grand Opera House, this Sunday evening, April 23rd, Religious Illustrated Lecture on Spiritualism. Miss Anna Eva Fay, assisted by Miss Louise Kearnes, of San Francisco, Prof. C. C. Braddon, and Dr. Mack, of England. Miss Fay is the only Medium that has the indorsement of the Royal Society of London, Eng., Prof. Crookes, Sergeant Cox and Varley. Some of the demonstrations that usually take place—Spirit-Music, Spirit-Forms, Spirit-Faces, Spirit-Hands, Beautiful Birds Materialized, the Spirit-Babies, the Wonderful Goblet Test, Beautiful Flowers Materialized and passed to the audience by hands plainly seen, and others of a most startling nature. Prices, 15 cents, 25 cents and 35 cents. Doors open at 7 o'clock."

The foregoing announcement presents a curious medley of characteristics: "Grand Opera House," "Sunday Evening," "Religious Lecture," "Spiritualism," "Startling Wonders," and the inevitable "Cents" admission. Dr. Mack, announced to be present, was at the date in London, and Miss Kearnes, now Mrs. Lowe, was no doubt absent also. Professor Braddon would be that experienced showman who exhibited Eva Fay in this country. The Royal Society never "indorsed" her or any other medium, and the same may be said of the eminent names quoted. These gentlemen have reported Phenomena which have occurred in their presence, through Eva Fay and other mediums, but that is not "indorsing" any medium. This American trade term is one which to us is quite meaningless, except as a cat's paw wherewith to impose on the public.

Thirty-four years ago, the Fox girls were being publicly exhibited in that same Rochester; they were put to grievous tortures to satisfy the demands of popular ignorance. That cradle of the Movement has progressed backwards, if we are to assume that its inhabitants patronised the "Sunday Evening "Amusement" and "Religious" show.

The American Rogue and Vagabond system of promoting (?) Spiritualism, is the shortest road to its extinguishment. The organs and active men of the Movement across the Atlantic are chiefly engaged in manufacturing artificial reputations for men and women who have lost their characters. Spiritualism as a science is ignored, and as a religion is brought into contempt, by an endless shindy respecting the merits and demerits of the shows got up by tramping adventurers for their own special benefit.

Eva Fay was and is no doubt a medium, but as she has prostituted her gifts in that direction, no reliability can be attached to them. The same is true of all the whole mercenary army of mediums. By their mediumistic promiscuity, they place themselves in the same position mediumistically, as they would personally if they made themselves the subjects of sexual promiscuity.

When will Spiritualists open their eyes and observe that there are laws of mediumship that cannot be broken with impunity? The medium's position embodies an organic relationship of the most delicate kind. This organic law is altogether obscured by the almighty dollar; and mechanical devices to entrap rogues are recommended in place of spiritual light to detect truth!

Really this is a go-ahead age!

HOW THE HELP COMES.

We respectfully solicit the friends of the Cause to favour the Spiritual Institution with a subscription for 1882. It is urgently needed or we would not ask. The difficulties that others have experienced in spiritual work, will convince all that our appeal is not groundless.

Friends of the Cause need not be reminded of the trials which it has passed through these few years; yet amidst it all the Spiritual Institution has held on its onward course. Our efforts have been thrown in freely; but, notwithstanding, it is necessary that others also do a share.

Strangers, who read the MEDIUM, and are interested in the progress of the work, and who can afford to do so, are respectfully asked to remit us a small contribution. Many could afford their guinea, 10s., 5s., or 1s., and who would be all the happier for doing their part in what they profess to regard as a good work.

It is of importance that we receive all the help possible early in the week. The following sums we gratefully acknowledge receipt of.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Makdougall Gregory	3 0 0
Mr. H. Wedgwood	1 0 0
Mr. James Hops	1 0 0
M. W. M. Hollis	0 10 0
Miss Hickinbotham	0 10 0
"Violet"	0 5 0
Mr. William Jackson	0 2 6
Mr. J. Ridley	1 0 0
Mrs. Popham	1 0 0
"Asphodel,"	0 5 0
Mr. F. Tennyson	0 10 0
Mrs. H. Phillips	0 3 0
Mr. J. Howard	0 1 6
Mr. T. Farrall	0 11 4
Mr. Wainwright	0 16 0
Mrs. Manby	0 2 0
Mrs. Slatter	0 2 6
Mr. H. Gray	0 5 0
"Little Help"	1 0 0
Miss Wing	0 2 0
"S. E. C."	0 2 6
Mr. G. Tiffany	0 1 0
Miss Davidson	0 4 0
Mr. Benest	0 1 4
A friend per Mrs. Barber	0 2 0
K.	1 0 0

WEEP NOT!

IMPROMPTU VERSES SENT TO S. C. HALL Esq., F.S.A.

"Weep not," says Faith, "behind the cloud there's light;
Behold its struggling rays;
Nay, look again, how dim is earthly sight:
Within thine eye the haze!"

"Weep not for her, a ripe and golden sheaf
For Heaven's celestial floor;
She hath eternal light through shadows brief—
The King one angel more."

To weep is human, love's refreshed by tears;
E'en joy's excesses weep;
One tear, alone, dishonours, wrung by fears
That Providence may sleep.

Heav'n's ways are labyrinthine; to our sight
They seem a tangled maze,
But angels tread each path—we see no light
Through Heav'n's o'erpow'ring blaze.

The "sweetheart wife" the "husband lover" seeks—
He calls with sobs and tears,
But looks above: Love's soothing echo speaks
From brighter, blissful spheres.

The lifted hand would seem the air to grasp,
The eye on naught to shine;
Him now we can behold an angel clasp,—
A form of light divine.

He sees her waiting in a peaceful land,
Where Love and Truth are flowers;
He hears the angel harpers "nigh at hand,"—
Strength comes with failing powers!

February 1st, 1881.

J. KYNERSLEY LEWIS.

QUEBEC HALL.—On Sunday last, Mr. Whitley gave an address descriptive of Dreams he has been the subject of: a most interesting address, owing to the significant character of his Dreams, to interpret which he has not yet found a Joseph or a Daniel among all the Spiritualist friends. This speaks to me: Why cannot? Is there a cause.—A MEDIUM.

