

# THE MEDIUM

## AND DAYBREAK.

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

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### MAN THE IMMORTAL.

A LECTURE BY MRS. EMMA HARDINGE, IN THE CLEVELAND ASSEMBLY ROOMS, SUNDAY EVENING, MARCH 5, 1871.

#### INVOCATION.

"Great Spirit, who and what art thou? These have been the questionings of mortal lips ever since thou didst inspire them with breath, and light, and reason. Who and what art thou? Our fathers have questioned what the quiring stars have sung of thee age after age, and handed down the echoes of thine infinity and thine eternity from cycle to cycle. Who and what art thou? are the questionings of the lips of infancy and the last dream of dying age, and yet we appear but for a moment on the plane of existence, coming we know not whence, passing we know not whither. And yet we seek to comprehend thee who art for ever and for ever. O our Father, for thou art ours, our Father in heaven, for with thee is the power and the glory, teach us in our darkness to trust thee, in our finality to lean on thine infinity, to number up thy wondrous ways, and strive to imitate thee. O, great Spirit, as thou hast given life to the rolling worlds, and breath and being and thought to the creatures that inhabit them, give strength and inspiration to those thy people this night, that those who know thee not, and those who strive to find thee, either in the shining worlds above or the starry flowers beneath their feet—in the consciousness of their own souls, or in the dim light of revelation of past ages—that all who seek for thee, and all who lean on thee, may know thee as their father and their friend, their safety and their strength, now and for evermore.

Let us look this night at the various evidences which the history of man, and the revelations, as they are called, of religion, offer us concerning our testimony on the subject of immortality. The first evidence to which we are pointed is necessarily that which claims to inform us on the subject—our systems of religion. We find that every one of these has been derived from some antique period, when there were revelations—beings who claimed to have the distinct knowledge of man's immortality, to have received it from immortals themselves. Now, the chief failure of these systems lies in this, that unfortunately we do not live in the day of this revelation: hence we are compelled to accept it, not at second or third hand, but filtered down the night of long ages past—to accept it upon the traditions of those who were not believed in their own time, whose record has been subject to great varieties of interpolation, of change, of interpretation. Still worse, we are compelled to accept it without the same demonstrations that we apply to every other form of being. The multitude do not know that light travels, that stars are seen, that the earth moves, that the sun is stationary; they do not know any of the problems of astronomy, but their teachers can prove their sayings by various forms of scientific revelation. We who reside in one place know nought of the immensity of other lands, the nature of their inhabitants, the varieties of their productions, but we can demonstrate the truth of those who teach us of these distant lands and their varieties. The most occult problems in science are open to demonstration; the invisible realm of ether about us is susceptible of analysis, and thus science accompanies all her statements as far as she goes with unquestionable proofs of that which she asserts. Science does more—she has opened up page after page of all the various elements that compose life and being: she has left none of them untouched, save life itself; all the surroundings of life, all the avenues of being, have been thoroughly explored, and the laws which impinge upon every form of being are shown to be immutable. Our revelators contradict these statements, and tell us that there was a set of phenomenal manifestations which were outside law, that law was suspended to produce them, that law does not avail to measure them. They suffer us not to approach even the shadow of the temple where these manifestations are stored away, for they are stored away in human memory and human reason, and human memory and reason are not allowed to bear upon them. They do not allow us to bring to bear upon them those forms of inquiry that God has himself instituted within our being in every other department of life, and thus we find that the more our reason becomes exercised, the more shadowy become the statements of those whose systems are outside law and apart from science, the more inevitable becomes the divorce between that science which is God's law and that religion which man claims to be God's word. What is the result? This night there are some 1100 or 1200 persons, men of the people, thinkers, reasoners, scholars, scientists, within half a mile of this place, who have rejected every form of ecclesiastical teaching, renounced the

church and church teachers, denounced the affirmations of those who call themselves religionists, and would either be in the streets or the public-house if not gathered together to listen to the teachings of science. The Sabbatarians have denounced them, and striven by the strong arm of the law to put them down, but they cannot crowd them back into the churches again. Have the churches lost their vitality? Has the human heart lost its faith in religion? Has it outgrown religion? No, never—never. Religion is, as we shall show you in future addresses, the intuitive necessity of the human spirit—the yearning of the soul to know, not merely to believe, of its origin and destiny; and unless that can be proved, the people have outgrown their teachers. It is not, then, to such directions as these that we must look; we must turn from the mere expression of human opinion on the work to the work itself—go back to the Great Workman, and remember what Jesus told us, that the day should come when we should learn not of one another, but of the Lord himself, from the sublime demonstrations that he has written, not on tables of stone, but on tables of flesh and blood within our hearts.

We are told, then, that man from the dawning of his intellectual age has been worshipping an unknown spiritual Cause, and believing, without bibles, testaments, churches, gospels, creeds, or priests, in the soul's immortality. The savage does not thus intuitively believe, but he is the Adam who is yet in the Paradise of his ignorance, and has not yet eaten of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. From the moment when he tastes that fruit, and the wisdom and the intellect which serpent-like prompts him to knowledge, from the hour when his intellect awakens to inquire into causation and ultimate destiny, man is a religious being, and believes in an intelligent cause for existence, and a continuity of life beyond the grave. We perceive this in the very earliest dawn of civilisation—in the temples, churches, and monumental remains sculptured over with the rude emblems of man's belief in religious teaching; we trace it in the fact that with all the developments of human knowledge we have never seen any affirmative cause to doubt immortality, but have only had a negative one. Even now the Atheist, or call him by what name you will, simply seeks to prove that which every phase of science denies—annihilation. In every other department of being there is no annihilation, but the mighty spirit that enables him to reason he would quench out of existence simply because with his material eye he cannot see it. One of the broadest and deepest proofs of man's immortality is the universal hold which it has taken on the human spirit. When we question the Materialist, we find that he has almost invariably been educated in some form of theological belief that is not proved, and what is the result? The swing of the pendulum, the inevitable reaction of his reason, takes him to the other extreme. He finds that that which has been presented to him as an anchor of his faith is no anchor at all. Cut loose from all other demonstrations, he seeks to prove mind out of matter; he goes to atoms to find the God that made them; he goes to the external to prove the nature of the internal that governs it. Why did Paul say, eighteen hundred years ago, "What knoweth the natural man of spiritual things?" After the Atheist has chopped logic, and the wise Froethinker has reasoned, as he calls it, upon the conclusions of matter, the soul intuitively, as it looks through the windows of matter upon its silent dead, turns away from the spectacle of the cold clay, and looks into the eyes of the bright stars, into the broad clear air, into the vast realm of the unknown—goes out to hold communion with the spirit that has gone before, and notwithstanding all external evidences, notwithstanding the fact that the phantom beings that are moving around it are falling like grass and disappearing one after another through the same invisible gates of death, it feels that there is still a beyond—an anchor which binds the soul to the land of the hereafter, which no mere exterior logic or external wisdom can break or snap in twain. Our teachers should have pointed to the soul itself, to the nature of the spirit within us, and questioned, as Socrates did, shall I cease to respect my own soul because I cannot see it? When I behold the works of my hands, do I not see the works of my soul? When I perceive the labours of other men's hands, is it their hands that I behold at work, or their spirits? Ten thousands hands, powerless and cold, lie stretched before me on the battle-field; the hands are there, but if the spirit is gone they are powerless. It is my soul and the souls of men that have made my world, and if I cannot turn my eyes of matter inward and see my soul, then do I know that matter is but the veil that obscures the brightness of my soul from my mortal eyes. Men reason in a circle. They first make the life the cause of the machinery, and then they make the machinery the cause of the life. It is all the life; the machinery is but the expression of



