



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

SPIRITUALISM.

No. 53.—Vol. II.]

LONDON, APRIL 7, 1871.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

FUNERAL ORATION ON THE VICTIMS OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

DELIVERED BY MRS. EMMA HARDINGE, AT CLEVELAND HALL, ON SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 2ND.
INVOCATION.

Lord of life and King of death! Spirit from whom we come, to whom we return! Thou who hast entrusted us in charge with the missions of life and death, of which thou holdest the key,—look upon us in this hour of counsel, when we stand in the presence of the mighty dead—the dead who in all ages of the past thou hast commissioned as ministering angels to instruct us in thy power—the dead whom in our ignorance, our blindness, and our blood-guiltiness, we have destroyed—the dead whom man's ambition and the lust of power and kingly rule have violently thrust into another world—the dead for whom we mourn, but far more mourning for ourselves that we have made them so, cut them off ere the work that thou hast given them be finished. In this holy presence of thine we stand this night, and ask thy blessing on our counsels; ask that thou wilt give us wisdom and inspiration to sanctify even our trespass and disgrace to the evolverment of higher laws, higher wisdom, higher life than that from which we strayed. O Infinite Spirit, High Priest of every place where two or three are gathered together in the sacred name of God and the right, we dedicate this hour of counsel to thy service: we ask that thou wilt sanctify it with thy blessing, and lift us up by these counsels nearer, nearer, our God, to thee!

[The oration was preceded by a poetical reading purporting to be from William Howitt's new work, "The Mad War Planet." Mrs. Hardinge held in her hand some sheets of paper, upon which appeared to be writing. From this the gifted lady seemed to read in the most eloquent manner for about forty minutes. We were astonished to observe how little attention she gave to the paper in her hand, and with what wonderful and original emphasis she rendered the meaning of the matter recited. Our readers will be disappointed if they expect to find these burning pictures of war and its consequences in Mr. Howitt's book. We understand that the poetry was nearly all improvised on the spot, the chief exception being the opening verses. Though it was a Sunday service, at which the hearers are expected to maintain a reverent stillness, yet the crowded hall was repeatedly the scene of general and hearty applause. The effect produced was the very opposite of the haughty war feeling. If the audience had at the moment known the true source of the poetry, the enthusiasm would no doubt have been much greater. We think it due both to Mr. Howitt and Mrs. Hardinge to state these facts; and the treatment of the subject will well bear a retrospect, from which those who were fortunate enough to be present may enjoy the occasion over again. All who heard the poetical oration of last Sunday evening will agree with us that a similar service from Mrs. Hardinge and her inspiring guides in the spiritual realms would be peculiarly desirable at some future time.]

It is seldom, very seldom, friends, that civilians bear the truth, the real truth, concerning the scenes and events which they honour, and respect, and reverence, and chant in song, and blazon in art, and celebrate with pomp, and praise God for in religion—that form of war which is here described in its simple reality. You do not like to hear it, but perhaps you would like far less to take part in it; and yet such scenes as these have fallen upon peaceful cities like your own—innocent, blameless creatures, like those that now surround you. It is but a few short months since the gayest, fairest, most unthinking, and apparently happiest people in the world were, as you now are, listening to the tales of war as to idle romance and fiction; and it is but a few short months since the sun of that brightness has gone out in blood, and this gay, happy, unthinking people are the miserable victims that are here depicted. Do not say such scenes do not belong to you—that you have no lot or part in them—that your ears should never be assailed by these tales of horror. There are none that can say, when the war demon is abroad, and the war fury is sweeping the earth with its desolating breath, what nation, land, or people shall not be the next afflicted by the scourge. If not, however, for your own interests, for the love of God—for the sake of the holy but fearful truths here related—in pity for your brother-men—in pity for the dreadful scenes that have been here but slightly glanced at—in pity for the breaking hearts, the ruined homes, the blackened hearths, and the silent dead that can never plead with you, in pity for all these, take a lesson home to your own hearts from the dread-

ful scourge beneath which a sister nation is now humbled into dust, and sits like Rachel weeping for her slain, and still more hopelessly gazes over the fair land where they lie, no longer able to defend or rescue her, still trodden by the foot of the insatiate demon, and still writhing beneath the curse of what William Howitt so justly calls "The Mad War Planet."—I tell you it belongs to every man, woman, and child in our midst, to acquaint themselves with the actual facts of this tremendous scourge; and when we realise that it is not brought, as we call it, by the visitation of God, that it is no affliction incurred in those mysterious providences over which we have no control, but that it is the work of our own hands—that it is the foul, fell, hideous work of those who, like you and me, worship the same God, profess to believe in the divine humanity and brotherhood of man, and pray to Him for a blessing on the very deeds of hideous slaughter which they consecrate by the name of glory.

But little remains for me to say after the eloquent and burning words of the aged prophet who is passing into the summerland, whilst the golden curtains are being drawn for his victorious entrance—but little remains for me to add to his glorious protest against the last worst crime of the age, only to offer a few words of sympathy, respect, pity, and perhaps of memorial affection for those who have fallen beneath the curse which society has perpetrated in the name of authority. After the great holocaust that has been offered up on the altars of human rage, no good is done, nothing is effected, no laws have been enacted, no benefit has been derived to one living creature, nothing but wreck and ruin, nothing but the instilment of the war fever into thousands of minds that before were peaceful and well-ordered, nothing but to let slip the dogs of war to ravage the miserable land that has never gained one single jot of benefit or blessing by all the mighty sacrifices that have been poured out. Oh, if, in the face of this senseless folly, this useless rage, this most miserable and vain sacrifice, there are no voices but that of one weak woman raised to protest against such hideous and unchristian acts, shame be to the age! Reason is dead, and King Murder rules Europe. The silent battle-field—the battle-field where, but a few brief weeks ago, thousands of pale, cold, dead faces lay with their dull eyes upturned to the quiet stars—a spectacle too horrible for human sight to look upon—a spectacle which even the demons that wrought it were glad to put out of their blanched and withered sight—the battle-field, with the blackened homes, the ruined villages, and some few gaunt, famine-stricken, ruined creatures creeping over them, is all that now remains for me to philosophise upon.

A few brief lessons alone, then, may be deduced from this scene, and these I offer as the conclusions I draw from my text.