A Concert will be given at Neumeyer Hall, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, on Thursday evening, June 29th, at 8 o'clock in "Aid of the Mansion House Fund for the Relief of the Persecuted Russian Jews." The entertainment of vocal and instrumental music will be of a rich and high class order. A trained choir of sixty voices will assist. The first part will consist of selections from a new sacred cantata, entitled "Bostanai," by the Hon. Director, Rev. M. Hast, of the Great Synagogue, performed for the first time. Stalls, 5s., Admission, 2s. 6d. Tickets may be obtained at the Spiritual Institution.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF THE MEDIUM For the year 1882 in Great Britain.

As there will be 52 Numbers of the MEDIUM issued in 1882, the price will be—

One copy, post free, weekly	0 2	...	per annum	0 8 8
Two copies	0 4	...		0 17 4
Three "	0 5½	...		1 3 10
Four "	0 7½	...		1 12 6
Five "	0 9	...		1 19 0
Six "	0 10½	...		2
Thirteen "	1 6	...		2 18
Additional copies, post free, 1½d. each per week, or 6s. 6d. per year.				

THE "MEDIUM" FOR 1882 POST FREE ABROAD.

One copy will be sent weekly to all parts of Europe, United States, and British North America, for 8s. 8d.

To India, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and nearly all other countries, for 10s. 10d.

Money Orders may now be sent from nearly every country and colony to London through the Post Office. In other cases a draft on London, or paper currency, may be remitted.

All orders for copies, and communications for the Editor, should be addressed to Mr. JAMES BURNS, Office of the MEDIUM, 15, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

The MEDIUM is sold by all newsvendors, 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 23, 1882.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The importance and uses of spirit-intercourse are almost universally ignored by Spiritualist and non-Spiritualist alike. The former expects that the spirits shall tell him everything, and the latter sneeringly says, "The spirits have communicated no new or useful thing." From notes of reports appearing in these columns, we observe that mediumistic communications are regarded as "knowledge;" and it is this unwarrantable assumption and priestly pretense that gives point to the sneer in the opposite direction.

All kinds of mental action are forms of spirit-communion; that is, the expression on the sense-plane of ideas more or less interiorly derived. Entrancement, clairaudience, clairvoyance, do not permit the person thus endowed to know or obtain knowledge deeper than the mental and spiritual development is capable of reaching to. We are not knowing by being placed in communication with persons endowed with knowledge. Such communion may assist us to obtain knowledge; but no one can know for us vicariously, or by substitution.

Spirit-communication, then, like all other forms of mental action, is simply a form of personal development, and those who do not regard the matter in this light, never derive improvement from their spiritual privileges. Because the spirit knows, and can talk to you, that does not argue that its knowledge can be imparted to you, as you would hand a letter to the postman. A clairaudient—a very intelligent person—was talking the other day to her familiar spirit, on the merits of McDowall's philosophy. The clairaudient could not master it, and sought for aid from the spirit who was conversing with her in the physically inaudible voice. The spirit confessed that she knew as little about the matter as the medium she was talking to. "Can't you bring some one here who does understand it?" asked the clairaudient. "That would be no use," replied the spirit, "for you do not throw out an element that could be impressed with that kind of subject." To receive, we must have the function of receptivity, and of a kind suitable to the thing being offered to us. One person can receive a lesson in music, and another in mathematics—just in accordance with the faculty possessed by the recipient. The teacher that is useful to the one, is worse than useless to the other.

These thoughts are suggested by the narrative of A.T.T.P. "Darwin" did not intend to communicate then, but the conversation of the Recorder with the controlling spirit enabled him to do so. A.T.T.P. is well read in science, and thus throws out an element which can receive the Darwin idea. This method is the central idea of The Order of Spiritual

Teachers. By gentle and harmonious mental action, the mind sends out tendrils that spirit-friends can lay hold of, and thus establish a link of communication with our minds. This is why the spirit always, nearly, speaks in the mood and form of thought of the aura thus used, as all the communications we publish more or less attest.

Yet the spirit stands up for identity. The sweeping condemnation of those on the dark side of the hedge, is opinion without knowledge. No doubt the spirit is aware of the transformation of his sentiments into a phraseology foreign to his personal language when on earth, but he does not on that account permit himself to be argued out of existence. This is a line of inquiry that we would be glad to see more diligently followed out.

Mr. J. O. Wright's control this week is yet a fresh importation of thought in many respects, almost superceding the style of past efforts. There is evidently a work of development going forward.

Mr. T. M. Brown will lecture at Belper, on Sunday evening and give private seances during the remainder of his stay. Address letters up till Tuesday, care of Mr. H. Wheeldon, Builder, Bridge Street, Belper. Mr. Brown expects to be in London before the end of next week. Address letters, Mr. Brown, 15, Southampton Row, W.C. He will remain in London a few days. During this, his last visit, he will be glad to be favoured with the kind patronage of all friends. While in London he hopes to complete arrangements for the journey home, via Belper, Manchester, Leeds, Malton, Wigan, Southport, Middlesborough, Stockton, Darlington, Newcastle, Gateshead, Consett, and Bishop Auckland. Respecting the dates of farewell soirees or social meetings, correspondence should be sent to Mr. Joseph Gibson, 3, Clyde Terrace, Bishop Auckland, who is kindly acting as Honorary Secretary, on behalf of Mr. Brown's friends, in the matter of this farewell tour.

The articles on the "Geozonic Spheres" are now finished and the author has been encouraged by numerous correspondents to have them collected and published in book form. To this step he is agreeable, but being a poor labouring man, he has not the capital to invest in such an undertaking. The work, if done at all, must be done by subscription. A great many readers have been interested in these articles, and if they would come forward, and each do what is possible, it would then be seen what was practicable in this matter. May we beg the favour of an early response, either to Mr. Thomas or the Editor of the MEDIUM, that the question may be decided one way or the other.

Mr. and Mrs. Horn, of the United States, arrived in London a few weeks ago, and that excellent medium, Mrs. Horn, was at once influenced to add to her remarkable book, "The Next World." We have recommenced the work of printing, and have just put into type characteristic papers from "Emerson," "George Eliot," and "Beaconsfield," who discourses like a statesman on the "political situation," particularly as it affects our relations with Ireland, and the Land question. The climate of London operated so prejudicially on Mrs. Horn's delicate health, that she had to remove with her husband to the French Coast, and they are at present in Paris. "The Next World," when completed, will be double the value of what was at first anticipated. The previous portion has been in type for over two years, but it was not sufficient to make a five shilling book, and hence it has lain by till the time arrived when the purposes of the spirit-world could be further carried out.

The second edition of Mr. Sinnett's "Occult World" is ready for delivery. Its success in this country was mainly due to the vigorous review of it in these columns, by the premier occultist, Mr. Hargrave Jennings.