the life. Last Sabbath I attempted to show you that the Creator has made everything perfect of its kind—made everything outward just what it is capable of, and when its uses are fulfilled, caused it by death to break up its atoms for re-composition in another form. Now, where is the man, the woman, or even the child, that has fully expressed all the capabilities within it? We have never yet seen a great spirit go out into darkness but we have looked upon a world of possibility that that spirit was capable of. Take the man of this nineteenth century—the whole race if you please—and ask whether the entire human family can perform now all the uses and all the powers that one member of the human family shall perform a hundred years hence. You know they cannot. You know that when to-morrow comes every creature shall be wiser somewhat than he was yesterday, and that to-morrow, or a century hence, will have carried the race forward so far, that who live to-day shall be far, far left behind. How then can we say that we are perfect in our kind? How then can we say that we have fulfilled our highest uses? Should you go down with the setting sun and awake no more, would you number up your account and say that you had fulfilled all that your spirit was capable of? Though you be the old man whose foot is trembling on the verge of the grave, are you not full of broken aspirations and unfulfilled hopes, and does not your spirit yearn to soar away into the vast beyond? Do you not know that you have not yet fulfilled all the purposes of your being? Are you then the only failure in creation? This is another evidence for immortality. And still another is that which I have urged to many a doubter, and never yet been answered. Were my life extended a thousand years, ten thousand, or a million years, I know that I cannot put a single object out of existence; I may change its form, I may beat out a grain of gold into the thinnest of surfaces, I may decompose it in liquid, I may vaporize it into air, but I cannot annihilate it. I know that the curling smoke of my lamp passes into the atmosphere but does not die, that it is still yielding up its particles, but these particles cannot be annihilated. I know this of my senseless framework; I know that every fragment of my dust shall return in some fashion to the great laboratory of being, but cannot be annihilated. Then, can my spirit be annihilated? They have answered me that it returns to the great ocean of spirit. Ay, but there are functions appropriated to my spirit, and one of these functions is consciousness. Can we annihilate any function? Can our self-consciousness be changed without our being some one else? This is the dream of the Reincarnationists; this is but the folly that would change our identity, our self-consciousness. We cannot do it. Self-consciousness is one of those functions that must be accounted for, and I have never yet found the metaphysician that could answer. We find, then, with how little trouble we might demonstrate the fact of our immortality even were there no world of revelation—none of those immortal people whom our fathers have told us would return to give us proofs of the fact. But now we have the world of hypothesis and enter upon one of pure demonstration. I have said that the Materialist complains that we are not living in the day of revelation—that our fathers and spiritual teachers point us back to the dim days of tradition, of unadorned assertions. I grant all this thus far, but only thus far. But when I trace the page of history, I find traversing every portion of that page a silver line which is wholly unaccounted for—a world which has been scornfully called the world of supernaturalism. I find a thread of history running through all ages and all climes which science has never touched, which religion proudly ignores, but still it persists in making itself manifest; it comes up in the love of the human spirit for the supernatural; it comes up in the tales and traditions of antiquity, and, when these are worn threadbare, it comes to us again in the individual experience of special people. It comes before us in the day of great calamity in the form of omens and prognostics, in the form of that strange excitement that we call inspiration and ecstasy; it comes before us even in the unaccountable forms of obsession and demonism; it comes before us in that world of unaccountable phenomena which in every age and country has in some form or other permeated human existence. It is very well for science to deny the facts because it cannot account for them; it is very well for religion to scorn them because they do not always narrow themselves down to one country, one age, one people, or favor one particular set of ideas. But they return again and again, and when, in the last day of our scepticism and the eclipse of our faith, we are ready to deny all things that we cannot prove, this world of supernaturalism returns to us in the form of absolute proof that admits of no denial. You know I speak of Spiritualism—of that which has been taboed in your churches and scornfully rejected in your lyceums. Up to this time we have had no occasion to pronounce this word, for we have been seeking for the evidence of the workman through his works—we have traced up the destiny of man through its prophetic fore-plans; but now we stand upon the very edge of man's destiny, and we boldly plunge into the world of proof, and are surrounded in a few minutes by the realm of immortals and the presence of the revelations and the demonstrations of their continued existence. We have arrived at a day when religious faiths, broken up into different sects, have talked of reviving their systems, renovating their old garments, putting new wine into old bottles—when the people on the one side are shrinking from their teachers because they prize of a God of love whilst they are in misery, and the scientists shrink from their religious teachers for prating of affirmations which they cannot prove. It is at this time that, by the aid of that science which step by step has led us up from matter to spirit, we are permitted the glory of the brightness of a new but convincing revelation. It is said that as we search into the world of imponderable forces we first discover the nature of gas; we then find that the finest and most sublimated forms of gas exist in the still finer and more sublimated form of air; we decompose this, and find that there is a still finer form, and that is ether; we observe that light passing through ether passes through a resisting medium; we investigate the nature of light and heat and we find that they are produced by motion, that motion is behind all other forces and all other forms of matter; we investigate motion, and we find that it is everywhere dual; we investigate the nature of the two forms of motion, and we come to an element which gives us precisely the results of motion, an element that we have vaguely called electricity; we investigate the nature of electricity—and though we do not find mineral and vegetable electricity in the human form, we find the same effects everywhere throughout life. Whilst we are searching into the nature of these effects, the ages and philosophers that are engaged in the search suddenly leave us—they pass away in the midst of their