First, I believe that this blood cannot have been shed in vain—utterly in vain; that since the fury of man has so perverted the providence of the great good God that built up the thousands of noble forms that man has destroyed, it is a part of His providence to work evil into good, and to convert even the darkest and most fatal acts of man into lessons of instruction and wisdom. Such a lesson is now before our eyes, and it is all summed up in the two words, the inutility of war—the senseless, hopeless, utterly ruinous utility of war. I cannot but believe that when the time comes that the nations shall awake from the mighty fever that is on them, and the dreadful incubus of actual slaughter shall have passed from the land that has put away the dripping sword, we shall feel in the Old World as I believe every inhabitant of the New World feels—that the last war has been fought, that the last slaughter-battle has been enacted, and that the day has come when a mightier warfare must be entered upon—the warfare of human reason—the warfare of the mighty spirit of public opinion, which, as William Howitt suggests, shall compel those that propose to go to war to vacate the seats of government; that the very proposition for legalised murder shall be their own fixed act of dethronement; and that peoples will no more be led, like beasts of the field or cattle, to human shambles to gratify the ambition, the insensate pride and lust of power of human rulers. If this lesson be indeed read aright, as I think the signs of the times are beginning to predicate that it will be, then indeed the blood that has been shed has not been poured out utterly in vain; then indeed some stars of promise arise in the black horizon, and urge me to turn from the fatal spectacle of the slain to the possible destiny of the souls that have been thus violently thrust from their human tabernacles, and to conclude by inquiring, What has death done to them? Where are they now? Under what conditions are their lives continued? What for the martyrs of this foul and fell scene of ambition—what for them, if not for their destroyers? To this there are many of us that are qualified to give an answer. There are many of us who have beheld the

shadowy curtains of eternity drawn from before its awful portals, and the realities of continued life displayed before our eyes. There are many of us, especially during the last dreadful struggle in the land of the West, who have beheld hosts of freed souls that have been violently thrust from their bodies hovering in mighty armies over the scene of their former habitation, and gladly revealing to their fellow-men the conditions under which life was continued for them. These souls return to tell us that the act that deprived them of mortal life has never severed their connection with earth—that it is one of the great and terrible evils of murder that it reacts in every direction—that there is no compensation for it—that it is one of those fearful infractions of God's law for which man cannot atone except by the deepest and most remorseful agonies through, perhaps, ages to come. These slain soldiers of ours inform us that, though in the better and more just conditions of life eternal their motives are considered, and the helplessness with which peoples are driven by their rulers to the act of slaughter attaches to them neither blame nor responsibility—that, though struck down by the fearful and shameful necessity that has imposed murder upon them, they cease to be responsible, nevertheless that a great wrong has been done them—that they enter upon a sphere of existence neither prepared to receive them nor a life for which they are prepared—that God has endowed man with life as the most sacred of all obligations; that He has planted him here on earth for the high and the noble purpose of unfolding all the powers of his soul; that this is the schoolhouse for the spirit, and that no other condition can serve the spirit but this earth; and that those who by any act, legally, as it is termed, or illegally, break into the house of life, commit a far greater wrong than they know of—they not only usurp the privilege and office of the Lord of life and death, and violently wrest the power from the hands of God, but they impress upon the freed soul the necessity of returning to earth and performing as a spirit, hovering round the scenes of its former existence, the unfulfilled and broken missions of earth. Here, then, the slain of the battle-field still perform, sometimes to great disadvantage, the unfulfilled purposes of their Creator in their earthly lives. Here, then, those whom we think we have rid ourselves of, calling them our enemies and rejoicing when our eyes behold them no more, still throng around us, some with the same restless purposes of hate and vengeance, some with the earthly feelings that they carried with them unchanged, but happily more freed by the act of death and the scales of blindness falling from their eyes, grieving, grieving that the thread of their usefulness has been severed, and humbly and hopefully toiling in the spheres of the better life to perform the purposes that God assigned them upon this earth. When such a spirit as this possesses the soldier, his life is indeed one of supreme usefulness, for he returns with the inspiration of his whole soul and mind bent to impress upon his fellow-men the horror of the crime of taking life, and the necessity of substituting reason for the fatal and insane action and arbitration of the sword. Thousands and millions of those that have been deprived of the blessing and benefit of material life are pleading with the media in every part of this world to plead with men for themselves. This is one of the conditions of those that have passed from the horrors of the battle-field to the hereafter. Oh, how different to the fictions that they chant in the churches when they tell you of the palms of victory that crown the brows of the martyrs that have died in the service of their country—of the laurels of eternity that are waving to greet the patriots that have been sacrificed and nobly laid down their lives for the honour and glory of their country! Fiction! inventions of those that have too long kept you in ignorance! Such is not the case; such is not the condition of the freed spirits of those that have been sacrificed by the act of murder. They mourn over that act; they mourn for their fellow-men; they mourn for themselves. And this said, there is yet another page to reveal.

I was given to your speaker to be present at a scene where, through the lips of an entranced medium (one who gave the most abundant evidence of being fully possessed by the souls of the departed), one of the victims from the battle-fields of blood-stained America presented himself, and asked leave to describe another phase of spiritual existence good for us to know. He represented himself as one of those that are in the poem so pitiously and graphically pictured to you as lying, perishing, but not yet dead, upon the dreadful battle-field. For eighteen hours he lay exposed to horrors and sufferings from which the ears of humanity would shrink; your hearts would wither up were you but to hear the piteous tale. It is a representative one, mark, for thousands and thousands have perished in just such miseries. The approach of the heavy artillery against, plunging into the gory earth and into the yanking, throbbing hearts and brains of the dying, at last put an end to his tortures, and he knew no more; but in the few moments that elapsed between the approach of the heavy instrument of horrible, mutilating death, and the act itself, in those few moments he described a panorama of existence passing before his mind's eye such as no tongue of a mortal can depict—not only the events of his own life, but the events of the whole nation, the entire history of humanity in the past, floated before him; the mighty battle of human life was fought in all its horrors; age upon age stepped up with all its platoon people in the mighty struggle of the soul of man, rising in one grand march of humanity from savagism to civilisation. With it all the laws of God, so good, so wise, so bountiful, were napped out on the one side, and all the trespass, the blindness, and wickedness of man on the other. His spirit, struggling to escape from its mangled, bruised, and broken tunic, beheld the judgment on every act and deed, with all its consequences, all its penalties, and all the triumphs and victories that ensue in the deep abysses of our own souls when we crush back one single bad thought, overcome one bad propensity. All this he beheld in a space of time less than we could count—in one minute, and then all was done; and when he awoke to the strains of the mightiest psalm that ever broke on the ear of an enfranchised spirit, he was in the midst of hosts of just men made perfect; he found that the martyrdoms of a thousand years had been crowded into that little minute of time—that all the experiences that he could have gained in a thousand successive generations of births and deaths upon earth had been fulfilled—that in the great and unspeakable agony of that one moment as he beheld the monstrous engine of the hideous death advancing till it crushed him, that mighty judgment on earth and all her peoples had ensued,—he knew that for the spirit time is no more, space is no more, and that the martyrdoms that we suffer, no matter

how brief be the moment in which they ensue, are the means of discipline, the means of purification—are the steps by which the soul escapes from its rudimentary state to the mighty and triumphant round of angelic perfection.