Mr. Harrison has issued a second edition of Professor Zöllner's work on spiritual phenomena, at the nominal price of 3s. 6d. The cost of the first edition was 12s. 6d.

MR. J. C. WRIGHT AT BELPER.

Notwithstanding the time of the year, the meetings here continue to be very well attended. On Sunday evening last the Lecture Hall was densely crowded to hear the guides of Mr. Wright. In the absence of Mr. W. P. Adshead, who we regret to say is still unwell, Mr. Smedley took the chair. The subject in the morning: "Happiness and how to obtain it," was handled in an able manner. In the evening every part of the Hall was crowded. The control dealt with "Our Heavenly Homes and the flowers they have in them." It was a beautiful lecture; the audience attesting its appreciation by repeated rounds of applause. The friends think that Mr. Wright improves every time they hear him. He is very much over-worked, and will have to take care, or there will be a recurrence of the symptoms of a fortnight ago.—Cor.

CIRCLE & PERSONAL MEMORANDA

LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. Britten's meetings on Sunday were very successful.—We are authorised to state that no more meetings will be held at No. 11, Towerland Street, in consequence of the removal of Mr. J. C. Wright.

KIRKCALDY.—Mr. Duguid has taken a hall for Sunday meetings, and is hopeful of being the instrument of useful work in the Cause. Kirkcaldy is a good spiritual centre, and true friends of the Cause will gather round this effort.

A happy thought has struck the London Spiritualists to spend a Sunday afternoon in July in Epping Forest. Particulars are given in Mr. Lishman's weekly communication, and further details are promised.

Mr. Towns's Tuesday evening sittings, at 15, Southampton Row, are as well-attended as ever, which fact renders it evident that visitors are on the whole satisfied, and that Mr. Towns, in thus freely bestowing his services, is satisfying a public want.

Miss Lottie Fowler hopes to be able to make her announcements next week respecting her forthcoming visit to Liverpool. Meanwhile she gives private sittings daily, and a general seance on Wednesday evenings at 7, Gower Street. See advertisement.

BELPER.—Mrs. Thompson Nosworthy will speak at Belper on Sunday, July 9th, and give a Dramatical Entertainment on the following day. Her visit to Leeds announced last week, has been postponed till Sunday to permit of better arrangements.

LEEDS.—Mrs. Thompson Nosworthy will deliver an address on "What is Spiritualism," on Sunday evening, in the Society's Rooms, Tower Buildings, Woodhouse Lane. We understand that this lady intends to come out more upon the spiritual platform, in accordance with instructions from her father, the late Mr. George Thompson.

There was a large show of princes and princesses at the ball of the Duchess de Pomar (Lady Caithness) the other evening. Among them were the Princess de Bauffremont, the Princess de Montholon, the Princess Lise Troubetzkoi, the Prince and Princess Jean Troubetzkoi, the Princess Alexandra Troubetzkoi, and Prince de Bauffremont. At the conclusion of the brilliant event a cotillon infernal was given, conducted by Prince Troubetzkoi and M. Carlos de Predroso.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE "MEDIUM."

The MEDIUM is and has been so universally approved of, that we wonder that its admirers do not exert themselves to the full to extend its circulation. Simply by getting the paper read as widely as possible the Cause may be effectually extended without further trouble or expense; and, at the same time, all other means of work will be thereby helped, not hindered or superseded. This is a grand idea; in getting ourselves in, we crush nobody out.

Praise of the MEDIUM does not in the least please us personally, or help us in our laborious struggle to keep it up. What we want is the co-operation of every reader to add to the number of weekly perusers. We know that many do their share in this good work already; but there are thousands of minds who would gladly read the MEDIUM if it were placed before them. One day last week we had letters from two strangers asking if we could recommend to them a good weekly paper on the subject. They knew of the Spiritual Institution, and Burns, 15, Southampton Row, but did not know of the MEDIUM, or any other paper. Here, let us point out, in parenthesis, the value of the Spiritual Institution as a permanent public centre to the Work: it is the well-known and recognised organ of the Movement.

Can our friends not make up their minds to do a little more, to make the MEDIUM valuable to the Cause? Give us your thoughts and experiences on this important work. The paper will be read eagerly by minds of very diverse tendencies. A gentleman handed the last two numbers to a friend of agnostic views, who was delighted with what he found about Darwin and Garibaldi in our columns. Keep us supplied with the needful support, and we will be enabled to do much more of this outside work; and thus extend the boundaries of the spiritual field. Unless we sell 500 extra copies for every engraving we insert, we are out of pocket by the act. How is it to be expected that we are to keep on giving, unless we find a shoulder-to-shoulder pull in the same direction from the multitude who really reap the benefit.

Writes a Liverpool correspondent: "All the MEDIUMS were sold out in the morning, and had none for sale in the afternoon and the evening on the occasion of Mrs. Britten's visit yesterday." We are sorry to hear of such dearth and privation. We can assure our Liverpool friends that there is no lack of corn in Egypt; we will send on an extra bushel of the Garibaldi crop, with the Longfellow reaping, so that on Sunday the disappointed ones may be supplied.

THE SPIRIT-MESSENGER.

THE HUMAN SENSES.

A CONTROL BY "CHARLES DARWIN."

Reported by A. T. T. P., June 11, 1882.

Whilst I was having a control by "Thomas Carlyle," being thirsty and my hand being tired I asked for a respite; and after asking for the name of the controlling spirit, and being told who it was, the spirit said:

"I have come here accompanied by 'Charles Darwin,' and that the subject matter of this control, viz., 'The Importance of Small Things,' was in accord with and illustrative of Darwin's life-long labour, showing the stupendous results in creation from apparently small causes."

I told him I was glad he had brought "Darwin"; that I recollected Darwin at Shrewsbury School, when Dr. Butler was Head Master, and that Darwin was leaving the School when I went; but that I had seen him several times on his visits to Shrewsbury; and that afterwards, and the last time I had seen him, was in 1836, at Simon's Town, Cape of Good Hope, when he was Naturalist to the "Beagle," Captain Fitzroy. I asked "Carlyle" to ask "Darwin" whether he recollected the "Beagle" speaking a merchant ship in distress, a few days before they got into Simon's Bay? and got for an answer: "Yes, we supplied her with some water." "Carlyle" told me, "'Darwin' will not control to-day, but he will on some future day; I want to bring him within your aura."