experiences and experiments into this world of mystery, the unknown, the over-silent land. Suddenly we find that they are not absent—that they are not unknown; they form a mighty co-operative army of scientists in another world, who return to us with precisely the same electric demonstrations and sounds that they produced whilst on earth by means of electricity; they return to us with precisely the same methods of motion that were demonstrated to be possible by means of galvanism and magnetism; they return to us producing the same effects as the meteoric, the biologist, the psychologist; they return to us in the forms that they wore on earth, visible to the eyes of strangers, susceptible of being described and recognized; they return to us, not through any human solicitations or invocations, not by any of those functions that can be attributed to man. This modern Spiritualism for twenty-three years has come unsought—has come unpremeditated in the history of man for its power, variety, and enormous demonstrations. It has come without the aid of man; it has come against the will of man; it has come in defiance of public opinion; it has come, forcing back all our theories into scorn and mockery; it has come, trampling our affirmations underfoot; it has come with the swift and the just and the eager directed against it; it has come whether men would or no; it has come upon us as in a single night like the century plant—whilst we have been waiting for the expansion of its blossoms during a hundred years, and were waiting vain, lo! the morning light has come and the glory of its fragrance has dawned upon us in a moment. It has come we know not whence, sometimes it sounds from the upper air, and sometimes from the ground beneath our feet; sometimes our chamber is full of these spirit-people, and our ways are dodged in the midst of the hum of the city. It has come to us in the forest and in the wide ocean; it has come on the mountain top and in the silence of the valley—come to the peasant and come to the cottage; it has come with such a mighty sweep of power and such a grasp of command that I defy you to point me to that portion of the civilized globe where Spiritualism is not. Who has done it? Point me to the civilized man, woman, or child whose brain was capable of so enormous an invention, whose hands were wide enough to enslave the multitude of expedients, meet so many minds, whose magnetic power was strong enough to psychologize millions of all ranks and classes, and compel, I claim too much, then, whether I am addressing sceptics, scoffers, deniers, or religionists of any faith, or Spiritualists,—do I claim too much for this demonstration when I pronounce it to be from Man to Immortal? Do I claim too much for it when I declare that it proves for ever that man is immortal, and that the beings who come with this mighty irresistible force are themselves the immortals? It is to the sceptic, to the materialist, to the scoffer of all ranks and classes, that I would address myself, and I would ask them to account for Spiritualism. They never answer me; they only question how it dares to come in despite of their particular faith; they only question how it allies itself with their faith—what it is going to do with their faith. We only present them with the facts, and those who cannot answer them must stand condemned by them. But it is not in the love of argument, condemnation, or reproach, that we present this glorious truth—it is only the culmination of that gigantic, that stupendous history which is included in "Man and his Relations."

It now remains for me to point out to you a very few brief facts concerning the nature of its coming. Had it come through the lips of the orator in tones of eloquence or in the voice of human wisdom, it would have been no proof of a spiritual existence. Had it come to us through any human leadership, through the founder of a sect, a great reformer, some wise or noble being who had even been willing to sacrifice his life for the truth, it is in that man that we should have put confidence, and not in the spirit-world; we might have fallen down and worshipped him again and repeating the failures of past ages, set him up as an image to worship as they did men in olden times, but that would not have proved to the world the fact of immortality. Had it come to our men of science, we have seen how they have treated it: that which they cannot burn in the crucible, divide in the laboratory, cut with a knife—that which they cannot weigh and gauge, and measure, and submit to the tests of matter, they undertake to deny altogether. They cannot put their own souls into a mortar or pound their spirits with a pestle, and so they deny them, and the mighty and the triumphant power that looks through the window of the soul they deny to have existence because it is not the window. We have seen how they have treated us. Even in respect of the phenomena which we present, so many of them have rejected its manifestation, not because it did not exist, not because it could not be proved, but because it did not come to them—did not visit them in their laboratories—did not force them into a confession of its existence. It did come to the men of science—they were not to be entrusted with it. It did not come to the divine—we do not ask why; we might only go back to the Sermon on the Mount, read over the sweet and simple words spoken by the lips of Jesus, and ask if that Sermon on the Mount is in our law courts to-day, is in our government to-day, is in our treatment of the people to-day, is in our prisons and penitentiaries to-day, is the law of this Christian land to-day. We know it is not. We know that if any poor pleader should go into the law courts with the Sermon on the Mount in his hand, and ask to be judged by that, he would be committed to the next lunatic asylum; we know that should he go to the highest in the land and present his plea in the name of the Sermon on the Mount, he would be consigned to the next prison or station-house. We know that should a poor fisherman, a homeless wanderer, enter into any of the great temples of Christianity and preach the Sermon on the Mount with twelve poor wandering fishermen and a train of outcasts, publicans and sinners, at his heels, they would be rejected and driven from the doorsteps as vagabonds not fit to enter the fashionable fane. Why, then, should Spiritualism come to these? Why should it come to these to whom the Sermon on the Mount is not the law of life? For though its sweet and holy words are uttered from pulpits, uttered from the stately pews of bishops and archbishops, though it is recited from tasselled cushions and beneath cloistered roofs every Sabbath during the year, it is neither the law of the land nor the law of the people, the law of the church nor the law of life. And modern Spiritualism is very much like that in many respects; it comes with such pure and holy returns to the sweet and gracious teaching which renders each one responsible for the deeds done in the body; comes performing the same humble work; comes to the poor and lowly; comes to those that are sick, to the poor and



comfortless, to the materialist and the doubter. We have no fear for the continuance of its demonstrations; they have come to us in the form of a science, and we have the best reason to believe that that science will grow, and by continued and long and patient investigation and constant aspiration we shall grow in knowledge and do justice to the mighty Power that has done so much for us.

We here close our view of man and his relations. Man is immortal, and his future career can only be told us by the immortals themselves. On some future occasion the revelations that have been brought before us in this direction will be summed up before you. For the present it only remains for us to tender our loving and grateful homage to that mighty Teacher who, when our friends have been false and our teachers have been unfaithful—when our human efforts have been fruitless, and our eyes have been blinded by studying the dust and the atoms beneath us, has awakened us with the clarion tones of immortality, and proclaimed by the lips of our best-beloved—by those whom we have known and trusted in life, and who return to us with all the demonstrations that they are the same spirit-people, the same beloved ones that passed from our midst, that have lived for ever—that we shall be, like them, Man Immortal.

#### A LETTER FROM J. M. PEEBLES.

FRIEND BURNS,—Your live weekly—THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK—reaches me quite regularly, for which accept my thanks. Turning to its columns, and reading familiar names, with accounts of seances at 15, Southampton Row, at the residence of the Everitts, and other localities, oh, how my soul thrills with precious memories of the past—memories holy as enduring. Passing acquaintances are well, but the genius of civic life requires something more. We are normally social beings. Owing to mental organisation, friendship with me is an abiding principle too sacred to be thoughtlessly mouthed. All friendships worthy the name are unselfish and reciprocal. Though naturally a rover and a pilgrim, never under any conditions of life do I forget the faces or the kindnesses of friends. The clasp of the hand, the electric flash of the eye, and the fraternal words breathed, are all musical with the meaning of good wishes and soul-felt benedictions. Because better appreciating, English Spiritualists are dearer to me since visiting "Her Majesty's Kingdom," and meeting them in their homes and in public lecture-rooms.