Thank God, then, for the crowns of martyrdom which are bestowed on many a brow of the humble and nameless victims of the battle-field. Whilst we cannot forgive their destroyers—whilst we know that there is no law of extension for the foul acts that have destroyed them—whilst we know that just penalties must visit those who, for their evil purposes, have driven these helpless ones to death—it is the consolation of the Spiritualist to be assured that these victims have not suffered in vain—that the kind and merciful all-Father has ordained for them a blessing of compensation which crowns them with a glory in proportion to the misery and suffering they have endured. Do not let us ask too much for them; do not let us count up human experiences for them. God only the poor soldier from the hour when, with broken heart and streaming eyes, he leaves wife and children, and home and friends—from the moment when, step by step, he endures all the miseries of the camp, the march, the cold, the starvation, the fasting, the pain, and at last the dreadful death; the steps of his martyrdom are being trod. We know not his name; we take no heed of who the bruised and lacerated form might have been; we put them out of sight, but God numbers them all. Angels and friends are waiting with open arms to receive them—hovering about the ghastly charnel house, the pitying spirits of the pure and the loving are there awaiting these new-born souls, and compensating as best they may for the broken and unfulfilled purposes of earth—gently, mercifully, tenderly disentangling the bruised and broken-hearted spirit from the wreck and ruin it has left behind, and then haling them through the red and fiery gates of martyrdom into the glorious triumph that awaits the suffering souls of humanity. Thus much on our victims.

But little remains to be said. For those who have been the cause of this dreadful calamity, it is enough that they cannot escape from its consequences; whilst our poor soldiers' enfranchised spirits, with glory on the one side, and the necessity for outworking earthly disciplines on the other, are still compelled to toil and labour at the gates of earth to perform the work that was given them to do, but to perform it with that light of eternity on their brow which affords full compensation for their share of the wreck and ruin. Whilst, therefore, we can safely trust them in the hands of the all-Father, we learn from the same sources the images of their death—the images of the wrong and ruin to the widow, the orphan, the ruined and destroyed that they have left behind, must ever dog the steps of their destroyers, until in the mysterious processes of purification they too shall have fully atoned for the wrong deeds done. But how long they must suffer—how long the dark and dreadful penalties may require time for payment, it is not for us to count up. I only affirm, were every monarch, legislator, ruler, and teacher, but aware of the stupendous and awful truths of Spiritualism—were but its justice proclaimed from end to end of the earth, and instead of the foolish, aimless amusements that are derived from its exhibitions the awful tale of its eternal truths, its justice, its compensation and retribution fully proclaimed, men would shrink from wrong-doing—men would fly from the phantoms of their own bad acts—men would return from the retributive angels that they are themselves creating to dig their footsteps for ages, and bless God that they had been warned in time to flee from the wrath to come.

This is my memento and my testimony of the glorious and stupendous truths of spirit-revelation.

THE PAY OF MEDIUMS.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—I have a few words to say, and I hope you will give me space in your widely-circulated MEDIUM.

I find that in the midland counties the minds of the people are being aroused in relation to our glorious philosophy; but, wherever I go, the question is first and foremost, "What can you show us? You say that certain physical manifestations take place; where is your proof?"

In consequence of this desire for physical phenomena, I conferred with friend Franklin at Birmingham, where I visit weekly. He promised me that shortly some good physical mediums would be induced to visit this district, and thus demonstrate the fact that Spiritualism is no fallacy. But, Mr. Editor, you may judge of my astonishment, and I may say disgust, at finding that Messrs. Herne and Williams, "who have entered into partnership," require the trifling sum of £20 for two weeks. Such a charge being beyond our means, we of the midland district are compelled to withhold from the inquiring multitudes such a desirable opportunity of arriving at the truth.

I think if they had said 50 per cent. less, the friends at Birmingham would have entertained the matter, but such terms are out of the question.

I sincerely hope, ere long, some good physical medium or mediums will be developed at our own circles, so that we shall have no need to engage those who make a trade of God's gift by entering into partnership.—Yours truly,

JAMES LOST.

Rolfe Street, Smethwick, March 27, 1871.

P.S.—You know how I have travelled and worked to convince my fellow-countrymen that Mesmerism is a fact; how would it have been if I had asked £20 a fortnight for an engagement?

We do not publish this letter as a reflection on anyone, nor is penning these remarks do we desire to be construed as advocating any person's special views. We think the pay of mediums a personal and private matter of business, with which we have no right to interfere. Like many valuable books, lectures, apparatus, and other forms of knowledge, they may be beyond our means, and hence we may have to dispense with them; but we do not think it fair that we should at the same time determine the conduct of both buyer and seller; as well might the vendors of these expensive appliances compel us to come to their terms, as we compel them to come to ours.

The matter has to be looked at from a business point of view. The organic conditions whereby Messrs. Herne and Williams are enabled to be mediums are no more "God's gift" than the bone and

muscle whereby the hod-bearer is able to perform his toil, or the brain-power whereby the clerk is enabled to make his business entries. All labour is sacred, and every power in the universe is equally divine. It would be most pernicious to regard one set of persons as more the recipients of divine favour than others. By such views special priesthoods have attained to a dominant position in all ages, and made humanity their slaves. It is very proper, however, that there should be different occupations in accordance with the peculiarities of organisation which individuals may possess. One man is adapted to be a quarryman, another a salesman, and yet another a medium; let each man have full scope to develop his talents for the good of society, but let all be respected alike.

We now come to consider whether mediums, or anyone else, should charge an extortionate price for their services. The rule in society is that demand and supply regulate cost. Is the article rare, and is it only capable of special application?—is the article rare, but capable of being applied to a great many at one and the same time?—or is the article plentiful, and capable of infinite diffusion amongst society without the special services of any given individual? We find that mediumship of the kind possessed by Messrs. Herne and Williams belongs to the first category. It is rare, and only capable of special application; it cannot be multiplied or administered to a great number in a wholesale manner. The demand for it is also great, and as the means of supplying that demand is exceedingly limited, the price must, in proportion, be high.

Mediums of the class to which we refer cannot follow any other employment: the demands made upon their time and vital resources prevent them from following any other form of industry. The occupation of a physical medium is also very prejudicial to health: and if a man sell his vital power at so much per volume, then the medium has to make a high charge for that which produces the phenomena so much coveted. The injustice of some Spiritualists in this matter is very marked. We have known Mr. Morse go several miles, pay his own expenses, and speak in a turbulent meeting where his only sustenance was the cynical eye of criticism from those who ought to have known that a more generous form of surroundings was necessary. He has returned home with great difficulty about midnight, and been so unwell as to be off his employment for two whole days afterwards. If his employer had not been a Spiritualist, and excused this irregularity, Mr. Morse must have been discharged and come to absolute poverty. So much for the "self-sacrifice" of Spiritualists. And now for the sacred right of every man to be master of himself. Is it hard for a man to charge £5 per week for his services, pay for expensive lodgings in London and Birmingham at the same time, dress like a gentleman, and pay travelling expenses? No doubt it is considered a big handful of money, but when all these demands are met, how much will be left for the "extortionate" medium? Not a very large sum. And we have to take into account that a medium in leaving his London connection and going into the provinces for a few days, may do his engagements more permanent damage than all he is able to save from the trip.