I then had an interesting discussion on "The Value of Small Things," in which I gave my views and experiences. I said I had been a tolerably successful man in life, and that I attributed my success to my appreciation of common place, and that I preferred eighteen shillings' worth of fourpenny pieces to the sovereign for which I could not get change. I said there was nothing so insignificant in nature but what was worthy of thought, and that thought, in fact, was the battle-horse on which life could be successfully carried to an useful end. I said I had read, with much interest, Darwin's works, and had just finished his book on "Worms," which certainly afforded a splendid illustration of great results from small causes. I said I was glad to find that Darwin, notwithstanding the views of those with whom he was associated, never ventured to deny the Something beyond the mere Force and Matter, and that he held his hand if he did not affirm. He did not, like many others (Huxley included), venture to deny the existence of an Intelligent First Cause. I said that, in my view, the battle with Matter must be fought out by Thought,—that essence emanating from the Great First Cause, pervading matter, from and through inorganic to organic matter, culminating in man. I said that it was the force brought into play by thought, that handled matter and made it subservient to man's will, and that every operation by man on matter required thought: even the trifling affair of putting pins in the pin-cushion before me required thought: the very user of a shovel (there was one—a sample—in the window recess) required the exercise of thought, so as not to distress the worker; and that, to my mind, it was worse than useless to say Mind, Soul, Reason (or call it what you may) was a consequence of Matter.

Whilst I was thus dilating, the controlling spirit, "Carlyle," said, "I can not hold control any longer. 'Charles Darwin' wants to control. Take down this note: In answer to your remarks 'Charles Darwin' will control,—the remark, that 'even the user of a shovel requires thought.'"

Here the Medium was suddenly convulsed, and was controlled by the spirit of Charles Darwin, who said:—

Yes, that was my theory, only, perhaps, a little more specific, but let me now speak of man. Man was my study throughout

life; but I do not intend to go through the physical formation of man; that I shall do at another time. I am merely going to enlarge somewhat on your ideas, which I have heard in the pleasant conversation you have been holding with the last spirit. Therefore I shall only speak of man's senses: Sight, Smell, Touch, Taste, and Hearing.

Now, when on earth I looked for information to the great grand rules which reached the will, reached the mind, I may say, now, reached the soul. I did not know, clearly, what to say when with you on earth, when intellectually impelled. The senses of man are the sentinels preserving his physical form from harm. To describe each sense fully would tire your hand; but I shall briefly describe them. First, there are the two eyes: one would have done for vision, but would have broken the symmetry of appearance. How beautifully the eye is formed of its several coats and humour, and the transparent cornea which meets the ray of light; the choroid coat, which absorbs light's superfluous rays, those rays which would make the picture obscure on the retina. It is, perhaps, one of the greatest of all physical formations—the human eye. Every picture on the retina is an inverted picture of the object looked at; so far science has reached, so far I held out my hand and grasped it. How the brain uses this inverted picture on the retina must have been one of the primeval laws of some great and intelligent Cause, that, acting behind force, formed all things.

I was pleased at your knowledge of scientific works of late years, and of your reference to Huxley's hasty conclusions. "Carlyle" has been speaking to you against ill-considered conclusions, and so shall I. All scientists, all theorists, all philosophers, all discoverers respecting the study of man, can see, and examine in parts, the beautiful creative design, can follow its workings a certain distance, and then each and all, sir, (I was no exception) are lost in Immensity. I believe that there are, amongst men, those whose footsteps have carried them to the confines of finite knowledge. It is given to you to carry their footsteps nearer to the Infinite of all Wisdom, Power, and Love; were I in the form I would give all my years of life all too willingly to follow your pursuits. The soul's chief enjoyment is the sense of sight, through the eye. The soul revels in the works of God, its Maker; by its intellect has the soul discovered the hidden treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and when aided by the discovery of the science of optics, and the wonders revealed by the telescope and the microscope, then has the soul cause to say—"Thou art my Lord, my God."

The Hand—what discoverer in mechanics has ever invented an instrument half so ingeniously formed? God makes it the medium when some defective organization has caused the loss of sight: God makes the hand the medium of information to the striving soul. The hand then becomes eloquent—it speaks to the soul through the tips of the fingers. God has been very careful of the immortal imperishable soul whilst on earth.

Taste, with its foremost instrument, the tongue, with its little papillæ placed near the tip, and which are formed of the finest extremities of the gustatory nerve: it speaks to the soul in its way, and it speaks to other souls sometimes for their advancement, and sometimes for their debasement.

The soul also finds hidden pleasure in the sense of Smell: it lays the whole of God's floral kingdom before it.

Then comes the delicate and intricate machinery through which the soul hears. Volumes could be filled on this piece of handywork of our God. The vibrations are concentrated and conveyed to membranes known as the drum, and then they are reformed, increased, and carried into the equally wonderfully-constructed internal ear, and then on to the auditory nerves; and then the primary law of God comes in, and sound is conveyed to the brain, and thence to the soul.

Then we must not pass over the phenomena of sleep. "Sleep," which, as the immortal bard has described it, is "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." Well, what is sleep? It is the soul's period of rest. It is natural to all that have life, even to all that do not possess a nervous system like man. None can define how much sleep is necessary for another to produce soul-refreshment. Some bodies require very tender care on the part of the soul that inhabits them, because more easily exhausted, less enabled to re-create the brain. This is a scientific truthful fact; some sleep but little and are refreshed, and some sleep much with as little refreshment as the soul who sleeps but little.

Now what effect has this rest on man? It re-creates the soul-power, brightens the soul-faculty; it makes it strong for the coming struggles of the day. There are persons who seem to be scarcely ever awake; souls who are almost always torpid, whose faculties are never aroused by continued thought, and whose judgments are, as a rule, puerile and useless. These men are all body and little soul; men whose brains have become torpid by the body's inactivity. They want rousing up, they want that to which you were partial—"Labour." Work—that is the panacea for torpidity; work, and plenty of it.

Now, I am going further to refer to the last part of our conversation—Sleep. It is attended with dreams! this is disturbed sleep, and bears no part in the restoration of exhausted energy.

It is bad to dream. There is forgetfulness in waking, but there is nothing explained of this forgetfulness, and, although universal, it is, up to the present, scientifically unexplained.

The division between instinct and reason is marked prominently; although I could not explain this difference, still I recognised that it existed. He who gave wisdom to the gnat, who taught the bee a scientific form for its cell, gave peculiar laws to every department of animal nature, and gave man his crowning gift—Reason. By instinct the animal is guided and governed; by reason man is guided, governed, and judged. Man has instincts, too, as strong as in any created animal in any form, but he has God's crowning reason to govern them. Man can look back on the past; he can look forward to the future; he can reflect; he can anticipate; he can form new designs for the success of to-morrow to retrieve the failings of yesterday.