The first hive has swarmed. That was natural. Let us not forget, however, the day of small things. You, Mr. Burns, with others, tugged faithfully at the launching of that first boat. Have you forgotten our hall-hunting excursions?—saying nothing about a synagogue for preaching. Jesus, the "carpenter's son," had, in all fashionable "Jewry," nowhere to "lay his head." Pleasant are the memories of those Cavendish Rooms. I knew they would not be sufficiently capacious for the noble and gifted Mrs. Hardinge-Britten. Remember that England and America own her in partnership, and both may well feel proud of her as a woman and an agent in the hands of the angels. Remember further that we have loaned her to you for only a little season.

This passage in her late lecture upon the European war delighted me exceedingly. Being myself American by birth, American in thought and expression, and conscious of the little babyish prejudices rankling in the bosoms of some on either side of the Atlantic waters, I could not so well have said it. Here it is:—

"The goal is attained; the history is told, and this history was finished in the final destruction of that last dread crime which interfered between the destiny of humanity and the will of Him that rules it—between the kind and fatherly providence of the God of all, and the lowest and most helpless of his creatures; and with the life of the good, kind President—the man of the times—the man of the people—the obedient servant of his God, and the friend of the lowest and most helpless—with the last sigh of the murdered Lincoln, the last chain was broken, and the last manacle fell from the neck of the people that tread the free New World. They live now under these conditions: I go through the length and breadth of the land, and I shall not find an American child of the age of ten years but what shall read, and reading shall know, and knowing shall acquire the power that makes him the equal of the mightiest man of the earth. I shall not look in the face of a single American man who shall not find room to live, and place to work, and opportunities to rise. And why? Not because of the wealth that abounds in the country, or because of its largeness or grandeur, but because knowledge is power, and that knowledge which permeates the ranks of the New World's people is self-knowledge."

Yes; America offers to all the "opportunities to rise," to secure comfortable homes, and, in time, to become financially independent.

A late English paper tells me statistically that there are to-day over 150,000 paupers in London. In this estimate there is no mention made of the proud and "respectable poor." There are thousands of these—and what a comment upon popular Christianity! Think of it—nearly 200,000 paupers, God's children, depending upon charity, or pleading for mouldy crusts, under the very shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral! Let me suggest these passages as fit Sunday texts for English priests and bishops:—"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." "Sell what thou hast, give it to the poor, and follow me."

If there are paupers in America, they are either from choice or downright laziness. Our National Congress passed a law in 1862, giving 160 acres free of cost to actual settlers, whether foreigners or native-born, male or female, over twenty-one years of age, or to minors having served fourteen days in the army. A recent decision gives single women a right also to pre-empt lands; therefore, the few poor hanging about the Atlantic cities need not be landless. Their poverty, with few exceptions, comes through absolute shiftlessness or infirmity. Minnesota alone, that noble North-west state, has 30,000,000 of acres waiting to be pre-empted

and settled. Sixty miles west of St. Paul's, in Minnesota, is a large farm worked by seven sisters. The father sickening unto death, the body laid in the tomb, the widow and daughters, in comparatively moderate circumstances, went West and pre-empted land. The few neighbours assisted them to build a neat log-house; they worked their farm, ploughed, sowed, and raked the hay—why not? Now, through the rise of their land and the cultivation, they are rich, turning off each year corn, wheat, potatoes, stock, and receiving money in turn. The family is independent. This phase of woman's rights means something—it is the John Stuart Mill kind. Instead of sitting down and whining about their rights, they took them, and are reaping the reward. Each one's sphere is where he or she can best succeed.

Spiritualism, which, in the general acceptance of the term, implies the power and practice of holding sweet communion with our loved in heaven, is becoming more and more diffused throughout the country. The masses quite generally admit its startling facts; Church bigots know little about it—idiots nothing. As a philosophy, it encourages the loftiest spiritual aspirations and prompts to the highest endeavours; as a phenomenon, it demonstrates immortality; it frees men from Sectarian authority; its ordained interpreter is reason; its only absolute authority is truth; its purpose is redemption, and its blessings are to be the chief glory of the future ages.

J. M. PEEBLES.

Troy, New York.

#### THE LATE DAVID VARLEY.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR BURNS,—I send you the enclosed cut from one of our Huddersfield papers:—

"OBITUARY.—We have to announce the death of Mr. David Varley, of Perry Clear, Beaufort, South Carolina. Mr. Varley left a comfortable and happy home at Slaitwaite about two years and a half ago, to go to a small island on the coast of South Carolina, where he went into business in farming and cotton growing with a Mr. Thomas, editor of the *Beaufort Republican and Sea Island Chronicle*. Owing to the dry season, &c., the whole scheme failed. This was not pleasant to Mr. Varley, but without repining he turned his ready hands to other pursuits, which, if his health had remained good, would have resulted well. For the last five months he has suffered much, and continually wasted away, until, on the 29th of January, death put an end to his sufferings. He was much beloved by his family and numerous friends, was very active, and took part, when in Slaitwaite, in any movement calculated to improve his fellow-men. When he left Slaitwaite for America, his departure was much regretted, and now the news of his death has arrived, his friends mourn for him most sincerely."

Our removed brother was one of the first Spiritualists in this neighbourhood, and whose home at Slaitwaite was ever open to the investigator after truth and the higher life. He was one of the "double circle" who met for nearly five years, investigating the wonderful power of the spirit to leave the human body during its earthly growth. He was never once too late, consequently never missed a meeting. He was a keen investigator and a holy and good man, beloved by all truthseekers who knew him most; and, though his spirit has gone up higher, we feel that it will return as an angel of light, and be a means of lifting up many from the dark paths of life; and, with one who has gone before, I can say of him—

"His religion was love,  
Noblest and purest;  
His temple the universe,  
Widest and surest;  
He worshipped his God  
Through His works, which are fair,  
And the whole of his thought  
Was perpetual prayer."

Huddersfield, March, 1871.

THOMAS ETCHELLS.

#### A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

SIR,—Please grant me a little space to correct an error which you have made in the MEDIUM of this week.

The "Objects of the Children's Progressive Lyceum" is not my composition, but that of a lady whose children attend the Lyceum. I am sorry your space would not allow of the few introductory remarks, in which I gave details, as it would have prevented me trespassing on this occasion.

Hoping you will be able to find space for this in your next issue, I am, yours truly,

JAMES ASHWORTH.

P.S.—Respecting the "Unknown Tongue" which appeared in the MEDIUM of February 25, I might say that Mrs. Hitchcock has been many times under the control of a spirit whose utterances appear precisely the same as the one above referred to. Last Sunday evening the words were read by the chairman to our spirit-friend, who appeared to comprehend them. Most of the friends, on seeing the piece, were confident that it was the same tongue, as they remembered hearing many of the words given through Mrs. H. We were told afterwards by a spirit-friend that it was a short invocation.

J. A.

March 5, 1871.

We have received an anonymous letter on "Animals in the Spirit-World," over an undecipherable *non de plume*. If the writer will favour us with his card, we shall reconsider his communication.