If a medium makes considerable gain out of his own gifts he is encroaching on no one else, as all are at liberty to employ him or avoid him as they may see fit. Those who are too indifferent or lazy to cultivate mediumship should be made to feel the value of these wonderful facts in some other form. Far greater sinners than mediums are those employers of labour who keep legions of poor families in slavery and ignorance, and amass colossal fortunes out of their labour. We know that Mr. Lones has done nobly in the cause of Mesmerism; but has he not had a business at home, and skillful hands earning him means, while he devoted a few evenings occasionally to the important subject of Mesmerism? We think Spiritualists are much to blame for the paltry way in which they degrade everything connected with the movement with their shabby idea of cheapness. While they pay gratefully to witness the antics of a clown at a pantomime, or patronise the talents of a fashionable singer, they grudge to give the same meed of support to the exhibition of a faculty far more rare and instructive, and fraught with results which the wisdom of the age has not yet been able to fathom.

There is an excellent remedy open to all. Let circles of suitable persons be formed and properly conducted, and all the evidence which the mind of man can desire may be produced.

It may be that the commercial principles current in society are all wrong; if so, why should we begin the reform of disinterestedness by making the very few mediums which our country contains the conspicuous victims?

ASTROLOGY AND SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—I have had astrology brought before me in such a way that I am convinced it is at least largely true. Whether the planets influence our actions, or a something behind them influences both at the same time, I do not know, but I do know that our actions, and even thoughts, are in harmony with planetary revolutions. Sometimes I think the history of the earth, past, present, and future, is contained in every astral figure, if we could but read it. I believe every spirit that manifests its presence on the earth comes in harmony with astral laws. These laws are doubtless very little known at present, and it is our place to try and find them out. I feel sure astrology will take its place as a saviour of the world, for the foreknowledge of dangers pending would enable us to avoid them, or ward off their power, though I have known cases where the precautions used ran the person into the disaster he was trying to avoid. Some remarkable cases of this kind are mentioned in "A Plea for Urania," which is perhaps the most pleasing book on

astrology published. Astrology has been frequently acknowledged from the spirit-world. Though generally much pleased with the teachings of Tien-Sien-Tio, I feel justified in saying he cannot know that "there is no special planet which rules spiritual phenomena." I am very much inclined to think that the planet Neptune rules spiritual phenomena, and has power just as it comes in aspect with other planets, though I am also inclined to think that the planets Uranus, the Sun, Venus, and Mercury have also to do with it, while I do not think Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, or the Moon has much to do with it; but this I do not know much about. I am quite certain that if a native has Neptune in power, and is unafflicted at birth, the native will certainly be a medium more or less, and would develop under conditions if not spontaneously. At the birth of D. D. Home, Neptune had great power, which I believe indicates his mediumship. The Sun was also in power, and would appear to assist Neptune much. In ordinary affairs the Sun would indicate his great popularity among the nobility, particularly sovereigns. I do not know the exact time of Home's birth, but would like to have it, with that of other good mediums, to examine this matter further. Were I to choose a day for a lecture on Spiritualism I would choose a time when Neptune was in a good aspect and powerful; if it were afflicted, I would expect no good to the cause. In the former case I would want to go ten miles to a seance or lecture on Spiritualism, while in the latter case I would expect my time to be wasted by going ten yards. If Uranus were also in power and good aspect, it would give the lecturer a very active imagination and love of things out of the common track of custom, also a profound and original mind. Saturn would also give a sound logical judgment, good memory, and great power of application, inquiry, and analysing, yet very cautious, contemplative, and original. Mars would make him quick, bold, confident, critical, skilful, with off-hand talent and powerful intellect. Venus—taste, elegance, refinement, a keen perception of the beautiful, poetical, witty, courteous, with classical talent, and freedom of expression. Mercury would give eloquence in speech, and would bring scientific and literary persons to a lecture. The Sun would bring the nobility and persons of position. The Moon would bring the people, and Jupiter the money to pay the expenses. An evil aspect of the foregoing would generally have an opposite effect, and especially if Neptune be afflicted I would not expect much good to come to Spiritualism. I am inclined to think Uranus and Venus may represent crystal seers. These are matters which deserve the attention of the "Society of Most Ancient Magi," and also Spiritualists. T. C. DAVIES.

215, Brunswick Street, Manchester, March 25, 1871.

WILL YOU GO TO THE PICNIC?

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—Thinking of Mrs. Hardinge's tour in Yorkshire, I would suggest a "picnic" of all friends, at some beautiful and convenient place, say Bolton Woods, near Ilkley, or any other likely place where the most could meet at the least expense, where we could boil a kettle either in or out of doors; any locality where the friends from Huddersfield, Halifax, Bradford, Leeds, Keighley, Sowerby Bridge, or Manchester could meet—anywhere rather than nowhere.

The Americans can meet, why not the English? We could exchange thoughts, we could sing—why not get up a few good choruses from Handel and Haydn? We are a poor class of "leading minds" if we cannot do so with profit and pleasure to all. What do you all say? Meet and talk the matter over, and write your tale in the MEDIUM. Huddersfield, March 29, 1871.

AN OLD STAGER.

[A capital idea. It will be fine weather by the time our excellent friend Mrs. Hardinge gets into the grassy dales of Yorkshire, and a good thing might be done in the matter of inaugurating in this country "Grove Meetings," so popular amongst Spiritualists in America. Speak out, Spiritualists; we shall gladly do anything to promote such a happy union of our Yorkshire friends, and no doubt our Children's Lyceums can take their part in filling out the entertainment. Our friends in other places contemplate soirees and social meetings on the occasion of Mrs. Hardinge visiting them. This is also an important provision. Wherever Mrs. Hardinge is more than one night, there should be a reception day for inquirers to meet Mrs. Hardinge, to be followed by a nicely got up conversation at which music, eloquence, and social feeling would predominate. These gatherings would do almost more good than the public orations.—ED. M.]

A SHABBY TRICKSTER, who endeavoured to palm off upon us untrue accounts of spiritual phenomena, has been detected at the outset of his dirty work. Some weeks ago a report reached us, no matter how, that such a project was contemplated by an unprincipled clique who smart under defeat sustained in argument with some of our friends. The first communication came to hand in the form of a letter purporting to give an account of the formation of an association at Camden Town. That it was spurious we had no doubt, and we at once discovered that the name given was false. As to its true source we desired further evidence, and so the letter was allowed to appear, in the hope that it would call out another communication. A letter came from a different part of London, bearing a false signature, and giving an account of a seance. By the aid of this document we were enabled to confirm our original diagnosis. The writers of these letters expected to give publicity to their experiment in another quarter, but their small stock of influence has exhausted itself, and they find that their labour has been in vain.

ONE OF OUR most valued correspondents has lately favoured several of our contemporaries with letters fraught with progressive ideas. She deprecates the too general assumption adopted by religious teachers, that reading the Bible and performing certain rites constitute religion. It is interesting to observe that two "Church" papers have inserted communications of that kind—showing that the discussion of the great question, What is religion? is near at hand.