I am glad, then, for this great gift of reason. In earth-life I did not think it strong enough to pierce beyond the veil, and seek for something beyond the home of its body; but if I was not convinced that it lay within man's power, still early in life I determined to live as if man was responsible for the use of all the gifts given by God. This was a happy conclusion of mine, not an unhappy one—I stumbled on the one great law of obedience which God demanded from his children. Let no man, sir, on this earth, fancy that he is exempt from this law, for no man living is free from it. Be his gifts or advantages few, or be he the leader in science or art, or of the soul's hopes, he is equally, proportionately responsible to God for the employment of his soul-power, and those that abuse or neglect this power are miserable in eternity. I mean, that I have seen some of the brightest contemporaries of my own who are now miserable in eternity. God has no punishment of eternal condemnation: their misery, in obedience to the law of progression, sooner or later passes away. God help them; for myself, I have renewed happiness—a happiness ever remaining. It was when I heard you saying that I had been, and that others also had been, through the help of God, the humble instruments to save you from heavy dark materialism, that then I had one of those happy thrills of soul that I cannot explain, but which you, in certain moments of joy, have felt, and which I am still experiencing.

God in heaven bless you. I promise to come again, and if my subject is dry to many, it will, at least, prove to them that I am at least myself and no other, a fact which they seem to question in many cases. It is, as "Carlyle" has said, through ill-judged conclusions that identity is made a vexed question. I can as little explain to you why doubt should act and be a power, as I could successfully explain why will should act and be a power. All I can say is, I know they are powers, and this is all that any other spirit can assert. I could be myself and yet not myself before others, because of their doubts; but I will, in my next visit to you, be myself and no other, because there is no doubt with you.

This visit, according to promise, was fulfilled; and I trust that the following Control will find a vacant space in the MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

WHAT CLAIRVOYANTS SEE.

THE GEOZONIC SPHERES.—XII.

(Concluded.)

To the Editor.—Sir,—We now quit the Space which contains the Seven Spheres, and enter upon the subject of the Fourth Crustation. I have, in past articles, given hints relative to the existence of the Fourth Crust, which envelopes that on which we dwell with all our spirit-spheres. This Fourth Crust is situated at about two thousand miles from our surface; and is about two thousand miles in diameter. The substance of the Fourth Crust is essentially the same as our own, for there is nothing in our crustal formation which does not exist in the Fourth. The great and grand difference consists in conditional changes; for the condition of matter in the fourth formation is entirely unlike that which we witness on the present plane of existence,—as different as number Three Crust is to that of number Two, or perhaps more so. Hence it is that those circumambient zones, which we look upon as being above us, form no perceptible obstruction to our vision, when looking at those celestial objects that populate the boundless fields of space—that vast expanse that lies beyond and around this speck on which we dwell.

The assignable reason for what, at first thought, might appear anomalous, is, that only matter existing in similar conditions to our present earthly organism,

can possibly become objective realities to our outer senses. We see the sun, the moon, and the stars, simply because the matter entering into the constitution of those orbs, does exist, under similar conditions, to the matter which enters into the composition of the eye, the optic nerve, and the brain; and before matter can become the object of our external senses, it must be brought into the same condition as our senses. Hence it is that we, in looking up toward the star-bespangled firmament, experience no interception between us and the objects of our nightly observations; and at the same time, the Fourth Crustation which intervenes, is composed of matter as real as that which forms the object of our sensations.

Hence, the Fourth Crust contains all the elemental particles of the Third, with certain additions and modifications. Thus, the matter of the Fourth is the sublimation of the Third. Yes, the Third Crustation is the parent of the Fourth, so far as the material is concerned.

I now come to notice a particular which might be designated "a scientific puzzle": the existence of meteoric matter, and the falling of meteoric stones; for it is a well-known and publicly recognised fact, that stones fall from the region above, at irregular intervals, to the surface of this earth: and, What conjectures have been formed respecting their origin! But if mankind will but condescend to accept what angels and spirits of the Sixth Sphere have thought fit to publish in these articles, the problem is at once and for ever solved. Their teachings are, that what we term meteoric stones, is refuse matter belonging to the Fourth Formation: a kind of matter incapable of sublimation, a kind of dross, which, when first the same began to separate from matter more sublime, was not that dense substance it assumes on reaching this our earth, but simply a hazy substance, existing in a state of vapour, which at the first is quite transparent, but which, on descending, becomes more dense, until finally it reaches our atmosphere, when it becomes further transformed, and undergoes a further change. And thus it gradually becomes more dense, until at last, it finds its last resting place, amid its kindred matter, upon our surface.

For matter, not existing under similar conditions to this earth's surface, exhibits no tendency whatever to descend to our plane of existence. Hence, at the first, the movement of this meteoric matter would be very slow, in fact, scarcely perceptible; but as it descends, its earthly conditions become more apparent: but its earthly condition is not the result of its falling, but its falling is the result of its earthly condition.

Thousands of years back, these meteoric falls were more frequent than now. But why do I say thousands of years? Yes, tens of thousands of years back: for, What is a thousand years in the production of those gigantic changes that must have transpired, amid the rumblings and the rollings of the Geozonic Spheres?

Now, the Fourth Crust forms the platform for Celestial Intelligences, concerning whom we have, as yet, but the most meagre kind of information. And, as it has been my object throughout the present work, not to speculate beyond those prescribed limits assigned me by my celestial teachers, I will not, therefore, in the present instance, deviate to right or left from my first design. I am informed this much, that the denizens of the Fourth Crust, which crust will, at some far distant period, form our realm, and which to us will appear a new earth, and when we shall wonderingly gaze upward, we shall witness a new heaven also.

Most glorious! oh, most overwhelming thought!
An endless vista opens to my view!
A prospect upwards from this vale of woe,
Through countless cycles of revolving years.
Strange thought to cherish, but, yet, it is true,
That I, who am to-day a resident of Earth,—

A place where tears are shed, where suffering dwells,
Where groans are heard, where sin and sorrow meet,
Where Death's grim majesty appears supreme,—
That I should yet become a resident on high,
There to bask and bathe 'mid glare and glory,
Falling, like lucid showers, from altitudes more rare;
Altitudes that yet exist, and ever will exist,
Within God's cryptic treasure-house—the mystic realm beyond.