SPiritualism unfolds to our internal senses substantial realities; it presents us not only with the semblances, but with positive evidences of eternal existence, causing us to feel that the passing shadows we speak of belong not to the spiritual, but to the material world. It is easy to believe that we are dealing with the absolute and enduring, because we associate our thoughts with the external and apparently lasting, but, on reflection, we discover that the only absolute and enduring facts are beyond the tomb.







Our business is to represent the leading truths accepted by the great bulk of Spiritualists; hence, looking at it as a matter of pleasing people, it would be more unkind to disgust a large number with the exhibition of unsubstantiated dogmas than to irritate a few by exposing their absurdity.

Further, allow us to observe that such a course does not in the least degree trench upon the private right of individual opinion. Every person has an undoubted privilege to believe that "the moon is made of green cheese," but if we admit such a statement into our columns we hold ourselves bound to dissect its obscurity, or give space to our readers to do the work for themselves. We have long since discovered that Spiritualists will not be dictated to by our correspondents or by ourselves; we must be rational, which is the only ground for impartiality and true charity. We think we have said enough at this time respecting our conduct as Spiritualists, and we heartily thank our esteemed friend, Mrs. Everitt, for giving us the opportunity. When she looks at our position dispassionately, and realises all the kind offices that have transpired between her and ourselves, she will freely admit that no party spirit rules our actions, but rather that an outsider would be astonished at the even justice which we mete to all.

We cannot afford to be "jealous" of a party who are not on any account to be dreaded as rivals, and we cannot understand to whom Mrs. Everitt desires to apply the term. If the lauded "Christ-life" is other than reason and justice, which are the only bases for love universal, then we do not know what is meant by the term.

#### A LETTER FROM MRS. EVERITT.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

MR. EDITOR.—I was rather sorry to see the letter signed "Oxoniensis," in last week's MEDIUM, had not the writer's proper name to it, as it appears to me a far more straightforward and honest way of truth-seekers, which I suppose all Spiritualists consider themselves to be. I always thought the MEDIUM was not an organ for any particular party or sect, but lately I find, if anyone just opens his mouth in defence of the Bible or Christian Spiritualism, he is pounced upon at once with a view to silence him. Now, this is not what I should call love to our neighbour. I claim that those who do not believe in the Bible have no more right to assert (for it only amounts to that) you are all wrong and we are the infallible ones, than those who do believe in it have to assert that they only love the truth. Each, I contend, has a right to his own opinion, for is it not according to a man's honest convictions carried out in life here that his happiness or misery depends hereafter?

But now for the letter. "Oxoniensis" appears to be afraid that John Watt's teachings will be accepted before Emma Hardinge's, and has taken exception to a word or two of "F. J. T.," calling him a pure spirit. Now I should not think "F. J. T." had any other meaning in it than that he was a good or truthful spirit, his teachings not coming from an evil source, as we all know that evil spirits communicate if they can. I am not at all aware that John Watt has any pet sectarian dogma, at any rate he has not indoctrinated me with it, for I should hope I can meet on the common plane of Spiritualism all truth-seekers, of every sect or creed, with as much kind, good feeling as those who think and believe with myself, holding, as I do, that every man has an undoubted right to his own opinion, and that I believe is John Watt's teaching; at any rate, he has never, that I am aware of, put forth his own views on theology, unless he has been asked pointedly what his belief is; and that also Mrs. Hardinge well knows, as she has sat and conversed with him very often. I do not think "Oxoniensis" need fear that anyone will presume or assume Mrs. Hardinge is controlled by low and possibly impure spirits because they run tilt against a pet sectarian dogma of the said John Watt. Again, "Oxoniensis" says that not one communication in a million is an honest reflex of the idea of the spirit, and that the sentiments uttered are often a mirrored image of the mind of the sitters rather than the personal opinions of the spirit. To the first I say, when the utterances are through the vocal organs of the medium, I have no doubt they are tinged a very great deal with his personal opinions and ideas, but the latter assertion I deny *in toto* when the communications are given by the audible voice of the spirit, because in this case it has nothing at all to do with the mentality of the medium. Besides, we have often sat with persons of a totally different belief to ourselves, sometimes all Unitarians, at another time Trinitarians; yet John Watt has always given (when asked) the same teachings upon doctrinal subjects, and said "That is what I have been taught from a higher source." Therefore, from experience, I deny that it is the reflection of the mind of the sitters, having sat with people of very many different shades of belief, and yet he has always said the same when he has been asked to give his opinions, showing that he maintains his individuality and his own views irrespective of those present.

I quite agree with your correspondent that we must indeed be careful we do not propagate weeds instead of nutritious herbs, and that unless sustained by high moral culture, human beings are indeed apt to make the most grievous blunders. I am very happy to be able to inform your readers that John Watt has never dogmatised. He has always said that the instruction he has given us has been received by him from a higher source; he has also assigned reasons; therefore they are not the oracular utterances of an infallible Pope, but the product of a reasoning mind. Your correspondent will say, perhaps, these are only my assertions. I answer back that the letter on spirit-teachings is only your correspondent's assertions, not facts.

What a pity it is that there should be so much jealousy and bad feeling among Spiritualists because we cannot get all to see and believe that our orthodoxy is right, and consequently all others wrong. This does not appear to me to be trying to live the Christ-life.—Yours sincerely,  
M. A. EVERITT.

MR. C. P. B. ALSOP requests us to state that his private address is No. 19, Lamb's Conduit Street (not No. 3), and that all letters for engaging Mr. Williams, and communications for him, are to be sent to No. 2, Great Turnstile, High Holborn.

#### THE SPIRIT-VOICE DISCUSSED.

I have no apology to offer for the course adopted in my former letter which appeared in your paper, yet I regret the manner in which it has been received by my unknown friend who has penned the letter which you have had the goodness to place before me. I would much rather that you had allowed that lady's letter to appear, and then permitted me to reply to it in due course, if I thought proper to do so. But now that I have been appealed to, I gladly return to the question which so much interests me and prompted me to address to you my former communication. I am more than astonished in being obliged to observe that there is the slightest possibility of there being "parties" in the ranks of Spiritualism. I had fondly hoped that a platform had at length been reached upon which the great problems of human destiny might be worked out dispassionately and rationally. And observing the great freedom and fairness with which you allowed all suggestions to appear in your issues, I was led to apply the analytical method to a statement which lacked the essential elements of clear demonstration and rational basis. In doing so I had no intention of making an onslaught on any person or spirit. Mediums I respect so highly that my weakness might, on an emergency, lean towards the other side. The mind familiarised with classic legends unconsciously grasps at the strange facts of to-day of which the subjects of our school-boy studies formed the prototypes. Yes, I confess it; involved as I have been, and am at this hour, with minds of the most sceptical tendencies, yet my sympathies are entirely with that new form of thought and investigation which projects itself far ahead into the dim unknown beyond the narrow rationalism of the schools.