P. W. FULLER, of Columbia, South Carolina, writes to say that he is the only Spiritualist in the State. He adds, "We have never had a lecturer come along our way yet. Hope soon, though."

duction under "spiritual influence" is the only reasonable solution that can be accepted of their origin.

At the solicitation of the company, Mr. Rippon next gave two improvisations on the pianoforte, which for finished execution would have compared favourably with the performances of the most accomplished pianist. The marvel in this case, however, was the fact that the airs, variations, and modulations which were given during the space of over thirty minutes at each sitting were entirely original, and were redolent of all the genius, fire, sweetness, and melodic grace of several of our finest classical composers.

Mr. Rippon subsequently improvised delightful and purely original variations upon themes suggested by those who surrounded him. In each performance he was equally successful, and in all he won the meed of astonished admiration from many who were themselves skilful and instructed performers; in fact, it is the true artist alone who can appreciate the marvellous character and high inspiration of Mr. Rippon's pianoforte playing. I understand his services as a professional medium can be procured during his residence in town. Without being aware of his address, I presume it can be found at the Progressive Library, 15, Southampton Row.

I can only say to the admirers of high art in two of its most graceful and fascinating phases, Mr. Rippon's services must prove a rare boon, and as decided evidence of high spiritualistic control as the exalted artists of the better land can offer through a fallible human instrument.

EMMA HARDINGE.

6, Fawcett Terrace, Kensington, W., March 31, 1871.

A MISAPPREHENSION CORRECTED.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. and Mrs. Everitt and a circle of their "sympathising friends" accuse me of being the author of the letter signed "Oxonensis,"—a communication which appeared in your paper some weeks since, I believe. As I never saw that letter until some two weeks after its publication; as I do not even know to what it alluded, or what called it forth; as I am totally ignorant of the name of its author, and have never in my life written a letter to which I did not sign my full name—I call upon you, in the spirit of justice which I attribute to you as a man of honour and a Spiritualist, to exonerate me fully from this slanderous charge. I trust you will publish in full the name of the author of the letter in question, and that he or she will do me the further justice to state publicly that the letter was published without my knowledge in any way whatsoever.—Faithfully yours,

EMMA HARDINGE.

6, Fawcett Terrace, Kensington, W., April 5, 1871.

[We are grieved to find that our respected friend Mrs. Hardinge should have experienced any annoyance on account of a matter which did not in the most remote way favour the hypothesis that she was the author of it. Mrs. Hardinge has declared above that she had no knowledge of the correspondence in question, and it would be an impeachment of her well-known veracity to suppose that said statement requires any fortification at our hands. We can simply give our word of honour, which has never been invalidated, that Mrs. Hardinge has made a true statement, of her own free choice, as no one has the shadow of an excuse for making such a demand of her. As for "Oxonensis," he has no need to be ashamed of a word in his excellent letters, which have received universal commendation; so much so, that many leading friends of Spiritualism have desired an introduction, that they might be able to enjoy his acquaintance. It is on account of his position alone that he desires to withhold his name. His duty to others demands this; and in respect to Spiritualism, he has amply fulfilled his obligations by writing a clear and temperate letter, avoiding all personalities or questionable statements, and therefore able to stand on its own merits, without the authority of any name to back it up. There is no pretext for any individual taking up that letter as a personal infliction, and without a word of comment we allow the public to judge of the motives of those who so eagerly ferment the wholesome elements of thought into the noxious drug of mischief.—Ed. M.]

ANOTHER SEANCE AT MRS. MAKDOUGALL GREGORY'S.

An eminently interesting seance, whether from the spiritualistic or scientific stand-point, was held at 21, Green Street, Grosvenor Square, on Friday evening, March 31, when, in consequence of the success attending the experiments so carefully instituted on the two previous occasions, a more than ordinarily numerous gathering of scientific and other observers interested in the facts of Spiritualism took place in the hospitable mansion of Mrs. Gregory. Unfortunately, their very zeal largely defeated the especial object they had in view, namely, to witness some extraordinary and startling, yet satisfactory phenomena, developed under test conditions, purposely arranged to remove all doubt as to their being facts in nature, evolved by forces not yet generally recognised by men of science. The number present being nearly double that on either of the previous seances, the influences, though by no means socially inharmonious or intellectually conflicting, were not apparently in the second, and the result was that no striking manifestations occurred during the earlier part of the evening, and this, too, notwithstanding the presence of such gentlemen as Lieut.-Col. Drayson, R.A., Lieut. Collins, R.E., the Rev. Mr. S—, Fellow of — College, Oxford, Mr. Gledstanes, Mr. J. W. Jackson, and others well known for their acceptance of the facts of Spiritualism. But as time wore on, and one after another of the party left, until

only the media and one lady and gentleman remained, in addition to our kind hostess, the phenomena became more pronounced, the table spontaneously responding to casual remarks, and, in a sense, taking part in the conversation. Some of those present were also touched by departed relatives, and this, too, in response to affectionate inquiries after their well-being.

It will, then, perhaps be asked why we report a matter so apparently trivial and insignificant? And we reply, because some of our most instructive lessons come from defeat. We believe there was not a single person present decidedly opposed to the claims of Spiritualism, but many of them were strangers to each other and to some of the older members of the circle, which had thus been enlarged too rapidly for the due maintenance of its former harmonic condition. These elements of unintentional discord having been withdrawn, and favourable conditions thus restored, the olden order of manifestations returned, notwithstanding the weariness of both the media and the company, exhausted by the prolonged sitting and disappointed at the want of success in the earlier part of the seance.

HERNE AND WILLIAMS'S SEANCE.

On Monday evening these mediums held a most successful seance at the Progressive Library. There were about fifteen visitors present besides the mediums, including Mr. Alsop and his two daughters. The spirit-voices were loud enough to be heard all over the house, and yet John King could modulate his voice so as to speak gently in the ear of those he desired to communicate with. It was a dark seance, and the unlighted candle which stood on the table was carried about the circle, while all hands were joined, and rubbed playfully on the faces of several present. Some remarkable tests were given, showing that the spirit recognised personal events unknown to the company. A lady who was present had not met John King since a seance at the Marshalls' some years ago. On that occasion John gave this lady a peach in the dark, and he asked her on Monday night if she wanted another peach, showing that it is the same John King who used to be present at the Marshalls' circle. Spirit-forms were seen by this lady, who is clairvoyant. The voice was heard sometimes in one part of the room, then another. John imitated some nautical commands, at the request of the visitors, with stentorian vigour. The most striking phenomena were produced which any investigator could desire. A short time ago such a seance could not have been obtained either for "love or money." Now the most wonderful phenomena are at the service of all who desire to avail themselves of these semi-weekly seances. We must not omit to mention that spirit-lights were very numerous and vivid. On Thursday evening last the seance at the same place was a failure, as the circle was largely constituted of temperaments unfavourable to the phenomena. This shows that the blame does not rest with the mediums when a seance is unsuccessful, and that our mediums are not tricksters, or they would not have their business interrupted by such unprofitable failures.