I have been induced to clothe my thoughts—a few delightful flashes I received—in some kind of verse.

I now proceed to notice that the only intelligences conversant with the inhabitants of the Fourth Crust, are the angels belonging to the Seventh Sphere. I can not see them. Beings belonging to the Seventh Sphere do hold constant correspondence with those mysterious beings; but their correspondence is of such a nature, that to us, in our present state of developement, all is mystery: there are so few of us in a fit condition to hold intercourse with the beings of the Seventh Sphere. You may meet with plenty who will tell you that they do so, but I hold all such assumptions as being of a doubtful nature. The beings of the Seventh Sphere correspond by mystic symbols, and not by words. There are a few belonging to the Sixth who understand them. A very small particle of this has been imparted to me, but as yet I make but poor progress in this angelic lore: yet, I hope finally to succeed.

Beyond the Fourth Crust is a Space four thousand miles high, when we come to the Fifth Crust. This crust is also said to be four thousand miles in diameter. Beyond this is the Sixth Space, which is eight thousand miles high. And beyond this is the Sixth and last Crustation; which is also eight thousand miles in diameter.

I write all this from the testimony of the angels of the Sixth Sphere; those angels who are my Teachers and Masters in the present production. And beyond the Sixth Zone lies the boundless Seventh Space, which unites itself with other worlds and spheres. The Sixth Crustation is, then, the real surface of this huge planet, and should be measured accordingly: this the Geometrician could easily do.

In closing this sublime and most majestic theme,
Which some may designate the product of a dream;
If such, the dream was long, 'tis now beyond four years,

Since I first thought about the "Geozonic Spheres."
A band of beings celestial, did to me indite,
And on the dark profound shed their celestial light,
A light that did enable me to penetrate the core
Of this great world, a sight not seen before:
A sight! A glorious sight! yet it was but the robe
Of some Supreme Intelligence within the "Primal Globe."

For such a Being there dwells, however some may quibble:

I write what I have seen, I do not write a riddle.
No force without a life, no life without a sense,
No work without design, and thus intelligence
Exists behind the whole, in all I see around.
Great God! thy dwelling is within the vast profound!
My task is now performed, my present work is done;
The sands of my present life will very soon have run;
But when I leave this Earth, with all its sighs and tears,
I still shall dwell amidst the "Geozonic Spheres."

Kingalee, by Frodsham.

J. THOMAS.

A series of Penny "Holiday Handbooks" is being published at 125, Fleet Street. No. 1 is "A Trip to the Ardennes; being a fortnight in Southern Belgium." With map, engravings, and much well-written description, it makes the pent-up Cockney sigh for freedom and the inevitable cash. But that appears to be a small matter: a ticket for a 30 days circular tour from London and back is less than £2, second class, and living at hotels appears to be about 5s. per day. If people would put their tobacco and beer-money into a jug they might be able to see a bit of the world once a-year, and be all the better for it.

LITERARY NOTICES.

PRIVATE INSTRUCTIONS IN THE SCIENCE AND ART OF ORGANIC MAGNETISM.

By Miss Chandos Leigh Hunt. Third Edition.

Books such as the one before us are, in more respects than one, not unlike the first journals of exploration in an unknown region. On the one hand, they rouse the curiosity even of the calmest and most judiciously-disposed reader. On the other hand, they suggest the doubt, how much of what is recorded is the fruit of pure strict observation, how much is mere inference, drawn possibly from insufficient premises, and how much, possibly, is illusion? The orthodox mode of treatment for works of this class is simple and convenient: they are dismissed as the outcome of ill-regulated minds, under the influence of "dominant ideas." We can scarcely accept this method as legitimate. Illusions, even, are psychic phenomena, and it hence falls strictly within the province of Science to examine their nature, and, if possible, to explain their origin. Moreover, if only a small portion of what is stated in this volume should be true,—that is, should be a literal record of facts and a body of fairly-drawn conclusions—the subject is, both theoretically and practically, of the gravest importance.

Miss Hunt defines, or rather describes, "organic magnetism" as "an emanation arising from organisms." She calls it "organic, to distinguish it from an analogous emanation which surrounds inorganic things. This emanation can aptly be compared to a spirit-vapour—in its most passive state it has a tendency to ascend in the atmosphere." She adds: "Its peculiar characteristics are derived from the nature of the thing from which it emanates. Some people intuitively know the character of a man, animal, or plant by sensing this emanation, upon which they found their sympathies or antipathies for its generator; the intuitively feel that a man is good or bad, an animal kindly or vicious, a plant salutary or poisonous."

Several questions here suggest themselves to the reader. Is there any "emanation" arising from organisms as a class, and to be distinguished from some other emanation which proceeds from inorganic matter? We know, of course, that many kinds of mineral matter are more or less volatile. It is found that certain bodies commonly pronounced non-volatile have an odour,—such as caustic potash and soda. It has lately been proved that certain metals, such as lead, iron, gold, and copper, if placed near to, though not touching, plates of other metals, exert an influence upon them, which for a time alters their electric relations ("Comptes Rendus," xciv., p. 1247). But these emanations are simply minute particles of themselves.

Living organisms are the seat of more complex phenomena. In their case we are naturally reminded of the speculations of Prof Jäger ("Journal of Science," 1880, p. 298), which, though exceedingly suggestive, and though put forward by a naturalist of good standing, lack satisfactory verification. Everyone is of course aware that animals are constantly throwing off the products of respiration and volatile matter, given off in the form of insensible perspiration. But as for any other emanation we must consider its existence, for the present, not proven. We commend the matter, however, to the attention of our readers, and any thoroughly authenticated instances will receive careful notice.

But supposing such an emanation to exist, What is its nature? Is it a form of energy, of the same order as heat, light, magnetism, or electricity, and capable of reciprocal transformation with any of these agencies? Is it a form of matter? Or is it neither matter nor energy, but in its essence spiritual? To none of these questions can a definite answer be extracted from the work before us. The words "a spirit-vapour" convey no definite meaning. The alleged tendency of this emanation to ascend in the atmosphere would seem to point to a material character. But the introduction of "will"—which, indeed, plays a prominent part throughout the work—greatly complicates the question. That either a material emanation, or a mode of energy thrown off from the body, can be made "to travel in any direction" and to an unknown distance, by an act of "will," is perfectly unthinkable, and on this point further light is urgently needed. We may mention that Dr. Kieser (not Keiser), some of whose writings Miss Hunt quotes, gave to the mesmeric or organo-magnetic emanation the name "tellurism," and regarded it as a form of energy emitted by the earth or any other planet, and opposed to the light of the sun. His treatment of the subject, when freed from the strange conceptions of the "Physiophilosophic" School, once very powerful in Germany, may perhaps pave the way to the reduction of any demonstrable phenomena belonging to "organic magnetism" under scientific laws.