Such being a candid avowal of my position, it is also my excuse if I have wounded anyone in the slightest degree, more particularly a lady and a medium. The sole object of my insignificant effort was to point out the deficiency of philosophical evidence in the statement communicated by your correspondent "F. J. T.," to open up the question of the laws of spirit-control, and, if possible, to exonerate the spirit, and also the medium, from any censure in connection with the *lapsus* referred to. In return, I am deeply indebted to Mrs. Everitt for her spontaneous testimony to the general consistency of John Watt's communications, and it would be invaluable if we could obtain the individual testimonies of the many intelligent minds who have, no doubt, been participants in these most interesting seances. I am, however, disposed to question the philosophy advanced by your fair correspondent, to wit, that the audible voice is the most reliable form of communication. In respect to this matter I beg to advance these considerations:—Let us suppose that our personal opinions are not resident in the tissues of our bodies, but rather in the mental sphere that surrounds these bodies. Analogically we may refer to the crops and fruits of the earth, which are not in the soil, but rather grow from the soil as the development of a germ therein deposited. If this argument holds good, then I would presume that the audible voice was more capable of perversion than that form of trance-speaking which is the result of "automatic control." I caution the reader to observe that I write suggestively, and I should be very sorry if any inquirer regarded these suppositions as facts; but I consider the views advanced by Mrs. Everitt equally untenable, and indeed contrary to all experience. I have been making inquiries amongst a few who have had the privilege of hearing John Watt, and I honestly confess that their experience scarcely bears out Mrs. Everitt's testimony. But this is a matter on which my opinion can have no weight whatever; and with your kind permission, Mr. Editor, I invite a careful scrutiny into the nature of this spirit-voice. Nothing but facts will enlighten us; and if we get the experience of a number of people under a great diversity of circumstances, we may be able to arrive at some satisfactory solution of the problem. I would, however, with all kindness, warn the mediums for the spirit-voice, and the members of the various circles, to carefully guard against receiving any remark made as a personal allusion. Our object is to censure no one, to imply no motives, but to arrive at truth, and to do so we must be on the most congenial terms with the mediums, who at so much self-sacrifice impart such important truths to the world.  
OXONIENSIS.

March 3rd, 1871.

#### MRS. EMMA HARDINGE'S PROVINCIAL ENGAGEMENTS.

Mrs. Hardinge begs to say, in answer to all inquirers for her services in the country, that her engagements will prevent her entering into any arrangements whatever to leave London before the beginning of May. Her terms have already been stated in a former number of the MEDIUM.

6, Vassall Terrace, Kensington, W.

#### THE SUNDAY SERVICES.

CLEVELAND HALL.—The subject of Mrs. Emma Hardinge's discourse next Sunday will be "The Religion of the Divine Humanity."

COLLEGE OF MEDIUMS.—There was a very good attendance last Tuesday evening, and some very extraordinary phenomena took place.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Hardinge's lecture will take place at Lawson's Rooms, 145, Gower Street. Subject: "Music as an Educator," with vocal and instrumental illustrations.

"ADVANCE" had better propound his inquiries to the newspaper he quotes.



## The Spirit Messenger.

[A seance is held every Friday evening, at eight o'clock, at the office of the Medium, J. J. Morse, Trance Medium. By our reports of these or other circles, we do not endorse or stand responsible for the facts or teachings given by the spirits. Our desire is, in brief, to give a faithful representation of what takes place, for the benefit of those who cannot attend.]

March 3.

(The questions were answered by Tien-Sien-Tie, the guide of the medium.)

Q. What are our daily duties in the spirit-world?—A. How can we define the daily duties of the spirit-world, when existence there is a never-ending day? Rather let the question be, What is the occupation of the disembodied soul? First, we might point to the desire of that soul again, to that ever-recurring inquiry to know whose it is, whence it came, and whither it is bound. From time to time it manifests a desire searching for those means necessary to itself in development, or, again, well as a multiplicity of desires and actions, constitute a part—a small part at the best—of the duties and occupations of disembodied man.

Q. Have the souls of the departed any kind of bodies?—A. Matter is the servant of intelligence. The expression of intelligence is dependent upon organism. Immortality is rational, which necessitates for the its existence, namely, an organism.

Q. Do the spirits of departed friends recognize each other in the spirit-world?—A. Memory is a function of the enveloping mind, but its activity is controlled by circumstances, most prominent among which memory, and bearing in mind our previous answer we shall see that recognition is a necessary sequence.

Q. Is the soul conscious of pre-existence in any body previous to its birth here?—A. At a certain period of its existence the many phases of its pre-human existence will become part of its consciousness.

Q. Is spirit-life is there any consciousness of God's individuality?—A. Finite mind can only comprehend infinite intelligence relatively. To personify the power called God would be to invest it with all the restrictions and limitations appertaining to individuality, out of which grows locality, which necessitates partiality, and this is absurd and inconsistent with the necessary conditions of the supreme Ruler of all things. The only conception that the advanced mind can form in reference to the Deity is gathered from the laws and principles, immutable and unchangeable, that govern the vast series of existence. The wondrous intelligence, the mighty power, the divine love that is therein manifested, clearly point to one conclusion, namely, that the Deity is as far removed from finite comprehension as light from darkness.

Q. Do children improve after death?—A. Progress is the universal law. Infancy is but the initial stage of being. Why should an entrance into the spirit-world destroy the possibility of the infant growing and expanding into manhood, and enjoying the fruits of matured intelligence? Our experience and human aspirations clearly answer the question by saying, in the words of our opening sentence, love is the universal law.

At the conclusion of the questions, the spirit related a short fable showing the necessity of improving ourselves in the present and the folly of embittering our lives and wasting much valuable time in discussing the nature and existence of God and various other abstract theological dogmas. After which,

### THE "STROLLING PLAYER"

entertained the company with a long dissertation on the good that Spiritualism had effected.

In the unavoidable absence of Mr. Burns, Mr. J. W. Jackson sat as the chairman this evening, and it may not perhaps prove an altogether unprofitable exercise of attention on the part of some of our habitual readers, familiar with the character and tendency of Tien's utterances on former occasions, if they should endeavor to discover whether any and what traces of alien influence are observable in Mr. Morse's communications while within the sphere of our friend from Glasgow.

### SPONTANEOUS PHENOMENA.

By J. J. MORSE.