MRS. HARDINGE'S SUNDAY SERVICES.

These interesting Sunday evening meetings, in Cleveland Hall, are still being continued by Mrs. Emma Hardinge. On Sunday evening last the seats were crowded, and those who came late were forced to stand. The impression made by Mrs. Hardinge's poetical reading—which, by the way, was also an improvisation—was very great. It is to be regretted that the poetry was not reported, as it formed the best part of the service.

Next Sunday the subject will be the "Physiology of Sin"—a most important one for individuals, the Church, and the State.

THE COLLEGE OF MEDIUMS.—In reply to several inquirers, we have to state that as soon as we receive ten applications for twelve weeks at a fee of 10s. each, the sittings will be resumed. Mr. Cogman holds his developing circle on Monday evenings, at 22, New Road, Commercial Road East.

WE GO TO PRESS too soon to be able to give a report of the reading of Mr. Jackson's paper on Wednesday evening. He has announced his intention of giving a series of lessons on Mesmerism on Wednesday evenings, beginning on the 19th instant.

MR. J. BURNS is announced to lecture in Derby on the 17th and 18th instant. Mr. Morse will assist by giving an address in the trance at the close of each lecture. The lecturer would visit any adjacent town if invited to do so.

THE ST. JOHN'S ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS beg to announce that a lecture will be delivered by J. J. Morse, trance-speaker, at their hall, 7, Corporation Row, Clerkenwell, on Thursday next, April 13, 1871. Chair to be taken at 8.30 p.m., by Mr. R. Cogman. Admission free. We advise our friends from the country to avail themselves of the above.

JESUS AND HIS DOCTRINE.—Jesus Christ belonged to the true race of prophets. He saw with open eye the mystery of the soul. Drawn by its severe harmony, ravished with its beauty, he lived in it, and had his being there. Alone in all history, he estimated the greatness of man. He saw that God incarnates himself in man, and evermore goes forth anew to take possession of his world. He said, in this jubilee of sublime emotion, "I am divine. Through me, God acts; through me, speaks. Would you see God, see me; or see thee when thou also thinkest as I now think." But what a distortion did his doctrine and memory suffer in the same, in the next, and the following ages! There is no doctrine of the Reason which will bear to be taught by the Understanding. The Understanding caught this high chant from the poet's lips, and said in the next age, "This was Jehovah come down out of heaven. I will kill you if you say he was a man."—*Ralph W. Emerson.*

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 31.

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

By a Visitor:—Q. If we take it for granted that it is good to relieve physical pain, is suicide under such circumstances justifiable?—A. Suicide under any circumstances is totally unjustifiable. There is a cause for all the pain which we endure. When we can give proper birth to individuals, and teach them how to take care of themselves, then there will be perfect and healthy organisms in which extreme physical pain will be unknown. Rather let us seek for the cause, and remove it, than put a pall over the effects. The mere change of state does not affect the conditions of the sufferer spiritually or mentally; and if he has not gained proper experience in this life, he must attain it under less advantageous conditions. Hence, the spirit experiences remorse, and cannot become a member of those societies to which it aspires. If a spirit lives on earth as long as it can, it gains the means whereby to learn the lesson of existence, and its position in the spirit-world is the highest which its peculiar plane of development can afford.

Q. The supply of food is limited, and population increases. If wars were stopped, would not the people become too numerous?—A. When mankind are wise enough to do without war, the true use of the faculties of propagation will be understood, and population will be regulated by intellect.

Q. Are there any attributes common to God and to man?—A. God and man are identical. The difference is that God is infinite, while man is finite. Man, as a centre-point, is a direct emanation from the Deity, and coming in contact with matter under certain conditions, forms his body, from which is elaborated the immortal spirit. The sphere of the activity of the Deity is that which he has created; the sphere of man's activity is the body with which he works.

As it was the twenty-third anniversary of Spiritualism, the controlling intelligence gave an address on the importance of the movement, some of its phases, and the tendency of those influences which were connected with its working. After some conversation with the "Strolling Player," a few words were spoken by a strange spirit as follows:—

ELIZABETH CHILD.

"I can't say much this evening. I wish to direct the attention of my friends to this subject. They have examined it somewhat, but they withhold their adhesion to it from religious considerations. A message from me may enlist their sympathies. My name was Elizabeth Child, fifty-four years of age. Left the earth early part of October, 1869. Lived at Devonshire Lodge, Eastbourne. Good night."

[The communication which we published last week from the spirit Rev. James Martin, has attracted considerable attention in the East of London. From several sources we learn that the Rev. R. Seddon preached a sermon as indicated by the spirit in our last issue. This is a very good test of the fact of spirit-communication, as all the statements published by us were given by the spirits through Mr. Morse, even to the christian name of the rev. gentleman and the chapel in which he officiated. At the time when this article for last week "Spirit Messenger" was prepared, we were not aware that such a gentleman as Mr. Seddon existed, or that he had visited our circle. We knew that a question had been raised by a visitor respecting the age of the Rev. James Martin, but we did not know who that visitor was. On referring to the visitors' book we find the name, but we were not aware of that fact till a few days ago, and the same is true in respect to Mr. Morse. We take the trouble of making all these statements that the reader may be more certainly impressed with the clearness with which the controlling spirit spoke the truth of that of which no person in the flesh at this circle had any knowledge.]

A FIRE MADE BY THE SPIRITS.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR BROTHER BURN,—Our spirit-friends still keep up the interest of our meetings. About a fortnight since, Mr. Herne and Mr. Williams called in on the Friday evening, just before going to Mrs. Makkoull Gregory's. As they were all in good time, we proposed a sitting just for a few minutes to ask a question or two of John King. As soon as we entered the seance-room my wife exclaimed, "Oh, there is some one standing up in the corner of the room." She advanced forward and said, "If you are a spirit, take hold of me." Immediately her dress was taken hold of and shaken. The rest of us were seated at the table away from her. A voice said, "It's all right; it is me, Annie," meaning John King. As soon as she took her seat at the table, a shower of wall-flowers came on to it—beautiful and fresh, all sprinkled with water. It should be stated that there were no flowers in the house. A large lily was then placed gently in my good lady's hand. My pulpit Bible was then brought off the sideboard to me. A voice said, "Stick to that, Christopher." This seance only lasted a quarter of an hour, as the mediums had to keep their engagement as above intimated. I forgot to mention that the previous week Mr. Williams had a short sitting with my family, when our spirit-friends brought us a young rose plant, pulled up by the roots with mould adhering, and placed it on the table; it measured 46 inches in length. On another occasion, when my wife and I were retiring to rest, I expressed a wish that our spirit-friends would bring something and put it on the bed. We had not retired long before we heard a noise of the eel-skin moving; bang! bang! it went on the floor. I cried out, "Now, then, what are you after? I will not have that on the bed," and out I jumped and struck a light at once, knowing that this would destroy the conditions for them to perform such a rude joke. I removed the eel-skin further away and protested against all such manifestations.