There are, we learn, three kinds of magic, two of them good, and one of them evil. Of the two former, the white is the lower, and the red the higher grade. The evil, or black, magic is an application of the same kind of power to selfish and immoral purposes. Organic magnetism is a part, but a part only, of each of these kinds of magic. To become a red magician "fish, flesh, fowl, alcohol, drugs, tobacco, mineral substances, and every such perversion of the natural appetite

must be religiously abstained from, and your tastes therefore re-directed into their proper channels." Again, "every poisonous vegetable and every mineral drug must be strictly avoided." Without raising the question how the "natural appetite" has been ascertained, we may here ask for the definition of the terms "drugs" and "poisonous." Most fruits, leaves, etc., contain principles which may be fairly called "drugs," and which in sufficient doses are distinctly poisonous. We read on page p. 7: "If you have taken many drugs, much alcohol, or tobacco, let pure and strong coffee, without chicory, enter largely into your diet as an antidote." Whilst warmly applauding the proviso "without chicory," we must not forget that caffeine, the essential alkaloid of coffee, is a drug, and in large doses a poison. Further, alcohol is not confined to fermented and distilled beverages artificially produced by man. It is now known to be a natural product, met with in small quantities in various fluids and solids. Without entering into the vegetarian controversy, we must call attention to the following passage (p. 5): "To become a Red Magician you must strictly follow Christ's laws, and imitate his life both in the letter and in the spirit." How this imitation is made to agree with the injunction to abstain from animal food we do not see.

The authoress protests against Mr. Braid's theory, and insists that "hypnotism proper and magnetism proper are not identical." The former, she considers, an exceedingly dangerous process, as may be concluded from Mr. Braid's own statement, the pulse in a subject operated upon rose to 180 beats per minute. We do not know what Miss Hunt thinks of Prof. Harting's recent cautions as to the dangers of "mesmeric" experiments to the subject operated upon. But after carefully reading Chapter, IV., of the work before us, "How to become a public and private demonstrator of magnetic somnambulism," we feel strong doubts whether such demonstrations performed upon human subjects are legitimate. The experiments of Baron Dupotet, described on pp. 178 and 179, if realities, are simply horrible. Still worse are the cases given on pp. 187 and 188. To do the authoress justice, she gives very plain warnings against allowing a subject to become frightened whilst in the magnetic trance. We should, however, think that all experiments, in order to ascertain the reality, the conditions, and the laws of the imperfectly known agent in question, should be made upon the lower animals. For this purpose Miss Hunt gives very full directions. We quote the following strange passage: "The deadly effect of human saliva on poisonous snakes is positively asserted by a Georgia farmer. According to the 'New York Herald,' as the farmer was in a field picking up some straw, a rattlesnake, four feet long, fell from the straw at his feet. He set his heel on the reptile's head and spat into its mouth. In a few minutes the snake became sick and powerless, and died in a quarter of an hour. Shortly after he caught an adder, and on following out his experiment the creature died; whilst by merely wetting a stick with his lips and drawing it across another adder's nose, the same result ensued. On spitting into the mouth of a harmless snake, however, the creature was uninjured." The poisonous character of the human saliva has been, indeed, rendered highly probable by recent investigations, but the Georgian story just quoted bears a somewhat apocryphal character. The rattlesnake might die from the bruise on its head. Or the farmer might have been chewing tobacco, the active principle of which is very rapidly fatal to serpents. It might be interesting to try the experiment upon the common viper.

We rise from the study of Miss Hunt's work with the conviction that there are certain phenomena not yet formally recognised, much less explained, which require, and would doubtless repay, the prolonged and earnest study of thoroughly scientific minds. Unfortunately, in England, and we believe also in France, they have been dealt with chiefly by minds of an avowed anti-scientific tendency. The work before us will doubtless draw increased attention to this difficult subject.—"The Journal of Science," June, 1882.

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUAL WORK.

PLYMOUTH.—RICHMOND HALL, RICHMOND STREET.

[This report arrived in time for last week's issue, but it was crowded out.]

After three weeks' absence from Plymouth, I am glad to return once more to this centre of operations. I am equally pleased to be able to report that the Cause here is looking exceedingly well. During my absence, the tide, which had been somewhat low, has been steadily rising, until in this movement there is now something like high tide. There has never been such a direct interest manifested; we have never seen such a large attendance at the circle, nor such large congregations on Sundays.

At the circle on Saturday evening, there were some seventeen sitters, a fine selection of intelligent earnest men, and through Mr. Paynter, trance medium, a most comprehensive and instructive address was given upon the real nature and conditions of life in the spirit-world, as contradistinguished

from the "orthodox" teaching upon that subject. The congregation on Sunday evening was the largest I have ever seen there on a Sunday; there was scarcely a vacant seat. We have the best of reasons for believing that we shall soon be able to build a Hall for our work in this town, and as a centre for more extended effort, and we shall soon need it. We have now not only a variety of speakers, but also of players; Mr. James, who has hitherto occupied that position solely, is now occasionally relieved by Mr. Mayer, a retired military gentleman who has recently united himself with us. A striking incident took place on Sunday evening. Mr. H. was leaving the Hall to fetch a glass of water, but on reaching the door was suddenly controlled and compelled to return to his place, being almost carried by the spirits. The guides afterwards told us, that they purposely prevented the medium from leaving the room, and that they would have carried him back had he shown any resistance. I think the incident is worth noting as illustrating the power of spirits when occasion calls for its exercise.

NEWTON ST. CYRES.

I have had an opportunity of spending a few evenings with the friends here who are going on bravely with their efforts. New and important phases of mediumship are being exercised by Mrs. C.; one, who is apparently a North American Indian Chief has commenced to control her—there being unusual precision and power manifested in the control. This spirit was particularly described to me, and I was informed as to the particular work for which he was preparing the medium. One feature of this control is that of poetic utterance; although in the foreign tongue, the rhyme and rhythm were very distinct. The guides of this medium have also commenced the work of particularly describing the spiritual surroundings of the sitters.

TOPSHAM.