Phenomenal Spiritualism may be aptly divided into two classes, spontaneous and conditional—the first ever recurring from time to time, and passing under the names of *seance*, *witchcraft*, and so-called *superstitious legends*—the second of that character and description which the modern Spiritualist is so well acquainted with. Yet, interesting and instructive as the conditional phenomena are, as affording positive proof of immortality, it is also necessary that we should turn our attention to the contemplation of those *un-sought phenomena*, so varied and strange, that occur alike in the history of nations, families, and individuals—the wraiths of Ireland, the spectres of legendary fame, and the humble ghost of the ignorant, the disembodied soul of the Spiritualist. These visible and substantial effects are produced by some agency that has yet to be explained by those who are too wise to listen and not humble enough to learn, for in this direction we can point to the fact that the phenomena of modern Spiritualism are not now—that the fact is as old as humanity—that the spirits of the departed are here amongst us, drawn by some attraction too strong for the mere process of a change of state to break, some deed done, or a wrong suffered at the hand of an enemy, pointing clearly to the same statements that are made by every returning spirit, that their locality is determined by their attractions, either earthly or spiritual, and governed by love or hate. Let us not then reject that which has been the cause of so much *fooling and small wit*, viz., the ghost story, or, as we now know it to be, the spontaneous phenomena of Spiritualism. The curious in these matters, I refer to a well-written volume upon this subject,

compiled by R. Dale Owen, entitled "Footfalls on the Roadside of Another World," and here let me introduce, for the interest of our readers, a narrative that was furnished the writer of this paper by a very dear friend, which is as follows:—

My friend, who, by the nature of his profession, travels a great deal, found himself last autumn in a country town not far from the metropolis, and repaired with his wife to one of its hotels to pass the night. After having retired to rest some half an hour, and finding it very difficult to compose himself to sleep, he at last desisted, and lay endeavouring to discover the cause of his restlessness, when he perceived that the bedclothes were gradually slipping off the bedstead. Thinking that this was owing to their being loosened by his restlessness, he just drew them over him when, lo, they started again, but this time gradually slipped off the bed on the floor. My friend, who is a Spiritualist, now thought there might be something in it after all, so he arose from the bed, re-arranged the clothes and firmly tucked them in all round, and again got into bed, anxiously awaiting further results. But again—after an interval of about five minutes—off went the bedclothes. He started up in bed, and on looking over to the opposite corner of the room, he perceived the clearly-defined figure of a female in a crouching, supplicating attitude—as it were begging for mercy. Again he rearranged the bed. After while the same results transpired. It was now nearly 4 a.m. Rest or sleep was out of the question, so rising and dressing himself, he went out and entered the neighbouring market public-house. He called for a cup of coffee, and in the course of conversation with the landlady, the following facts were elicited:—That the proprietor of the house had slept in married, some years ago, a very beautiful young lady, and that his wife attended one of the town balls, and, anxious to avoid appearing dirty, retained one friend as her partner during the evening. Upon her husband hearing this, he immediately became inhumanly jealous, and upon her return home she was never seen by anyone till the time of her death—some six years afterwards—but screams and cries were often heard proceeding from the house. It transpired that her husband confined her to the room where my friend had slept, and cruelly ill-used her—scourging her with a whip, dragging her about by the hair of her head, and in many other ways which shame prevents my writing. This monster in human form, by some strange anomaly in our laws, is now a free man and again married, but this time he has met, mildly speaking, a very tartar; and dozens who sleep in that room have had the same experience as my friend in every particular. Let the wise across explain this if possible. The fearful responsibilities of it hang heavy over our heads. That our actions follow us is clearly taught by conditional as well as spontaneous phenomena.

### EXTRAORDINARY TRANSFERENCE OF LACE FROM PLACE TO PLACE BY SPIRIT INSTRUMENTALITY.

On Sunday evening, March 5, when Mrs. Guppy and Mr. Hume were at Mrs. Berry's after their return from Mrs. Hardinge's lecture, as Mrs. Berry and Mrs. Guppy opened a door for the purpose of passing to Mrs. Berry's dressing-room, something struck Mrs. Berry on the eye, who, on picking it up and taking it to the light, found it was a roll of lace belonging to Mrs. Guppy, who had left it at her own house the same evening. On Monday evening Mrs. Berry brought this roll of lace to 15, Southampton Row, for the purpose of showing it to Mrs. Burns, after which it was taken upstairs to Mr. Hume's seance, and this having terminated, Mr. Berry came downstairs into the shop with the lace in her muff which she placed on the counter while she entered the office to pay an account. On returning into the shop and resuming her muff she exclaimed, "Where is the lace?" for it had disappeared, and could not be found anywhere on the premises, although the most careful search was immediately instituted. It may perhaps be mentioned here that several people were standing in the shop at the time, all of whom had previously noticed the lace in the muff. This occurred about half-past ten on Monday night, and on Tuesday Mrs. Berry received a post-card from Mrs. Guppy conveying the following information (we give the very words employed):—

"Dear Mrs. Berry.—About eleven o'clock last night the roll of lace fell upon me. To 6 o'clock a.m.—E. G."

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Guppy being on a visit at Mr. Berry's, the lace was again brought to them, and found to be the same which Mrs. Guppy had left at home on the previous Sunday evening prior to its intervening travels.

### REMARKABLE REMOVAL OF A HAIR-BRUSH BY SPIRIT AGENCY.

We are informed by Mrs. Berry that on the evening of Monday, February 27, during supper her niece requested her to put something under the table to see if the spirits would take it away, as they had done upon a previous occasion, when Mrs. Berry drew a small hair-brush from her pocket and gave it to Mr. Frank Hume, medium, who was present, who shortly he declared it had been taken away. At this time, Mr. Williams, medium, who was travelling from London Bridge to Cannon Street by railway, had a brush dropped into his lap, he being the only person in the carriage at the time. It was taken from Mrs. Berry about 11.15 p.m., and Mr. Williams received it at 11.30, while the train was in motion. Mr. Williams, who is unacquainted with Mrs. Berry, did not know to whom the brush belonged, and accordingly went to Mr. Hume in the rather vague hope of obtaining some information from him.

\* The post-card can be seen at 15, Southampton Row.



## MRS. HARDINGE'S LECTURE ON JOAN OF ARC.

Those who attended at the Metropolitan Hall on Wednesday enjoyed an intellectual treat of no ordinary character. The subject was of a kind eminently calculated to call forth the highest powers of the gifted lecturer, and whether from profound sympathy with the heroic seeress and deliverer of France, or from some other cause, we never remember to have seen Mrs. Hardinge more thoroughly absorbed by her theme. To all duly receptive minds those inspired utterances of one exalted woman on the outward career and interior experiences of another, must have afforded impressions not easily to be effaced. Such a being as Joan of Arc cannot be interpreted from the stand-point of common experience. Her impressions and her deeds, her evocation and her career, are alike beyond the range of the matter-of-fact historian, who, if wise, surrenders her in despair as an insoluble problem. But it was otherwise with Mrs. Hardinge, whose profound acquaintance with spiritual phenomena afforded her a master-key for the explanation of Joan's psychology, and thus enabled her not merely to narrate but also to explain the sublime and hitherto mysterious destiny of the peasant girl of Domremy. Taking her biography as we find it preserved for us in the history of that extraordinary time, when France lay prostrate and bleeding beneath the iron heel of her English as she now does beneath that of her German conquerors, she traced the gradual unfoldment of Joan's seer-power from her visionary childhood up through her girlhood and youth until she was introduced to Baudricourt, governor of Vaucouleurs, and by him forwarded to the court. Then, in the most picturesque language, the eloquent speaker depicted the relief of Orleans, the coronation at Rheims, and the final catastrophe of this brilliant career of unparalleled success, in the capture, trial and martyrdom at the stake, of the pure and beautiful, the simple yet inspired deliverer of her country.