On Saturday evening, April 1st, my wife and I went to Messrs. Herne and Williams's rooms, at 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, where they have a seance every Saturday evening. On this occasion, as on the previous Saturday, some very wonderful things were done by our spirit-friends. Both these meetings were very satisfactory as to the genuineness of the manifestations. I can recommend this Saturday evening seance to all sincere investigators. I have no doubt but it will be a means of convincing such persons of the truth of spirit-life and communication. I have something further to add. On arriving home on the evening in question, I expressed a wish for a fire in the bedroom, as I felt so very cold; however, we concluded not to trouble about making one, and retired to rest a little after eleven o'clock. We had not been long in bed before I heard a noise in the room, and I said to my good lady, "Do you hear that noise?" upon which she replied, "It is only the spirit, don't bother—go to sleep, and take no notice of them." In the morning, about five o'clock, Mrs. Alsop awoke me, exclaiming, "Oh Christopher, what do you think? that fire is alight!" I must say I was both amazed and startled to find such a nice fire and three fresh lumps of coal placed on the top. I scarcely knew what to think. I could only attribute it to spirit-power. We had a short seance in the evening, and when John King announced his presence through the tube, my good lady said, "Where were you last night, John?" He said, "Why, don't you know? Nicholas Bonnick and I lighted up a fire for you, did we not? You pressed a wish for a fire before going to bed, and so we made one for you." I then replied, "Did you really light it, then?" He shouted aloud, "Of course we did." I then said, "How did you manage that? I thought if you struck a light it would destroy your conditions for working. Did you strike a match?" He answered, "No." "Did you use any wood?" "No." "Well, then, if you did not use wood or matches, how did you make such a nice fire?" He replied, "By electricity." What they will do next, I know not.—I remain, yours faithfully,

C. P. B. ALDER.

April 4, 1871.

Please notice, all letters to be addressed "2, Great Turnstile, Holborn," where all my valuable stock of oil paintings and furniture is for sale, with the harmonium upon which the spirits have played so often. As it is our intention to go over to America this summer, all must be sold.

THE LIVERPOOL PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The following communication was received from Thomas Chatterton, the boy-poet, at a recent meeting of the above society, through the mediumship of Mr. Ambrose Fegan:—

"The secret of my brief earthly life, fraught as it was with care and broken by despair, is known only to soul-sympathising friends; but even mine enemies, who know it not, cannot without sadness contemplate the miserable story. But their sympathy is shallow, forced, and void of warmth. Of their pusill efforts to brand me as a literary thief I have been an attentive observer. I have rejoiced in my self-conceit at their labours to prove my delinquency, for they failed—miserably, despatchedly failed. The 'Friar Rowley' was a nonentity, the fiction of my boyhood. He was the pictured embellishment of my poetic day-dreams. I robbed myself of my own intellectual birthright to give him an existence, and for this have I been denounced as a forger. I was guilty, but only of a forgery on mine own brain.

"The soul's sustenance is manna, but the body must bow down to the flesh-pots of Egypt. I sold my poetic vision, the divine faculty, for a mess of pottage. I offered my intellect to the highest bidder only to be neglected, despised, doomed to live and ultimately to die in shame. I was friendless and alone. I had no guide nor cheery friend to break the icy melancholy of my heart; and the shameless presumption, the base hypocrisy, the unproved and unprovable assertions of the teachers of religion led me into the path of infidelity. Some said that I blasphemed, but those men lied to all eternity, and a lie on the departed shall never be erased from eternal memory, though it were writ with honeydew upon the lily-leaf with quill of nightingale.

"A ray of hope once shone upon me, but 'twas merely transitory. Homer Walpole I credited with friendly feelings, but I was deceived, woefully deceived. He who might have saved me from destruction withheld his saving hand! O you who honour the name of man, rejoice that Walpole was called a lord. Time was when, eager in life's early days, I knew no sorrow; my boyish fancy sketched with rainbow hues upon the pendent veil that hid futurity a brilliant scene, a lengthened mirror of prospective bliss. Fame and Wealth were seated on a rock, and cheered me to ascend to claim a niche within the marble fane that crowned the steep. 'Twas then my haughty soul, big with confidence, deemed it had giant powers, and would achieve things yet untried by man. The frame's incubant weight seemed lightened, raised, expanded by an energy divine. But that joyous time soon passed; 'en in the spring of life the roobeds died, the curtain was drawn up, and lo! the scene—starvation, blank reality.

"'Twas then my powers collapsed; 'twas then I found friendship false—wisdom vain—virtue the offspring of ambition, practised merely to win esteem and emulation. Pride, wealth, ambition, all my hopes, all my fancies, all the pursuits and uses of the world seemed a weary, list, unprofitable, stale. Compensated thoughts sprang not from self-inspection; discontent was the sole result. Dark despair, the shadow of a starless night, was thrown on the earth, whereon I walked alone. With a blush scanning my own creation, I blotted the canvas, and destroyed the page with parietal hand. It offended my sickening sight. I found not it was good.

"Self-destruction incurs self-punishment, and time after time those agonising, self-inflicted pangs through which my spirit passed from earth returned with all their horrors. But now that time is past, though even now I am surrounded by those whose leading faculties are indomitable pride and cursed ambition. It is only by the aid of one who is advanced, and who is known to you as 'Aristides the Just,' that I am now enabled to visit you. Know, therefore, my errors, and by them profit, so that when the hour of thy departure comes, thou mayest depart fearless and with hope. Fulfill thy part, smooth the wrinkled brow, kiss the rod, and fear not man nor fiend."

A GROUP OF GHOST STORIES.

Amongst current ghost stories there are some which have thoroughly ingrained themselves into the popular belief. Such is the story of Lord Lytton's dream which is said to have warned him of the day and hour of his death. There is an appendix to this story, which tells how Lord Lytton's ghost appeared to one of his companions, and told him it was all over with him. Once, a ghost story came into the courts of justice. This was the most famous case of Old Booty, tried in the reign of James II. before Herbert, C.J., and three other judges. Some men had spread the report that Old Booty had disappeared with a suspicious-looking companion down the crater of Mount Vesuvius, or something of the sort. This was an unpleasant story to be told about Old Booty, the date of the appearance being that of his death, and an action was brought about it. But Captain Spinks and Barnaby, with their men, and the log-book of their vessel, were supposed to authenticate the truth of the rumour. A Bishop of Gloucester authenticates the story of the apparition that announced to the daughter of Sir Charles Lee that she should die on a certain day at twelve o'clock. Then we have the marvellous story of the apparition of Tyrone to the Lady Beresford. He warned her against a most miserable marriage, predicted that his son should marry her daughter, and announced her own death at the age of forty-seven. To prove the reality of the visitation, the ghost took hold of Lady Beresford's wrist, and marked it so indelibly that she always wore a black ribbon over it. The black ribbon remained in the possession of Lady Betty Cobb, at Bath, who, like all members of the Tyrone and Beresford families, maintained vehemently the truth of the apparition. At the present day there is much interest in recurring to a statement by Fredrika Bremer in the year 1858—"Last evening, the prophetic spirit fell upon Sœur Genèviève, under the influence of which, drawing herself up to her full height, she, with upraised arms, foretold the fall of the temporal power of the Pope, war, bloodshed, and great revolutions."