I have been favoured with another opportunity of visiting the friends at this place. There are different circles now held here, and on Thursday evening last, these united in one to meet Mrs. C. and myself. I noticed that there were new sitters, and that the incipient mediumship of several of these was being called into exercise. Mediumship is the cornerstone and the essential basis of Spiritualism, hence, wherever we see this called into exercise, we know that the Movement has a sure and permanent footing, however small in its beginnings.

BRIGHTON.

During my stay in Sussex, I had an opportunity of visiting Brighton, and was warmly received by several Spiritualist friends. I was disappointed at not seeing Miss Samuel, but I spent a very pleasant time with her parents. I found some there, lady friends in particular, loyal and firm to the truth in the face of most bitter domestic opposition, but I found others of influential standing and independent means, who shrink from social disfavour for the truth's sake. Everywhere, we suppose, are these contrasts and anomalies found—giant strength where we should expect weakness, and cowardice where courage should be found. I learn that there are a great many in the town who read the MEDIUM, and who are interested in the Cause; one could heartily wish that the scattered elements could be combined for fraternal association and aggressive work. OMEGA.

SPIRITUALISM IN PLYMOUTH.

A general meeting of members of the Free Spiritual Society was held on Wednesday, June 14th, at Richmond Hall, Plymouth. The Rev. C. Ware presided, and there was a large attendance. The following officers were elected:

President: Mr. E. Mecklewood.
Vice Presidents: Mr. J. Bowring Sloman;
Rev. C. Ware.
Secretary: Mr. R. S. Clarke.
Treasurer: Mr. H. Pine.
Minister: Rev. C. Ware;

and a Committee of 18 ladies and gentlemen. A very cordial and unanimous vote of thanks was passed to our respected brother Mr. H—, who has for some length of time unselfishly placed his services at the disposal of the Society, and whose trance addresses have been much appreciated. Mr. Ware reported gifts of books, etc., from various quarters towards the proposed library, and it was resolved to proceed with its formation at once; further contributions will be gladly received by the undersigned. It is hoped that the Cause here will continue to prosper in the future as it has done in the past, and that before long our place of meeting will become so "strait for us" as to necessitate larger quarters.

4, Athenæum Terrace, Plymouth. ROBERT S. CLARKE.

GOSWELL HALL SUNDAY SERVICES.

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

Mr. Wilson's excellent lecture on Comprehensionism last Sunday morning will be continued next Sunday. We had a very interesting Experience Meeting in the evening, at which Mr. Alex. Brown, Mr. Wortley, Mr. Towns, etc., gave accounts of their respective experiences, the sum of which made up a very instructive evening.

Next Sunday evening, Mr. Morse will lecture on "Spiritualism; Obstacles to its Progress."

On the Third Sunday in July, the members and friends of the Society intend holding a pic-nic in Epping Forest, and will be very glad to receive the names of those friends who will join them in spending a pleasant day together. The "rendezvous" will be the "Robin Hood," High Beech, and all friends and members of other Societies will be heartily welcome. Brakes will be provided for as many as prefer that mode of travelling to the railroad. The return fare in this case, 2s. 6d., must be paid in advance, and should be sent in at once to the Secretary in order that seats may be reserved. It is the desire of the originators that this should be a social gathering of London Spiritualists and friends. Several prominent gentlemen have promised their attendance and assistance, and a very enjoyable day is anticipated.

R. W. LISHMAN, Corres. Sec.

QUEBEC HALL, 25, GT. QUEBEC ST. MARYLEBONE RD.
Sunday, June 25th, at 7 p.m., prompt, Mr. McDonnell on "The Church."

Monday, at 8.30: Comprehensionists Class for Development of Ideas.

Tuesday, at 8.30, a lecture by Mr. Wilson, "The Withinment of an Idea." Very interesting these lectures promise to be.

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

Thursday, at 8.30 a Physical Seance; Mrs. Cannon, medium; previous arrangement is requisite to be present at this seance.

Friday, at 8.30, Development of Musical and Elocutionary Gifts.

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

On Sunday, July 2, the Society will celebrate its anniversary of freedom from all material burdens and fetters, by a tea at 5 o'clock, after which I am hoping a meeting will be held of such a nature that a real Spiritual Pentecost will be the result. As this must be the last tea I can undertake for several reasons (the weight of them always falling on myself and my daughters) no effort will be spared to make it as pleasing and gratifying as flowers, fruit, and sweet music combined can. I shall depend on the voluntary offering of the friends to cover all expenses. Acts ii., 41—45.

On Tuesday, the 18th, at 8, an entertainment, in which Mrs. Weldon and Mr. L'Estrange have promise to take part; further particulars next week.

J. M. Dale, Hon. Sec.

LEICESTER—SILVER STREET LECTURE HALL.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. Bent delivered a Trance Address, there being a large audience present. The spirit-guides took their subject from one of the hymns that had been sung, from the "Spiritual Lyre:" the first line of the 4th verse of the 66th hymn, "They go with Champions of the Right." The discourse was listened to with great attention by the audience. It was the most impressive discourse that has ever been delivered by the spirit-guides of Mr. Bent.

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

DIET AND HEALTH.

Mr. E. W. Wallis, who is at present resting in a beautiful part of Surrey, being laid up with a painful affliction, sends us a paper on Health and Diet, which he prepared for reading at a meeting for mutual improvement. He prefers a mixed diet to vegetarianism, and thinks fruit and grains superior to vegetables; though he regards a high-class vegetarian diet as the food of the future. He says truly:—

"Good health is by no means solely a matter of diet, although that has much to do with it. A great deal of ill health is due to over eating or poor quality of food, rather than the kind used; not to speak of the drinks with which the stomach is deluged. A very great deal depends upon the state of mind, for a gloomy fault-finding disposition will cause indigestion and debility as soon as anything. Cheerfulness does a great deal to aid digestion, and happy social surroundings and pleasant conversation will enable the stomach to dispose of much that would be otherwise injurious. Then, in considering health, it is indispensable to a true appreciation of the problem, that we admit the influence of pre-natal conditions, hereditary tendencies, also the magnetic influence of persons or companions; we may be injured or benefitted by the emanations of our enemies or friends, and are effected more than we know. Again, climatic influences, the effect of the water we drink, the air we breathe, the sanitary conditions or want of them around us, not to speak of our observance or neglect of hygienic practices (viz., daily baptism of the whole body), and due exercise in the open air, etc. We may ride a hobby to death; and, as vegetarians, may study our diet and weigh out our ounces, select our nutritious elements, eschew flesh of all descriptions and make ourselves slaves to anism, and yet our very anxiety and precautions may defeat our ends."

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