Mr. S. C. Hall asked Mrs. Hardinge to explain the spiritual visitations of Joan, but the fair lecturer, we think very judiciously, declined to add anything to what history has left on record.

Mr. Shorter, whose opening and concluding remarks were alike able and appropriate, observed in the latter that Joan was an illustrious instance of that mysterious dispensation of Providence whereby the guilty are often redeemed through the suffering and even the blood of the innocent, confirming the lecturer's view that France is now prostrate and hopeless because she has no Maid of Domremy to come a second time, as victor and victim, to the rescue of her torn and bleeding country.

## AN INTERESTING SEANCE.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly allow me a little space in your most valuable and interesting paper, to place before your readers, as far as I am able, a report of one of the most wonderful and convincing seances it has been my good fortune to attend. On Sunday, a party of five gentlemen from Derby, recommended by you to do so, paid us a visit, and wished to see something of Spiritualism through the mediumship of their Nottingham friends. Amongst their number was a gentleman from Coventry, an extraordinarily impressionable medium, whose spirit-guide and attendant purports to be the "Bard of Aron." It was desired by this party that, as a test, the spirit controlling Mrs. Hitchcock should, if possible, select the medium from their company. Before describing the meeting in the evening, permit me to say these gentlemen were entertained in the afternoon at our friend Mrs. Addicott's house, where they were highly delighted with the seance. Mrs. A. is a very good table-medium, and also a good trance-medium, through whom they received some very satisfactory proofs. She is quite unconscious under control, and of a very sceptical turn of mind in reference to the phenomena. At the appointed time we met at our room, which was quickly filled, there being from forty to fifty persons present. After singing a hymn, accompanied by the harmonium, Mrs. H. passed under the influence of our friend H. C. Wright, who gave us a long and interesting address in answer to a gentleman who asked him to do so on the Sunday previous. It was to be on "The Good Resulting from a Belief in the Bible." He said he could only speak for himself. That which harmonised with his nature he accepted, the remainder he rejected. After his address, which occupied upwards of an hour, he was to try to discover this medium amongst our Derby friends, which was looked for with much eagerness, and which he accomplished most successfully. His plan, he said, would be simple, as he should desire each of the party consecutively to place his hand in that of the medium. I am sorry I am not permitted to use the names of the gentlemen; they are not yet prepared to take a "bold front" to the enemy of ignorance, though they possess the best weapons—those of mediumship. The first, whom I will call A, is a powerful mesmerist, and on touching the medium's hand, was informed that he was decidedly mediumistic, though he possessed a large amount of positive will-power, and would be able to control others. This gave great satisfaction to the audience. The second, or B, was told also that he was decidedly negative (this gentleman has been mesmerised by the former several times) and was quite mediumistic, possessing much of the mental temperament, and should sit for development. The third, or C, the spirit informed us was highly sensitive, and he should not be surprised if this was "the medium." He admitted that as soon as he touched Mrs. Hitchcock he felt a curious sensation pass through his system, and a wonderfully rapid beating of his heart; this, he was told by the spirit, confirmed him in the truth of his impressions. From an answer that was given by the first gentleman, it was thought by the audience that this was the medium, but we were informed of our mistake. The fourth, or D, I should have expected myself to have been the most unlikely of any, possessing, as he apparently does, a powerful, robust constitution, though there is certainly a peculiarity in the expression of the eye.

The moment this gentleman approached the medium, and before she felt the touch of his hand, she perceived a most powerful influence, and on the moment of her doing so she exclaimed, "Why, sir, you are th

medium," to the great delight of the company. Almost with the rapidity of thought, this gentleman was under the control of Shakespeare, who, in the most polite, eloquent, and pathetic manner, confirmed the truthfulness of H. C. Wright's statement, and warmly congratulated him on his successful discovery. The two controlling spirits then held a most interesting conversation, which was highly approved of by the audience. Mrs. H. was then controlled by our Indian friend, who was seen and described by our Coventry friend to be a most beautiful and loving spirit. I must here state that our visitor informed us that the presence of Mrs. H. had a wonderfully soothing and agreeable influence (a fact testified by many others), and that he was more thoroughly controlled than he had ever been before. As soon as our Indian friend began, and with that extraordinary quickness which characterises this gentleman's mediumship, he too was under the influence of one of the band of Indians, and then a third was entranced, and then the chattering and jibbering which followed was most grotesque and interesting. A very sensible and logical speech by a spirit who, when on earth, was thought to be a little bit "tho't," was given through Mrs. A., concluding one of the most successful meetings I ever attended. Pardon my trespassing so far on your space, and believe me, yours sincerely,

JAMES ASHWORTH.

Nottingham, February 20, 1871.

## PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS AT MR. ALSOP'S.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

SIR,—Will you allow a convert to Spiritualism a few lines of your paper to express my sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Alsop for their very kind and disinterested endeavours to convince me.

Last night was the second time I attended the seances of Mr. Alsop, and the manifestations certainly were very wonderful, and at times alarming to the party assembled.

I am not easily persuaded to any purpose—reason is my predominant characteristic—and when I say that I am a German, the prevailing cautious conclusions of my race will not claim mine as an enthusiast.

Messrs. Herne and Williams, as mediums, were present, and whatever forces are put in motion, Mr. Herne must possess them in a pre-eminent degree. He was lifted from the ground, and we heard him aloft, in fact, timid—he was handled roughly. A candlestick was thrown on the table and armchair, a plate and oranges were thrown so violently that a lady was high being hurt. Piano, accordion, and tambourine sounded, sometimes accompanying the singing, and questions were answered. I saw lights, such as are seen in warm climates at night, emanating from fireflies, except that these were blue. Finally, it would be an insult to Mr. Alsop were I not to be convinced that there was no deception. I cannot believe that a gentleman of Mr. Alsop's kindness and goodness of heart could so earnestly invoke the blessing of the Great Cause, and so profanely place his own innocent children under the influence of deception.—I am, Sir, yours sincerely,

G. WICHEL, Professor of Music.

22, Red Lion Street, Holborn, March 8, 1871.

## THE UNKNOWN TONGUE.

DEAR SIR,—May I trouble you once more to find a space for the words written below?—Yours faithfully,

R. COGMAN.

Vina co se le omela  
Noka savela varlo  
Me kenooku semula  
Ropolo rebimma nefeela  
Carbivro rebica sonevra  
Meludda colose denivu repula

## THE SPIRITUALISTS' BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

[Spiritualists should patronise their brethren. As a rule they will be better served, and help those who are devoting their means to the advancement of humanity. Businesses will be registered here on application to the Publisher.]

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