A case of a very striking kind is given by Mrs. Schimmelpeninck, on the authority of Dr. Priestly, about the last man likely to yield to any mere superstitious feeling. This is a double supernatural event, the dream and apparition of Mr. Petty, the son of Lord Shelburne. Dr. Priestly was librarian to Lord Shelburne at the time. Mr. Petty dreamed that he was riding in a strange dark old carriage towards the town where was the family burial-place of his race, and that, being very weak, he was supported out of the carriage; and looking at it, he discovered that it was a hearse, and that there was a long train of mourning carriages after it. He was a young man, under twenty, and immediately prognosticated his own death. Dr. Priestly, as might be expected, tried to dissuade him from the notion; but Lord Shelburne, thinking his son ill, sent for a medical man. The doctor told Mr. Petty on no account to go out of doors, as his chest was weak and the weather extremely cold. The medical man, calling a day or two afterwards to see his patient, was surprised to see him, in utter disregard of his advice, coming down the drive to meet him. Before he could reach him, however, the young man disappeared behind some shrubberies. The doctor drove on, thinking that his patient wanted to avoid a slanging; but when he came to the house he found that Mr. Petty had never been out, but had just expired. Mrs. Schimmelpeninck gives the story on the authorities of Priestly, the philosopher, and Dr. Allsopp, of Calne, the medical man who attended.

Among other authentic cases of the supernatural is the one mentioned by the historian Lord Clarendon of the warnings given to the Duke of Buckingham a year before his assassination. The wonderful noises heard by the Wesley family at Epworth, of which so many ingenious explanations have been attempted, rest upon impregnable evidences. The usual explanation of these acknowledged phenomena is that they were, in point of fact, cases either of trickery or coincidence. There certainly appear to be cases where this explanation is not available, and where the alleged trickery or coincidence would require even a greater degree of credulity than the ghost story.

There is a story of Lord Balcarras, the evidence of which I have not been able to sift, that, being confined in Edinburgh Castle, his curtains were drawn asunder by Claverhouse at the very time that the great Dundee had been slain at Killiecrankie. A peer called Lord M., being from home, was standing at the foot of his bed his wife, whom he had left perfectly well at home two days before. Suspecting an illusion, he called to his servant, who slept in the next room, and said, "John, who is that?" "It's my lady," replied the man. Lady M. had died in a few hours from sudden illness. It is said that George III. personally examined Lord M. and his servant on the truth of this report.

HUMAN NATURE: a Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science, including Spiritualism. Price 6d.—The March number is rich in the lore of ancient times. The opening article, by Miss Blackwell, on the "Testimony of the Ages," gives some of the religious and philosophical views of Buddha, Zoroaster, Confucius, Lao-Tze, the Egyptians, the Mexicans, the books of Genesis, Job, and the Zohar; also the views of the Greeks and the Druids respecting man's spiritual being. "The Sword of Damocles," by J. W. Jackson, illustrates an ancient myth by the career of Napoleon III. Mrs. Morris gives an account of the earliest development of ancient worship by describing the Sabæan and fire worship, with their symbols. This will interest the readers of the MEDIUM, as Mrs. Hardinge has referred to the same subject. Mr. Jackson's scientific article on "Grade of Function" gives the reader a pleasing glimpse of the harmony of organic nature. The discussion on Mr. Jackson's paper at the Anthropological Institute is also given, with his able reply. The same writer also contributes a remarkable psychological experience which occurred to his father, prefixing the narration with some weighty considerations on the scientific method of observation on such matters. An account of "Spirit-Voice and Spirit-Power" at Mr. Alsop's circle is interesting, but "Extraordinary Manifestations in the Light," from the *Banner of Light*, gives a description of some of the most remarkable manifestations we ever heard of. We can recommend Spiritualists to a decided novelty in this article. The remainder of the number,

which is solid and interesting, is made up with an article from Hudson Tuttle, "The Fall and its Interpretation" (a Poem), a review of the "Year Book of Spiritualism," "Mazzini's Creed," &c., &c.

A DREAM OF POETRY.

One night I sat and listened to the songs
Of nightingales along the starlit air,
Singing their night-dreams to the heavens above,
In one sad, broken prayer.

I, listening, heard an angel softly tread
Along the hours, and take me by the hands;
Sleep was her name—and led me swift along,
To songs of other lands.

She led me to a vale of moss and flowers,
And green trees planted in a velvet grass;
I heard sweet music drop from off the leaves,
As the night-winds went past.

And then from heaven I heard sweet music fall,
Through silvery air, from some sweet crystal stream,
As its white lips were kissing heaven's blue walls
With murmurs of a dream.

And at my feet her sister-stream flowed on,
And through the flowers would lift her silver hands
Fringed with the gold of moonlight's loveliest hour,
To show the golden sands.

And on one bank a little grave was spread,
Laden with moss and many fallen flowers;
A spirit whispered, "Tis the grave of Hope,
Filled full of youth's young hours."

The streams sang on—the earthly stream broke forth—
Sweeter than love, to all the heavens of Fame;
I sat and listened, trembling with wild joy,
For Poetry was its name.

MONTARA.

THE INCREASE OF MEDIUMSHIP.—A lady writes—"You will be surprised to hear that we have had one case of levitation in my private domestic circle, when only myself and two servants were sitting. My little girl and the cook see distinctly." A letter from Northampton also informs us of some remarkable physical phenomena.

AARON WATSON, SALFORD.—As you have not added your postal address to your paper we cannot return it to you. We have no desire to enter into a contention with one who is determined to avail himself of every excuse for antagonism and a censorious misapprehension of the statements of those whom he constitutes his opponents. If you think that the term "Christian" Spiritualist is most eligible, by all means adopt it. But if your brother takes a larger view of the paternity of God, and observes that His almighty goodness is not to be confined to those who make use of certain adjectives, but that those who avoid the ambiguous term "Christian," or perhaps have never heard of it, may yet "lead unsullied lives" and have their "inarticulate yearnings" satisfied, is there any reason why you should not permit him to do so? If you have not intellect to perceive the principles involved in the writers you refer to, you can't be expected to criticise them. Why not let the whole thing alone, and with it that offensive tone of self-landulation so peculiar to the Pharisees of all times?

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.]

BOOKSELLER.—J. BURNS, 15, Southampton Row, London, W.C., supplies all Books, War Maps, &c., post free, if upwards of 1s. in price.
GOODS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.—UNION OF CAPITAL AND LABOUR. "Associations that do not Divide Profits with Labour are not considered Co-operative."—*Per Resolution of London Congress, May, 1869.*
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